Chapter 1: The Waiting Room

Jeff Stintum had begun to suspect that his party-hardy, rock-and-roll lifestyle was coming back to haunt him. For six years, ever since his graduation from college, he had done almost nothing but enjoy himself, barely managing to pay his bills by working in the local restaurant. It was a far cry from what had been expected of him when he was 18, a bright young boy who excelled in school and aimed to be a doctor. But in college he had started to challenge the authority around him, and by the time he (barely) graduated, he was sticking it to "The Man" full time. For the next six years he played drums in his band, The Wretched Loners; he went to parties thrown by his friends; he drank like a fish and smoked like a chimney. When his friends wanted to try other drugs, he tried them too. He had no ambitions, no goals, no real plans for the future. After all, weren't "plans" just a servile, meaningless way to fit into the "system?"

Gradually, however, Jeff Stintum began to notice some changes in his body. He had a persistent cough that never really went way. Every morning he would wake up hung over, and didn't have enough energy to do much of anything till mid-afternoon. This pattern eventually led to him getting fired from his restaurant job, so he began living off money from his begrudging parents. His drinking and smoking appetites were now eclipsing his appetite in a major way, and he began losing weight. Jeff was already a smaller man, but he used to be "chiseled," as they say, when he first began playing drums six years before, at 22. His band didn't play much anymore, however — much of the group had moved on to other musical projects, and Jeff, now at 28, had lost his one source of exercise. This fact, along with years of hard living, explained why he was losing much of his muscle mass. But none of this mattered to Jeff. He was living outside the system, and doing what he wanted. So there.

Even he couldn't ignore this pain in his hip, though. It had begun as a dull pain a couple of years before, but as the months stacked up, the pain intensified, to the point where Jeff had to walk with a limp. His friends had urged him to get an x-ray, but Jeff had so far refused, retorting that hospitals were just phony, for-profit machines run by corrupt bureaucrats. Finally, one day after his mother saw him simply fall down, she had yelled at him: "Jeff!! Look at you!! You can't even stand up!! Look at your legs — you're getting so skinny and you're in so much pain!!! GO TO THE HOSPITAL OR WE'RE CUTTING YOU OFF!" He didn't really have much of an option now.

And so here he was in the hospital waiting room, looking up disdainfully into the fluorescent lights and glancing suspiciously at the fish tank. He crossed his hands in his lap as he looked down at his blue jeans. It was true, he had definitely gotten smaller. His baggy jeans (which were a size small men's) hardly looked like they contained any legs at all. His mind jumped away from the thought. 'Plenty of rock stars are skinny,' he thought. 'That's why people are jealous of —" "JEFF STINTUM!"

His thought stopped dead in its tracks, but not because his name had been called. It was WHO had called it. Standing there next to the attendant's desk, with full wavy blond hair that cascaded down a short-sleeve royal blue scrubs top, a folder and clipboard in one hand and smiling like the sun, was Sarah Helleger. Jeff was dumbstruck — she was a woman now, that was for sure. He couldn't speak or move. Sarah's smile widened and she beckoned him to her with a manicured hand. Jeff struggled up and limped over to her, and it was only then that he realized that she was taller than him — a good bit taller, at least three or four inches. He glanced desperately down at her shoes and saw that she was wearing flats.

He looked back up into her radiant face, which had begun to descend as she leaned in for a hug. Her ams easily engulfed his body and she squeezed, not very hard for her, but as far as Jeff was concerned he literally felt her squeeze the air out of him. He attempted to wrap his arms around her in kind, but could only manage halfway around her back with either arm. How could she have gotten so big??

“Oh Jeff,” she said warmly as she released him and stood back up to her full height, “it’s so lovely to see you.”

“Great…to see you too,” Jeff managed, getting his breath back. “I didn’t realize you had already graduated.”

Chapter 2: The X-Ray

“Oh I haven’t graduated yet,” laughed Sarah as she put a hand up to her hair, tossing it back. Jeff could not help but notice how long her fingers were. And just how…..large her hand was. He turned up his chin to give her face a quick glimpse and then had to look away quickly. It was like staring at the sun — was this for real?

“Uh…oh, wow!” managed Jeff, looking nervously around and stumbling through the conversation. “You aren’t graduated yet?”

“Yeah, I still have one more year to go. I’m pre-med so I thought I’d do a summer internship here to get some experience, you know, before I start the long haul.” She smiled and put her hands on her hips genially, shifting her weight to one hip just like she used to.

Jeff could think of nothing to say. He just stood there stupidly, a crook in his back, his posture a wreck from the pain in his hip, and his shoulders slumped forward in embarrassment, staring down at the floor before his old neighbor, 7 years his junior, who had apparently grown all the way up. She had been 11 the last time he saw her before he went off to college — a scrawny little tomboy, with her nose always in a book when she wasn’t running around outside.

And now…well, he had been completely caught off guard. She was utterly transformed. Her hands on her hips nonchalantly emphasized their sheer, rounded size; her thick thighs barely hid behind her hospital outfit; she wore a few decorative rings on her fingers, and a watch and a number of colorful bracelets on her wrists, which only served to accentuate her full but feminine wrists and forearms; she wore red lipstick and hoop earrings on either ear. She just looked…so adult. Jeff felt tiny in her presence, and not just because she had clearly grown quite a bit taller than him. He felt that everything about her was bigger.

He heard a tinkle of soft laughter from somewhere above him, and he looked up quickly to see that Sarah had turned towards the main door. Her mane of blond hair swayed as she inclined her head inside.

“Well, right this way, Mr. Stintum,” she said, smiling. And she pushed open the door, Jeff following in tow. She reached back obligingly and held the door for him.

“Still playing the drums?” she asked without turning her head as she walked in front of him down the hallway.

“Oh…here and there,” Jeff mumbled, distracted by her movements. He was staring at Sarah’s ass as it danced up and down in front of him with every step. Weren’t these hospital pants usually baggy? Weren’t they just for practical use? And yet Sarah’s ass and hips seemed to almost totally fill them, leaving little to the imagination. Jeff looked up at her top and saw that the same was true of her short sleeves — her upper arms almost filled the sleeves completely. He swallowed, feeling truly intimidated by her size.

“You’ve got a nasty limp there,” she said as they rounded a corner. She looked back at him with concern as she ushered him before her into a dark room. “I take it we’ll be looking at that right hip?”

“Um, yes,” said Jeff, limping by her into the room, unable to prevent himself from noticing that her own hips sat a good deal higher than his, and had to be almost twice as wide. “Yeah, this hip right here.” He tried to sound casual, but the intense pain, coupled with the seriousness of the x-ray room and Sarah’s concern, made his attempts futile. More than anything else, though, he still could not recover from the shock of seeing an adult Sarah. He turned to look at the giant x-ray machine as Sarah shut the door.

“Ok Jeff, I’m gonna need you to go into one of those changing rooms over there,” she pointed with a long finger (the bracelets on her wrists murmured softly), “and put on one of these x-ray outfits. Just for the procedure, you know.” She smiled as she handed Jeff some baggy grey shorts and a top. The clothes had seemed like a nice little stack in her hand, but as they plopped down in his arms they seemed like quite a handful — he had to adjust his arms to keep from dropping anything. He stood there with the clothes, the prospect of wearing them seeming utterly ridiculous.

“What — ” he began to ask as she started to move into the technician’s room. She turned around, anticipating his question: “Oh don’t worry — they’re one-size-fits all. I’m gonna get everything set up here, and you just let me know when you’re ready.” She smiled warmly at him and went into the side room, and Jeff went to get changed. ‘How am I noticing all this stuff about Sarah?’ he thought as he went to the changing room. He was a chill guy, an easygoing kind of dude, who just let everything be what it was. And yet all of a sudden he was honing in on all these details about Sarah’s body, and letting them get to him — it was almost if she was emitting some kind of pheromone that drew him in and made him unable to look away. He suddenly smiled and shook his head as he pulled the changing room curtain. ‘Look at me,’ he thought, ‘all out of sorts over Sarah Helleger. Boy has she grown into a lovely young lady. I should…send her parents an email or something.’

He had to stop thinking and focus on getting the hospital shorts on. They were oversized and roomy, with an elastic band around the waist to supposedly fit all sizes. Jeff slipped them on after he had taken his own jeans off, and uncomfortably noticed that his waist seemed to barely hold the shorts up. He took his own shirt off, reaching his arms to fit the big hospital top over his torso, and felt slightly sick when he sensed the shorts slip straight down his legs to the ground. He put his arms through the top and then bent down (painfully, for his right hip) and started to pull the shorts back up past his legs, which for some reason now looked utterly different to him. They looked…almost childlike, and he realized he was thinking of the twin pillars that were Sarah’s thighs, poorly hidden behind her professional uniform. About this time he pulled the shorts right into his erection, which he had completely failed to notice.

Had he developed this boner just now? Or had Sarah seen it? No — she couldn’t have. He had his jeans on before. Baggy jeans were good at hiding erections...Jeff knew a thing or two about hiding erections. Even though he was a shorter guy, and skinnier recently, he had always had a big dick. And there it was in the pale light of the changing room, some kind of uninvited, full-fledged purple monster, up from the underworld and twitching undeniably in the hospital air. He pulled the pants up roughly past it and was happy to see that the shorts stayed up this time. But this was no good! The only thing keeping the shorts up was his huge erection! He fumbled about for a bit in disarray before he decided to sit down in the changing room and close his eyes while thinking about his parents having sex in a bathtub full of cantaloupe. Jeff hated cantaloupe.

After a minute or two his ploy worked, and he breathed in relief as he pulled the curtain aside. He hadn't gone three steps before the shorts fell down again, and Jeff huffed in frustration and bent down as quickly as he could, snatching the shorts back up. This time he just held them in a bunch around his waist as he walked back into the x-ray room.

"Oh, here he is!" said Sarah happily, who had been talking with a middle-aged female coworker who also apparently helped operate the machine. The two technicians turned to face Jeff, and his thoughts of the last few minutes were entirely wiped away. He felt just as awkward, just as exposed, just as tiny, as before.

"All right! Well before we take the x-ray we need to measure and weigh you," said Sarah, indicating the way to a corner of the room with a height chart and scale, "You know, just procedural junk." Jeff panicked inwardly, and could not understand why he was feeling this way. He also felt his dick twitch, and he regathered the ball of elastic waistline he held.

"All set with the clothes?" asked Sarah as she pointed for him to stand next to the height chart while putting a comforting hand on his shoulder. Jesus it felt huge against his bony structure; he felt her big warm hand engulf the small ball of his shoulder and then extend well down his back on one side, and down close to his nipple on the other. He felt his dick stir further as he felt the warmth from her hand literally radiate throughout his body — he had poor circulation, so he was always a little chilly.

"Uhhh, actually, these pants were a little big on me," he said quietly without looking at her as he made his best effort to stand up straight. "But it's ok, I can just hold them up like I'm doing now."

Sarah frowned a bit. "Really, they don't fit? That's really curious. Hey Dana, Dana do you think that — " and she paused, seeming to realize something, and walked into the technician's room to continue the conversation without Jeff hearing. Jeff could still see the two women through the clear glass, but couldn't hear them. He could see Sarah's coworker Dana look over at him, and then Sarah looked over at him and then quickly back at Dana. Jeff saw Dana shake her head and Sarah shrugged and came back out.

"Sorry about that. Well, anyway, um, haha, this is kinda silly. Do you have anything that could hold up your pants? We can't have your hand near your pelvis during the procedure — it'll block the images. Any kind of belt without any metal on it?" Sarah laughed a little, appreciating the strangeness of her question.

"Ahhh, I don't think so," said Jeff, feeling more ridiculous by the second.

"I've got it!" said Sarah suddenly, cracking the air with a snap of her fingers. Jeff noticed her nails were manicured and blood-red, just like her lipstick. With a jangle Sarah brought her left wrist up and finagled a black hair tie -- that had been nestled tightly around her wrist among her bracelets -- off her arm and held it in front of Jeff's face as she stretched it out. "This'll do," she continued as she bent down in front of him, "and it's kinda weird, but you know, problem-solving, right?" She laughed again and within a couple of seconds held a foot-and-a-half opening with the hair tie close to the floor.

She looked up at Jeff from her crouched position. “Come on Jeff,” she said encouragingly, “just step right on in, and I’ll pull it up around you. It might be pretty tight for a few minutes, but that’s all the time we need.”

Jeff mechanically obeyed her, negotiating his feet into the opening she had made. He was busy wondering how high she would come up to him if she was actually kneeling down. She was just crouching and already the top of her heat went well past his waist. He looked down at his feet next to her hands — good Lord were her hands as big as his feet? Bigger?? He looked up at the ceiling in desperation as he felt his dick getting hard again. What the fuck was all this?

“All set? Ok, up we go!” she chirped, quickly maneuvering the hair tie past his shrunken legs and up to his waist, where the elastic easily held the shorts up. Jeff was still looking at the ceiling, afraid of his erection getting bigger and Sarah noticing, if she hadn’t noticed already. He almost winced as he felt her hand wrap around his left calf as she began to stand up. Her fingers had gone all the way around it. As Sarah rose in front of him, until her bust was level with his face, Jeff stuffed his hand unceremoniously down the pants, pretending to "readjust" himself. He really was readjusting himself: he was tucking his erect dick under Sarah’s hair tie, the only thing that could hope to keep it at bay during the procedure.

“Sweet, problem solved,” said Sarah, clapping her hands. And now, let’s see…your height… standing up straight? Yes…ok, 5’6.” She wrote down the result on her clipboard and moved to the right near the electronic weight scale. Jeff stood unmoving by the height chart. He wasn’t surprised by his height. He had been 5’6 since he was 17. He had just expected…well, a little more of a comment from Sarah about her own height, how she was now so much taller than him. He had expected to learn her height. He looked wordlessly at her.

“Yes Jeff?” she asked kindly, smiling at him. A few seconds passed between them as they just looked at each other. Was there something of a smirk in that smile she was giving him? No — she was just being accommodating and sweet, as always. “Anything you wanted to say?” Her eyebrows arched ever so slightly.

“No…nope, nothing.” Jeff limped over to the the scale and stepped on. Sarah stood by with the clipboard. It suddenly occurred to Jeff that he hadn’t actually weighed himself in years. He wondered what — and then he looked down. 113.1

How could that be possible?? People weighed that much in middle school!! He had used to weigh 140, 150 pounds a few years ago!!!

“What’s it say, Jeff?” came Sarah’s calm voice behind him. He could feel his heart thumping in his chest as unpleasant tingly sensations zapped down his legs and arms to his fingers and toes. His dick, already grown to its full length under the hair tie, grew thicker. What was happening?

“It says,” said Jeff in a dry voice that was more of a croak than anything else, “113.1.” He heard Sarah write down the number on her clipboard, and as he turned back away from the scale he saw her eyes go up and down his body a couple of times dispassionately, scanning him briefly. Was she noticing how small he was? Could she believe it? Was she disgusted by it? What was her weight? What did she think about him? Jeff found himself longing to know her thoughts, and yet he could discern nothing from her face.

“Great!” said Sarah brightly, allowing the moment to pass, “Well, hop on to that table there and we’ll get everything all positioned for you.” Jeff did as he was told and Dana the coworker placed the appropriate panels and plates around his right hip. Both women sat in the technician room as the procedure happened, and it only lasted a few minutes. He saw both women looking at the images they had just taken, and he was not encouraged to see Sarah’s brow darken as she looked intently at the images. She was talking with Dana and frowning and shaking her head, pointing to this and that on the screen. Jeff was still trying to wrap his head around this whole spectacle: sweet little Sarah, an adult, a med student, looking at his x-ray. ‘I guess people do actually grow up,’ he laughed to himself as Sarah came back into the room.

“Well, how does it look?” he asked Sarah casually, getting up gingerly from the table and feeling more like himself again. Sarah blinked slowly once and inhaled through her nose as she smiled down at him.

“Well, we can’t really say right now. We’re just technicians, after all. We have to wait until the orthopedist looks at it. But thanks for being so still — one of the easiest x-ray procedures I’ve ever had!”

Jeff laughed and walked on past her back to the changing room. He only realized when he pulled the curtain again how comfortable the hair tie had been around his waist. It hadn’t even left too much of a mark. He wasn’t worried about that, though. He had only had it on for a few minutes. He put his real clothes back on, threw the hospital clothes into the dirty bin, and unconsciously slipped Sarah’s hair tie into his pocket.

“Well, you’ll be hearing back from the hospital in a couple weeks with your results,” said Sarah as he came back into the room. She stood next to Dana, her hands back on her hips. Jeff gawked. A few seconds passed by. Finally Sarah took a single stride and bent down to engulf him in another hug, just as overwhelming as the first.

“It really was great to see you again, Jeff,” she breathed to him as she rose before him, regarding him down her bust with kind, gentle eyes. “You were always so nice to me growing up. It’s just good to see…good to see you.”

“It’s good to see you too,” said Jeff, barely able to form words. He could smell her sweet scent all around him; he was looking straight forward into her ample breasts, and could feel her huge organism breathe from feet away. He was rooted to the spot, unable to speak more or move. The seconds passed by, and Jeff looked up at Sarah’s face long enough to see her exchange an expressionless glance with Dana and turn back to look down at him. A few more seconds passed and she blinked slowly again and smiled as she produced a piece of paper from her pocket and smartly tore off a slip. She wrote down something and reached down and handed the paper to Jeff, taking care to bend over so she could look him straight in the face.

“There Jeff, that’s my number,” she said softly. “If you ever wanna hang out and catch up or something, you can text me. Ok?” Her voice was so sweet, and still Jeff knew this was his cue to leave. He turned wordlessly away and walked out of the room, the hallway, the hospital, all the while holding Sarah Helleger’s number, and carrying her hair tie in his pocket.

Chapter 3: Jeff's House

Jeff's mind was a whirl of white smoke as drove home in a daze. He couldn't think about anything specific for more than a second. He didn't even notice the sound of thrashing guitar and screaming vocals that cut through the air in his car from the CD he had been listening to. His brain flashed through image after image, unable to alight on a single one: Sarah's bright face looking down at him, the red lipstick on her full lips, her hand on her hip, the watch and bracelets on her wrist, how her butt moved tremendously, teasingly in front of him in the hallway, her thighs, her slow, confident strides, her large, long hands next to his feet. Had she really put her hair tie around his wait?!? Her number!! And here Jeff realized that he was clutching the piece of paper she had given him, and he nearly swerved into oncoming traffic.

He arrived at his house rattled and out of breath. He looked down at the piece of paper. Neatly written in a firm hand was: 617-727-8577. She had written a little <3 under it, along with "Sarah's #". He kept looking at her handwriting as he walked the muddy, unkempt path to his door, past the disordered heaps of empty beer cans and the overflowing trays of cigarette butts. He could hear some discordant notes from a guitar inside, and he carefully folded the paper and put it in his pocket before he walked through the front door.

He was met with the ever-present haze of weed smoke as he walked in and shut the door. Two of his roommates were there in the living room. Dave had his shaggy black hair hunched over a bong from which he was in the process of taking a very large hit. He pulled the carb out and cleared the bong, holding the smoke in for a second before exhaling it out into the air. Cassie was stretched out on the love seat texting on her phone. Through the haze it looked like she had on long sleeves but Jeff knew those were just her sleeve tattoos.

Neither roommate said anything to Jeff as he entered — Dave jerked his chin up once in a "what's up" motion before easing back into the sofa, hands crossed behind his head. Cassie didn't even look up from her phone. Jeff stood awkwardly in front of his roommates, unsure of how to proceed. Usually he just went right to the fridge for a beer or sat down next to Dave and smoked, but he felt different right now. He felt like…telling them what had just happened. He hoped somewhere in his struggling mind that they could make sense of it for him.

"I…went and got that test done today," he told no one in particular. Dave didn't move.

"Test?" came Cassie's firm clear voice. "What test?" She still hadn't looked up from her phone. These last few weeks, ever since Cassie had made official plans to move, she had been more distant with everyone, especially Jeff. He guessed that maybe he had done something to piss her off, but he didn't know what, and he was afraid of asking Cassie about it. She sure could be intimidating. She had used to party a lot with Jeff, and enjoyed being "one of the guys," as Jeff had called her. Recently, though, she had started taking her music really seriously, and her hard work paid off — she was joining a popular band in New York. Although she tried to be nice around the house, it was clear that she was ready to get the hell out.

"The…uh. The x-ray. Of my hip. To see what's making it hurt."

"Oh. I thought you just walked that way." Cassie's deadpan delivery made it impossible to tell what she meant by this comment, and Jeff felt something like anger welling up inside him. Clearly they did not appreciate what had happened.

“The nurse was actually an old friend of mine.”

“Was it Julia Weber?” came Dave’s stoned, sudden question from the sofa.

“What? No…no!” Jeff was getting frustrated.

“I wonder what’s become of that Julia Weber,” murmured Dave as he nestled himself deeper into the sofa.

Jeff felt like stamping his foot and yelling and Cassie noticed his impending outburst and got off her phone.

“Well who was it Jeff?” she asked loudly, turning her whole body to face him, chewing her gum vehemently. She had a short leash for Jeff these days; he felt like everything he did annoyed her, and he didn’t know why.

“It was…” and here Jeff realized that Cassie would have no idea who this person was, but he said it anyway: “Sarah Helleger.”

“Who’s that?” Cassie asked quickly and impassively.

“Oh! Sarah Helleger!” came Dave’s voice from somewhere in the cushions. “That little girl who used to ride her bike everywhere when we were growing up. How is she now? Probably in college, right?”

“There’s…nothing little about her now,” said Jeff in a shaky voice. He was finally getting out what he needed to get out.

“Jeff, what are you talking about?” asked Cassie, sighing and rolling her eyes. “Is she super fat now? Does she have rolls? Did your childhood sweetheart not grow up to be the woman you thought she would?”

Dave chortled into the cushions. “Childhood…sweetheart,” he said laughing, moments later, “Cassie, this girl’s like ten years younger than me and Jeff.”

“Seven,” corrected Jeff, not seeing how any of this was funny.

“Oh. Jeff was just acting weird and upset so I just assumed he was in love or something.” Cassie was losing interest and going back to her phone.

“And she’s not fat!” said Jeff to Cassie with much more energy than he realized, “And she doesn’t have rolls!”

Cassie put her hands up and lifted her brow: “Well excuse me, Jeff! I’m sorry I don’t know anything about this girl I’ve never met and never heard of. Fuck!”
Jeff was breathing hard and had no idea how he had gotten himself so tangled up in this conversation. He looked to Dave pleadingly to help him make sense of everything. Dave was comfortably high and feeling rather mellow, and could see that his little friend needed some

help. Dave and Jeff were the same age and had grown up together; however, unlike Jeff, Dave had grown into quite the man. He stood at 6'4, and had plenty of meat on his bones.

"So Sarah's grown up, huh?" he ventured calmly to Jeff. "What does she look like now?"

"She's…she's really tall." His voice sounded smaller to him in the hazy air.

"How tall?"

"Uh…taller than me."

"Well, duh, Jeff," said Cassie, her face back on her phone and her gum smacking away, "Most people are taller than you."

"Like who, you?" Jeff shot back. He wasn't going to take any of Cassie's crap anymore.

"Yeah, me!" said Cassie, smiling as she put her phone down and bounded up to Jeff in her socked feet. Her phoenix-red hair flashed like a jungle bird through the smoke. She seemed enthusiastic about this comparison as she whirled Jeff around and put her back to his. "C'mon Dave, see who's tallest!"

Jeff felt a heavy sinking feeling — he knew she was taller than him. Why had he reacted like that? He heard Cassie chewing happily on her gum as she did a little dance behind him.

"Cassie, stop it," he muttered, feeling her butt rub against his.

"Uh, Cassie's taller," said Drew from the sofa, "by like an inch or so."

"See big boy," said Cassie, smiling and arching her eyebrow at Jeff as they turned around, "it's not news that someone is taller than you, even if it's a girl who's much younger."

"But…but it wasn't just that she was taller," stuttered Jeff, eager to tell the whole story, "She was…big. Everywhere. Like…..hips, and…uh…legs…..her arms….um..like….her butt was—"

"Damn, Jeff!" exclaimed Cassie, shifting to one hip, "So you were just checking this chick out like one hundred percent, weren't you?" She could see that Jeff was at a loss for words, and so she took pleasure plowing on through. At least the conversation was interesting now.

"So she was bigger than you too?" Cassie laughed again. "Well I've got news for ya Jeff—most people are."

"Shut up Cassie, I just haven't been working out much recently." Jeff was not getting the reaction he wanted.

"Let me show you something Jeff," said Cassie, and waltzed back up to him. She lifted up one of her legs, which was also heavily tattooed. She wore short, tattered jeans, so most of her leg was visible. Cassie was not a large person by any means: at 5'7, 130, she was on the lighter side of normal. This was precisely the point she was going to make to Jeff. He always went around, acting bigger than he was; this would be a fun parting reminder to him.

“See this?” asked Cassie of her thigh as she held it up to Jeff. “This is a small thigh, like smaller than average. Put your hands around it. Around the middle part there.”

Jeff did and couldn’t get all the way around. He tried to but her thigh flesh couldn’t yield to his hands. It pushed back, and Jeff was surprised how firm and dense it felt. There were still three or four inches left before his fingers could touch.

“Mmhm. Good, now put them around your own thigh.”

“But I —”

“Don’t worry about your jeans. Just do it and see how it goes.” Jeff shook his head and tried, and felt his stomach drop as he was able to comfortably fit both of his hands around his thigh. Cassie couldn’t help but laugh in surprise.

“Haha! Oh fuck, I didn’t realize it would be that easy! And with your jeans on too, wow.”

“Fuck this shit, Cassie,” said Jeff angrily, moving to leave the room. “I don’t know what you’re trying to prove, but I’m outta here.”

“Wait, Jeff! Wait!” said Cassie eagerly, and contritely. “I’m sorry. Really, I am. I’m not trying to hurt your feelings or anything. Can we just do one more? One more?”

Jeff rolled his eyes. “Ok, one more.” He actually enjoyed the attention from Cassie, and relished her saying that she was sorry. This was more interaction than they’d had in weeks.

“Arms!” said Cassie, and held hers out. She was wearing a tank top, so her arms were completely visible. Jeff had to take off his jacket to get to the short sleeve shirt underneath. Cassie went over to him and stretched her arm out next to his.

Again, Jeff felt a sinking feeling as he looked at his arm next to Cassie’s. It looked like a child’s arm next to a grown-up’s; even though she was a normal-sized person, everything from her wrist to her forearm to her upper arm looked bigger and more substantial. Cassie’s tattoos didn’t help with the starkness of the contrast, nor did her forearm flexing, which she was doing with a grin on her face as she eyed Jeff, gauging his reaction to the visible muscles and tendons that moved underneath her skin and made her tattoos roll and dance. Jeff tried some flexing of his own and saw no discernible change. Cassie laughed, but genially this time.

“Wow, if you had tattoos and flexed your arm like this, none of your tats would move!”

“Ok, you’ve had your one,” said Jeff, frustrated again, as he moved to go back to his room.

“Aww, just one more?” whined Cassie playfully after him. “Biceps?” Jeff turned to look and she was striking a sprightly biceps pose, winking at him as she bit her tongue. Dave had gotten up from the sofa and had walked over to Jeff.

“Oh, Jeff, before you go into your room, just so you know I found a good situation with Louis and a few of those other guys, so I’m actually gonna be moving in with them in a couple weeks. I’m gonna get someone good to sublet, don’t worry.”

Jeff felt devastated. He knew that Cassie was moving away, and that Dave had been planning on moving out, but he had been holding out for Dave to stay with him and keep him going — he always had before. Dave must have seen Jeff’s shoulders slump, because he stepped over and engulfed him in a big hug.

“Nothing personal, Jeff. We all gotta do what we all gotta do. For me, I need a fresh start somewhere new. If you need me to help you with anything, let me know.”

Jeff nodded and slumped off to his bedroom, but not before he glimpsed John through a crack in the door, which he pushed open. John was playing an electric guitar quietly, and without purpose or direction. He looked up at Jeff and smiled, his eyes far off in some distant world.

“How about you, John?” asked Jeff, even though he may as well have asked a brick wall. “Are you gonna stay with me here?” John made no sign that he had heard or understood the question, but he kept smiling and said quite clearly: “Up around that bend there, the glen there, bogey walkaround. A Trice? Yes, indeed!”

Jeff pulled the door to on his way out, assuming that John was on acid again. He seemed to be on it almost constantly these days. Jeff finally made his way to his bedroom at the end of the hall and went in, shutting the door behind him. More beer cans and bottles scattered the floor, and Jeff walked a path he had cleared through them and other junk to get to his bed. There were no sheets, only a mattress that got dirtier by the day. In one corner of the room lay a disordered heap of papers from when Jeff had tried to write a novel and gave up after a week or two. In another corner sat cold, hard blocks of sculpting clay, ready to be formed into masterpieces whenever the inspiration struck. A single orange lamp lit the room with a dull glow.

Jeff felt exhausted and was going over what to do in his mind as he took his clothes off. He would have to find two more people to live here. Three if John went missing. How did it all come to this? There used to be so many people around this house! So much energy! What happened to it all?

Right then, Jeff put his hand in his pocket and felt the piece of paper with Sarah’s number on it. He took it out, unfolded it one more time, and put it on his nightstand. And what was — her hair tie! He had forgotten to give it back! He felt sudden shame, as if he had done something wrong, but this feeling quickly morphed into joy and excitement. He put the hair tie next to the piece of paper and stood grinning in the sickly orange light. After a few moments he began to feel ridiculous again. What was he doing? Making some kind of shrine? Was he….into Sarah Helleger? Did he…have feelings for her? He sat on the bed with his head in his hands, his feet dangling off the mattress. He tried to make everything in his head stop before he decided anything.

No! He realized quickly. He didn’t have feelings for her. She was attractive, of course, but all his confused thoughts weren’t about him being hot or him wanting to…be with her or something. These thoughts only expressed the pride he, Jeff, had in seeing Sarah grow into a beautiful young woman with a promising future ahead of her. He thought back to his youth, when he had

shown Sarah how to use a sling-shot, and when he had helped her go back to her parent's house after she fell and skinned her knee. Golly, was she crying then or what. Jeff lay back in bed with a smile on his face as these thoughts swirled pleasantly through his head. He was beginning to even feel pride for helping raise her, and was starting to congratulate himself on having been such a good neighbor. 'Good for Sarah,' he thought to himself. 'Good to see her stepping up and joining the adult world.'

Before he went to sleep, Jeff opened up his laptop and sent Sarah's parents an email. He was in a mirthful mood, and wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to reach out. It read:

"Dear Jan and Chris, This is Jeff Stintum, your old neighbor. I was having a thing done today at the hospitall and I saw….guess who? Sarah!!!! That's right :) :) anyway it was pretty much of a shock to me since i had not seen her in lots of years. And she looked great!!! I mean, really great. i was amazed. She has grown up so nicely, and really, the was she does her job is just splendid. i just wanted to let you folks know wbout this encounter, and maybe we can have a meal at my parents place or something. when Sarah comes home for the holidays mayeb we can make this happen. ok, i just wanted to let you know and say hi!

jeff

Jeff sent off this message and then turned off the light and laid back in his bed to sleep. He found sleep difficult, however, because thinking about Sarah did't make him feel tired: it made him feel energized and awake. After some tossing and turning, he knew what to do. He turned his light on and looked at the hair tie that was sitting on the piece of paper. It didn't looked stretched anymore — it had returned back to its normal size. Jeff couldn't understand what these feelings were, but he was compelled to pick up the hair tie and examine it. Yes, it wasn't stretched anymore; it looked like a normal hair tie. He didn't know why, but he felt his dick becoming infused with blood. His engorged head was dragging along the angular fabric of his boxers. His heart was racing — why?

Gingerly, he put his hand through the hair tie until it was around his wrist. He put his arm up a bit and the hair tie slid all the way up his forearm until it stopped at the crook of his elbow. Jeff couldn't believe it — wasn't this the same hair tie that Sarah had been wearing around her wrist? Wasn't it tight? And yet here it was, the same thing, not even tight around his upper forearm. Whatever this feeling was, Jeff did not like it. It was overwhelming, a hidden, mysterious something that he absolutely could not handle. He shook off the hair tie and put it back on his nightstand and turned off his light. In a few minutes he was asleep.

Chapter 4: A Change of Residence

Amid odd phantasmagorias of color and clashing cacophonies of sound, Jeff awoke. His heart was beating rapidly and he realized he was soaked in sweat. He couldn't recall the last time he had awoken from an actual dream. For years now, he had gone to bed drunk or high, and usually some combination of the two. He realized, lying on his mattress and staring straight up at his cobwebbed ceiling, that he actually hadn't had anything to drink or smoke yesterday. 'Excellent,' he thought immediately, 'No qualms about drinking today!' He cheerily kept looking at the ceiling as he planned out exactly how he was going to get wasted, and where he'd go for the best chance at maybe meeting a hot chick to talk up. He thought back a little and remembered a some new beats he had come up with a few weeks ago. Yeah, those were pretty tight.

"Drummers always get the hot chicks," he said out loud to the ceiling. He smiled to himself, feeling pretty optimistic about the day's outlook. About this time he turned his attention to the massive erection he was sporting. He looked down his chest at his underwear, which bulged out tremendously. He flexed his erection a few times, enjoying how it strained the underwear fabric. He finally reached down a finger and freed his dick, allowing it to bounce around stiffly until it stood still, tall and proud at full mast.

Jeff loved looking at his dick. He loved flexing and relaxing, and letting his big purple head mushroom bigger and bigger with each flex. He didn't need to stroke himself to get hard — all he needed to do was look at himself and that was enough. At just over 9 inches and impressively thick, Jeff's dick was definitely his most physically impressive attribute. Years back, when he was playing music more regularly and when he was having a lot more sex, he had several girls tell him that they had never seen anyone bigger. He remembered their looks of awe, how their eyes almost misted over, how they had choked and gagged down on him, trying hard to be the first to deepthroat him. None of them ever succeeded, Jeff was often proud to recall.

He reached down and grabbed his erection with both hands and squeezed, enjoying how this made him look even larger. He suddenly noticed, with his arms outstretched, the marked contrast between the size of each arm and the size of his penis. Could it be? Was his dick….bigger than his arm? He sat up, pointed his dick forward with his left hand, and held his right forearm up next to it. His penis wasn't just bigger than his arm: it was almost comical how much his arm was dwarfed. It was at least twice as wide, and many times thicker.

Jeff sat there staring at the contrast, almost not believing it. A strange feeling was beginning to seethe in his loins, and he was surprised to see himself grow even longer and thicker. He was getting turned on, very turned on, in a new way. Something about seeing the contrast, the hugeness of his member next to the tininess, the puniness of his arm, made him feel…it made him feel that something was somehow not right. That something unnatural was happening, and was almost irresistible, something that was inevitably coming on and would not be denied.

And then he suddenly thought of Sarah's arms. He hadn't even thought of his encounter with her yesterday until now, and all his confusion and disorientation came flooding back and mixed with this strange feeling intensifying within him. His dick grew larger still. He looked immediately to the hair tie on his nightstand, and without thinking reached over and snatched it up, breathing hard. Would it fit around his cock? It had fit tightly around Sarah's wrist…

His heart beat even quicker as he tentatively held it up to his mushrooming head and then began pushing it over. It went over his head, but he did have to push it a little bit, and then once it got past the head it fell down to about a quarter down his length, where it stopped. Jeff caught his breath, and began to push it down farther. At his most wide, about 3/4th's of the way to the base, the hair tie had to stretch a little bit — Jeff pulled it and let it go to see if it would snap, and it didn't; it remained relatively flaccid around his dick's thickest part, even though his thickness definitely filled the hair tie's space. Jeff almost gasped in arousal as he realized that even though his dick was big, Sarah's wrists were bigger. How puny had his own arms looked next to his erection, which now looked bigger than ever? What were these feelings? His hands began to pump his length from its base, as if he were in a trance.

A crash interrupted his reverie, and Jeff jerked his hands off his dick like he had been burned. A few more crashes followed, coming from John's bedroom. It was John, bumbling around in the morning. Probably still tripping. Jeff shook his head, wondering why he kept his roommate around, and felt superior to him. 'John's got to get his shit together,' he mumbled to himself, and he looked down at his erection, with the hair tie around it. Jeff was filled with disgust and ripped the hair tie off and threw it in the corner of his room among his papers. What had he been doing? What the fuck was all this shit? Was this because he was dreaming last night? It was probably just from the after-effects of being in a hospital. God knows what those hospital and pharmaceutical execs were pumping into the air. Those money-gouging schemers, who owned all the medical patents, who had all the control, who were just trying to make a buck off you. Poor Sarah, she had gotten conned by them — well, it was just a natural part of growing up. Maybe she'd see reason someday and stop being part of the system. Maybe he'd even write her a friendly email about it, offering some much-needed advice.

Anyway, he was still hard. Time for some actual porn, he thought happily. His mindset switched so seamlessly, such was his lack of self-awareness. It was enough that he did not wish to know or explore that which he found uncomfortable or undesirable — he could simply not think about it, and that was enough for him to proceed merrily along. One time recently a girl even called him "clueless" when he was flirting unsuccessfully with her. He knew, though, that she couldn't handle his confidence, a man who knew what he wanted, so of course she had said "clueless" rather than what she had meant to say, which was "confident." Clearly she couldn't handle him.

That's what Jeff was getting off to these days. Girls who couldn't handle big men. "Big" here meant "big penis," and as far as Jeff was concerned, the two were the same. He quickly splayed open his laptop and went straight to piracy website, searching "big dick small ass." He liked to find the big white dicks (so he could pretend the dick was his) banging chicks who didn't have much ass, and who were moaning in pseudo-pain as they were being fucked. Never in the ass, though. That was just gross. Why would anyone want anything to do with an asshole? In any case, he was pleased that he seemed to be into what everyone else was into. There were literally millions of videos of nice big cocks fucking nice tight little dripping pussies. He remembered how Cassie once complained about how most porn was so boring, and how hard it was to find stuff she liked. He chuckled to himself as he pumped his dick, watching a just-turned-18 girl get her pussy banged by a thick white cock. 'Well, if Cassie gave into her more natural urges and wasn't such a stubborn freak,' he thought, 'then maybe she'd have a little easier time of it.' It didn't take him long to have his morning orgasm; ten minutes later he was on the way to the fridge for his late-morning breakfast of Miller High Life and a Slim Jim. It was going to be a good day.

As the next days passed, Jeff went about his usual routine without even thinking about his hip x-ray. Sure, he still limped around, and sure, it hurt, but a little pinched nerve wasn't going to stop him from doing what he wanted. He drank a lot of cheap beer, smoked a lot of weed (sometimes with Dave, although Dave had started moving his stuff out), and sometimes picked up his drumsticks and tried out some new beats on his rubber drum pad. He was even reading a great new book, called 87 Lies Of The Brave New World: What They're Not Telling You About The Moon Landings, 9/11, The Federal Reserve, And Everything Else. This book was getting him excited about starting an activist group that could meet in secret and discuss various ways to undermine all the bad forces controlling society. So far, he hadn't organized everything, but he would, right after he finished this book…

As the days turned into a couple weeks, however, Jeff noticed that although he wasn't thinking about his hip or the x-ray results, he couldn't stop thinking about Sarah Helleger. It was starting to really irritate him, how she would randomly pop up in his head at weird times. But he was starting to notice it more and more. It began with just remembering her gorgeous, smiling face, and how wonderful she had looked and sounded. He couldn't help but be blown away by what she had grown into. But even with this seemingly innocent recollection of Sarah, Jeff felt perplexed and uneasy. There was something sinister that seemed to lurk in the feelings she inspired. He tried to just think of her as that little girl on the block, with her little bicycle, and feel something like fatherly or brotherly affection for her becoming an adult. But this didn't work, because the apprehensive, amorphous, and slightly sickening feeling only intensified when he thought about how, in only ten years, she had blossomed, developed, and flourished from what she was then to what she was now. He thought about how gentle and how effortlessly adult she looked, and how she had bent down to look him in the face and hand him her number. Why all this fixation on her appearance, on her demeanor? On how grown up she looked?

Jeff's discomfort grew and grew each passing day, because his usual strategy for ignoring things he did not like to think about wasn't working. But he loved thinking about Sarah — she was so pretty and doing a great job because of how he helped raise her…but that was not the way he was thinking about her. He was thinking about her big, long hands and fingers on her hips, how tall she was compared to him, her imposing breasts, her grown-up scent, and her expressionless glance across his body after she learned that he weighed 113.1 pounds. He was thinking of how small she made him feel, and about how, despite the fact that he was 7 years older, she was much, much taller and bigger everywhere on her body than he was.

'Everywhere except the dick,' he tried to reassure himself. Even that didn't work this time. And much to his displeasure, he would think about Sarah right after he noticed little things in the world. One day, in the self-check-out line at the grocery store, he had to show his ID to a store employee. The employee came up: she was short and petite, of Indian ancestry, and she was cute. Jeff was thinking of something witty to get her interested in him before he noticed her ass and hips squeezed into her employee pants, leading down to her thighs, which also fit into her pants skin-tight. Jeff was seized with panic as he realized, as he knew, that he could never fit into those pants like that. They would probably fall down around his waist. 'Anything else, sir?' came her amused voice, and Jeff turned and took his ID back, unable to meet her eye contact. He had gone home downcast that day, helplessly thinking about how Sarah had filled out her work outfit.

He was noticing these kinds of comparisons more and more, and they were stressing him out. They made him feel small and weak. He knew he wasn't small and weak. He was just preparing to do great things. So many people, he thought, had to be shunned by society, had to live in the shadows for a time, in order to truly achieve greatness.

And yet he couldn't help but notice, again and again, and more with each passing day, how big so many women were compared to him. Not fat…just big. He was sure the fat ones were so many more times his size it wasn't even worth counting. But just regular women, mothers, young women, even teenagers and sometimes younger, started looking big to Jeff in ways he had never really appreciated. A young woman in the parking lot who couldn't have been older than 20: Jeff had glanced at her legs and noticed how shapely, firm, and muscular they looked in the sun. A mother of two, about his age, in line in front of him with her kids at the pharmacy: Jeff had ventured a look at her and noticed one of her arms as she held up her young son. Thick cords of veins, muscles, and tendons bulged in her undeniably strong arm as her large hand with long powerful fingers steadied her infant son's legs. He couldn't even be around Cassie anymore without fixating on her tattooed arms. Of course she noticed and couldn't avoid flexing her forearms at Jeff, and then licking her lips and flicking her tongue at him when he saw her teasing him.

The worst part about all these things was that they were totally out of Jeff's control — he was utterly powerless to stop these feelings when they started, and, perhaps most troublingly, they always led back to Sarah. What had she done to him? What was happening to his mind? It was almost as if something wicked had hijacked his psyche and opened a portal into some kind of permanent mental torture. Jeff tried to fight these distressing feelings in two ways. The first was to give himself pep talks about how much of a man he was. Yes, he was small, sure, in all the ways that didn't count — he had a bigger dick than pretty much any guy who thought he was tough stuff. But who's better at making girls happy, huh? Besides, plenty of small men did great things. He even went so far as to look up famous great men, and was happy to discover that his own height was shared by Napoleon Bonaparte and Winston Churchill. All he knew was that Napoleon was French and Churchill was English…all that really mattered was that they were 5'6 and "great." Hell, even these guys named "Mussolini" and "Alexander the Great" were 5'6, and they were all pretty great, apparently. Jeff laughed as he thought about the dick length of this "Alexander the Great" being something like 16 inches. 'History can be fun,' he thought as he exited out of his search, having learned all he needed to know. His mirth, however, did not last long.

The other way (by far the more effective) he fought these encroaching feelings was to get even more wasted than usual. Generally he would get drunk almost every night, and then smoke some weed, and then eventually pass out on his mattress. These days, however, with these weird phantom thoughts swirling around his head about Sarah and feeling small and overwhelmed, he really had to take it up another notch. He would start drinking heavily in the morning and not really let up until he simply couldn't drink anymore. He began finding John better and better company, since they would both often just sit and silently stare at things in the room. As these kinds of days stacked up, Jeff was truly beginning to lose it. He was constantly drunk, tottering around the house in his underwear, occasionally wetting himself. He awoke one morning to the sound of Cassie tugging her last suitcase down the hallway. He was splayed out on the floor in the living room, in a puddle of his own piss, with a smelly brown stain on the butt of his loose-fitting underwear. He looked indistinctly up at Cassie as she carefully, and literally, stepped over him on her way out the door. He had caught a look of disgust in her eyes, and she

had even brought her free hand up to pinch her nose closed as she walked over his prostrate form. ‘Well, best of luck to you, Jeff,’ she had said ironically, and turned to leave. Jeff watched the two pillars of her thighs move in her jeans, and weakly watched her ass jiggle and dance its goodbye before she shut the door. He went immediately to his room and masturbated to Cassie’s body before he passed out.

Later that afternoon, in a hungover haze, he woke up and decided on a whim to check his email. Jeff didn’t check email much, because there wasn’t anything he was involved in. He hadn’t checked it in two weeks, since…he froze. Since he wrote that note to the Hellegers! He fumbled at his laptop even faster to see what Sarah’s parents had said to him…about Sarah. He opened his email and began to quickly scan his new messages, mostly from advertisers. However, one subject line caught his eye immediately: BAU HOSPITAL X-RAY RESULTS. Jeff quickly clicked on this link, thinking nonchalantly that he’d have a look. In reality he was prolonging the excitement for the Hellegers' email. He went through the “Patient Portal” and was met with this message:

Mr. Jeff Stintam:

An x-ray of your right hip showed the presence of significant osteonecrosis, otherwise known as avascular necrosis, on the femur head. This condition can be severe, especially when it progresses to the fourth and final stage, as it has in your case. Continued wear on the joint could further damage the femur head and lead to complete bone collapse and arthritis. We recommend prompt Total Hip Replacement surgery, since treatments which involve stem cells and core decompression have not been found to be effective after Stage 3. We are not sure what exactly has caused this condition in you, but risk factors include bone fractures and dislocations in the past, alcoholism, and the use of high-dose steroids.

Please contact the hospital as soon as possible to schedule your surgery.

All the best, BAU Orthopedics

Jeff read the email a few times, feeling dazed. He had to get his hip replaced?? This couldn’t be right. And a bunch of words he couldn’t understand for good measure. It had to be bullshit, he decided. He closed down the hospital’s email and went looking for the Hellegers’. His heart jumped as he saw it, sent 13 days before. Those Hellegers were always on top of it, weren’t they? Jeff chuckled as he opened this email:

Dear Jeff, How wonderful to hear from you! What a lovely happenstance that you ran into Sarah at her work. Nothing too bad brought you to the hospital, we hope?!

Anyway, I’m sure Sarah took good care of you. She has grown up, hasn’t she?? She’s taller than both of us now; it’s incredible. She was a late bloomer too. She was tiny little Sarah up until she was 16, and then boom, she just kept growing and growing!

We really could not be more proud of her these days. She’s working at the hospital, and she’s a consulting researcher for several of the medical journals in the city. She’s young, but she’s already gained a lot of respect in many circles, and she’s even published a coupled of articles

with other people! Haha, we know it's obnoxious to brag about our daughter, but it's just so hard not to!

We'd love to see you when the holidays roll around! Sarah keeps on coming back here, even though she's got her own place now. She worked all through high school and college and saved up, because she knew what she wanted! A space of her own! We don't even help her with any bills anymore. She's got it all covered!

Well anyway, Jeff, enough about Sarah. How are you doing these days? Still playing drums? You were always so nice to Sarah growing up — I'm sure she loved seeing you again. Thanks so much for contacting us, and we hope to see you sometime soon.

Love, Jan (and Chris of course, but Jan wrote the email!)

Jeff stared at the screen, his thoughts completely blank. Gradually, after a few minutes, everything came back into focus. Sarah had…her own place? Did she….OWN it?? She was totally on her own?? She was truly an adult. She had two, maybe three or four jobs? She paid for everything. Jeff had no job. He paid for nothing. His parents paid for everything. Her body… the contrast was too much to handle, and he went for his only option: whiskey.

An hour later, a phone call from his mother put a temporary stop to his binge. His parents had received an email as well about his condition, since Jeff always put down their contact information (sometimes in addition to his own, sometimes not) on any forms he was filling out, since they paid for everything and also since he didn't have time to deal with a lot of nonsense.

His parents were grave over dinner that night, and Jeff noticed with annoyance that something dramatic had apparently happened. His parents, usually kind to a fault, were all business tonight.

"Jeff," his mom began, "First thing's first. You're going to have this surgery."

He looked at her in frustration and then simply huffed over his pasta and meatballs without saying anything.

"This explains why you've been in pain for so long," his mother continued deliberately, "and probably why you've frankly been wasting away." She gestured to his seated form, which sat cross-legged at the table.

Jeff rolled his eyes. "Mom, I'm not…wasting away at all, I just haven't —"

"You are Jeff," interrupted his mother firmly, "and what's more, your lifestyle is what's caused this condition. It says alcoholism is a risk factor, and you definitely drink too much, Jeff. You drink too much, you smoke too much, you don't get good sleep, you're not actively engaged in anything, and it's made you start to crumble, on the inside and the outside." Her voice quivered with emotion as she spoke, but her resolution never faltered.

Jeff looked around at anything but his parents, and decided to laugh. “Oh come on,” he said casually, trying to lighten the mood, “Can’t I be allowed some time to think and decide what I need to do? The world is a pretty messed up place, and I really need the — ”

“It’s been years, Jeff,” his mother interrupted again. “Years. You had a job a while back. You got fired from that job, for drinking, as I recall. And since then you’ve done nothing except drink and smoke weed and hang out with that pitiful John person. You don’t even play drums anymore. What has your life become?”

Jeff sat there with a silly grin on his face, unable to comprehend why his parents were being so serious all of the sudden. His mother turned to his father.

“Do you have anything to add, Carl?” Carl shook his head, staring at Jeff with his arms folded and a darkened expression furrowing his brow.

“Well, that’s pretty much it, then,” his mother continued. “This “avascular necrosis” condition has really hit home some important realities for us, Jeff. Your father and I have decided that you will move in with us. This surgery will be hard, and you will need time to recover. We want to provide a safe place for that, a place where you won’t be drinking and smoking. We’re going to help you start a rehab program for your drinking. And we’ll continue to provide you with love and support, with a roof over your head and good food to eat, through this whole process. The only condition is that you live here with us.”

Jeff was angry now. “Rehab?!? Are you fucking kidding me?” he burst out in a whine. “There’s nothing wrong with my drinking! Do you understand the thoughts I have under the influence of alcohol?? They’re deep thoughts, and they’re real, and they help me become a…a deeper person who appreciates…beauty more! And as for rehab — ”

“Jeff,” his father’s voice calmly cut in. “This is not up for discussion. Jen and I both love you very much, and we hate to see you angry like this, but as of tonight we’re cutting off your money. We can’t keep allowing you to live this self-destructive lifestyle that messes up your brain and makes your bones decay.”

Jeff got up from the table and slowly backed away. “This can’t be happening,” he said shakily as he backed up. “You guys can’t be…be serious about this. I’m a…I’m a man! A man needs his own space!” He noticed with sudden horror the arms of his mother folded in her lap, and how her legs filled the chair in which she sat. His mother wasn’t tall or robust by any means! And yet he noticed her stable wrists and sturdy arms, and strong hips that filled out her pants. An image of Sarah’s swaggering ass flashed in his mind, along with her long fingers tearing off a piece of paper as she looked down kindly at him. He shook his head desperately, unable to get rid of these thoughts, as he felt blood trickle decisively into his cock.

“You all are crazy!” Jeff managed as he backed his way to the front door. “You’re…you’re out of your minds!” He closed the door shut and got into his car and drove to the nearest liquor store as fast as he could, hoping that his parents hadn’t already cut off his money. He was relieved to buy a pint of cheap whiskey, and on his way home, he checked his account balance for good measure. $3.85. Enough for a coffee. He sighed. He knew that he was going to move in with his parents. What else was he supposed to do, get a job? In this messed up system? Also (he realized as he walked into his room with the whiskey) it’s free food. And his mom was a great

cook. Not a bad gig, when you really thought about it. Jeff had pushed his mother's words about his body and his lifestyle out of his mind. But he had bought this whiskey because Sarah Helleger existed in the world, and somehow she had cast a spell over his mind. He hated it; it made him feel crazy, helpless, controlled. And he was not going to be controlled. He opened the bottle and got drinking.

A few hours later, sloppy drunk, he finally did what he had been thinking about for weeks. He fumbled over to his nightstand, picked up the piece of paper with Sarah's number, and called it. It was 1:22 am, on an early Tuesday morning. The ringtone rang one, two, three, four times, and then…Sarah's chipper voice, but somehow deeper. Was that her real voice? As drunk as he was, Jeff could still see her talking:

"Hello, you've reached Sarah Helleger. I'm not able to come to the phone right now, but leave your name and number and I'll call you back as soon as I can. Thank you!"

"Uh…hi..S-ssSarah…Sarah it's me!! Jeff…uhuh..Jeffffff Stintum. Ahhhha wwwellll, I was just umm, just ummmm…calling you to say — uh, what's going on Sarah?? Huh?! I mean, uh…..uh how've ya been?!? Do you likkke, uh…..do you like, uhhh, like go on DATES with other people?!?! Hahahahaha!! Right?!? I mean like dudezz who go withh you, out with you…Do they have like BIG dicksss?? Hahahaha!!! Cause I do!!! Hahahahahaha!! I really, really doooo!! I thinkkk you'd be pretttyyyy impre — pretty impressssssed by it. Oh my godddddd too funny! Ahaha!! Do you date, like black dudes, Sarah??!? Sarah!!! I mean like maybeee you date girlssss toooo, no one's judging not me I mean oh wooooowww that would be hot!!! Ho Ho man!!! But black….black guys…um…uh….I'm trying to bite off this fingernail…thumbnail…uh, Sarah??!? Sarah!!! I think you did something to me Sarah!!!! What did you do to me!!?!? Oh fuck, I fell down…..Hahahahahaha!!! Well, that's…that's all I have, Sarah!!! Do you want to hang out let's hang out. Be the adult you want to see…to see in the world!!! That's the advice from me, and keep it easy, man…eeeasssyyyy…plus, Sarah — "

And it was here that Jeff's message was cut off, due to time length. Jeff laughed and put his phone down and promptly passed out on his floor.

The next morning, at 11 am, Jeff woke up with a carpet design imprinted into his face, and a splitting pain in his head. He lay awake with his eyes closed for a few moments, and then a sudden blaze tore through his brain: he had called Sarah last night!! He had left her a message!!!! What had he said???? Had she replied??? He caught up his phone in a flash and opened it and looked at his messages. One from Sarah Helleger. It read:

"Hi Jeff. Sure I'd like to hang out. How does this afternoon work for you?"

Chapter 5: Coffee

Jeff was pretty sure he had thought everything through as he drove intown to the coffee shop that Sarah had suggested. He had strained his mind back to the night before, trying to recall his words, his tone…anything he had conveyed to Sarah in that message he left for her. Jeff couldn't remember much, but one thing was for certain: he knew he had not talked about all the weird thoughts he had been having about their disparity in size. What a relief, he thought. That would have been super awkward to explain. Disrespectful, really. At least he had his pride intact. He sighed in relief as he reassured himself once again. This cycle of worry and reassurance had dominated his day ever since he had read Sarah's first. There had been no consistency in anything Jeff had done to prepare…he had thrown some clothes on without thinking, yet taken great care to shave the (very thin) stubble on his face. He hadn't bothered to take a shower, yet he had put on his best cologne. On a mad whim he had retrieved Sarah's hair tie and stuffed it in his pocket, yet he had successfully managed to forget about it.

The coffee shop was a cute little boutique place tucked away in one of the quiet, wooded neighborhoods of the big city. Jeff couldn't help but shake his head as he walked up to it after parking. It was painted a deep purple, and interspersed with little moons and stars. There was even a little book cart outside that sold a variety of books for $1 each. 'Yeah,' thought Jeff as he opened the door to go inside (and the bell attached to the door gave a little ring), 'this place probably charges like $5 for a coffee. All fancy-pants, woo-woo shit. What did Sarah have against Starbucks?'

Jeff would've kept his thoughts coming, but he had just spotted Sarah. Any feelings of reassurance, of security, of confidence he had managed to build up vanished instantly. She was sitting at a small table in one of the corners of the one-room shop. Her cascade of blond hair made her impossible to miss, as did her…size. Jeff immediately went weak in the knees and stood rooted to the spot near the door. He had subconsciously worked his way up to promising himself that he would totally ignore any freaky thoughts he had about all the size shit that had invaded his brain the past few weeks. But one look at Sarah and every promise was broken. She wore skin-tight jeans that left nothing in her legs, hips, or ass to the imagination — she positively filled the seat she was sitting in, and some of her butt and hips even extended over the sides. She rose over the table imperiously; she wore a brilliantly red, short-sleeve top which fit her form and showed her long, full white arms and displayed her breasts…her breasts…Jeff felt his mouth go utterly dry. He had not realized she was that developed; her scrubs must have hid them when he saw her in the hospital. He could see that she was still wearing all the accoutrements on her arms, as she had them splayed out against the table…her bracelets and her watch, which all made her look so…so adult. And Jeff truly lost his breath when he saw that she was wearing black calf-high boots. Boots! He couldn't believe it. It looked like they were the kind of boots with a heel too. He couldn't look anymore. He broke his eyes away from Sarah as he fixed his stare on a particular corner of an ornate bookshelf.

What was going on? It was like he had no control, absolutely no option other than to notice everything about her, to take in as much as he could possibly take. Why couldn't he just approach her like he did with everybody else — with that calm, confident, casual, don't-really-care mentality? There was really something going on. He looked back at her. She was facing the door, but she seemed to be attentively typing on her laptop. Jeff also noticed that she had a book splayed in her lap, which she was now consulting. She had her earbuds in, and her head was nodding subtly in a rhythmic manner, so she must have been listening to music.

“Can I help you, sir?” Jeff was jolted away from his thoughts. The barista was at the counter, looking at him expectantly. Jeff darted his eyes once more over to Sarah. She still didn’t appear to realize he was there.

“Yes…uh, yes,” said Jeff, hurriedly limping his way to the counter. He scanned the menu above the counter, which was painted in colored chalk. “I’ll have…uh…I’ll have the, the, oh what the heck, the latte.” Jeff wasn’t exactly sure what a “latte” was, but it sounded fancy enough. Maybe Sarah would be impressed.

“Ok, sir,” said the barista, smiling, “That’ll be $4.35.” Jeff handed her his debit card, and then realized right after she swiped it that he didn’t have enough for the drink. Didn’t he only have like 3-something dollars left? ‘Oh well,’ he thought, ‘it’ll probably still go through, and I might overdraft but that’s fine, whatever, my parents and I can deal with that later…’

“Sorry, sir,” said the barista, staring at the computer screen with a concerned look on her face, “it seems like this card isn’t going through. Do you have another one? Or cash, maybe?”

“Uh…uh,” Jeff fumbled, growing increasingly red and flustered. He looked over at Sarah, who still seemed preoccupied with her work. He looked back over to the barista, who was looking at him sweetly with her eyebrows slightly raised in gentle concern. She was young, Jeff realized… auburn hair, cute face, and he was looking up at her. If he looked at her straight he would be looking straight into the middle of her neck. He shook his head, trying to chase away these thoughts.

“I’ll just uh, get the 12-ounce drip coffee,” he said quietly. The barista eyed him for a moment, unsure if he appreciated that his card didn’t seem to be working. But then she smiled at him and nodded and said “That’ll be $2.78…same card?”

Jeff nodded, and was relieved to see it go through. The barista got his coffee and handed it to him with another friendly smile, and now he was left to approach Sarah’s table. His heart began beating quickly. He became painfully self-conscious of his skinny legs that stuck out of his long shorts; was Sarah going to look down on him for ordering such a boring coffee? This shirt that he was wearing really was hanging loosely on him…how would it fit Sarah? What had he actually said in that message? Was Sarah going to hate him? But she had invited him to get coffee, right? What was it going to be like when she stood up in those boots? He could make sure they don’t stand next to each other. She had her own place. Could they go back there, maybe? The hair tie! Would she want it back?? He stood in front of her table. Her head came up to his chest. It was still beating gently in time to her music as she focused intently on her screen, typing. She fetched the book off her lap and marked a little note in it with her pencil. The bracelets clinked on her arms. Jeff continued to stand there with his coffee, unable to do anything else. She kept working, and he kept waiting.

Finally, after a couple minutes, Jeff managed to step forward and put his cup of coffee down on the table. Sarah immediately looked up and smiled at him, taking her earbuds out and closing her book and laptop.

“Hey!” she said merrily.

“Hey,” said Jeff, still fixed to his spot and unable to offer any emotion or feeling. He also couldn’t blink. He wondered when Sarah was going to stand up and give him another one of her hugs.

A couple moments passed, and Sarah laughed. “Well have a seat, Jeff!” He did, almost spilling his coffee in the process. When he sat down he realized how small the table actually was, or at least how small Sarah made it seem. Her arms took up well over half of the table, and she seemed to realize this, moving them back a bit to the middle. Sitting down, his butt felt tiny in the seat that Sarah so effortlessly filled, and he realized that his eyes were even with the bottom of her neck. He shut his eyes, overwhelmed.

“Hmm, let’s see, what did you get?” asked Sarah, leaning over the table to look in to his cup. “Oh! A black coffee. Black as night. No fuss or frills with your coffee, huh? I like it.”

Jeff opened his eyes. “Yeah, um. Yeah, I just like it mainly straight. Just the shot of caffeine is all that really counts, right?” He was doing it; he was having a conversation with Sarah Helleger. His confidence began to swell.

Sarah laughed and reached up a hand to flip her hair slightly. “Haha, yep! It’s one of the many pleasures in life.” She then leaned in forward on her arms, looking down into his eyes. “So tell me, what’s been going on in the life of Mr. Jeff Stintum? What’re you up to these days?”

Jeff made sure to take a nice long sip of his coffee before he started. Sarah waited patiently, her eyes hovering on him with interest. He had leaned back into his chair, so he wasn’t so close to her body. “Well, he said deliberately, “it’s a complicated thing, life. Sometimes you think you’re doing one thing and then you just end up doing another. Sometimes you have this one project but — damn it, something else comes up and you just gotta go after it, you know?”

Sarah nodded her head kindly. Jeff continued: “I mean, life is a crazy thing, you know! Right?” Sarah nodded again, saying gently, “It sure is.” Jeff felt his courage rise still more. “And, you know, there’s a lot of problems in the world. A lot of things wrong. And, well, I just feel that I can’t just sit around anymore and support the system.”

“The system,” said Sarah quietly. She raised up an arm and held her chin in thought as she looked at Jeff, furrowing her brow. “Hmmm, that’s interesting, Jeff. What do you mean by “the system”?”

“Everything!” said Jeff excitedly. He was so glad Sarah was asking him about his work. “Just… everything that happens. The rules we all live under. The uh…narratives that we are fed by the people in charge. It’s all just a big lie. A big smokescreen.”

“Uh huh,” said Sarah. She put her arm down and leaned in again. Jeff realized that, in his excitement, he had also leaned in, and their arms were right next to each other on the table. In a moment which temporarily froze his mind, he saw the clarity, the ridiculousness, the absurdity of their contrast. Her arms were so smooth and solid, from her wrist all the way up, and his were just skin and bone…surely with much smaller bones. Good lord her wrist had to be as big as his upper arm…bigger. Could it really be that her arms were…were as big as his legs? Sarah Helleger? His little neighbor? But all this was in a moment, and Jeff recovered. He was on a role.

“And,” he continued, “and the worst thing is, everyone walking around with their heads in the sand, and they have no idea. All they see is the smokescreen. They don’t see the truth.”

“The truth?” asked Sarah, raising her eyebrows. “Wow, this is so interesting, Jeff. What’s the truth?” Her questions were so innocent, Jeff realized, so much so that they were beginning to annoy him. She didn’t really seem to be grasping the gravity of the whole situation.

“What’s the truth?” he laughed a little and took another long sip of his coffee. Sarah again waited patiently, not taking her eyes off him. Jeff noticed with a bit of latent fear that her eyes were beginning to travel across his body, eying his torso, his limbs, his legs.

“The truth…the truth,” he said at last. Sarah eyes flashed back up to his face. She had been fixated on his wrists. “Where do I start…where do I start?” Jeff had no idea where to start. So he said, “Well, how about we just say that everything isn’t as it seems. Am I right?”

“You’re definitely right, Jeff,” said Sarah quietly. “Lots of things aren’t what they seem.” Jeff nodded vigorously as he drank more of his coffee. Sarah sighed a little and then extended her fingers out together, cracking them. The popping sounds made him jump, and Sarah laughed a little.

“Haha, sorry Jeff, I just can’t help it sometimes, it’s like a little tic, you know?”

Jeff nodded and for some reason decided to try and crack his own fingers — they cracked, but they barely made any sound. The conversation had dulled, and Jeff had no idea what to do.

“So you still play drums sometimes!” said Sarah. “That’s cool. I actually go to some shows myself. Fun times! You’ve been playing since you were a teenager, right?”

“Right,” said Jeff, failing to mention that he hadn’t played his drums in months.

“I’ve often wondered what playing drums does to your hands,” said Sarah. “Like, how calloused they get and everything. You’ve been playing for years — I’m curious. Do you mind?” She already had her hands ready and Jeff could not shake his head “no” even though he wanted to. He was afraid of what she’d find. She reached out her hands and took his right hand in her grip, flipped it over, and began examining his palm. Jeff had to shut his mouth to keep from making a loud exhale, and he felt the unmistakable glut of blood making its inevitable way into his cock. Her hands were unbelievably huge compared to his. And warm. And…strong. The way her fingers moved his palm, turned his hand, pried around his fingers…it all hit home to Jeff the unmistakable power in her hands. And they were still — feminine. Her nails were long and painted the same red as her top. Her skin was soft. And yet, underneath she was strong, and effortlessly taking control of his hand.

“Wow, Jeff!” she laughed, “Your hands are as soft as a baby! No callouses at all! How do you do it? What kind of lotion do you use? I gotta know.”

Jeff knew that his hands were soft from all the lube he used on himself, not lotion. But he said, as casually as he could, “Oh you know, a touch of that here and there. Not really a big lotion user.”

Sarah laughed again. “Well, they sure feel nice.” And she lingered a bit more on his hand, examining it. Then without warning she wrapped her hand gently around his wrist and held his hand up. Then she put her other hand up to his, in a comparison. Jeff couldn’t believe it; she just…did it…casually. There was nothing he could do against it — his brain hardened in fear as he looked. Her fingers rose above his and her hand extended beyond his on all sides. It was ridiculous, absurd. His fingers only came halfway up to hers, which looked even longer with her long, sharp nails extending even more outward. Her palm dwarfed his, encompassed it almost cartoonishly. This girl was 7 years younger. And she was doing this comparison offhandedly, nonchalantly, as a kind of curiosity. Their eyes met and she squinted at him and smiled genially, and then she brought fingers down in a claw on top of his, to emphasize the size difference. She looked at Jeff again and smiled once more, and then she engulfed his hand in hers and gave it a little shake, which literally shook his whole arm, from his hand all the way to his shoulder. Then she released him and sat back, smiling at him. He sat in his chair, unable to speak.

“Well, wanna take our coffees and go on a little walk, Jeff?” she said.

“Oh, but wait!” said added, catching herself, “I almost forgot about your hip! I noticed you’re still limping — maybe a walk wouldn’t be the best thing right now. How is it feeling?”

Jeff had to snap back from the brain freeze of Sarah’s easygoing, spontaneous hand comparison, but he managed to say, “Uhh…oh yeah! Yeah, my hip. Well….uh, not too good, actually.”

“Oh really?” Sarah looked concerned. “Have you gotten your results back from the x-ray?”

“Umm….yeah. They said I have this thing…this thing called, like, uhhh…macular acrosis or —”

“Avascular necrosis?” Sarah ventured.

“Yeah. Yeah, that’s it.”

Sarah blinked slowly and reached her hand over to Jeff’s arm and held it briefly. Jeff was too afraid to look down (but he felt the warm flesh of her hand and fingers extend across most of his skinny forearm), so with difficulty he kept eye contact with her. He noticed that her eyes were sea green.

“Aww Jeff, I’m so sorry you have to deal with that. It can be a nasty condition. Are you Stage 4?”

“Yeah,” said Jeff, and then he thought back to Sarah’s face examining his x-ray. “Did you…did you know already? Just from looking at my x-ray?”

Sarah sat back and sighed, swelling her diaphragm up and down. “I mean, that’s what it looked like to me. Dana thought it was some early-onset arthritis, but I thought there was just too much bone decay. To me, it looked more like avascular necrosis, but I didn’t want to believe it, because you know, you’re gonna have to get hip replacement surgery. And I really didn’t want to freak you out with a diagnosis that turned out to be incorrect.”

“Well, uhh…it’s pretty impressive that you got it right, though,” said Jeff, feeling able enough to continue on the conversation. “Is that what you’re training for? Bone stuff?”

Sarah laughed and looked at Jeff through her hair. “Orthopedics? Haha, yes, well that’s one thing I’m considering. I’m just fascinated by the human body, you know? We’re incredible organisms. For a while there in high school I was convinced I was gonna go into neurology, especially since there’s so much progress being made on degenerative brain diseases. But then I got super into hematology early in college and was kind of on that kick for a while; blood just seems pretty simple, right? Well, there’s actually tons more to it — and.…well anyway now I’m into my orthopedic phase, and I guess we’ll see where it goes from here!”

She laughed again, mostly at herself, and sat back in her chair. Jeff wasn’t really feeling able to comprehend all those words she had just used, but he felt like replying in a paternal way would remind himself that he was the older one here. “Well, just look at little ole Sarah! A full-fledged adult and on her way to medical school —”

“Fingers crossed!” interrupted Sarah, crossing her large fingers.

“Oh yes, fingers crossed on med school,” continued Jeff, choosing not to cross his own fingers. “I just…I just can’t believe it, Sarah. You’ve grown…up. Like, you’ve really grown up.”

“Yeah, I’m big now,” Sarah laughed, puffing herself up and sitting even taller in her seat. Jeff immediately regretted instigating this behavior, as he now felt even smaller as she loomed over him. He felt especially tiny knowing that, even as he was now sitting up as straight as he could, there was nothing he could do to match her. She was just more person. “For a little bit there in high school I hated my size, but now I like it.” She stretched her arms out over her head to emphasize just how far she could reach, and Jeff couldn’t help but gape at her figure. She saw him staring and put down her arms, laughing.

“I hope you don’t mind me holding your hand like that, Jeff. Or stretching in front of you like this. I just feel comfortable around you. You were always so…so nice to me as a kid. And you would help me. Like remember when that mean boy took my bow and arrow?”

Jeff could not for the life of him recall this incident, especially now, but he said, “Oh, yeah! Yeah, the bow and arrow.”

“You made him give it back to me,” said Sarah. “You said that no one could mess with me because I was under your protection. And it was true — I felt safe that day. You were so sweet.” Sarah clearly meant her words in earnest, but even as she inclined her head to the side and looked down at him with her big affectionate eyes, Jeff could not avoid the thought that everything she was talking about was far, far away in the past.

“And now I’m all grown up!” said Sarah, laughing as she gestured both hands to her tremendous body. “Now I can protect YOU!” She said these last words playfully at Jeff, reaching one of her fingers and poking him gently in the chest. Even this simple motion from her caused Jeff to steady himself in his seat against the pressure from her finger.
Sarah saw immediately that he did not know what to make of her lighthearted jests, so she sat back again and decided to change the subject.

“So, Jeff…you’ve been playing the drums…you’ve been standing up to the system…basically, you’re not conforming, right? That’s great!” Sarah smiled at him genuinely, and Jeff felt himself

drop, afraid of what was coming next. “What else have you been doing? C’mon Jeff, tell me about your music! Have you gone on tour anywhere? What else do you do besides music? Where do you work? Or is music like your full-time job?” Sarah caught herself and smiled apologetically at Jeff, laughing as she took up his hands in hers and squeezed quickly and put them back down. Jeff looked down at the color slowly creeping back into his palms — she had squeezed the blood out of them. “I’m sorry Jeff, so many questions, I know! I just wanna know what’s been happening with you!”

Jeff rubbed his hands and tried once again to paint an accurate picture of his life for Sarah, a picture that depicted him as he saw himself. Every attempt, however, sounded bad when he said it out loud.

“Well, the music is good,” he began, easily enough. “And you know…well, yeah I’ve played some shows around town. With some of my, uh, bandmates. My music…yeah…but, uh, we haven’t really played any tours yet. Our, uh…experimental style is...well, uh...hard for some people to handle.”

Sarah looked at him and nodded graciously. She then sat expectantly, and Jeff realized that she really was awaiting more of a response. So he tried to give her one. “And well, aside from all that, I uh…write some stories.”

“Oooh stories!” said Sarah excitedly. “About what? Gotten any published yet?”

“Umm…no, not yet. My style is pretty….”

“Experimental?” Sarah offered, grinning. Jeff had no idea if she was mocking him or not, but he was distracted by her gorgeous face wreathed in her golden hair, and the sound of her fingers beating lightly on the table. Her rings made gentle rapping sounds, and Jeff was once again drawn to the immensity of everything she did. Even when she just moved her fingers, his world seemed to shake.

“Yeah. Umm, and I also…uh, I’ve tried some sculpting…some stuff with….clay.” He couldn’t say any more. There was nothing left to say. Everything else was just drinking, smoking, tying to fuck random girls, and then jacking off on the internet to what he couldn’t get in real life. He felt himself crumble before Sarah, and he bowed his head in shame.

Warm, strong fingers tenderly grasped his chin, and he felt light pressure incline his head upward to meet Sarah’s eyes. She was looking down a good many inches into his, and for a moment Jeff saw her face completely expressionless — she was just looking at him. The next moment, though, she smiled again at him kindly and spoke down to him playfully.

“Oooohh I see! You’re an artist, Jeff! You create things! Music, stories, sculptures…you’re a regular renaissance man!” She let him go and sat back again, seeming to Jeff to bask in her luxury.

“Yeah…yeah, I’m an artist,” he said as if he were realizing it for the first time.

“Well, I’d love to hear your music sometime! And read your stories and see your sculptures! I don’t really know many artists right now. Just stuffy old scientists, haha! Just kidding, I love my friends, but still — send me some of your stuff!”

It occurred to Jeff that the longer they talked about him, the sooner Sarah would realize that he had done nothing with his life. He did something that seemed to him drastic and crazy — he changed the subject. ‘And smoothly too,’ he proudly thought to himself as he stared hard at a small divot in the table in front of Sarah. He could not hold eye contact with her for more than a second without starting to panic, and (as he hadn’t even realized) without getting hard.

“Oh, well…I’d love to, Sarah! But enough about me — how about you? Your…uh parents tell me that you have a place of your own.”

“What?? You talked to my parents??” Sarah laughed. “When??”

“Um…I, uh, I sent…uh, I sent them an email a few weeks ago. I mentioned that I ran into you in the hospital, and they uh, told me what was going on with your, uh, stuff.”

“Aww, that’s so sweet of you, Jeff, emailing my parents!” Sarah laughed. “Those silly beans; they didn’t even tell me you’d contacted them. Although I guess I am pretty busy these days… oh well, here we are, right? So I guess you know all about my life, then, huh?”

“I…uh,” stammered Jeff, focusing on the divot. “I…know you have your own place.”

“Sure do!” said Sarah proudly, ridiculing herself in mock-self importance by sitting up tall in her chair and putting her hands on her hips. Her bracelets jangled, her weight shifted, her hair jumped around her face, and Jeff was sure he heard the chair groan a little. How much did she weigh? “Mom and Dad didn’t even need to help me with it. Hard work, grit, and some luck will go a long way, right?”

“Right…um..and they also said you were famous in your field or something.”

Sarah really laughed hard this time, even snorting a bit. “Fam — haha, what?? Famous?!? My parents are out of their minds!! I’m not famous at all — I’ve only just started working with all these professional people, and let me tell you, Jeff, I have a lot to learn. Ha! My god, my parents are silly. I co-write a few articles that get published and they totally lose their shit.”

And here Sarah stopped for a moment, because Jeff had blinked and visibly jolted a little bit when she said “shit.” She discerned his reaction and slowly, ironically raised her eyebrows as a sly grin crept across her face. The right side of her cheek suddenly jutted out a good ways, and Jeff realized that she had thrust her tongue into it.

“Oooo yeah, that’s right,” said Sarah, nodding slowly down at Jeff as her tongue worked in her cheek and her eyebrows went up and down her forehead. “I don’t just look like an adult — I TALK like an adult now.” A few seconds later she broke her act and descended into laughter. Jeff made his best attempt to laugh with her, but could only manage vague croaking sounds as the color burned in his face and his erection (which he now absolutely noticed) strained in his pants.

“Well, enough of that,” said Sarah, her giggles dying down. “Where’re you staying these days, Jeff?”

He had no energy to invent some kind of story; he had nothing left. “I’m uh, staying with my parents right now.”

“Oh yeah? Cool stuff.” Sarah had begun fishing around in her purse, which gave Jeff time enough to at least explain his situation a little more.

“Uh…we thought it’d be better that way, you know…because I have that surgery coming up.”

“Oh yes, Jeff, your surgery!!” Sarah had found her phone and stopped looking in her bag. She turned her full attention to Jeff, her eyes compassionate and…something else. Determined? Jeff was not in the habit of looking at people the way he found himself looking at Sarah, and this novelty of analysis had already left him exhausted to his core.

“Jeff, I want to help you through this process. I mean, how lucky, that I was the one who took your x-ray!”

“Yes,” managed Jeff, whose mouth and throat had gone dry.

Sarah leaned in further on her crossed arms, and Jeff saw their firm bulk widen as she put her weight on them. Her long fingers were randomly playing with each other and tugging on the bracelets and hair ties around her arms. “Yeah. There’s no reason to worry about this procedure. They don’t even cut through your quadricep — they actually pry your muscles apart and go straight at the ball of the femur. It’s a really interesting procedure; I can tell you all about it later.”

“Th-thanks,” said Jeff simply. He was able to raise his head to meet her eyes. Sea green…..Sarah looked at him for a moment longer, and then smiled as she broke away.

“Well, this has been lovely, Jeff. Unfortunately I’ve gotta run, though. I have a meeting with a colleague about some research he’s doing.” She was packing her things away, and had already stood up. Jeff put his hands in his lap as he braced to stand up, and he suddenly felt the hair tie in his pocket. He acted quickly, grabbing it and standing up so that he faced her. His arm stretched out, his hand offering the hair tie back.

“Www-wait, wait Sarah! Don’t leave without this!” Sarah looked at the hair tie in his outstretched hand and paused a moment, confused. In this moment Jeff realized the situation. Sarah was towering in front of him, standing wide-legged in her calf-high black boots and her skin-tight jeans and bold red top barely managing to restrain her luscious curves. Her thighs, her hips, her arms…they didn’t didn’t seem possible to Jeff. And the effortlessness with which she stood. And here he was, holding out a hair tie to her with a shaking hand. He felt like a frightened child.

“Um, what’s this, Jeff?” Sarah turned casually and made a step towards him. He could see that Sarah was even taller than he remembered. He was afraid to look up long enough to see, but he fought through and did it anyway and looked straight ahead. Into her breasts. Her lower breasts. He couldn’t stand there like this any longer. He looked up at her desperately, up her chest and into her face.

“It’s that hair tie you gave me at the hospital. The one you used to…to help —”

Sarah’s mouth had dropped open as her face reacted in adoring surprise. “Oh THAT’S what it is?!?! Oh my god, Jeff, you’re just…you’re just the cutest little thing!”

She bent down and hugged him, cracking his bones. As she ascended again she gave him a little kiss on the cheek for good measure. She rose and rose up until she was standing tall in front of him, and the two shared a moment, him looking sheepishly up at her, and her looking down amused at him.

“It’s wonderful to see you again, Jeff,” said Sarah quietly, breaking the silence but not her steady eye contact. She jostled her body a bit, as if to emphasize her size. Jeff saw her hips, legs, and ass wobble slightly with her motion. “I know it’s probably pretty crazy to see me all grown up like this, especially, well…anyway, just know that it’s still me, Jeff. It’s just me — I’m that same little girl who was riding around on her bike, shooting bows and arrows, exploring the world. I’m just…really tall now.” She put her hands playfully on her hips and moved them in a fluid motion from side to side as she added, laughing, “And big in all the right places. But really, Jeff, I’ll hit you up sometime soon — I’ll have you over to my place and we can hang out some more. Please send me some of your stories, and I wanna hear your music and see your sculptures too!” She bent down again and gave him one last hug, and turned to leave.

Jeff just stood there, the hair tie in his hand. Sarah looked back as she pivoted, remembered, and reached down, snatching it up happily from his hand. “Well thank you sir! Till next time!” she said in mock formality, snapping it back on her wrist, where it fit tightly. Jeff’s breath caught in his throat, realizing the reality of her size as he watched her walk out of the coffee shop, her legs long confidant pillars, her ass and hips working like they were grinding pepper.

Chapter 6: Dinner

For weeks after meeting Sarah for coffee, Jeff really didn't know what he was doing. His parents had made all the necessary arrangements with his landlord to front the rent for his old place until new tenants were found, and Jeff now lived in their upstairs guest bedroom (which he refused to call "his" bedroom, since it was temporary), where he spent much of his time sitting and staring into empty space, often drinking as well. He had stopped going out to bars, trying to pick up girls. He wasn't reading his conspiracy theory book anymore, because he just didn't have the energy. He had tried to write down some story ideas on a piece of paper, but after just a few scribbles he had weakly pushed the pen through the paper and let it drop to the floor. He had picked up a brick or two of his sculpting mix and attempted to fashion a thing or two, but they just came out as amorphous blobs. The same had happened with his music; he simply had no ideas, no inspiration, no spirit. His appetite had waned even further, and his body grew thinner still. He spent his days mostly lying in his bed, listless, his mind straying into places he was trying to avoid, and yet felt so drawn towards.

What he did know was that Sarah had put some kind of spell on him. That was the only explanation for how he was feeling — it had to be. She was some kind of scientist…she probably knew about chemicals and aerosols and all of that stuff, so she had obviously dosed him with something, right? There could be no other reason why his mind, his life, could be taken over like this. Ever since their brief little coffee date, Jeff's thoughts seemed helplessly, inevitably drawn to Sarah, to the memory of her body, her smell, her voice, her aura. In just a brief few minutes of interaction, she had turned his mind into a compass that always pointed north, to the North Star, to her.

Of course, Jeff didn't think specifically in these terms. He was too confused to make much sense of anything that was going on in his head. What he knew was that as soon as he went home after coffee with Sarah, he had masturbated. Not to the porn he usually watched, but to….her. What it was about her, Jeff didn't know. He couldn't really explain it to himself. What he began to realize as the weeks went by was that he was masturbating more and more, every day, to the thought of Sarah doing…of her talking — no, that wasn't it…of her standing over….of her body next to his…he didn't really know.

What he was vaguely, slowly becoming aware of, was that the idea, the feeling of her looming over him, or of her limbs or body next to his, made him defenselessly aroused, to the point of disability. Jerking off, next to drinking, was now his main preoccupation, and he felt caught in this terrible haze of arousal and self-loathing. He hated this sex-induced paralysis — he should be organizing those meetings! Reading those books! Churning out those beats! And yet any sense of agency, any motivation, was utterly absent. His thoughts alighted on nothing, nothing, nothing, until, unavoidably, they pointed once again, over and over, to Sarah.

The thought of texting her, or even calling her, was constantly on his mind, but he didn't act. He felt like if he did, he would be lost forever, carried away in a flood of something he could not control, something he despised. The way she had just snapped that hair tie back on her wrist as she walked away…he just couldn't understand how an action so simple could sum up so much of what he was jerking himself off to every day. He wasn't even marveling at the size of his cock anymore. Nothing about him was big, nothing. He was beginning to have the slow realization that he had taken a tiny step into a much larger world, one totally incomprehensible to him, one

without grounding and swirling with indistinct, huge, and threatening shapes. And he…couldn't get enough of it.

One late morning, hung over as usual, he woke up to a text from Sarah. "Hi Jeff! It was great seeing you a few weeks ago — I've been thinking about you :)hope that hip isn't too bad. Is your surgery scheduled yet? Hit me up! I can have you over to my place. Bring some of your art! <3" That was the extent of the text. But Jeff sat on his bed, hunched over his phone, reading and re-reading it for some time. What did it mean? Was she seducing him? Was this part of her grand plan for ensnaring him? No, that was crazy thinking, this was Sarah! His old neighbor! Smart, cute, funny, little —no, that narrative didn't work in his head anymore. As much as Jeff had tried and tried over the past few weeks, he could no longer entertain the handsome idea that Sarah was his protege. This concept, even in Jeff's head, had become absurd. The sheer weight of real-world facts stood in his way. She had her own house, she paid for it all, she was was a scientist, she was…big, she was an adult. He could not think of her as a child anymore.

But once again, as he stood on her front doorstep a few days later, Jeff was feeling, with that old creeping familiarity, very much like a child. Her house was a nice: one story, brick, in a nice part of town, and actually not too far from his parents' place. So close, in fact, that he had walked, despite his hip. She had a respectable front yard, with shrubs and flowers neatly planted amongst each other. Did Sarah garden too? He held a couple of sheets of printed paper under his arm, the fruits of a few hasty days of typing, and he had in his hand a small, grey attempt at a tree, which he had sculpted out of clay. It was getting towards evening time, and Sarah was making pasta.

He had just rang the doorbell and had stepped back, crippled by the clash between an instinct to run away and another, stronger, less familiar instinct, to stay. He heard her body approaching the door, and he almost ran, but didn't.

"Hi hi!!" said Sarah as she opened the door, beaming. "Come on in! Oh! I see that you brought me some art, huh?"

Jeff stood entrenched, and simply held out the small sculpture of his tree to her, unable to move otherwise. Compared to his vague, private fantasies these past few weeks, her size was simply unparalleled in person. She must have gotten bigger. Or he had gotten smaller — she stood there in the doorway, seeming to almost fill it completely, despite the fact that her clothes were completely form-fitting. She was wearing a white t-shirt that hung loosely around her stomach and waist, but that was stretched at the top by her breasts and shoulders. Good lord, were her breasts really that big? Her arms were substantial and muscular, but partially softened in a way that made them look feminine. Had she been a swimmer maybe? Softball? And Jeff would have shaken his head and gaped (if he was capable of movement) when he saw that she wore tight black yoga pants that expanded and strained to contain her prodigious curves. Her hips looked twice the size of her waist — surely that was impossible. Her thighs were thick pillars which were the only things that could have possibly supported her massive frame, with an ass that curved around from her thighs and was present, if only glimpsed from the front. She was in her bare feet, and Jeff saw a tiny sliver of flesh, in between her t-shirt and her yoga pants, that was exposed.

Sarah stared at the sculpture a moment, before saying quickly, "It looks great Jeff! Why don't you come on inside and we can take a closer look, huh? And you've got some writing too? Wow,

you brought me everything!" She beckoned him with an open-fingered hand, and he shuffled on past her breasts inside. She had moved a bit to let him through, but he still felt squeezed as he moved past her doorframe. As he passed her body, Jeff smelled the unmistakable scent of sandalwood.

Sarah closed the door behind him, turning the lock casually. Her bare feet pivoted back to him on the hardwood floor. "Well, this is my house!" she said, gesturing with her arms and laughing.

"It's….really nice," Jeff managed to say. And it was. The front foyer, as well as the kitchen that Jeff glimpsed through the hallway up ahead, were painted a soft white and were all brightly lit with comfortable and homely orange light. To the left was the dining room, complete with a stylish chandelier and a dark wooden table, upon which a few tall candles were lit in a candelabra. Its walls were painted a deep red, and Jeff couldn't help but feel that Sarah, in addition to her other talents, definitely had a knack for home decor. The smell of basil and garlic completed the cozy domestic portrait.

"Yeah, it's all I need, really," said Sarah, looking around. "Two bedrooms, two bathrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, an actual yard — what's not to like?"

"Yeah," said Jeff, fixating on the word "bedrooms." "Do you…I didn't know that — um, do you garden?" Jeff stammered as Sarah began walking past him during his question, gesturing with her hand to follow.

"Garden?" she asked as she led him down a bright, wide, and well-lit hallway, "I wish! I just have the landscapers keep it up every few weeks. They do such a good job, don't you think?"

"I really…yeah, I l-l-liked the flowers and shrubs," remarked Jeff. He had tried to look at the wall as Sarah led him down the hallway, but he could only stare at the two enormous cheeks of ass muscle that were undulating up and down in front of him, speaking some lewd arcane language that he couldn't help but understand.

Sarah chuckled softly as she led him on without turning around. "Mmmm, yes, the flowers and shrubs are nice. Well, here's the kitchen! I've got dinner staying warm on the stove. I have a dining room, but that seems kinda weird and formal, right? Let's just eat in here! Grab a stool and I'll serve you up a plate; then I can look at that cool stuff you brought. Sound good?"

Jeff achieved a nod and looked at the stools that stood around the kitchen island. The stool was about three feet high, and Jeff had to get on his tip-toes and hop a little bit to get up into the seat, which was rectangular and made a nice curved support for his small frame. His legs dangled a bit after he got himself situated. He put his sculpture and his papers down on the counter, and placed his arms on the counter as well. Sarah had her back turned, serving up plates from the stove, and Jeff quickly realized that he was uncomfortable with his arms as they were. Instead of leaning down and in on his crossed arms like he intended, Jeff found himself pushing his chest into them, because the counter was too high. So he settled for putting his hands on either side of him on the stool, propping himself up a bit in the process. His entire palms fit comfortably next to his butt on both sides of the seat.

Sarah had served up everything and was bringing over the plates: spaghetti and meatballs, steamed broccoli, garlic bread. “Pretty simple food,” she said with a wink, passing him his plate, “But simple goes a long way, right? It’s hard to fuck up a classic dish like this.”

Once again, Jeff had jolted at Sarah’s use of profanity, and she noticed. She laughed as she slid into the stool next to Jeff’s; she actually had to bend down to plant herself on the seat, and Jeff saw that when she was settlted, her thighs and ass filled up the seat completely, spilling amply over both ends of the stool. Her feet also comfortably sat flat-footed on the ground. She wasn’t sitting on the stool like Jeff; she was half-standing, and still, she rose above him over the counter as she placed her chin deliberately in her arms as she faced Jeff. She still had on a ring or two, and a couple bracelets, including, he knew, the hair tie.

“You’re so funny Jeff. I would’ve never pinned you as a guy who cared much about bad words.” She picked up her fork and started twirling her pasta into a large bunch. She looked at him humorously and punctuated her sentence by sliding the fork full of rotated pasta into her mouth.

“Well, no. No, no I don’t care about that,” said Jeff, trying to laugh as he found himself rushing to imitate Sarah and twirl his pasta. “It’s just…it’s just, well…you know….”

Sarah let him hang for a moment longer with a grin as she picked up some garlic bread, before she finally took pity on him and laughed. “Haha, don’t worry Jeff, I’m just kidding around. I know it’s weird to see me like this after so many years. It’s pretty weird for me too, you know.” She crunched into her garlic bread, and Jeff couldn’t help but notice a jolt in his pants as he saw her bright white teeth bared in implication of attack as she went at the bread for a bite or two more. She must have been hungry.

“It’s w-weird for you too?” Jeff asked.

Sarah had reached for her water glass and had already gulped it halfway down before she answered, twirling more pasta with her right hand without looking at it. “Well yeah! I mean you go off to college and we don’t see each other for ten years and when we do, it’s in a hospital, just like, a happenstance.” She ate another large forkfull of pasta, and Jeff realized that he needed to really eat his food. He became suddenly afraid of the prospect of Sarah finishing her plate before him, and started attempting to unceremoniously shovel pasta into his mouth. Sarah looked at him, smiling.

“You know, it’s easier if you do it like this.” She showed him her twirling technique again, which looked so effortlessly performed by her large hand and wrist. Even though she was so much larger than him, her movements were that much more nuanced and delicate.

“Umm…ok, like this?” Jeff tried to imitate her again and achieved a respectable pasta ball at the end of his fork, only to have it slide off in one bunch as he brought it up to his mouth. Jeff felt his heart drop as he looked at his pasta and heard Sarah laughing above him.

“No, silly, like this.” He saw her hand and forearm come into his view as she reached over to his plate with her fork. She tenderly finessed it through some of his pasta and softly gyrated her wrist a bit right and left as she began to twist the spaghetti into a tight ball at the end of her fork that grew and grew with each gentle twirl. Jeff saw the muscles and tendons working softly, subtly in her hand and wrist, and on up through her bare white forearm. His breathing grew

rapid as his heart sped up against his will, and he felt the deep red color rising up through his neck and into his face. He began to panic.

But he felt a huge hand snake its way onto his shoulder, neck, and upper back, and squeeze him gently. Sarah hummed deeply above him as she continued twirling, and Jeff imagined that she had closed her eyes. “Shhh, don’t worry Jeff, it’s just pasta. Here.” Jeff realized he had been looking down, and lifted his head up to see a fat bunch of steaming pasta, dripping with tomato basil sauce, presented in front of his face by a large feminine hand. Sarah was holding it up to him, and he turned to look at her, as if asking what to do next. She raised her eyebrows and smiled.

“Go ahead, Jeff! Try it!” And he could then do nothing more than open his mouth and try and get the whole bunch in his mouth at once. It was so large, though, that he only really managed to take a bite out of a third of it. He labored to chew, feeling his mouth and cheeks stretched.

“Woah there, a bit too much, actually!” Sarah laughed as she brought the remainder of the bunch to her mouth, quickly withdrawing her clean fork afterward. She had not even seemed to chew. “Why don’t you go for one of those meatballs, huh? Tell me what you think.” Still chewing, Jeff obligingly stabbed into one of the meatballs and brought it up to his mouth, appreciating that he would have to take it in several bites. He bit off what he felt was a respectable chunk, about a third of the meatball.

“Good?” asked Sarah. She had also stabbed a meatball and was easily putting the whole thing into her mouth. She chewed once or twice, swallowed, and was already on her second. “I actually made these from scratch. It’s not really that hard, you know.”

“It’s…wwreawwlly goaouod,” said Jeff through a full mouth.

“Thanks Jeff! I’m glad you like it. Keep on chewing, I don’t want you to choke.” She grinned brightly at him, and he returned her grin as best he could through his packed cheeks.

“Of course, even if you did choke, I know the Heimlich Maneuver,” Sarah said, still smiling as she put down her fork and brought both of her arms around to her front, making a quick fist with one hand as she grasped it firmly with her other hand and tensed up her forearms. Her arms grew impressively before him, and he almost let the food fall out of his mouth. But just as quickly, Sarah was back to her plate, as Jeff continued working his jaw, trying to chew.

“So, what do we have here?” Sarah had stuck a couple stalks of broccoli with her fork and was cooly chewing as she delicately pulled over Jeff’s sculpture with a few of her fingers. Jeff looked blankly at it and did not know what to think or say. It looked like it had been fashioned by someone in third grade. Even in his state of disarray, he was surprised to find himself successfully maintaining some kind of front.

“It’s, um…well, it’s a tree.”

“Yes, I can see that,” Sarah said benevolently, turning it around in interest with her fingers.

“…But it’s not just a normal kind of tree. It’s not a realistic tree. It’s more of an abstract, uh… representation of the idea of a tree.”

“Oh!” said Sarah deeply, raising her eyebrows again as she continued to turn the sculpture around. “I like it. Kind of like the Platonic forms, you know? His Theory of Forms?”

Jeff had bitten into his bread and was chewing again, but stopped a moment, staring at Sarah vacantly.

“You know, Plato? The Greek philosopher?” Sarah asked. She was finishing her pasta off with a flourish.

Jeff had heard this name a time or two before somewhere years ago, so he said, “Oh yeah! Yeah, Plato! Exactly. Yeah…exactly like that.” He paused a moment as he looked from Sarah to his tree sculpture. She had stopped turning it and was now simply looking at it as she stuck the last bit of garlic bread in her mouth. Jeff’s stomach squirmed when he realized that her plate was completely clean. “…And,” he continued after a couple moments, “and…uh, it’s kind of in the modern abstract mode…you know, like from the European school.” Jeff had visited Wikipedia a time or two in the last few days in preparation.

Sarah swirled a long finger around on her plate, collecting a last few bits of sauce before she reached it up to her mouth and sucked on it gently, extracting the flavor, before withdrawing it smoothly.

“Aha! Very cool, Jeff. Very interesting.” She turned to him and looked down at his plate, which was still almost completely full. “Oh! But Jeff, I’ve been making you talk. Eat up! I’m gonna get seconds.” She hopped up cheerfully from her chair and in a couple of strides was already over at the stove. Jeff looked at his full plate, looked at her titanic figure by the stove, looked at his pitiful, sunken gray sculpture sitting there on the smooth marble countertop, and looked at the couple sheets of paper of his poetry that he had brought. Anxiety rose quickly in his chest, and cemented into dread as she returned to her stool with another full plate, giving him a warm smile with widened eyes. She thought he was ridiculous, he was telling himself. She was beginning to see through him. She was beginning to realize…what he had been up to…what he was. But no — even now, Jeff fought back. There was something in him that would not submit, and he suddenly knew that he had to keep her from reading that poetry.

“So…you, uh, own this place, then?” Jeff was proud of his nonchalant tone. “Your parents told me that this place is totally yours.”

Sarah plopped another meatball in her mouth. “Yeah! It’s all mine! Pretty neat, right?” She swallowed and chuckled as she pointed around with her fork. “I mean, of course I have a mortgage and everything, but it actually ends up being cheaper than rent in the long run.”

“You have…a mortgage?” The word sounded so unfamiliar and foreign to Jeff. Sarah laughed at him again.

“Yes, Jeff! That’s what we have instead of rent when we buy houses.” Again, Jeff couldn’t decipher her tone. Was she mocking him?

“Unless you’re like, an oil baron or something,” she continued. “The thing about buying is that you have to put down a big chunk of money first. That money is called a downpayment.” Jeff

was encouraged to see that Sarah was enjoying the conversation, and this was the first Jeff was hearing about this kind of stuff; he was actually interested.

“Really? Like how much?” He was feeling more normal by the second as he started picking at his food.

Sarah stretched her arms over her head and flexed in relaxation. Every time she did something like this, Jeff’s skin cooled as he literally felt her shadow over him. She had finished her second plate, and was sighing contentedly. “Well, that depends. Basically the minimum payment you would need to buy a home would be 3.5 percent down with an FHA loan on a 30-year fixed rate mortgage.”

Jeff understood none of this sentence and could only ask, “3.5 percent? Of…uh…of…what?”

Sarah smiled down warmly at him. “Of the full house price. So, like this place was on the market for about $500,000 dollars, which means that the minimum I had to put down was $17,500. But I could actually put up $25,000, so that means my monthly mortgage payments are lower.” Jeff’s head was spinning. This was all so much more money than he could imagine, let alone possess. Sarah was looking at him with a widening grin. She allowed him a few moments before she reached over and poked him in the stomach with a red fingernail.

“Don’t worry about all this stuff, Jeff. It’s just numbers, numbers, numbers. They’re not for everybody. I guess that’s why I’m training to be a scientist, right?” She gestured over to a desk in the corner of the adjacent living room that was piled high with stacks of papers. Above the desk were a number of what looked like charts on the wall. She looked back to him. “But yeah, everyone has their thing, you know? Me, I like numbers, data, facts. You’re more of the… expressive type, right?” She gestured to his sculpture and to the pieces of paper on the counter. Jeff had to keep her away from the poems.

“Well, yes, of course. As an artist, yeah…I find numbers…um, too uh, limiting, you know?” Sarah nodded gently. “Umm,” he continued, looking for an escape, “what are you working on over there?” He pointed to her desk in the other room, and Sarah turned to look.

“Over there? Oh, just some stuff for work. Medical stuff — lots of numbers. Probably nothing you’d be too interested in.” She turned back to the counter, pivoting her large pelvis. Jeff had completely forgotten about the rest of his food and was melting more and more into her body, her presence, her aura. And he could see her looking at the pieces of paper he had brought.

“Oh! Oh, no! Of course I’d be interested!” said Jeff, quicker than he’d have liked to. “I’m always down to….you know…learn new things. Science is cool. I mean, I liked science when I was in school and everything. Space rocks and biology and volcanos and everything. Some really great stuff there.”

Sarah looked at him for a second or two with her affectionate smile, her eyes darting back and forth over his face and his body, as if scanning him. Her mouth was opened a bit in some kind of anticipation, her nostrils gently dilated.

Chapter 7: Wine

“Yeah?” she asked gently, playfully. “You’d be interested?”

“Yeah!” Jeff creased his eyebrows as he tried to smile, nodding his head vigorously in agreement.

“It’s just…that…” Sarah was uncharacteristically hesitant, but she recovered quickly. “Well, it might make you feel weird or uncomfortable because of your upcoming surgery.”

Jeff’s mind couldn’t have been any further from his hip surgery a moment before, and now his mind did a backflip as he tried to process her words.

“Which, by the way!” continued Sarah, “I’m so rude not to have asked — when are you scheduled for? I’d love to give you some information and tips, and, if you want, maybe even guide you through the process. It would make sense, you know? Me training for this kind of stuff and all?”

Jeff hadn’t even gotten the ball rolling on scheduling his surgery, and looked around with panicked eyes, anywhere but Sarah’s face, with his mouth half open. Sarah saw his paralysis.

“Oh, but Jeff! I don’t mean to be pushy. It can be whatever you want, you know? Anything to just make you feel better through the process.” She had taken up his hands in hers, and held them earnestly. His hands were tiny, bony balls of cold skin completely submerged in her paws of warm, substantial, gentle strength. He had to make eye contact now.

“I’m sorry Sarah!” he said in what came out as a bit of a squeak. “I’ve-I’ve jjust…been so…uh so busy that I haven’t gotten around to scheduling it yet.” He felt contrite and embarrassed, as if he were apologizing to a parent, a superior, and her reaction simply confirmed this dynamic.

“Oh, Jeff,” she said seriously, wrinkling her brow and making Jeff cringe by expressing another uncharacteristic sentiment, “you really need to do that asap. Pronto. Like, tomorrow morning. There’s some real danger that your hip could collapse if you go on much longer.” She squeezed his hands a bit tighter, but in something more than earnestness this time. Her pressure carried, for the first time, a real indication of a mild rebuke. All playfulness had vanished from her countenance.

“I—I will! I will!” was all he could say.

She squeezed his hands again. “Make extra sure, ok?” She kept eye contact with him as she nodded her head up and down, encouraging him to join her nod. And then she released him.

“But anyway,” she said, flipping her long mane of blond hair out of her face as she sat up even straighter in her stool, sighing lightly and breathing warmth and sparkle back into the room, “I’m just doing some research on osteoporosis.”

“Osteo…” Jeff wasn’t good with all these big words.

"…porosis, yes," she said, smiling. "Basically it's just a word that describes a condition in which the bones become weak and brittle."

"Is that what's happening to me?" asked Jeff, feeling certain that the answer was yes.

Sarah laughed lightly. "No, what you have is avascular necrosis of the hip. In a way it's a kind of localized osteoporosis, but there's no reason to think…" and she paused a second as her eyes scanned over Jeff's body, "…to think that it's anywhere else.…but your hip." She paused again, curiously and blatantly looking over Jeff's body. Her eyes flickered a moment and then she met his eyes and smiled. Jeff found himself suddenly wondering how thick her bones were, underneath all that flesh.

"You lookin at my body, Jeff?" came her voice playfully, and his eyes darted up to her face from her stomach. He had been staring at the line of exposed flesh between her yoga pants and white t-shirt that seemed to wink at him. He had been lost in how it spilled solidly over her pant line without losing its shape.

"Uhh..I just…uh," he stammered, turning red.

Sarah laughed. "Jeff! You're so funny! I was just looking at your body — you have just as right to look at mine." She reached over and pinched his left thigh, her thumb and forefinger easily managing to grasp the entire width of his quadricep and squeeze. For her it was a light squeeze, but Jeff yelped and once again almost fell off his stool, feeling like she had literally just lifted up his entire muscle and dropped it back down.

"You're silly, you know that right?" She had turned away and was going to get something. "I know I'm silly, because I totally forgot I had a bottle of wine that would have been perfect with our meal. I guess it'll have to be a little after-dinner treat. You drink, Jeff?"

"Oh yeah," said Jeff. Maybe he could be in his element now. His confidence rose again, and he found his humor. "You could say I know my way around a bottle or two, you know?" Sarah chuckled at him as she brought in a bottle of what looked like an expensive red wine. Her hand was wrapped completely around the bottle, with even a little room to spare. "I like red wine," she said, getting out two tall wine glasses with her free hand and setting them down. "White wine gives me a headache."

"Yeah, red wine's nice," said Jeff, eager to show off his knowledge. "I'm a whiskey man myself."

Sarah made big eyes at the wine as she poured. "Oooo, whiskey is it? A lover of the hard stuff, huh? Is that because you're an artist, Jeff?" She glanced over at him mischievously.

He laughed, managing to believe his answer: "Maybe, maybe." He saw Sarah glance over at his poems again and remembered that he had to distract her. "But, but Sarah," he began as she handed him his glass, but she interrupted him with a long hand held up.

"Wait! We have to toast to something. Hmmm, how about to neighbors? That sound good? Cheers to our neighbor reunion!"

“Neighbors!” he assented, and they clinked their glasses together. He took a healthy sip, and was surprised to see Sarah down her glass in one gulp. She seemed excited about something, even flushed, and Jeff realized uneasily that he was getting hard against his will. Something seemed to be happening, some kind of inevitable trajectory, seemed put in motion. He had to stop it.

“So yeah, your work!” he said, taking another gulp of wine. “Tell me about the osto…the bone stuff.”

Sarah had gotten up and motioned for him to follow her into the living room. “Sure, Jeff, let’s just move to the sofa. My ass was getting sore on those stools, you know?”

Jeff didn’t know, but followed, trying not to look at her body moving in front of him. She sat down in the middle of a big, plush, deep red sofa, pulling up her legs as she put her feet on the sofa as well in a casual tuck. Jeff moved to sit in an easy chair close by.

“No, Jeff!” laughed Sarah. “Come over here and sit on the sofa. I won’t bite.” She bared her teeth aggressively and growled, mocking his timidity. “Come on,” she encouraged, patting the sofa next to her feet. He came and sat down awkwardly where she had patted. Her huge hand had left an imprint which he sat right on top of, and he noticed with queasiness that as he looked down from his sitting position he saw the continued imprint of her palm and fingers moving beyond where his butt sat. ‘So she could basically palm his entire butt with one hand,’ he thought. Such musings about size comparison had ceased to be “invasive thoughts” for Jeff. The past few weeks, they had molded with his brain and had begun to partially form his thoughts entirely. He looked up at her — she met his eyes and gave him her warm smile as she looked down at him. With both of them sitting down, he was eye-level with her neck. He noticed she had another full glass of wine, which she was offhandedly sipping. Had she poured herself another one?

“So,” said Sarah, gesturing at empty space with her wine glass, “basically I’m researching why exactly osteoporosis manifests.” Jeff sat back into the sofa and drank his wine contentedly, feeling that they had reached a safe point of equilibrium away from his poems. “Generally we see it in people over the age of fifty, but sometimes we see it earlier. The reasons why are unclear, but that’s exactly what I’m looking into.” Jeff was focused on how much her large frame had sunk into her couch. She looked so comfortable, almost like she was swimming in her sofa cushions. He realized that, unlike hers, his body had sunk into the sofa hardly a bit, even though the sofa itself was quite plush. He wondered how much more she weighed than he did.

“Of course,” continued Sarah lightly with a smile, clearly enjoying this moment of being able to talk about her work, “there are risk factors. Like, for example, women are more likely to develop osteoporosis than men.”

“Really, huh?” said Jeff emptily, staring openly at her huge, shapely legs. He caught himself and raised his eyes to meet hers. “So women have weaker bones than men?”

Sarah’s eyes twinkled and she failed to stifle a grin. “Generally, men have larger bone and muscle mass than women.” Her eyes moved very deliberately, humorously, from his eyes, over her body, then over his, and then back to his eyes, analyzing his reaction. “But there are always

exceptions." 'So she really was toying with him now,' Jeff thought, any confidence, any hope of resisting her vanishing.

She continued on quite normally, continuing to gesture at the air. "But there are other risk factors too, you know. Advanced age, family history, a small body frame…all these make it more likely, but they're by no means definite indicators." Jeff's mind had become hazy, and he just focused on his wine now.

"Also," Sarah kept on, "if you have lowered sex hormone levels, you could be at risk. Like for instance, women who have low estrogen, or men with lowered levels of testosterone are more likely to develop brittle bones. This of course goes along with lowered calcium intake, eating disorders, and any variety of gastrointestinal surgeries that people might have had in the past. Not to even mention, if you take steroids for seizure disorders, cancer gastric reflux, or transplant rejections, that could weaken your bones too. Speaking of which, diseases like cancer, like Celiac disease, like lupus, could be a factor as well. Not to even mention lifestyle choices."

Jeff's attention snapped back from Sarah's gesturing hands and fingers, and the movements of her wrists, to her actual words. He had heard about "lifestyle choices" recently. Maybe from his parents or something. Or maybe from some email a doctor had sent him.

"Lifestyle…choices?" He realized he was grasping his wine glass, so he put it down on the table. Sarah had already put hers down.

"Yeah," she said, tilting her head down at him curiously. "Three choices, mainly." Jeff paused anxiously, waiting for her to continue. Her eyebrows went up, amused. "Oh? You want me to tell you, huh?" Jeff nodded. "It's just…well, you kinda checked out there for a minute," she said, smiling ironically.

"I'm — I'm sorry, it's just…" he began, but Sarah giggled over him.

"So tense! Oh my god you're a little bundle of nerves. Relax, Jeff, I'm playing around with you. Not everyone is interested in this kind of stuff, so it's natural to check out."

"O-ok," said Jeff, still wanting her to continue. She obliged.

Anyway, here are the three main choices. Number one: a sedentary lifestyle." She held up a long index finger at him. His stomach flipped inside him.

"Number two: excessive alcohol consumption." She held up a second finger. "Can you guess what the third one is?" She shook her two-fingered hand playfully at Jeff.

"Uhh…I have no idea," he said.

"No idea," she repeated softly, almost as if to herself. She put up a third finger. "The third is tobacco use." In the silence that followed, she lightly shook her three-fingered hand, and her bracelets jingled softly in the space between them. She was speaking in a low voice now, and had moved her body closer to his. "And we know," she said softly, "that a lack of protein with a generally low body weight make can make bones unable to replenish themselves. That's what

bones do, you know? They're living tissue; they're constantly being broken down and replaced. Bad stuff starts to happen when new bone can't keep up with the removal of old bone."

Jeff's face felt like it was a thousand degrees as he kept his eyes fixed helplessly on Sarah's hips, not daring to look around, or in her face, or anywhere else. All he could do was sit there and take it.

"You know what I'm talking about, don't you Jeff?" she asked softly.

"No…no idea," said Jeff, staring at her hips.

"No?" she asked with sudden flirtatious spirit, turning herself on the sofa to completely face him, perching on the twin pillars of her arms, and sitting on top of her folded thighs, "what do you know about Jeff?" Her question was aggressive, and full of energy and life. She was breathing hard at him as her face locked in on his in a searing stare, and even in the soft light Jeff saw the color rising in her face. He grew afraid.

"Of..offff—a, uh..oauff, uhhh…ah," he stuttered, completely overwhelmed. She let him stutter for a few seconds before she cut in with vigor.

"Do you know about these?" She rose up on the sofa on her knees, towering over Jeff as she she cupped a huge breast in each hand, mashing them together. She sank down again to her thighs. "Or these?" She slapped her thighs hard with her two hands. Jeff began to shake his head. She smiled at him. "Come on Jeff," she said with quiet vitality, "let's stop playing pretend." Se moved up even closer next to him, to the point where her thighs and ass, her entire left side, was touching his. He was hopelessly hard, unmistakably tenting his loose-fitting pants. He saw in a flash, against the deep red of the sofa, the taut black of her yoga pants next to his baggy jeans. His legs were invisible in the folds of his jeans. Her legs were huge, massive things, that would have torn his jeans to pieces. He felt himself beginning to sniffle in despair as her sandalwood scent overcame him.

"Come on Jeff," breathed Sarah passionately in his ear, continuing to massage her breasts and feel herself up next to him. "C'mon, whatcha got, huh?" She had started to gyrate her massive pelvis, shaking the entire sofa, and Jeff's entire body right along with it. He looked up at her, a couple of tears shining from his eyes. She looked down at him, still in the midst of her sensuous motions. A smirk appeared on her face as she extended out her tongue at him and flicked it rapidly for a second or two before withdrawing it again. Jeff climaxed in his pants, gasping hopelessly as he was unable to look away from her face.

"C'mon, whatcha got baby?" she asked again, and then a second later she reached out a powerful arm, cupped his head completely in one of her hands, and pulled up his face to her mouth. Jeff found himself engulfed — there was no better word — in Sarah's wet, warm lips, and he had no choice but to reciprocate the kiss as best he could.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah moaned down deeply into his body, her open mouth completely engulfing his mouth and some parts of his nose and chin as well. "Mmmmmmmm." She did this over and over, and Jeff felt her vibrations from the echoing chamber of his small mouth all the way down his neck and spine, through his cock, and through his feet and the tips of his toes. Even though he had already cum, his dick did not deflate one bit. If anything, it became harder.

“Yeah,” said Sarah deeply and calmly, in between breaths. Her initial passion had cooled into methodical control, and she seemed intent on savoring the taste of the inside of Jeff’s mouth. “Yeah, that’s it, buddy. Ohhhhh…ease into it.” He felt her hand adjust the position of his head as he felt her mouth grin against his. “That’s right.” His eyes had been unfocused this whole time, but now they darted up to Sarah’s and Jeff saw that Sarah’s eyes were half-open, softly staring down at him, in serene, luxurious passion.

“Hey there neighbor,” she breathed down at him quietly, beginning to flick her tongue around in his mouth. Jeff’s cock definitely got harder now. What was she doing with her tongue? It was flicking so fast against his tongue, it almost seemed inhuman, obscene. Her tongue’s rapid movement in his mouth made wet sloppy sounds that were very audible in the room, and Jeff felt a quick and blistering buildup in his loins to an unavoidable second orgasm. Sensing his onset, she shoved her tongue deep down his throat, choking him completely. He was unable to breathe or make a sound, and he began flailing his arms in the air in panic. Her huge tongue still inserted down his throat, she made eye contact with him, widening her eyes playfully as she moved her eyebrows up and down, teasing him, mocking him.

And just like that, she had released him, and he fell back into the sofa with a squeal. He was cumming again, and he rushed his hands down to contain the massive erection in his pants, and the visible dark stain that was spreading around it.

Sarah chuckled softly as she reached out her arms lovingly to him, catching him up and cuddling him in her strong embrace. Her grip prevented his arms from moving, and he simply had to lay back into her as she held him, partially in her lap, on the sofa. No words were spoken for several minutes as she gently petted his head, his neck, his shoulders, his back, with one of her huge hands. She even scratched his back some with her long fingernails, and reached up a couple times to scratch around his neck, and once behind the ears. He melted into her, feeling nothing like resistance anymore. He was just beginning to doze when Sarah gave him a pat on the back that said “it’s time” and began to stand up.

“Well, that was a very nice dinner Jeff,” she said as she rose, totally returned to her jovial, playful self. Jeff stood up too, looking up at her looming over him.

She chortled a bit, looking down on him. “And you’re actually not a bad kisser. Anyway, I’m looking forward to seeing you again — sometime soon I hope?” She was moving towards the kitchen again. “Do you want to take any leftovers home with you?”

Jeff was utterly confused. Leftovers? Home? He thought after all that he was going to spend the night. Sarah turned to look at him and seemed to understand his mental predicament.

“It’s work-time for me, big boy,” she said, grinning wryly, gesturing to her desk. “I have a lot to do for tomorrow that I’ve been putting off…you know like any good college student. I’m glad your parents live pretty close by here — not a long walk at all for you. Of course I can give you a ride if you want?”

Jeff shook his head. She smiled as she approached him and held out her arms to him in a hug. They embraced, her body, her scent, her energy enveloping his. “But let’s get together again soon, ok?” They parted and Jeff looked down at her calves and feet, not wanting to leave, but

not able to say anything. After a few seconds she bent down again to his face level, just as she had done at the hospital, and cupped his chin in her hand, directing it up to her face. “Ok, little thing?” She laughed softly into his ear and flicked it once more with her tongue as she guided him out the door. After another friendly goodbye, the door was closed, and Jeff was staring blankly at the door, then around at her yard as he turned to leave, and then through the night streets as he walked back to his parents’ house in a complete daze, in cum-stained jeans.

Chapter 8: Lunch With Dave

‘So we’re dating,’ Jeff thought the next day as he stared at the ceiling in his bedroom of his parents’ house. Surely they were. He had wandered the streets the previous night, almost unconscious of where he was, and had somehow managed to make it back to his parents’ house to collapse on his bed and fall into an uneasy sleep. He had awoken late in the morning and immediately, without even thinking, he had grabbed his cock and begun to pump it, not letting up until he had cum all over his chest. He had laid there breathless for a few minutes, his mind on nothing but the events of the previous night, on Sarah’s scent, the huge presence of her body, the jingling bracelets on her wrists, her full white arms, her thighs next to his, her immense face next to his own, and what her tongue had done to the inside his mouth. Before he knew it he was at it again, jerking and wringing and wrenching his cock with a fast and feverish desperation that was previously unknown to him. Within minutes he had spewed his load again, and this time he felt the hot sticky cum spatter his neck.

He laid there gasping from exertion, unable to do anything but stare at the ceiling and think, think, think about last night. After what was actually only a few minutes, but what to Jeff seemed an eternity of turning this detail and that detail over and over in his mind, he had decided that yes, clearly Sarah had a thing for him, and that yes, their make-out session had shown that she wanted to take this relationship with him to the next level. As Jeff laid there in bed, contemplating this apparently new relationship, excitement grew in his chest. He blinked a few times at the ceiling, and a grin began to creep across his face. Sarah Helleger…and him. As a couple. An item. Him and her…the more he thought about it, the bigger his grin became.

‘Finally,’ he thought smugly to himself, ‘I get the bombshell I deserve.’ And was she ever — she as the hottest person he had ever seen. ‘And of course,’ he continued to himself, ‘she makes out with me.’ His mind skipped back to all the women who had laughed at him when he had tried to pick them up at bars, to all the girls at concerts who had tuned him down, even to Cassie’s arrogant expression as she had stepped over him on her way out the door.

‘Women,’ he thought to himself, and then he said “Women” out loud in a bitter, jeering tone.

‘All those bitches who turned me down, who thought they were better than me,’ he thought, with increasing energy and mirth, ‘they were all too old. Too proud. Too many years of feeling like they’re worth more than they really are.’ But not Sarah Helleger. She was young and gentle, and so full of life. Smart (smarter than me! he thought with a condescending laugh), funny, and drop-dead gorgeous, with huge tits and one helluva piece of ass. But most importantly, she saw him for who he was: a good guy who had big plans, a nice guy who just wanted a nice gal to understand him and give him what he needed. He thought forward to a time when they could get married, to when he would come home from work every day (“home” in Jeff’s fantasy was Sarah’s house) and she would be there on the sofa, a glass of wine in her hand, eagerly waiting to give him a “welcome home” hug and kiss as a pot of pasta and meatballs bubbled quietly on the stove, infusing the house with delicious aromas of tomato, basil, and garlic.

Jeff sighed in pleasure as he took his eyes from the ceiling, moving his bedsheets so that he could get out of bed to use the restroom. His eyes moved down to his body and his fantasy broke apart into a thousand pieces. He was still dressed in his clothes from the previous night, and the first thing he noticed was the dark, ugly stain on the crotch of his jeans. It looked like the evidence at some crime scene, like something bad that had happened. The second thing he

noticed was that his arms looked positively shriveled; he could not remember them ever looking that small, that bony, that…childlike. He moved them up and down in front of his vision, unable to understand how this could be. His mind immediately went to Sarah's body, and her plump, full, sturdy arms — Jeff could only imagine what they looked like compared to his. Wait, he could imagine! Her arms had been next to his last night, right in front of his face. He thought of her spooning his pasta, and twisting it before him, and his dick rose yet again to attention.

He shook off these thoughts as he made his way to the bathroom. After peeing he took off all his clothes and stood in front of the mirror, unable to comprehend what he saw. He was a shrimp. His shoulders were bony knobs that connected his thin, frail arms to the rest of his body, a body that to Jeff seemed unrecognizable. All of his ribs were clearly visible; his ribcage stuck out of his abdomen like some weird sculpture. His hips seemed to poke painfully out through his skin, and his legs, like his arms, were like withered stalks. It seemed incredible that he could stand up at all. Even his face looked emaciated — the bones of his jaw and eye sockets seemed to protrude almost unnaturally. Only his penis, standing at full attention and only getting harder the more he looked at himself, seemed to have any flesh, any muscle.

What was happening? Jeff had no idea, but what he did know was that all this muscle loss, this…whatever was going on, was a recent development. Sure, he wasn't the biggest guy in the world, and sure, he also wasn't the tallest, but there was no way that he had always been like… like this. As he looked at himself, complete with his massive erection, Jeff unconsciously, uncontrollably, thought of Sarah's body, and how she was, quite unmistakably, his opposite. She was tall, very tall. And her body was big, meaty, firm, heavy, and yet soft, curvy, feminine, strong. His hand once again went to his cock and Jeff jerked himself off for a third time that morning, right at the mirror, imagining Sarah's body behind his, with her smirking as she flicked her tongue teasingly at their reflection in the mirror. After collapsing in exhaustion, Jeff crawled to the shower and turned it on, letting it run over his bony body. Eventually he fell asleep again under the hot water.

The rest of the day, Jeff did nothing but lay and sit on his bed, parsing through what had happened last night, his fantasies for the future, and occasionally masturbating whenever the memory of Sarah's body and presence became too close. He repeated, over and over, unconsciously at first, the same mental cycle he had completed that morning, going between smug self-congratulation and utter confusion and repulsion of his own body, between excitement for the future to complete bewilderment as to what had actually happened. As he thought and thought, Jeff gradually realized that whatever had happened, whatever the future held, and whatever his body happened to look like right now, one thing was certain: Sarah had kissed him, which meant that she thought he was attractive, which meant that, for all intents and purposes, they were dating, since he thought she was attractive too. 'One plus one equals two,' he said matter-of-factly in his head by the late afternoon.

As to Sarah's generally odd behavior, including her weird little flirty phrases ("little thing" for instance), and the fact that she didn't let him stay the night, Jeff became more and more inclined to chalk it up to her cute little personality. 'She's a funny young girl,' Jeff thought as he smiled to himself, the afternoon turning into evening. 'She's definitely a one-of-a-kind. She's not afraid to be herself, and sometimes that means being different.' The more he thought this way, the easier it was for Jeff to think fondly and lovingly of Sarah as an actual romantic partner. He even imagined himself explaining her little quirks to his male friends, as they gathered around him, eagerly asking questions, which he answered cooly with punctuating chuckles.

As for him not staying over, well, that was just her playing hard to get. ‘And would I really expect anything less?’ Jeff asked himself as the evening wore on. ‘She’s a girl who knows what she’s worth, and I’m gonna have to work to really get her.’ He blinked after this thought, and realized that it was already past eleven at night. He looked at his phone. No texts. She hadn’t even texted him anything. Jeff’s heart beat fast for a moment in panic, and he wondered if he had done something wrong, or if the previous night had all been a joke.

‘But of course she hasn’t texted me,” he quickly realized. ‘She’s a girl. She’s playing hard to get. She’s expecting me to text her, to make the next move.’ He smiled to himself as he selected her from his contact list and began thinking what to say. For the next two hours, Jeff crafted and re-crafted a text to Sarah, which he ended up sending at around two in the morning. It said:

“hey there girl. last night was epic. I didn’t know a girl could look so sweet and be so dirty at the same time. Count me surprised. haha even I can get surprised sometimes. but seriously, let’s do it more often. We can go even farther next time haha, first base second base, you know what i mean. What a lucky man I am. You can be the stars to my moon.

love yer boy, Jeff xoxxoxoxox”

‘That should get the ball rolling,’ Jeff thought happily, and he drifted off to sleep. But it didn’t get the ball rolling. The next day came and went, and then the next day, and then the next day, and Sarah had not responded. Jeff went back and read over his original message dozens, and then hundreds of times, and he could not for the life of him see any mistake he had made. All the words were spelled right, except the ones he deliberately misspelled. The punctuation and capitalization were all correct, except in the places where they strategically weren’t. There was nothing wrong with the message…so why no reply?

Jeff began to worry. Clearly there was something he was not understanding in this exchange. Did she actually not like him? No, this couldn’t be the case — she kissed him, for god’s sake! And she said that she wanted to see him again! Was he totally out of his mind? Had all that stuff actually happened? Had he cum too quickly? What was she thinking about him? Jeff didn’t know the answers to any of these questions, but unlike in times past, when uncertainty led to depression and passivity, this time it led back, over and over, to these certainties: they had actually kissed and Sarah did enjoy it and she did say that she wanted to see him again. Jeff had all that going for him, and therefore, as the days went by with no reply from Sarah, he was able to go about his life without too much trouble. After all, she was a busy scientist who probably rarely checked her phone.

To fill his time, Jeff had started reading his book on conspiracy theories again. He even did what he had planned to do for a long time and organized a meeting of two or three other friends, to talk about how they were going to solve the world’s problems by breaking the system that currently existed. Jeff was happy with how the meeting went, particularly since over half of it consisted of the other guys listening intently and excitedly as Jeff calmly described how hot Sarah was, and how she kissed, and how much she liked him.

Oh, but she’s in the medical field,” one of his friends had cautioned. “You gotta be careful, because she’s probably been brainwashed by the establishment. You probably don’t want her to know we’re meeting like this.”

Jeff had dismissed this statement with a lazy wave of his hand. “True, true,” he had laughed nonchalantly, “But I’m not worried about Sarah. She’ll see the truth before too long — she’s super smart.”

Jeff had also been more social ever since he had decided that he and Sarah were dating: he even got in touch with his former roommate Dave to have lunch one day. Apparently Dave was really enjoying his new roommates Most of the time was spent with Jeff talking to Dave about him and Sarah, and about his plans for the future. Dave had sat there quietly, listening as he ate his sandwich. Only after Jeff had stopped talking long enough to take a bite of his own sandwich did Dave speak up.

“So…like, you’re actually sure that you’re dating, Jeff?”

Jeff looked up from his food, a bite of sandwich in his mouth, and smiled as he opened his eyes widely as he looked over to one side, as if Dave had asked a question with an absurdly obvious answer.

“Um…yeah Dave. She kissed me and said she wanted it again?” Jeff laughed and took another bite of his sandwich.

Dave was thoughtful. “Yeah, Jeff. I mean, she’s definitely interested in…something about you, that’s for sure. But when was the last time you two spoke?”

“I don’t know, like two weeks ago?” Dave clearly didn’t understand how their relationship worked, and Jeff was beginning to get irritated. Didn’t he know that not everyone had a normal, boring, vanilla relationship?

Dave didn’t reply straight away, but simply lifted up his eyebrows at Jeff slowly as he breathed in through his nose. Jeff took this reaction as a sign that Dave thought he was full of crap, and that he wasn’t dating Sarah at all. He responded angrily.

“What, Dave? You think I’m full of it? You think that just because our relationship isn’t boring and normal like everyone else’s, it isn’t real? You think —”

“—Jeff,” interrupted Dave quietly, holding up one of his large hands (he was a big man), “Jeff, c’mon man. You’re acting like I’m out to get you or something.” Jeff stopped his outburst and took a couple of deep breaths as his look softened at Dave. After seeing that Jeff was calmer, Dave continued. “Now if you’re so sure that you two are dating, then great — I won’t argue with you.” He paused, looking down at Jeff from his seat, clearly being careful about what he said next. “I believe you. It’s just that…well, Jeff…I mean, I’m not trying to burst your bubble here, and I can tell you’re really excited, but…you know, just because you two kissed and she said she wanted to see you again doesn’t always translate to…um, dating.”

Jeff looked at the sky and sighed. Ok, obviously Dave was just trying to look out for him here. This was just a simple, benign case of Dave not understanding what was going on. He took his eyes from the sky to focus again on Dave, and he was momentarily unsettled to see Dave looking at him stonily, with something like irritation or…something else foreign in his expression.

Jeff felt anger broil once again inside of him, but he would take the high road this time. Dave just needed to understand what was up.

“Dave,” began Jeff, in what he meant to be a soft tone, but that actually came out as blatant condescension, “It’s the twenty first century. “Dating” doesn’t mean the same thing it always used to mean. You have this idea that there has to be this…this…uh, elaborate…uh…what’s the word I’m looking for…”

“Courtship?” offered Dave.

“…yeah! Courtship…uh, process that is like, um, the 1950’s or something. It’s a new time, Dave. The old rules aren’t the same anymore. There aren’t any rules. It’s all up to us to rewrite the rulebook. We’re the canaries in the coal mine, Dave. We’re the —”

“Ok, ok, Jeff,” Dave interrupted again with his hand. This time he was smiling. “I get it, Jeff.” He put his hands behind his head and leaned back in his chair, his lunch eaten. From his stretched, relaxed position he looked down at Jeff with a curious expression on his face: a smile and a little twinkle in his eye. Jeff had forgotten how big Dave really was; this position just made him look bigger. “And Jeff, I really couldn’t agree with you more. Times have changed, and we’re rewriting the old rules.”

“Damn right,” said Jeff. And he sat there dumbly. Well, apparently he and Dave were on the same page now. He didn’t know what else to say.

“Why don’t you eat that lunch you got there,” said Dave kindly, gesturing to Jeff’s almost-uneaten sandwich. Jeff obliged as Dave looked around at nothing in particular. As he ate his sandwich, Jeff thought happily about how awesome it was to have a friend as chill as Dave. They were so comfortable with each other — they could argue and be irritated with each other and it didn’t matter. One of them could just chow down on a sandwich while the other just looked casually around, and it didn’t matter. No small talk, no filler. This was what real friendship looked like.

“You know,” said Dave offhandedly as he looked out at the street, “I actually saw Sarah the other day.”

Jeff choked on his sandwich as his eyes snapped up to Dave, who was still studying the traffic outside. After correcting his paralyzed throat and either swallowing or spitting out what he had in his mouth, Jeff managed a word: “What?!?!”

“Yeah, Jeff,” said Dave quietly. With a calm expression on his face, he turned to look at his apoplectic friend. “We actually hung out like two days ago.”

“But…bbut…but,” sputtered Jeff, his mind beginning to crack.

“Dude,” said Dave as he smiled down at Jeff, “chill out. It doesn’t mean anything. It was great to see her! Hadn’t seen her in over ten years, just like you.”

“But…but she’s dating —”

“Jeff,” said Dave with a little more weight behind his voice this time. “I didn’t go on a date with her.” Jeff didn’t seem to be hearing these words, and Dave noticed that Jeff was beginning to hyperventilate, his face getting redder by the second. “Jeff,” Dave repeated, and he reached over and grabbed his friend’s hands in his own and held them. “Jeff, you’re scaring me, man, chill out.” Jeff looked at Dave and saw his kind expression, and felt his own hands swallowed by the mammoth hands of his friend, and began to calm down.

“But…how did you get her number?”

“I didn’t,” said Dave with a smile, releasing Jeff as he leaned back, “She hit me up.”

This was all getting too much for Jeff. “She?? You??? But how did she get your number??”

Dave shrugged. “I assumed you gave it to her.”

“No, I didn’t,” said Jeff, starting to get red again. “I didn’t!”

“Well, I have no idea how she got it then,” laughed Dave, “But anyway, like I said, it was cool to see her. Not to make you feel weird, Jeff, but man, you weren’t wrong about her growing up!”

Jeff just sat there, unable to do anything else, his mouth half-open in disbelief. Dave saw his friend’s expression, but he continued on. If Jeff was really as open and progressive as he said he was, then he would be able to take this.

“I mean…yeah, again, of course, I’m not competing with you, Jeff, that goes without saying, haha, but I just have to say, holy fuck, Sarah Helleger grew into an absolute goddess. Am I right?”

Jeff’s mouth was dry and couldn’t move. Dave nudged him playfully, repeating “Am I right?” I mean you kissed her, right? You know what I’m talkin about!” until he had elicited a smile from his friend. “Yeah,” he continued, “she just hit me up out of the blue and invited me over to her place for dinner, and not to get all 1950’s, like you were talking about, but boy can she cook too!”

Jeff felt like he was riding a roller coaster. “She invited you over to her place?” he asked, “And you two had dinner together?”

Dave assumed Jeff’s serious tone, and said mockingly, “Yes. She invited me over to her place. And we had dinner together. And we’ve drawn up the marriage arrangements, and the big day’s a week from tomorrow. We’re honeymooning in Aruba. A child is on the way.”

He laughed, and Jeff halfheartedly joined in with him. He still needed some answers, though: “Did…did you two have spaghetti and meatballs?”

“No, Jeff!” laughed Dave, “We had chicken and rice and…uh, and salad. What, did you two have spaghetti and meatballs?”

Jeff didn’t answer, but he was inwardly breathing a huge sigh of relief. So she wasn’t just treating him and Dave the same. Maybe this meal with Dave was just a “friend” thing.

“Jeff,” said Dave, seeing his friend’s continued distress, “for the last time, calm down. You know, you have to get used to Sarah hanging out with other people, even if they’re guys, and even if they’re guys who are friends of yours. Remember, it’s the twenty first century, right?”

There was silence for a moment, until Jeff mumbled, “Right.” Something still wasn’t right, though. “Did you all have wine?” he asked suddenly.

Dave sighed, taking his turn to look up at the sky. “No Jeff. We each had a beer…well, I had two, but that’s me, haha. We had to use these little coasters because she didn’t want her dining room table to get messed up, haha. I have to say, the last time I used coasters while I was drinking a beer was —”

“You ate in the dining room??” burst out Jeff.

“I’m sorry, my bad,” backtracked Dave. “We ate in the crawlspace. The crickets on the walls serenaded us with tunes of love and passion until we couldn’t take it anymore and did it right then and there next to the water heater. Jesus Jeff, yes, we ate dinner in the dining room.”

Jeff couldn’t think anymore. All of this was way too much to process. Clearly Dave, as he sat there laughing, didn’t appreciate what was going on in his head. He finished his sandwich in near silence as Dave switched the subject and talked more about his new roommates and what his plans were for the future. They parted amicably, and Jeff went on home, his mind a swirling and incomprehensible mess of information.

Later on that night, a number of bottles in to his nightly intake, Jeff sat there on his bed, thinking through all Dave had told him, and what it meant and didn’t mean. So Sarah had hit Dave up and invited him over for dinner. Why? And how the hell had she gotten his number? Had she looked through Jeff’s phone somehow when he was at her place? That didn’t seem possible. Did Dave have his number posted on the internet somewhere? Maybe. But why had she wanted to hang out with Dave? Jeff thought and thought through all the possibilities, until he decided that he had probably reminded her of Dave, and she probably just wanted to reconnect and see how he was doing. Neighbors hitting up neighbors. Like she had toasted her wine to him by saying “neighbors,” hadn’t she? But then Jeff’s stomach dropped as he saw her face looming over him as his body was inexorably drawn into her absorbing, powerful flesh; “Hey there neighbor,” she had breathed, sexily. He shook his head, his dick becoming erect at the memory. What did all this mean? Had she done stuff with Dave? He hadn’t specifically asked Dave…but Dave would have told him, surely! And anyway, Dave said that they weren’t dating. If Sarah had made out with Dave, then they’d clearly be in competition, right? But Dave didn’t seem to think they were in competition at all — he was laughing and cracking jokes most of the time they were talking.

No — it was impossible. But why had she eaten with Dave at the dining room table?? Why did Dave get to do that? He thought and thought about this problem, remembering that Sarah had said that she thought the dining room was too “formal” for them. What did she mean by that? He worried that she maybe took Dave more seriously and that’s why she wanted to be more formal and eat with him in her dining room, like actual partners. But remember, he and Sarah had an unconventional relationship. They didn’t play by the rules — “formality” was a silly word to them. They did what they wanted, like eat on stools in the kitchen! Of course, that was it. Sarah

probably had dinner with all kinds of guys in her dining room, but only with him did she drop the formality. Jeff swelled with pride, happy that he could've thought through all that successfully. He sucked down another beer. He was kicking himself because he should've asked Dave if she had mentioned him, or their relationship. No matter, though — that would have been tacky. Besides, he didn't need anyone else to tell him what Sarah thought of him.

The night wore on, and Jeff got drunker. Ever since Dave had highlighted the fact that Jeff had not spoken to Sarah in two weeks, Jeff had felt an uncomfortable prick in the back of his brain. It was true — that was a long time not to talk. As he analyzed this issue in his head, Jeff came to the conclusion (quicker because he was drunk) that he was the one who needed to text Sarah again, to show her that he knew that she was playing hard to get, and that he was going to catch her. He thought about some clever phrases to use, but as he thought, his mind, as always, drifted to Sarah and her body, her face, her smell. She was almost unbelievable. He had to be close to her again. He had to touch her again, and smell her. He had to look at her face. He had to feel her big hands on his little body…he had to — and Jeff tried to snap himself out of this reverie, as his extremely erect dick was poking painfully through his pants. He threw off his clothes and began stroking himself, gazing down in admiration at how huge his cock looked, and how different it looked from the rest of his body. Was it almost as big as one of his legs now?

And just like that, Jeff had a brilliant idea. He whipped out his phone, and, after stroking himself more and trying a number of positions, he snapped a picture of his erect cock. He selected Sarah as a contact, wrote an accompanying "Let's get together, girl," and sent it. He jumped back on his bed elated, and more excited than he'd ever been. 'What a stroke of genius,' he thought.

And just like that, his phone buzzed. His heart in his mouth, he looked at his phone. Sarah. "Oooo is that for me? Tomorrow night. My place. Don't cum until then, or I'll know."

Chapter 9: A Nighttime Visit

For Jeff, the hardest part of this whole arrangement was obeying Sarah's command not to cum. As soon as he had read her text, he sat there on the bed, utterly overtaken by excitement, and yet at the same time he was thoroughly puzzled. Through the indistinct and familiar fog of his drunkenness, his head pounded through the reality of the moment, and he felt the massive gravity of the narrative building in his head. His ploy had totally worked. That was exactly what she was waiting for. Of course she had been waiting for that! That's what she wanted to see!! He had been right all along — she'd been playing hard to get, and she wasn't going to let him get it easy. She wasn't going to come crawling to him, come begging for a relationship. She was gonna make him work for it. Because she wasn't like other girls, like all the ones who rejected him. She knew she was hot stuff; she knew she was a pretty piece, a trophy that not just anyone could get. And unlike all these other bitches, like Cassie, like all those broads from the bars, Sarah wasn't afraid to be a woman, to let him, Jeff, do the chasing. To let the man actually woo the girl for a change. Jeff couldn't have congratulated himself more as he lay down to sleep. He literally fell asleep chuckling to himself, a knowing and vainglorious grin plastered across his face.

The only thing that threw a slight wrench in this otherwise triumphant narrative was Sarah's stipulation that he was not supposed to cum until he got to her house. 'What the hell was that all about?' he wondered as he walked into the grocery store the next afternoon. Was it some kind of flirty little game that she liked to play? Jeff had never heard of guys being told when and when not to cum. The only porn he really watched involved the dude cumming whenever and wherever he felt like it. What was she doing? It seemed like a game to him.

'I mean, it's Sarah after all,' he thought with a knowing smile as he made his way over to the pharmacy aisle. Though he hadn't really noticed for weeks, his limp had gotten worse. 'And she's a little…uh, well, different. She's into science and stuff. This was probably just part of her wild side.' He browsed and quickly found a box of Magnum condoms and waited until some people passed him by to take them off the shelf. He hadn't bought condoms in a long, long time, but whenever he had, he loved doing it slowly and deliberately, so that people would notice exactly which brand he was buying. He loved their quick surprised glances. Yeah, he was a smaller guy, sure. But he was sure as hell big where it counted. Back when he did have sex, he didn't much care for condoms. But he figured he'd bring them to Sarah's because she was young and inexperienced and might freak out about unprotected sex.

'That's just the kind of guy I am,' he thought as he walked down the aisle toward the flowers, holding the box of condoms out conspicuously in front of him with two hands. 'Considerate.' He stood in front of the flowers and breathed in their fresh wet scent. What kind of bouquet would Sarah expect him to bring? He had to get it right.

'I mean,' he thought to himself as he stood in front of the flowers, 'this whole don't-cum thing isn't really that complicated.' He picked out a bunch of white daisies and lilies and brought them to his nose to smell. 'No way, too plain. Anything but plain flowers.' Sarah was definitely not a plain girl. He had to find the flowers that described her best as a person.

'It's probably just her way of trying to be, uh…what's the word…kinky. Yeah, that's it. Kinky. I took our relationship up a notch and she was just trying to show me that she could match it. What a dirty girl, I love it.' He selected some bluebells and smelled them. 'Nah, too sweet.

Sarah's a sweetheart, for sure, but she has this little kinky side. I need something else.' He browsed more and continued musing.

'What's more,' he thought as he rejected the yellow tulips (too cliche), 'this is some kind of… like…ownership play on her part. Like she's staking her claim to me.' His dick began to harden in his pants as he thought about this idea, although he had to steer away from where his mind was going. He didn't want to be owned by anyone, even his girlfriend, because he was a man and nobody owned him. He did, however, like the idea of her wanting to claim him as hers, and nobody else's. His mind jumped to fantasies of of jealousy — he was talking to a female friend who was trying to flirt with him, when Sarah came up behind him and put her arms around him from the back. 'Who's this you're talking to, babe?' came Sarah's calm voice in his fantasy. Although Jeff couldn't see her eyes, he knew their steady, piercing green was regarding the overmatched, small, inadequate other female with confident and watchful superiority. His cock got even harder.

'And maybe,' he continued thinking as he chose some roses, 'she wants to make sure that I… uh, that I can perform or something.' The roses were a wonderfully deep red and had a rich, profound scent. 'Perfect,' he thought, and headed to the registers. He knew he could do the self-checkout, but he wanted an actual person to see what he was buying, to know that he was in for one heck of a night.

'She doesn't need to worry,' he thought smugly as he stood in line behind a middle-aged woman, who stood a head taller than him (She has to be like 45 or so…she looks like a mom), 'performance is never really an issue with me, no many how many times I've cum.' He kept thinking, still puzzled by Sarah's command. 'But surely she'd know this about me? Of course she wouldn't be worried that I'd be able to give her what she needed, right? So why tell me not to —"

"So how's your school going?" asked the cashier to the middle-aged woman in front of him. Jeff stopped thinking and listened to the conversation. School?

"Oh, you know. Always busy," laughed the woman, putting her (mostly domestic) items on the conveyor belt.

"I hear you, I hear you," laughed the cashier, scanning the items.

"It's what I've realized," continued the woman, swiping her card, "When you're in grad school, you may have summer break, fall break, Christmas break, yadda yadda, but you're never really on break, you know what I mean?"

"That's what my son tells me," said the cashier, nodding knowingly as she handed the woman her receipt. "You're always working."

"Yep," said the woman, smiling as she grabbed her bags to leave, "But hey, there's always the good things in life, right? As of last week, I can rent a car now, haha! Last big milestone until I can get social security!"

"Oh, girl!" laughed the cashier, "happy birthday! See ya next time, ok?"

“Bye!” said the woman as she walked away. Jeff came up behind her, confused.

“Will that be all for you sir?” asked the cashier, still smiling from her previous conversation. Jeff watched the woman leaving the store, looked at his two items of the conveyor belt, and then looked up at the cashier.

“Uh, no…no, that’s it.”

“All right then,” said the cashier kindly. “That’ll be $16.53.” Jeff fumbled in his wallet for the credit card he used to buy things. It all went to an account that his parents paid off each month. He was disappointed — the cashier hadn’t said anything, or given him any sign of recognition that he was buying (large) condoms and flowers. But more than anything, he was still confused. How was that woman still in school? Did she go back to grad school after raising a family? He felt somewhere in his brain that the whole car rental thing was a giant clue to her age, and in this moment, he felt like he needed to know.

“Um,” he asked the cashier tentatively after he had swiped his card, “uh…how old do you have to be to, uh, rent a car?”

The cashier looked at him without expression for a moment, and then she smiled and said, “Young man, I believe it’s something like 25.”

“25??” asked Jeff incredulously.

The cashier kept smiling as she handed him back his receipt. “Well, I think you can rent a few years earlier, but it’s more expensive. More surcharges, things like that. When you’re 25, you can rent just like anybody else.”

Jeff stood there, his bag of flowers and condoms in his hand, not knowing what to think. That woman was 25??

“But don’t worry,” said the cashier sympathetically as she began scanning the next customer’s items, “There are other ways you could rent a car, I’m sure. There’s some good stuff online — ”

“But..but no, no! I’m 28! 28!”

The cashier looked at him a moment, confused, but then she recovered and said, “Oh, o-ok. Have a nice day sir,” and started talking to the next customer.

Jeff stood there a few moments more before turning and limping out of the store, annoyed and distracted.

‘What the hell was all that about?’ he wondered as he got into his car. He winced as he pivoted his hip, and for once he was aware of the sharp pain that seared up through his pelvis and down his leg. He needed to make that appointment for surgery….and here Jeff stopped dead in his tracks.

He hadn’t made the appointment. Sarah made him promise that he would. It had been over two weeks, and he hadn’t made it. Jeff began to panic, wondering what Sarah would say when she

learned he hadn't made it yet. His heart beat faster and faster, and he felt his face and neck flushing. His hands began to feel like they were getting pricked by little needles, and as he clutched the polyester armrest in the driver seat to steady himself, he felt his sickly, cool, clammy palms interact uncomfortably with the artificial fabric. She would be angry, disappointed, maybe even disbelieving. She would feel that he couldn't hold it together; she would know that he wasn't what he said he was; she would find out.

Then Jeff looked at the clock. 6:30. He paused a moment, and then breathed a sigh of relief. There was still time. Of course there was still time. He took a couple of deep breaths and managed to smile, and after he looked down at the condoms and flowers he had just bought, he actually laughed out loud to himself in his car.

"Oh boy!" he exclaimed audibly, "Look at me. A bundle of nerves!" He laughed again, the worries of a few moments previously evaporating in the air. He got out his phone, found the hospital number in the email from a few weeks ago, and within ten minutes had scheduled his hip replacement surgery. He even wrote down the time and date in his (otherwise empty) calendar, about three weeks away. He couldn't have been more proud of himself.

And now all that was left to do was to drive around until 8 o'clock. That was what "night" meant to Jeff. Any time before then was too early, and any time later…well, he just wanted to get over to her place. The more he thought about Sarah's texting style, the more turned on he became. She was short and to the point. No messing around, no dilly-dallying, no games, no chance for miscommunication. 'She really is a woman,' Jeff thought to himself as he drove aimlessly around. 'A woman who knows what she wants and who isn't afraid to get it.'

He looked down at his erect cock. He nodded to himself and smiled. 'Yeah, that's right, she knows what she wants.' His mind jumped back to her mysterious "no-cumming" text, and he wondered if maybe it had something to do with fertility. 'Maybe she wants me to keep my sperm count high,' he thought, as he turned down random roads in the gathering gloom. 'Maybe she's actually that far-out, that she actually wants all my sperm for herself.' He went uphill and downhill as the sun completely set. 'Maybe she has some kind of sperm fetish,' he thought hopefully, turning left at a stop sign. His dick was now almost fully erect, and he remembered that he had to keep it under control. 'In any case,' he thought as he pulled a u-turn and began driving toward's Sarah's house, 'I bet she gives the best blowjobs.'

He arrived at Sarah's house just after 8:00, and any traces of light from the day were gone; night held full sway. Jeff limped up to Sarah's doorway once more, which was well-lit with a pleasant orange light emanating from two lanterns on either side of the door. Jeff looked at the two lanterns, and felt the stillness and silence of the growing night deepen around him. All of his smug thoughts and self congratulation and plans for the future seemed neutralized in the face of those lights. They were like silent, steady guards, sentries with watchful eyes. In that moment, Jeff doubted whether he could pass them.

Something outside of himself, however, bade him knock, and he did. He stood there a few moments, completely still, his heart not seeming to beat.

"Is that you, Jeff?" came Sarah's sweet voice from deep inside her house.

"Y-y-yes! Y-yes it's m-me!" squeaked Jeff, clutching his condoms and flowers tighter.

“What was that?” said Sarah’s warm voice again. “I didn’t catch that — speak up!”

“I-it’s me!” said Jeff a little louder, still seeming to squeak.

Jeff thought he heard something like a soft laugh. “Ok, Jeff. Come on in — I left the door unlocked.”
With difficulty, Jeff gathered up his parcels in one hand to turn the knob, and then pushed in through the door and into the house. The door was heavy, and as he pushed it closed behind him it seemed to boom shut with a heavy finality.

“Lock it, will you?” came Sarah’s delicious voice again. She must have been in the living room. Jeff did, and then turned to face the interior of the house. Whereas last time the lights were bright and cheery, complete with enticing aromas of food, this time all the lights were low and dimmed, and the whole house seemed to bathe in a deep red. A few candles were flickering playfully, and they must have been scented — the place smelled like lavender. Jeff began walking down the hallway, towards the kitchen and living room. His body was shaking like a leaf.

He rounded the corner, and there she was. Stretched out on that red sofa in the living room, waiting for him. As soon as Jeff saw her, he stopped. She had on a tight white t-shirt and a pair of black gym shorts, and her feet were bare. Her luscious body easily filled up her scant clothing, and as she lay there, propped up on her elbow, she looked like a great cat examining something it was about to eat. She smiled as she saw him.

“Oh, look at that,” she breathed, almost to herself, “he brought me flowers.” She chuckled. “Jeff, how sweet! You brought me flowers…and…something else?” She inclined her head a little toward the box on condoms that Jeff was squeezing in his hand. He was still visibly shaking.

“What else do you have there, Jeff?” she asked slyly. Jeff tried to make words, but his throat felt like a fountain that had been dry for centuries. He managed only a few coughing sounds.

“Jeff,” said Sarah’s deep loving voice, “why don’t you come on over here?” Jeff tried to move but couldn’t at first.

“Come on,” said Sarah patiently, stretching out her hand and beckoning him with a single, long, manicured finger. “Cooommmme on Jeff, cooommme on —” Jeff’s legs started to move towards her. “That’s it,” she said kindly, “Come on, cooommmme on, yeah, that’s right, theeeerrre we go.” She had sat up to make room for him on the sofa, and he sat down next to her. He kept his head down, but he was still able to see her huge legs and torso. God, her thighs were just enormous, and her calves were incredibly shapely. His head reached the bottom of her neck — them both sitting down, she was about a head taller than him. And here he was, on her sofa again, and he could not stop shaking. He was crushing his box of condoms into oblivion, and green water ran down his shriveled wrists from the rose stalks that we was unconsciously compressing.

Sarah’s large hand came into his view, her pointed fingernails like claws, and it seemed to span his entire lap. A couple of silver rings glinted from her fingers, and that black hair tie hugged her wrist. Her hand seemed seemed so ferocious, and yet all it did was reach out and take Jeff’s knee and lower thigh in its warm, soft, strong embrace, and squeeze it gently, deeply.

“Jeff,” whispered Sarah from somewhere above him, “Jeff.” He couldn’t answer her; he couldn’t even raise his head. He looked at her hand on his knee, his thigh, and wondered whether she could simply twist it and snap his leg in two. Seeming to confirm his thoughts, she shook his knee lightly with her hand, and the vibrations reverberated through his whole body. He wasn’t shaking anymore — now she was shaking him.

“Jeff,” cooed Sarah again to him. “Jeff…Jeff…Jeff…” she was quietly chanting his name now, and he finally answered by looking up at her. She was looking down on him and smiling genially, her mane of blond hair flowing down her shoulders. Even in the darker light, Jeff could see the green glint of her eyes, and the red of her lips. He perceived her teeth.

“Jeff, hey. It’s me, it’s just me!” Her hand shook him a few times more, gave him a parting squeeze, and then let go. He saw her handprint on his knee and upper thigh, and his color took a minute to come back.

“Don’t be nervous,” Sarah continued. “Here, let me take those.” She reached down and took the mutilated flowers and the pulverized box of condoms in one hand. She put the flowers gently on the coffee table in front of them, and regarded the box of condoms with an amused smile. She held them up to Jeff, her smile growing wider.

“What are these for, huh?” she asked sexily. “What did you get these for, Jeff?”

Even though the answer was obvious, it seemed absurd at this stage to even contemplate having sex with Sarah. Jeff was just focused on not falling to pieces there on the sofa as he sat next to her. But she persisted, seeming to enjoy his position.

“What are these for, huh? What do these do?” She brought the box to her face and pretended to investigate it seriously, her eyebrows furrowed in mock concentration. “Are they for eating?” She brought the box up to her mouth, licking her lips as she snapped her teeth at it. Jeff jumped in his sofa cushion at the sound of her teeth. Sarah laughed down at him, her eyebrow arching at him playfully.

“No? Not for eating? What about smelling? Do they smell good?” She began sniffing around the box seriously, blinking as she inhaled in short little audible bursts, like an animal investigating a foreign object. Jeff’s cock got even harder as he watched Sarah sniff around the box. He couldn’t understand what about her play was so irresistible to him; he just knew that he had no defense. He managed to shake his head up at her.

“No?” asked Sarah, grinning, “not for smelling? Well then it’s a mystery! I guess I’ll just put these over here for now.” She stretched over from her sitting position and deposited the crumpled box on the coffee table next to the roses. Jeff was aware that, from his sitting position, his reach would not get anywhere close to the coffee table. But there it was — his gifts deposited, it was just him and Sarah on the sofa. She had stopped his shaking, and he was able to look at her. She bunched up her knees playfully against her prodigious chest, with both of her bare feet on the sofa in front of her. Even half a sofa away, Jeff still felt absolutely tiny next to her. She let a few moments of silence pass, her elbow propped up against an armrest, looking down at him curiously. She had kindness, or at least playfulness, in her eyes, but her expression was neutral. As each moment passed, Jeff felt more and more like an animal…a little animal with a tiny tail,

being watched by a predator. He realized it suddenly — she was giving him a chance to talk, to steer the conversation, to take charge. But he could think of nothing to say. Time passed by, and Sarah's eyes never left him. The candles flickered on the walls around them.

"So Jeff," came Sarah's calm, deep voice after a while, "why did you send me that picture?"

Horrible guilt wracked Jeff's insides, and he felt like throwing up. He looked down quickly, unable to meet her eyes, and began to shake again.

Sarah reached out one of her long, ivory legs and poked Jeff's leg with her toes. She had on red toenail polish that matched her lips…God her foot was big…half as long as his thigh? No, it couldn't be…he felt another lurch in his pants, and for the first time realized that his erection had been sticking very clearly out of his jeans. The touch of her foot on his leg nearly sent him over the edge.

"Jeff," said Sarah again, but this time more insistently, "Calm down. Look at me." He did, because the playfulness seemed to have vanished from her voice. She was looking at him patience.

"Is it because of sex?" she asked softly. "Do you want to have sex with me, Jeff Stintum?" Her voice was was smooth and calm as a placid lake. She wasn't mocking him, she wasn't playing with him, and she wasn't angry with him. She was just asking him an honest question. Jeff looked up at her. Her foot had withdrawn, and she just sat there on the sofa, inquiring down at him patiently, waiting for an answer.

But he couldn't giver her an answer. The prospect of saying "yes" was so ludicrous to him that the impossibility of it was making him even more aroused. He had no idea what was happening to his body. The longer he sat there, unable to answer Sarah, and the longer she sat regarding him patiently, the more aroused he became. What was this??

After a minute or so, Sarah slowly readjusted her body into a normal sitting position, and Jeff felt her movements.

"So Jeff," she said after a while, "I want to tell you something." She patted the cushion next to her, eyeing Jeff. Not seeming to understand, he just watched her.

"Come here Jeff," she said softly, as if to a pet, continuing to pat the cushion. "Come here."

And like a pet, Jeff scurried over and sat next to her, his dick really beginning to stick painfully through his jeans. The closer he got to her, the harder he became, and here he was, right next to her. She reached down her big hand and gently positioned his legs so that they lined up exactly with hers. Jeff nearly came in his pants right there, and he had to tense up the little muscles in his abdomen to prevent it. Her thighs rose impossibly above his, like massive waves in otherwise calm waters. It was like his thighs weren't even there. If he had stacked four or five of his legs on top of each other, they still wouldn't have reached the top of hers.

He shuddered as he felt her arm snake around his shoulders and his back, drawing him in with quiet strength. Effortlessly with one arm, she pulled his body closer to hers, her hand stretching from the middle of his back around his ribs in the front. He looked down and saw her huge,

manicured fingers curved around his abdomen, and once again felt the reality of her size and strength.

“Mmmmm,” she breathed deeply, and exhaled slowly onto him, her sweet breath ruffling his hair. As she held Jeff to her, he stared directly into her upper chest, which rose and fell in front of him deliberately. Her huge breasts were squished around his throat, and her other free hand reached down and held Jeff’s chin in a firm grip and directed it upward to her own.

“See, Jeff,” she said tenderly, looking down at him, her long pinkie finger stroking his cheek, “I think it’s great that we’ve reconnected.” She released his chin, but kept stroking his cheeks with her fingers. “It’s crazy how much things have changed,” she continued, “and I’m so into it.” She was scratching his cheeks now with her fingernails, and moved down slowly to his neck. Jeff was near his bursting point. What did she mean, she was “into it?”

“And I think it’s pretty clear,” she continued, slithering her hand under his shirt and scratching his back, “that you aren’t really sure what you want, Jeff.” He was about to feel crushed, but she continued in the same breath, “And that’s fine.” Her fingers had wound their way around to his stomach, and had stopped scratching momentarily to emphasize her point. Her looked up at her and she nodded down at him earnestly.

“That’s fine, Jeff,” she repeated, resuming her scratching. “It’s ok not to know what you want.” Her fingers were now at his underwear line. Jeff gritted his teeth. He was about to cum.

“But Jeff,” said Sarah, who had started to breathe hard herself, “I know what I want.” Scratching fingers around his crotch now. He was going to cum.

“My cock?” he blurted out, surprising himself. She stopped scratching and he looked up at her, terrified. But he saw her smiling widely, as her nostrils flared in aroused amusement.

“My big hard cock?” he asked again in a squeaky voice, trying to play his role in the play she was putting on.

Sarah laughed heartily as she gave his crotch one last scratch before she suddenly brought her hand out of his pants, undid his belt, his button, and his zipper with one hand with blinding speed, and released his huge, throbbing erection that rose like a totem pole from Jeff’s shriveled pelvis. Her eyes seemed lost in his cock for a moment, but then she turned to him, still laughing, as she licked her lips at him with her long tongue.

“Oh Jeff. Yeah, your cock. Let’s start there.” She grabbed his thick pole forcefully, and he came. He came more than he ever had in his life, shooting thick wet ropes of semen multiple feet into the air. Sarah growled. Through his shattered mind, Jeff felt totally stripped down by the noise she made. It was hungry, animalistic.

Sarah reached out a huge, cupped hand and caught as much of Jeff’s cum as she could. She wasn’t even jerking him off — she was just clutching his cock in her powerful grip. Her hand went all around his member, but, unlike the rest of his body, her hand didn’t seem overly large compared to his cock. They seemed just the right size for each other. After a few moments she continued to coax the orgasm forth with coos and “ooos” and “aahhs,” and Jeff slumped against

her body. He could hear her cooing and chirping at him through her body. She finally released his cock, and it slapped down wetly on his chest, making a loud “smack.”

“Well,” said Sarah teasingly, “it looks like somebody did as he was told.” She brought her cupped hand to her face, and then held it down to Jeff, showing him his load.

“Look at that!” she trilled happily. “What. A. Load.” And it was — even in Sarah’s large palm, his cum seemed to form a little lake. His mind was blank; he didn’t know what to think. It was all too fast, too much for him.

Sarah brought her cupped hand back up to her face. With her other hand, her long fingers wrapping around his neck and shoulder area, she maneuvered Jeff off her body and turned him around so that he could face her and see what she was doing. She was sniffing her cupped hand, just like she had sniffed the box of condoms.

“Hmmm…” she hummed in mock analysis, “I wonder how it…hmmm…mhmmm…” and her tongue poked out of her mouth and lashed at the pool of cum. She continued to smell and taste Jeff’s cum in her hand, as if trying to decipher what it was. She looked down at him and giggled, enjoying his dumbfounded reaction. She reached down her other hand and grasped his upper thigh, giving it a playful little squeeze. Jeff gasped. Her hand wrapped all the way around it.

“Little legs,” murmured Sarah playfully down at him, her tongue now swirling around the cum in her palm. Jeff felt his cock rise up off his chest. He was getting hard again…but how, after an orgasm like that?

“Salty,” giggled Sarah at him. He looked up again at her face and saw her smile down at him with wide, closed teeth. Then she brought her closed teeth down to her palm.

“Fffffffttttttttthhhhhh!” She sucked all the cum up through her teeth. Jeff stared, his eyes popping, his erection growing again. Finished, with wide eyes, she showed Jeff her palm, which was still slick with his remnants. For a moment she seemed to consider wiping his face with her hand, and she held her hand close to him…close enough to show Jeff that she could easily palm his face. But then she then withdrew it, licking it off instead with her long tongue.

After she was finished, Sarah leaned down to Jeff, so that her face was inches away from his, and smacked her full lips in exaggeration.

“Mmmmmm, Jeff, that was tasty,” she said, a tint of aggression in her voice. She glanced over at his erection and then looked back at him, her eyebrow arched, a wry smile on her face. Suddenly, she sprang up off the sofa, collapsed down on her knees in front of him, and pried his tiny legs apart with her powerful hands. She promptly extended her tongue at him and flicked it teasingly, once again shocking Jeff with its speed. How did she do that?

She licked up and down his shaft three times quickly, swiftly, as she sensed some kind of invisible momentum. Jeff was absolute putty now.

“I think I want seconds.” Sarah yawned her mouth open, and, without ceremony, wrapped her lips around his big, purple head and began to slowly go down, down, down his engorged length, her ultimate goal not in doubt. She went deliberately, and she managed the first half without

issue. Jeff could not handle it — he was going to cum again. Six inches…seven……
eight…..with each passing inch, Sarah's mouth stretched more and more, as Jeff's cock was not simply long, but thick as well, especially at the base. Was she going to….? She had one more inch to go. Jeff's eyes were rolling back in his head. Sarah looked up at him, and he met her eyes. She snarled at him as she shook her head violently from side to side in a short burst of intensity, and gathered up one of his legs in each of her arms. Then she closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and went for it. The blond mane of her hair shook with effort, as the veins bulged in her throat.

"Mmmmmmrrrhhhhh!!" she moaned vigorously, deeply, and Jeff felt the last inch of his cock slide into her throat. He exploded in orgasm, and passed out.

Chapter 10: Sarah's Musings

Sarah felt the spasms of Jeff's orgasm through the bulging veins and contracting muscles of his penis, and she clamped her plush lips hard down around the base of his thick cock and swallowed and sucked, swallowed and sucked, with calm, deliberate authority. His length was so far down her throat that she knew it had already entered her esophagus, and somewhere deep inside her chest, she felt the fruits of Jeff's second load of the night squirt and spittle and trickle their way down to her stomach.

She had closed her eyes for the final push, and she had made it, impressing herself. But once she was all the way down and felt Jeff begin to seize again, she had opened her eyes again to look at him. His face was contorted and beet-red, his eyes were misted and unfocused, and his neck was a lolling appendage that could hardly hold up his head. When she had gone all the way down, he had uttered a squeal, like a little pig, and then quite obviously passed out. That was it — that was literally all he could handle, and she had been unable to stifle a silent snort of a laugh that shook her abdomen.

Sarah had knelt there by the sofa, her arms still holding up Jeff's legs, with his dick deep in her throat, for several minutes. She sucked on him casually as she watched his lifeless face — by the quick little rise and fall of his small chest she could see that he was still breathing, and she could tell by the unceasing pulse through his penis that his heart was fine as well. She wished that he could have seen her take the load, but it was kind of perfect that he had passed out. As she knelt there sucking him, a hot pressure that had been simmering before Jeff arrived, all evening long, began to boil in her loins. She put down one of his legs and reached out a hand to slip under his shirt, toss it back, and pet his exposed stomach with her large fingers.

Suck ….*suck*….*suck*…'He is absolutely tiny,' she thought to herself, her fingers gliding across his skin, poking and testing his bones and muscles every now and then for their size. 'How can it be possible?' The brewing within her intensified, and was quickly building now to a mad froth that was threatening to be released.

*Suck….*sucksuck*….*ssssuucckk*…'He like…regressed in size,' she continued in her head, and just to see, she put her whole hand sideways across his stomach. Her single hand spanned its entire width — she might even be able to wrap both of her hands around his entire waist. The pressure kept building within her.

Sssssucccckkkk 'I just…I just really can't believe it,' she thought. 'I have to be careful….I just can't believe…that I've gotten so…so lucky.' She kept pinching him and petting him as she continued to mouth and suck his dick, still deep in her throat. Even though Jeff was still passed out cold, she felt his cock start to harden again in her throat. She felt her juices begin to seep and escape out of her swollen pussy as she looked at her big hand and voluptuous arm next to his scrawny bony right leg. She knew he had made his appointment for surgery right before he came over. She had instructed Monica over at the hospital to let her know when he called.

'Poor little guy,' she thought a bit sadly, as she kept sucking and her pussy kept dripping and she compared the size of her forearm with his lower leg ('it's bigger,' she calmly realized as she had her first mini-orgasm of the night). 'Totally washed up.' She scratched gently down his calf and easily wrapped her fingers around his ankle. 'Just look at that,' she thought, marveling at how puny his leg looked in her strong grip. Her fingers wrapped around his ankle to the extent

that she could see them wrapped around from the other side — ‘So my hand can go at least one and a half times around,’ she thought, sucking on him harder as she started to cum again. She looked at her long, red, manicured nails that clawed around from behind his leg, and she shook his leg with a gentle, yet firm jerk that shook his entire leg, and made his entire body slump more into the sofa like a lifeless marionette. She came full on for the first time as she deepthroated his dick again completely, down all nine inches.

‘This really is a stupidly impressive cock,’ she thought a few moments later once her mind had come back. Jeff was still unconscious, and she saw no reason to stop sucking on him. She could feel a third load building in his balls as she cupped them in her hand and felt the cum bubbling manically, ready to be released. She put his other leg down and reached out both hands to his t-shirt and slowly, deliberately, tore it all the way up to the neck area. Now she could devote both hands to massaging, petting, testing, and scratching his stomach and newly exposed chest.

“Jeff Stintum,” she said quietly through his dick as she looked at his senseless face, her deep soft voice blending with the dark sedate ambiance in her living room, complete with the steady flicker of candles, “what happened to you?”

She let her spoken words sink into the room for a few moments. She was sad, she really was. How could she not be? He was just…just pitiful. *Suck* *Suck* *Suckkkkkkk* It was really building now…and she started to suck even harder, deeper, but no faster, as she kept thinking.

‘Of course it’s hard to see him like this,’ she thought to herself as she flicked one of his nipples with her finger. ‘Still no sign of life — oh well…but yes, it’s all just come together so perfectly. It’s just…just perfect.’

Suckkkkkkk *Sssuuuuucckkkkk*

‘And,’ she continued, ‘I’m giving him chances. I’m being open with him.’ *Sssssuuuuucccckkkkk* ‘And when he wakes up we’ll have a nice little talk. I’ll make him talk.’

She suddenly wondered about something and abruptly pulled his cock all the way out of her mouth. She held it in front of her, all glistening, erect, nine inches of it.

‘Nine?’ she thought to herself, ‘Ten? Hmmm…we’ll see…we’ll see about a lot of things, I think.’ She held up her arm to the dick, and although her arm was definitely bigger, thicker, and wider, it wasn’t by much. ‘Yeah…measurements,’ she mused to herself hungrily as she eyed his cock, his legs, his arms, his whole body, and then turned to look at her own. She felt her juices begin to flood forth again as another orgasm developed inside her.
She turned her face back to his cock and stuck out her tongue to lick and tease it with her tongue. ‘What a nice little treat, everything else aside,’ she thought happily. She’d play around a little…do some experiments…see if it would wake him up. She extended out her tongue farther and farther until it would have been quite obvious to anyone else watching that her tongue was unnaturally long — but it was what Sarah could do with her tongue that was truly noteworthy. She was wrapping it slowly around Jeff’s engorged member, so that it went around and around his thick pole like a snake. She undulated it back and forth in this motion, and checked his reaction. Still asleep.

Laughing lightly out of her open mouth, she unslithered her tongue from his shaft. ‘Let’s try this one,’ she thought amusedly, knowing at the same time that she would really have to eventually address the sadness she was feeling. Her pussy was really dripping now. She loved doing this one.

The tip of her tongue approached the head of Jeff’s cock slowly, curved and in an erect posture, like a cobra swaying to some unheard music. Once it was a few inches away, the tip began flicking rapidly up and down. Sarah didn’t know how she could do this, but she’d been able to ever since middle school. It got her attention from her classmates, and it was all fun, until she realized pretty quickly that the boys…and the girls…wanted to see it more and more. Even her friend’s parents seemed interested. It was creepy. It took years for Sarah to realize what she had, and to weaponize it.

flickflickflickflickflick She grazed Jeff dick with her fast tongue, looking over at him to see if he felt anything yet. Still dead to the world. ‘Well,’ she thought to herself, picking up her speed even more, ‘let’s just see about this.’

patterpatterpatterpitterpatterpatterpitterpatterpitterpitterpatterpatter Her tongue was moving so fast now that it was a literal blur. And still Jeff lay there unmoving. Sarah didn’t mind. She knelt there for several minutes, her tongue tapping and flicking and flitting Jeff’s cock with insistent abandon. Listening to the sounds of her tongue against his dick, she could not keep herself from a third orgasm, as her mind screwed down hard into the reality of the situation. After coming, she rested her tongue and took Jeff completely down into her throat again, sensing another orgasm from him.

‘Is it wrong?’ she asked herself, as she contracted her throat muscles, squeezing his cock.

‘Of course it’s wrong, but that’s why it’s so perfect. You know that’s how it works. Here it comes…wow, even though he’s unconscious I can still make him cum.’ And Sarah did, and she took it all again, far down her throat. She moaned deeply to herself as she felt his cum shoot down her esophagus, as she looked at his wilted little body.

Gulp *Gulp* *Gulp*….’Yeah,’ she thought as swallowed and looked at his face, ‘I have to see where this goes. I have to let this happen.’ His dick was finished shooting, and she sucked it hard a few more times just to be sure and let him go gently. ‘But this is more than a game,’ she continued to herself as she stood up and regarded his supine form for a moment. ‘This is more than some little experiment I’ve done before.’ She looked at him lying there, shirt torn almost in two, jeans awry, exhausted cock laying out like a log on his chest. ‘This feels almost like some kind of…’ and she bent down, quickly tore away the rest of his shirt, removed his jeans with a wave of her hand, and picked off his shoes and socks in a jiffy.

‘Like some kind of….’ her big hands moved over his naked body, and she brought her right hand up to his throat, and gently grasped it. With a mere bit of effort, she stood slowly up, bringing Jeff’s limp body with her as she stood. Her hand was fastened gently around his throat, and her palm was big enough to comfortably cushion his drooping head. She was fully standing now, and she held Jeff’s unconscious body out in front of her with one hand, her right arm extended powerfully out, easily lifting the weight. She held his head even with her own, and his legs dangled aimlessly in the air, a full foot off the ground.

Chapter 11: Another Change of Residence

Jeff woke up on the sofa. The world appeared as an indistinct blur to him, and a pounding pressure rang dully throughout his head. His muscles burned — they felt like he had run an entire marathon, as he could feel his lungs working to try and rouse him to the world. At first he couldn't move, and only managed to utter a tiny high-pitched moan.

"Oh! Did I just hear something?" came Sarah's warm voice from somewhere in the room. Jeff had no idea where she was, but all he knew was that he needed to get her attention, to let her know he was conscious again. He was able to achieve another, slightly louder moan, and was able to move his body a little on the sofa. His bare skin made little squeaking sounds against the red leather. Bare skin? …he realized that he was totally naked. Sarah had taken off all his clothes.

"There it is again!" came her playful voice in mock wonder, still deep and from no place in particular. "Is there a little mouse in here with me?" Jeff heard rustling from somewhere towards the corner of the room, where Sarah's desk was located. He tried to make more noises but couldn't. His muscles, his tendons, his vocal cords…everything in his body felt completely strung out. What had she done to him?

"Hmmm," thought Sarah out loud after another minute or two. "I guess it was nothing. I could've sworn I heard a little mouse squeaking around here somewhere, but I must have been hearing things. Oh well — I guess I'll just go back to my —"

And here Jeff uttered his loudest moan yet, in response to Sarah's teasing, and made a huge effort to squirm his body around on her sofa so that it squeaked and squealed.

"Oho!" said Sarah excitedly, and Jeff could tell from the vibrations in the room that she had stood up. "I knew I wasn't dreaming! Now where is it…where is it?" Jeff's eyesight was getting a little better, but he still could not move too well. He saw Sarah's huge form stalking carefully around the far side of her living room. She started opening drawers in some of her cabinets.

"Is it here? No….How about in this one? Hmmm….nope. This sure is a crafty little mouse!" Her voice sent tremors through the air, as did her footsteps. Even though she moved with the grace and agility of a cat, each of her movements carried with it the authority of the bulk mass of her immense body. But most of all, to the prone Jeff, it was the vibrations of her soft, deep, sultry voice that had the greatest effect. Every word seemed to be aimed straight for his cock. He exerted a huge effort and moaned again.

Sarah whipped her head around from the cabinets she was searching. "There it is, over there!" she cried excitedly, leaving the drawers open in her haste and getting down on her hands and knees. She started to slowly crawl towards the sofa. She paused a few times, once to check under the rug, and once to look under the coffee table. Jeff's vision was almost back to normal now, and he could see the crushed box of condoms and the flowers he had brought still sitting there. That seemed like ages, ages ago. He wondered what time it was…but Sarah was getting closer, humming words under her breath.

"I can smell it," she said sultrily as she neared the sofa. Her body collided sensuously with the far end of the sofa as she arched her head down, sniffing loudly under the sofa.

sniff *sniff* *sniff* *sniff* “It’s close, I know,” she breathed deeply. “I can feel its tiny little heartbeat.” With her head still down, she reached up two huge clawed hands and started to pull herself up onto the sofa. “I can feel its little heart go pitterpatter, pitterpatter in its little chest.” Now she was sniffing around on the main cushions, getting closer to Jeff, her head still purposefully down. Jeff could feel a latent pain in his cock and looked down, only to realize that it was once again fully erect. He was horrified — he couldn’t be hard again! Not now! Not again!!

sniff *sniff* *sniff* *sniffff* Sarah was at his body now, and she paused for a second as soon as her nose had made contact with his foot. “I think…” she began, her head still down, her face invisible under the blond spill of her wavy sweet-smelling hair, “I think….” and then she attacked him with her nose, sniffing rapidly all over his naked body.

sniffsniffsniffsniffffsnifsnifsniffsniffsniffsniffsniff It was a comical scene, and Sarah definitely found it so. Jeff saw through her hair that she was smiling, her eyes sparkling with excitement at her play. He found this whole scene harder to handle, as Sarah’s insistent sniffing seemed to go straight to the root of his dick and make him hopelessly, impossibly hard again. His ability to think was clearing, but once more he found himself totally unable to process what was happening. Why did everything about Sarah, everything she did, every way she flirted and played around with him, seem to totally overwhelm him?

“Aha!” she said triumphantly, throwing her head back and clearing the hair from her face so that she could look him directly in the eye. She sniffed his stomach one last time and then looked up at him knowingly with a sly grin as she nodded her head up and down. “I think I found it!” Jeff said nothing and could only look at her from his prone position.

Sarah laughed away her play and then turned to look with amazement at Jeff’s cock, which was once again pointed at the ceiling.

“How….?” she seemed to ask herself in disbelief, and reached out her hand to touch it. She brought forth a long index finger and stroked his length up and down dreamily, appearing to think to herself. Jeff breathed hard and tried to back away from her touch. He did not want to pass out again, but he could not manage to move away. For several silent minutes he endured the effortless torture of Sarah’s finger.

She eventually stopped and sat back upright on the sofa, giving Jeff the time and the space he needed to recover. She whipped out a nail file and patiently went to work on her claws as Jeff struggled to sit up. He succeeded after a few minutes, and Sarah noticed as she turned to him and smiled.

“Well, you look like you’re gonna be all right Jeff. Can you talk?”

Jeff made no response, verbal or otherwise, and could only stare at Sarah’s form, somehow squeezed into her white t-shirt and black gym shorts, sitting there on the sofa across from him. He was still overwhelmed by what happened.

“Jeff,” said Sarah with patient kindness, with a hint of insistence, “can you” and here she pointed a long finger at him…“talk”…her finger pointed to her own plush lips…“to me?” finishing her

question by pointing to at her chest. Several moments passed, with Jeff struggling to form words and Sarah sitting there calmly, looking directly into his eyes.

“Y-y-y…yes,” Jeff finally managed to say, in a kind of croaking whisper.

“Oh good!” said Sarah warmly, the energy and volume of her voice in sharp contrast to the paltry puniness of Jeff’s. “Why don’t you tell me what’s on your mind Jeff — I’ve been doing most of the talking tonight.”

Jeff’s brain was a confused jumble, but he knew enough from the pleasant yet firm tone of Sarah’s voice that she really did expect him to talk. He didn’t want to disappoint her, and so he did the only thing he could do: say whatever came into his head.

“Y-you…y-you gave me a b-blowjob, and…and, made me cum a-a-a lot, in-in your mouth.”

“Yes Jeff,” said Sarah quietly, her hands folded patiently across her knees.

“A-a-and I-I h-had t-t-two orgasms in a row…”

Sarah laughed softly and kept staring at him.

“A-and you-you d-deepthroated me!” Jeff burst out at last, as if he had been trying to say those words for months.

“Yes I did,” said Sarah, with a touch of pride in her voice. “I deepthroated you over and over and over again.”

“E-even after I passed out?” said Jeff.

Sarah laughed again. “Especially after you passed out. I even made you cum again.”

“Y-you did?” Jeff felt utterly at a loss for words as he imagined Sarah going down aggressively on his dick as he laid there unconscious. He looked at her big, gentle, smiling face and felt a strange chill of something like fear. And yet there his dick was, aimed unquestionably at the ceiling.

“Yes I did Jeff,” said Sarah quietly, sultrily, as she extended her long tongue and licked her lips purposefully at him. “I enjoyed everything you gave me, and swallowed it all down right here.” She lifted up her tight t-shirt a little so that part of her stomach was exposed, and she patted it contentedly with her hand. Jeff stared at the firm whiteness of her taut yet fleshy belly, and her long fingers gently petting it at him, and he felt another orgasm threaten to bubble up. He uttered a little whine, a little moan, that was completely involuntary.

“Is coming out again, baby?” cooed Sarah, sidling her big body across the sofa to cuddle Jeff as his orgasm hit another crescendo. Jeff felt the weight of her big arm across the back of his shoulders and neck, as her immense hand wrapped around his upper arm, holding him tightly to her. Whenever her body was close, Jeff’s nostrils were overcome by her sandalwood aroma, and all he could see were the flowing curves and waving undulations of her body. His semen began bubbling up again out of his stiff cock in a mellow milky-white fountain. Sarah calmly took

his pole with her other hand and bent her head down as she brought it to her lips. Jeff saw her face come from above over his, and watched from behind as she quietly and tenderly began sipping his semen with her lips. Jeff had never come so much and so often in such a short amount of time, and his dick ached and burned as it helplessly contracted in agonized ecstasy. And there Sarah was, her head descended from above him, happily drinking his fourth load of the night like it was dessert. His eyes began to screw themselves up in his head, and he felt himself getting lightheaded once more.

“Nope,” whispered Sarah to him calmly through sips, feeling his head begin to slouch into her breast. “No Jeff, you’re staying with me this time. No sleeping just yet.” Her hand reached up to his cheek and gave it a couple of soft yet firm pats. As he jolted back into consciousness, Jeff had a vision of Sarah holding his face in her hand…was her hand as big as his whole face? He didn’t know…but just like that he was awake again, and his dick was collapsed on his chest in utter exhaustion. Sarah was sitting back, her arm still around him, smacking her lips above.

A minute or so passed, with Sarah patiently ensuring that Jeff saw her consume every last speck of his cum. She looked down at him and sucked each one of her fingers, maintaining eye contact. Jeff eventually had to break away from her eyes and stare straight ahead as he waited for the licking and smacking sounds above him to subside. She was gently petting his shoulder with her big hand, and after another minute Jeff realized that she was sitting there expecting him to continue speaking. But what was he going to say? He glanced up at her. She was looking out at nothing in particular, seemingly lost in thought as she continued to caress him with her hand.

As time passed Jeff felt more and more pressure to talk, and finally did, venturing another look up at her face.

“T-t-that was amazing.”

Sarah kept looking straight ahead and smiled, as her hand gave his shoulder a squeeze. “Mmmmm, I’m glad you enjoyed it Jeff.” More silent seconds passed by and Jeff understood that he needed to keep going.

“No one…n-no one has ever done that to me…b-been able to, to — take the w-whole thing.”

“Mmmmm,” purred Sarah heartily as she kept staring out, blinking her eyes slowly in appreciation. Jeff waited for more of a reaction from her, and after getting nothing plowed on ahead, giving her what he thought she wanted.

“I just…I just — ” he stuttered, not knowing how to express what he had been feeling.

“Yes Jeff?” came Sarah’s deep voice, as her fingers scratched his shoulder. “Go on.”

“I just…can’t believe how into me you are,” he blurted out. He felt her fingers stop scratching suddenly and he looked up anxiously at her face. She was still staring straight ahead, and he was completely unable to read her expression. Was she surprised? Irritated? Amused? Jeff had no idea. She waited there a moment, seeming to process his words. And then he felt the firm loving pressure of her hand squeezing his shoulder again, this time longer and more intensely.

“Oh Jeff,” she said, looking down at him sweetly, “I think you’re just the most adorable little thing. Of course I’m into you.”

Jeff breathed out in relief, drawing a playful little sniff of a laugh from Sarah. He had been afraid, somewhere in the disorganized heaps of his brain, that he had maybe said the wrong thing, but apparently not. A slow realization was dawning on him: Sarah Helleger was actually his girlfriend. This was it — this is what it was actually like. Jeff couldn’t help himself and broke into a grin.

“There’s that little smile,” said Sarah warmly, pinching his cheek. “Yes, Jeff, I love playing with your body. And I love the effect my body had on you.” To emphasize her point she pulled him closer to her, until his head was squishing into her big lush tits. Jeff’s nostrils were full of her scent, and he felt the gentle caresses of her wavy blond hair. His senses had returned, along with some former boldness that had abandoned him when he crossed the threshold to her home. He decided to try and insert his own persona into the mix. After all, she wanted it, didn’t she?

“I just don’t know,” he said, as casually as he could through her huge tit, “how I got so lucky to land a girl like you.”

Sarah’s eyes got wide as she looked down at him, and she opened her mouth and laughed out loud. She reached both hands under Jeff’s shoulders and from her sitting position lifted him off the sofa and sat him down very deliberately on the coffee table. Jeff had flailed a little in her grasp, but was too weak and too surprised to do anything against the firm pressure of Sarah’s hands and arms. She sat back on the sofa and crossed her meaty legs sexily, continuing to laugh for a few moments as she looked at Jeff, shaking her head kindly.

“Jeff…Jeff,” she laughed as she shook her head, “I really want to get a couple things straight.” She collected herself and heaved a deep breath, her chest expanding hugely. She sat up in earnest and put her elbows on her knees as she addressed Jeff, who sat naked and confused on the coffee table.

“We’re not dating, Jeff.” Her voice was calm and patient, like tranquil water, but it carried an undeniable authority. Jeff was dumbstruck. He could not understand any of this — why had she invited him over then? Why had she made him cum so many times? She seemed totally into him and his cock…what was going on?

Sarah could tell that he was having trouble processing her words, and inwardly she had to dismiss a flicker of irritation at Jeff’s denseness. But she had expected it, so she waved away the negative feeling with ease. This was an important step: she reached out her hand and put in on Jeff’s knee, her hand easily covering his whole knee, and her fingers stretching almost halfway up his thigh. He jerked a bit at her touch, but could not bring his body to move away.

“Jeff,” she breathed down at him, “this is very important. I’m glad we’re having this conversation now, early on.” Her eyes held his face, but he tried moving his eyes away.

‘Aw, he’s upset,’ she thought to herself, feeling a mixture of sadness and vexation at Jeff’s fragile ignorance. Now was the time. She squeezed his little knee.

“Keep your eyes with me Jeff,” she said softly, and he did. “I have other people, Jeff. I do things with a lot of other people.” She paused, allowing Jeff’s mind to go utterly blank before she continued. She had to remember to use simple language. “People have all different kinds of names for their relationships, Jeff. It’s important that you know what mine are. I only use the word “dating” when I am seeing someone exclusively, romantically.” She paused, letting her words sink in. They may as well have tried to sink through lead; Jeff was stumped. He couldn’t even muster up the momentum to get angry. He simply did not understand.

Sarah saw all of this and blinked slowly at Jeff, hoping to at least impart some tenderness towards him as she continued to help him comprehend.

“I like you very much Jeff,” she said, smiling at him. “And I think you’re just the most adorable, precious little thing.” Jeff flinched at the word “little.” Could she not see his cock? Already he had forgotten his previous incapacitation and was brewing for an angry outburst. Sarah saw these emotions behind his eyes and calmly continued.

“But we’ve only just reconnected, Jeff. We’ve only seen each other a handful of times. Right now, we’re just having fun, wouldn’t you agree, Jeff?” She gave his knee a little scratching caress with her sharp fingernails, causing his cock to jump a little. “Wouldn’t you agree?” she repeated, leaning in and putting her face closer to his. Her presence seemed to cool his anger.

“Yes,” he said quietly from his sitting position, his head down. Sarah scratched his knees with both hands this time as she laughed genially.

“There we are!” she cooed. “See, just two adults having a good time.” Jeff sat there on the coffee table for a few moments, with both of Sarah’s huge hands on his tiny knees, thinking. Sarah waited patiently.

“But…” he said after a minute, “but how many other people are you seeing?” Sarah took her hands off his knees and sat up straight on the sofa. Even though the coffee table sat higher than the sofa, Sarah’s head rose a good many inches over Jeff’s. This was it.

“I can’t remember off the top of my head, Jeff,” she said patiently. “A good number. But that’s not really important. What’s important is that you understand that I’m seeing other people and that you’re ok with it.”

He wasn’t. He knew he wasn’t. “Talk to me Jeff,” came Sarah’s gently assertive voice. She folded her arms across her chest, and his eyes were once again boggled by how huge, how strong they looked.

“I—I don’t like it,” he said simply, unable to voice anything else.

“Sweetie,” she said gently, “you don’t have to like it. You just have to accept it if we’re going to keep playing.”

“What?!” said Jeff in alarm.

“I really like what we’ve been doing,” said Sarah in her cool harmonious voice, “and I would really like to continue with this dynamic that we’ve developed.” Jeff blinked. What “dynamic” was she talking about?

“But Jeff,” she continued, “I don’t want to do any of this if we’re not on the same page. You understand, don’t you Jeff? How important it is to be on the same page?” She knew that she was toeing the boundary between tenderness and condescension in her tone.
‘But really,’ she thought to herself as she looked at Jeff’s bamboozled face, ‘what choice do I have? He’s totally lost — I have to be simple with him.’ She waited for him to respond.

“B-but Sarah,” he stuttered (and she felt genuinely sorry for him), “I don’t get it…you…you have a bunch of boyfriends like me?”

“None of them are like you,” she said, smiling as her eyes traveled over his skinny naked body, “and remember Jeff, none of them, including you, are my boyfriend.”

“Then what are they? W-what am I?” Sarah was encouraged by Jeff’s questions and again leaned her elbows on her knees, once more putting her face close to his.

“You’re my play partner, sweetie.”

“A play partner?”

“Yeah! We get together, and we play sexy games with each other. Isn’t that what we’ve been doing, Jeff?”

Jeff thought a while as Sarah waited, her eyes steadily on his face. It was hard to argue with what she was saying. But he was not satisfied yet.

“So…so you play, uh…play sexy games with all these other guys too?”

Sarah smiled and arched her eyebrow at him. “Who said it was only with guys Jeff?” She enjoyed another blank stare from him as she continued: “Yes, I have fun sexy times with all these other people too.”

“W-what kind of sexy times?” Jeff couldn’t help but ask — he was terrified of feeling inadequate as he knew, somewhere deep in his mind, that he was not pulling much weight in this particular exchange.

Sarah stroked his thigh with one of her fingers. “That’s private, baby. You wouldn’t want me telling all those other people about the dynamic we have together, now would you?”

There was that word again. Jeff didn’t understand it, and since he was on a role of blurting out questions, he continued. “What do you mean, “dynamic?” W-what does that…that word mean?”

“Jeff,” said Sarah softly, reaching out both arms and pulling the coffee table (with Jeff on it) up close to her, so that he was right in front of her. “Try and relax when you’re speaking to me. I don’t want you to be so stressed out all the time.” She blew a warm stream of gentle air at his face which ruffled his hair and made his eyes water a little. She reached out and put both arms

around his neck, but then had to remove them quickly, because Jeff started to collapse under their weight. She chuckled a little as she settled for one arm on his shoulder, her fingers playing with one of his ears like he was a pet bunny.

“A “dynamic” is when two or more people have an open power exchange.” Sarah knew this was going to be complicated for Jeff, so she proceeded slowly, deliberately. She liked doing it at this pace, anyway, and she could feel a gathering puddle in her snatch start to simmer again.

“Power…exchange?”

“Yes, baby.”

Jeff tried to wrap his mind around this elusive phrase, but he came up with nothing. “I don’t get it,” he said flatly.

“Think of it this way,” said Sarah as she took each of his hands in one of hers. Her hands were so huge that Jeff couldn’t even see his own hands when she held them. His dick started to get hard again and he felt a twinge of panic creeping in. “We all have power in our lives, right? We decide what we’re going to do for a career; we decide when we’re going to eat and go to the bathroom; we decide how we’re going to respond to other people; we decide when we’re going to go to sleep…you catching my drift here?”

Jeff nodded. In this position, sitting naked right in front of Sarah, who loomed over him with both of his hands in her mammoth claws, nodding was just about all he could do. Sarah smiled and continued. “So in a “power exchange,” some adults, maybe just two like you and me, or maybe more, decide to take or give more power than they’re used to having in everyday life.”

Jeff sat there for a while, his mind blank. He had no way to respond to these words. Finally, he found the only response that made any sense to him: “Why?”

Sarah squeezed his hands and laughed. “Why? Because it’s hot!”

“N-no it’s not,” said Jeff, fear growing in his belly. “It’s weird.”

Sarah laughed again, but this time louder. “Oho, Jeff! Come on — you can’t pretend you don’t know what I’m talking about.” The simmer in her loins was growing and spreading like a heat wave.

“I-I don’t! I don’t!” cried Jeff, fearing the hungry glint in Sarah’s eyes.

“Yes you do Jeff,” she said huskily. “Yes you do. And I’ll show you.” With that, she seized Jeff’s right hand and held it up to her own left hand. The size difference was unmistakable to the point of comical. His fingers only came up to the first knuckle on each of her fingers, and his palm was so dwarfed by hers that it was obvious, even to Jeff, that her hand was at least three times bigger than his. He felt a lurch in his prostate.

“Look at that,” said Sarah simply. “Just look at that, Jeff.” He did, and was unable to prevent his cock from rising and rising with each mocking word that Sarah uttered. “And how about this,” she said suddenly, extending her forearm out as she held his out next to hers. “Look at that.”

Jeff did. The difference ridiculous. It looked like the arm of a skinny ten year-old boy placed next to the arm of a fully-grown, voluptuous woman. “Can you even believe it?” asked Sarah excitedly, her nostrils flaring as she looked at Jeff. “Here, try and put your hand around my wrist.” Mechanically Jeff did, and was only able to get about two thirds of the way around, if that.

“Oh, can’t get all the way around, can you?” asked Sarah in a pouty voice. “My turn.” And she took her hand and wrapped it with startling ease around his bony little wrist. She turned and maneuvered his wrist in her hand, and it was clear to Jeff that she could have snapped it right then and there if she wished. His cock got harder still.

“Ooooo Jeff,” cooed Sarah, going down his forearm, continuing to show how she could wrap her hand all the way around it, “you’re liking this, aren’t you?” Jeff was unable to answer her. She laughed at him, in what was almost a little snarl, as she wrapped her hand all the way around his bicep.

“Look Jeff,” she said in a throaty whisper. “I can get my hand all the way around it. Easily” Jeff didn’t want to look, and instead looked down at his legs.

“Oh, legs is it?” said Sarah quizzically, “you wanna compare legs, huh?”

“No!” exclaimed Jeff, finding his voice. “No, I don’t!”

“No?” asked Sarah, more gentle, “Ok, then we can stop.” And she reached in and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek with her big lips before she sat back on the sofa, looking at his naked shaking form with a mild amused smile.

“See Jeff?” she said after a few moments of decompression. “That’s play.”

He continued shaking for a bit longer, unsure exactly of what was causing him to shake. Was it fear? Excitement? Some combination of both? Jeff didn’t know, but what was clear is that he was extremely aroused. From his sitting position his dick was once again pointed at the ceiling. He didn’t know what to make of any of this, and Sarah’s patient relaxed pose on the sofa was not helping him calm his nerves. After a few more moments Sarah spoke again.

“Aww, I’m sorry Jeff — all of this is probably a bit overwhelming for you right now, huh? Sometimes I forget how all this stuff isn’t more normal. Although Jeff —” and here she smiled slyly at him, “I would have expected an artist like you to be a bit more…familiar with alternative expressions of sexuality.”

Jeff tried to answer something retorting, but it caught in his throat and Sarah laughed it away, her voice overpowering his: “But anyway, let’s get you warm. You’ve been in your birthday suit for a while now…since…” and Sarah checked the clock in the corner, “well, I guess not that long, but it doesn’t matter. You’re shivering in any case, you poor thing.”

She took a blanket from the sofa and then motioned with a finger for Jeff to come sit down next to her on the sofa. He did and she gave him a big smile, evidently pleased with him following her wordless order. Then she draped the blanket over his skinny naked form — it completely covered his body, and there were ample folds left over.

“There we go,” said Sarah softly, and seeing the blanket cover his whole body made her smile. “This is the blanket I use to cover up my legs when I’m doing work here on the sofa.” She was about to make a teasing comment about how the blanket completely covered Jeff, but….

“Enough play for tonight,” she said, half to Jeff and half to herself, winking at him, “although I should point out, Jeff: I’ve noticed you getting smaller.”

Jeff’s stomach lurched within him. “W-what??” he asked weakly from inside the blanket. “What are you talking about?”

“Just what I said,” said Sarah, completely seriously. “since I’ve last seen you I think you’ve gotten skinnier, and I even think that you’ve gotten a little shorter.”

“T-that’s not possible,” Jeff protested, turning completely in the blanket to face her on the sofa. “G-grown men don’t shrink!”

Sarah couldn’t help but shake a little to herself in laughter as she bent her head down and closed her eyes for a moment. He had just referred to himself as a “grown man.” She recovered quickly, though, and regained her serious tone. “Well, actually, Jeff, in people with your condition, it can happen.”

“How?” Jeff would have been more indignant if he had more energy, but Sarah had literally sucked it out of him.

“Well,” said Sarah patiently, “right now the ball of your right femur is degenerating. And you’re a Stage 4 avascular necrosis, so there’s already been extensive decay. In these situations, the bone can literally collapse, and I think unfortunately that’s what’s happened with you.”

The big words once again confused Jeff. “W-will I keep shrinking?” he managed to ask.

Sarah shrugged her big shoulders. “It depends. We’ll have to see how your surgery goes, and if your left hip develops any problems in the future. Unfortunately, you have around an 80% chance of developing the same thing in the left hip eventually.”

“I…I don’t think I’ve shrunk,” said Jeff stubbornly after a few moments. “I think maybe it’s the lighting or something.”

Sarah laughed. “The lighting. Right…well, there’s an easy way to find out. Come on to the kitchen.” And Jeff managed to get up and follow Sarah’s swaying size into her kitchen, trailing behind her still wrapped in her blanket. Sarah rummaged around in one of her drawers before she pulled out a tape measure, which she held up to Jeff teasingly, shaking it at his face.

“This’ll tell us,” she said brightly, and then motioned for him to lose the blanket and stand against the wall. Jeff did, and Sarah came up and calmly measured his height. Jeff felt like the tape measure was a weapon in her hand, but he also felt, as she stood there over him measuring (and his face almost in her big breasts), that she was…taking care of him? He wasn’t sure what it was. But a kind of warmth passed through his tired body, even as he stood there, nude and afraid.

“Stand up straight Jeff, please,” said Sarah cooly. “I know you’re not 5’2.” Jeff thought he had been standing up straight, and extended his neck out some more and lifted his chin up in the air. “No, no, Jeff,” laughed Sarah, wrapping her hand around one of his shoulders and part of his upper back, “I mean like this,” and she readjusted his posture with her hand. Jeff felt like he had just been bent into an unnatural shape. He was not used to walking, or standing, with his shoulders back and his chest out.

“Hmmm….aaaaand, yep, I was right,” said Sarah matter-of-factly. “You’re just under 5’5.”

“W-w-what??” Jeff couldn’t believe it. He had shrunk? Just because of his stupid hip thing?

“Yeah,” said Sarah tenderly, putting the tape measure away and walking back to him, “You got shorter, Jeff.” She stood over him and looked for a moment, her eyes traveling across his body. “And you got smaller.” Her voice was soft and quiet, almost like she was making an extra effort not to hurt his feelings.

“I don’t — I-I don’t,” stammered Jeff in protest, but standing there naked in front of Sarah’s prodigious curves and intimidating height, he simply couldn’t find the words to contradict her. He was short and small.

“It’s your lifestyle too, Jeff,” she breathed down to him, almost in a whisper. “All that drinking and smoking and not eating well. It takes a toll on your body, and especially your bones.” Jeff would have reacted angrily to these words if spoken by anyone else in any other tone, but Sarah’s quiet, tender, sober tone disarmed him and neutralized any protest in his throat. He didn’t even bother to wonder how Sarah knew about his lifestyle. She was right, just like she was right about everything else.

“I care about you Jeff,” Sarah continued, “and I want to help you.” She knelt down in front of him, her head coming up to the middle of his neck. “I think three weeks is too long to wait for your surgery. Tomorrow I want you to call the hospital and ask for Monica, and reschedule your appointment for next week. Can you do that, Jeff?”

Jeff’s head was spinning even more than it had been before — so now she knew about when his surgery was planned! Did she know everything about him?? He looked at her concerned face and felt afraid of what was lurking behind it. But still, he could not deny her, and he nodded his head.

“Tell me, Jeff,” she said quietly. “Tell me you’re going to do it.”

“I’m—I’m going to do it.” His voice sounded small and high-pitched and defeated next to hers.

“Mmmm, good,” she said almost in a purr as she squeezed his biceps in her hands as she stood up, rising above him. “Now — and this is the other part that I really want you to follow — you really can’t be putting weight on your right leg for the next week. The bone’s partially collapsed, and any more weight on it might cause a total disintegration, which would be painful and complicate your surgery.”

“H—how do you know all this?” asked Jeff plainly.

“You’ve lost height,” said Sarah. “That means the femur collapse has already started to happen. I should have measured you earlier tonight, just to check, but anyway….” and she laughed a little here, “How do I know all this, Jeff? Remember, I’m in my orthopedic phase?”

Jeff stared up at her blankly.

“Remember, Jeff? Orthopedics? Bones and muscles? Ringing any bells?” She laughed at his silence. “It’s ok, Jeff. Point is, be glad I’m here, because you’re going to be staying with me until your surgery next week.” She had turned and was walking toward the other side of the kitchen. Jeff limped after her without thinking, naked again and completely taken aback.

“W-what?” he asked after her, trying to keep up. “I-I’m g-g-oing to be staying, with…with —”

“With me, yes, Jeff,” said Sarah patiently. She had opened the door to her pantry and had ducked her body in, evidently looking for something. Her muffled voice came out of the open doorway. “Your parents actually contacted me a few days ago.”

“They…they did?” Jeff couldn’t believe all this had happened without him knowing.

“Yes, they did. And they said they were very worried about you.” Sarah poked her head out of the doorway and looked at Jeff seriously. “Your parents are really sweet, you know…and you know how much they care about you, right?”

“Y-yeah, yeah, I know,” said Jeff, trying to speak defensively but failing due to his utter lack of energy. How had his parents known how to contact her, anyway? It was all too much. Sarah ducked her head back into the pantry and continued talking.

“Well, I told them that I’d be happy to host you until your surgery…you know, a change of venue? Somewhere you can be looked after by someone who knows what’s happening to your body…you know. But Jeff —” and Sarah had emerged from the pantry. She was holding a pair of crutches in her hand.

“If you’re gonna stay with me here, you need to follow my rules.”

“W-what are those for?” asked Jeff fearfully.

“They’re for you, Jeff. I want you to use them whenever you walk around. Here, try them out.”

She handed them down to Jeff, who accepted them automatically, although by this point his brain was far, far behind the trajectory of the conversation.

“Oh, sorry!” said Sarah quickly, taking the crutches back and readjusting them down a good number of metal pegs. “They were set for my height the last time I needed them. Gosh — three years ago, back when I sprained my ankle running. Man, time flies!” She handed them back to Jeff, who was imagining how tall Sarah was when she was 18. How tall was she now? He suddenly, desperately wanted to know, and his cock began to rise again. What was this feeling?

Sarah chuckled softly at him. “Is this turning you on, Jeff? Come on, give them a go. I want to see you using them.” Jeff put both crutches on the floor and heaved himself forward. “Easy, easy,” said Sarah gently to him. “Just walk normally with them.”

After a few laps around her kitchen, Jeff got the hang of the crutches. Sarah had watched him silently as she leaned against her pantry door, her arms folded casually across her chest. As he walked on his crutches for her, Jeff couldn’t help but feel like he was performing for her, like she was making him do some kind of trick for her. And Jeff didn’t know why, but this thought only made his cock get harder. Once he was done with his third lap around her kitchen, he was rock hard.

“Good, Jeff,” said Sarah, smiling. “I think you got it.” She eyed his cock momentarily, but then switched and looked down at his face. “Now, keeping on those crutches is the first rule. The second rule, Jeff, is that you can’t smoke here.”

“C-can’t smoke?” Jeff was thoroughly addicted to cigarettes. He couldn’t just stop!

“That’s right,” said Sarah, still looking down at him with her arms still folded. “You can go buy nicotine patches or gum or whatever, but you have to stop smoking.” She looked at his surprised reaction and gave him a playful smile. “Doctor’s orders,” she said, winking at him.

“And the third and final rule,” said Sarah, “is that you can’t drink any alcohol, unless you’re drinking with me.”

“H-how…?” Jeff didn’t know what to say.

“Remember,” said Sarah firmly, with emphasis in her voice, “you can only drink with me. We’ve gotta get that intake under control. Sound good?”

Jeff couldn’t answer. Sarah put her hands on her knees and peered down at him so that their faces were almost even. Her face was full of compassion.

“Why don’t we go to bed, huh? Do you want to go to bed with me? I can see that you’re exhausted, and I have to get up early tomorrow for work. Why don’t you think about staying here with me, and following those rules, over a good night’s sleep, huh”

For some reason Jeff felt like resisting Sarah’s words, even though she spoke them in a kind, soft, gentle voice. There were too many things happening at once in his head. But one thing was certain: he was dead tired. He had no physical or mental energy left. He simply nodded his head at Sarah and she nodded back sympathetically at him — he made eye contact with her kneeling form before quickly dropping his glance to his feet, unable to sustain her eyes.

“Come on, little guy, the bedroom’s that way —” and she pointed with a long finger. “Why don’t you lead on. But remember, on those crutches!”

He obligingly did. With Sarah’s huge form behind him, walking patiently in short strides to accommodate him, Jeff walked himself on the crutches towards the bedroom, feeling Sarah eyeing him like a piece of meat from behind. On the way he happened to glance over at the clock in the corner of the room. 8:43.

Chapter 12: The Morning After

Jeff heard the sound of birds singing, and with difficulty he opened his eyes. It was morning, and he was lying alone among the soft sheets and big, fluffy pillows of a king-sized bed. Sarah's king-sized bed. Wait, was Sarah…? He turned his head from right to left, looking for her form, but he found nothing. After a second or two of lying in the bed, Jeff realized, somehow sensing without having to see, that Sarah wasn't in the house. Her presence seemed to be missing.

He breathed heavily in and out a couple times as he laid on his back, getting his bearings. He was in Sarah's house. In her bed. He had slept in her bed last night. He remembered her helping him into her bed with soft gentle hands that made his limbs feel tiny as she tenderly held them. Why had she needed to help him…? With a bit of a lurch in his stomach he remembered the crutches, and he looked over quickly to the nightstand on his side of the bed. There they were, leaning up neatly against the polished nightstand wood, reminders of his current status.

Which was what, exactly? Where did he stand right now? Jeff thought back to what Sarah had said, right before they went to sleep. As soon as his skin came into contact with the coolness of her sheets, his lids had started to feel leaden and began to drop.

"That's right, little guy," she had cooed at him from her bathroom as she made her nighttime preparations. "You're all tuckered out, aren't you?" And he absolutely was. Four monstrous orgasms to go along with the bombshell news that he and Sarah were not, in fact, dating…plus the pre-arranged decision made by Sarah and his parents that he was going to stay at her place until his surgery, which by the way was in one week…all these different factors had been enough to send Jeff's brain into tailspinning hyperdrive. And all of this talk about "play partners" and "power dynamics" was just the baffling icing on an already-confusing cake.

"We can talk more tomorrow, Jeff," Sarah had said from the bathroom. "I know there's a lot of questions you probably have, but right now it's time for sleep." It unquestionably was time for sleep, at least for Jeff, who was struggling to keep his eyes open. He had a vague impression of Sarah's completely nude form turning off the light to her bathroom and crossing the floor of her bedroom in two large strides to slide into bed next to him. He caught a glimpse of her taut stomach, her enormous breasts, and mighty hips with thighs all moving with calm, purposeful strength and agility. In the darkness that reigned in her bedroom he was not able to see much else.

But he had felt her presence, her body next to his, as she got into bed. The mattress groaned, the bed frame sighed, and Jeff actually felt his body sliding down the large imprint that Sarah's body made in the mattress. He had felt his body collide with hers, eliciting a soft giggle from her in the darkness.

"Oh, does someone wanna spoon?" she whispered playfully. She reached her hand over and pinched his hip with her thumb and forefinger, giving it a little shake as she laughed at how tiny he was in her grasp.

"Ok Jeff. I'm down for that. I just think I should be the big spoon, don't you?" She laughed softly again and turned on her left side, flipping Jeff likewise and holding his body close to hers. They were both lying on their left hip — Sarah had made a point to protect Jeff's other deteriorating side. Her right arm draped around his upper torso, holding him to her bosom, and gradually his

breathing cadence began to match hers. He was so tired, but the reality of the situation, that he was lying naked in Sarah Helleger's bed, and getting spooned by her, was enough to keep Jeff awake for just a few more minutes. In this time his eyes adjusted to the darkness and he could see the smooth black shape of her immense hips rising tall above his. They were both lying on their side right next to each other, and yet her hips had to be at least three, and maybe even four times higher than his own, and all that even though her body made so much deeper of an impression on the bed…….despite his exhaustion Jeff's mind still jumped to these thoughts, and he could feel himself getting hard again in her grasp.

"Shhhhhhh," she had breathed soothingly, sensing his arousal as she stroked his little chest with her long fingers. "Just sleep now Jeff. Just sllleeeeepppppp." And he had, almost as if responding to the effect of a spell.

And now, this next morning, he was apparently all by himself in Sarah's house. Bright sunshine came in through one of Sarah's wide bedroom windows, filtering delightfully through the soft white drapes that hung on either side. It must have been past mid-morning by this point. Had he really slept that long?

Still lying down, Jeff began to look around Sarah's bedroom. She had very simple yet elegant tastes — there wasn't much decoration on her walls except for a couple of what looked like paintings of big, stylish country houses, and one of the beach and the ocean. Her walls were painted a light purple…a lavender. And looking straight forward, Jeff saw that he was looking directly into a large rectangular mirror which hung on the wall opposite the bed, giving its occupants a complete view of themselves.

Jeff looked at himself in the mirror. He looked like a little boy in his parents' bed; the king-sized bed positively dwarfed his small form, and seemed to actually swallow his body up. He thought back quickly to the previous night, and how Sarah's body had made such an impact on the mattress as she laid down to spoon him. He felt under himself and realized that his body made no indentation at all, and he looked over to the mattress space on his right. Yes! There it was — there was still a slight crater in the mattress from Sarah's body! Jeff grew immediately excited and rolled over into the space where her body had been. Yes, that sandalwood scent was still there too…he felt his cock begin to rise up from its sleep.

He was languishing in this space where something bigger than him…much bigger…had laid. Sarah's body. As he lay in the middle of her depression her body made on the bed, Jeff could see how far her body would have extended outward on both sides of him. It was utterly ridiculous. Was she actually three times his size?? It couldn't possibly be…and yet there it was. She was obviously so much wider than him. And his stomach floundered and his face grew hot as the blood rushed through his flushed neck…he was realizing that this shape only really measured her width. It didn't really measure her thickness…her depth. Jeff remembered actually sliding into the valley that her body made in the mattress, and his cock grew quickly to its full length.

Had his dick gotten bigger? Jeff hadn't remembered it looking that long and that thick. It didn't matter right now. Just by lying where Sarah's body had been, and seeing how tiny he compared, had had worked himself into a mindless frenzy. Without any thought he simply grabbed his dick and desperately tugged at it a few times. He was surprised when a rope of white hot semen erupted out of his cock within seconds, bursting into the air in an exuberant trajectory that rose

up a couple feet before coming back down, spattering on his chest, his neck, his face, and all over Sarah's sheets. He laid there a few moments with his eyes closed, breathless, everything a whirl.

Gradually after a few minutes things began to clear in his brain. He had to deal with some initial panic at realizing that he had soiled Sarah's splendid sheets with his semen, but he quickly recovered, reassuring himself that he would have plenty of time to clean up his mess before she got back home. Any other thoughts were getting quickly subsumed by his disbelief and elation. He was here! In Sarah's house!! And he was going to be staying with her for an entire week!!! Jeff could not contain his excitement, and a big grin spread across his face as he actually bounced up and down a little in the bed from sheer glee.

A sudden sharp pain in his right hip reminded him of how complicated everything was, but it wasn't enough to douse his joy at having gotten in with Sarah so quickly and easily. What did it matter that she didn't call it a "boyfriend-girlfriend" thing? So what if she wanted to use strange little phrases like "play partners" and "power exchange" to describe what they did together? Lying there in Sarah's bed, Jeff decided that none of that weird stuff mattered to him. What mattered was that he had just gotten the most mind-blowing blowjob of his life from the hottest girl he had ever seen. And not only that, but she had taken a clear interest in him and had actually contacted his parents and made secret plans to have him all to herself for a week.

'What a feisty girl,' Jeff chuckled to himself as he languished in her bed. 'She basically kidnapped me for a week.' And all supposedly under the pretext that she was going to help get him ready for surgery. It was all very clever, and Jeff couldn't help but smile again to himself as he moved to get off the bed so he could use the bathroom.

The cutting pain again coursed through his hip, and Jeff's mood darkened a bit as he realized the reality of his condition. Surgery….hmmmm….the prospect really didn't seem all that fun. An abrupt flash in his mind of Sarah's serious and concerned face made him pause as he sat on the edge of her bed, his legs dangling in the air off the side. She definitely wasn't making up anything wrong with him — his hip was pretty bad. How had he seemed to deteriorate so fast? Had his hip already started to collapse? He remembered Sarah measuring him, and indicating quite clearly that he had lost height. All these moving parts, these contradictions, these uncertainties, began to rush around in his head like the beginnings of a hurricane, and he felt panic once again seizing him.

But just like that, a single thought seemed to banish all his worries and dark thoughts: Sarah was taking care of him. He saw her kind smiling face and remembered back to her sitting there on the sofa with her legs up, talking to him enthusiastically about her research on osto….osteo….whatever that thing she studied was called. Bones. She was actually a trained professional, and he was under her care. He thought of her calm empathetic face, her confident posture, her poise, and her self-assurance…just the way she carried herself. The way she had her house all neat and ordered…the fact that she wasn't even 22 and already had a house and a mortgage! He breathed reassuringly to himself as he felt a happy warmth seep down to his dangling feet. Sarah was totally in control. She had this. And he, Jeff, could just sit back and enjoy the ride. He looked down at his dick, which was still semi-hard and gave it a little knowing pat.

“See,” he said to his dick out loud, “sometimes you just gotta show them what they want. And look what happens.” He was about to dismount onto the floor (which was farther down than he was comfortable with) when his eyes caught a bright pink piece of paper that was sitting on the night stand closest to him. In big purple letters, he was able to read one word:

“Jeff”

His heart leapt into his mouth and he clambered across the bed to the night stand — she had written him a note before she went to work! He grabbed the piece of paper and read her words to him, which were written with a purple marker in a flowing hand.

“Jeff:

Good morning! Or afternoon…lol. I hope you had a good rest last night — you needed it, haha! You didn’t even budge when I got up this morning. Very cute <3

Remember, call the hospital and reschedule your surgery for next week. And I want you to think about those rules I mentioned last night for staying here. To refresh: you have to stay on those crutches, no smoking, and no drinking unless it’s with me. This is all for your health. I really want this surgery to go well! If you think you can follow these rules, text me: “Sarah, I agree to follow your rules.” And I’ll hold you to them! No messing around :) If you decide to stay, make yourself at home. Just stay off those little feet!

~Sarah

P.S. I have dinner cooking in the crock pot. I hope you like slow-cooked pork ribs. Mmmmmm…”

Where was his phone?? In his pants — but Sarah had peeled off his pants last night and left them in the living room….no, there they were! She had folded up his clothes in a nice neat pile by the night stand. Wow, wasn’t she sweet. Jeff reached down with difficulty, fished his phone out of his pocket, and wasted no time texting Sarah those exact words: “Sarah, I agree to follow your rules.” He laughed to himself; Sarah sure did love playing her flirty little games.

‘Not really my cup of tea,’ thought Jeff to himself, ‘all these silly games. But what the hell, this is Sarah we’re talking about. I’ll play whatever games she wants me to!’ He smiled as the traditional male-female dynamic hardened in his mind. What was wrong with the girl being the aggressive one from time to time anyway? Especially if the payoff for the guy was….Jeff saw her flicking her long and talented tongue at him with that crazy speed and shook his head to himself.

‘You’re one lucky man, Jeff. One lucky man.’ He once again aimed to dismount the bed and held back a moment, feeling the pain in his hip and seeing how far down the floor was. His eyes spied the crutches leaning against the night stand and he sidled over to them and used them to help lower his body off her bed. There. Simple as that. He now stood on one foot in her bedroom, leaning on the crutches, and feeling a little ridiculous. He cleared his head with a quick shake as he hopped to the bathroom.

“Doctor’s orders,” he remembered Sarah’s voice say to him playfully, and he smiled.

After peeing in her toilet (whose lid seemed a little higher to Jeff that usual), he slung himself on the crutches over to her sink. 'God, of course Sarah's a neat freak,' he thought to himself as he looked with wonder at how precisely everything was arranged on her bathroom counter. Her array of lotions, creams, make-up, hair products, and general cosmetics were all ordered and arranged with such deliberate care…this kind of methodical attention to detail was quite foreign to Jeff, whose haphazard habits were obvious even to him.

It was about this time that Jeff noticed Sarah's toothbrush holder. It didn't just hold one toothbrush — it held two. One was a big blue toothbrush, and the other was a significantly smaller pink toothbrush, and Jeff could feel his heart quicken yet again as he noticed that there was yet another note stuck to the pink one. He leaned against the counter, reached out, and picked out the pink toothbrush to read the note.

"Hi again, Jeff! This one's yours. Could you tell? Haha <3"

Jeff's breathing was coming in quick gasps again as his dick started to harden. He became frustrated with himself — it was a toothbrush, for god sakes! And she was nice to provide him with one…what was so sexual about that? She was just being flirty with him again, giving him the smaller one, and making it pink. This was just her idea of a joke, right?

Without thinking he reached out his pink toothbrush and lined it up against hers: it was about half as tall. It looked like a kid's toothbrush next to an adult's. A flash of her hand next to his hand, and her arm next to his arm shot through his head, but he shook it all away as his cock hardened more against his will. She was just being accommodating and playful at the same time. Nothing weird about that. And besides, she was bigger than him anyway, so her teeth were probably bigger, right? That's how that worked, wasn't it? He shook his head again, marveling at the absurd places his brain could go. He decided to ignore his erection and brush his teeth, knowing Sarah would be proud that he had accepted her thoughtful little gift.

There was only one problem, though. The toothpaste was out of reach. Sarah's counter was definitely deep, but it was also taller than those Jeff was accustomed to dealing with. Standing up straight, the countertop reached his nipples, and although he strained past the toothbrush holder to get at the tube behind it, he couldn't quite reach it. What's more, he wasn't even able to really see himself in the mirror. Sarah didn't have a full-wall mirror that started straight up from the counter. Going up, there was about a foot of bathroom wall in between the counter and where the mirror started, and Jeff was only barely able to see his eyes in the mirror if he stood on the tiptoes of his left foot. Clearly, this bathroom was arranged for a much larger person, and Jeff couldn't help but utter a short little exhale of frustration as he grappled with his crutches, trying different ways to reach the toothpaste.

His left foot suddenly bumped into something on the floor, and Jeff nearly fell down. As he steadied himself he looked down and saw that he had stumbled into a wooden stepping stool. And there it was: another little message from Sarah on a pink sticky note. Now he knew she was playing with him, but his eagerness to read what she had written to him quickly subdued any annoyance he felt at her games. He leaned the crutches against the counter and struggled to lower himself down to the floor, actually half-falling at the end into a kind of roll that sprawled his naked body across Sarah's fluffy white bath mat.

Jeff could feel himself sink into the soft velvety material. It felt so good against his skin that he languished there a moment more than he had intended, but he quickly felt something like alarm when an irrational fear struck him that he was being sucked into the bath mat, and that he would get somehow stuck in it. He flailed his skinny limbs and after kicking and grabbing at the air for a few seconds managed to right himself so that he was kneeling on his thighs next to the wooden step stool. The stool definitely seemed larger up close like this: to Jeff it looked like the size of a fairly large toolbox. He ripped off Sarah's note to read it.

"Just for you Jeff <3"

Without thinking Jeff actually crumpled the note up and threw it away, back into the bedroom. Sarah's simple words were making him hard again, and he did not appreciate his lack of control over his own arousal, or her teasing him about his height. He wasn't that short. She was just so tall! He was the normal one, not her! But almost as soon as he threw the note away he was crawling after it again, not wanting to take the trouble to get back on his crutches. He wanted to see her handwriting again.

Already, Sarah's first rule was starting to sink into his brain. He had not even considered standing up to walk on his own without the crutches. He crawled across her bath mat and floor and into her bedroom, where he retrieved her note, uncrumpled, it read it over a few more times. What was it about her flirty little games that got him so frustrated? So hot and bothered? So…horny? A minute later he was standing one-footed on the step stool, leaning on his crutches, brushing his teeth and looking at his face full-on in the mirror, not knowing what to think of the face that looked back at him, realizing with slow anxiety that he was unable to read his own expression.

Chapter 13: In Sarah's House

Warm sunlight had been streaming into Sarah's house for several hours now, bathing its rooms in a rich array of golden light that blended seamlessly with the white walls of the foyer, the kitchen, and the living room, the deep red walls of the dining room, and the lavender walls of the bedroom. The succulent smell of cooking meat was beginning to infuse the air with the cozy domestic promise of dinner to come, and aside from the gentle bubbling of liquid from the crock pot in the kitchen, there was no sound throughout the house. Calm silence reigned, as if the very house itself had grown accustomed to waiting patiently every day for its mistress to return in the evening.

clack *clack* *clack* The sound of rubber-tipped, hollow metal crutches on the hardwood floor interrupted the stillness. Jeff Stintum was on the move, exploring the house. After brushing his teeth he had stepped gingerly down from the stepping stool that Sarah had so kindly (and playfully) provided, and had realized from his growling stomach that he was hungry. But Jeff's morning time habits were such that he interpreted his hunger in a specific way: he wanted a beer.

He had crutched himself back into Sarah's bedroom, past the little pile of his clothes that she had so neatly folded for him, and out into the house towards the kitchen. He had not even considered putting his clothes on. It was not as if Jeff was accustomed to walking around naked after he woke up, but without him realizing, something about the energy in Sarah's house, the tranquil calm combined with the fact that everything was slightly too big for him, induced him to forgo his clothes. Jeff wasn't aware of this feeling, but somewhere in his brain he realized that his nudity suited him because it would make Sarah smile and giggle to know that he was walking around her house in crutches without any clothes on. Somewhere in his thoughts, he knew she would think he was cute.

He hobbled through the living room past the huge red sofa, which reminded Jeff of the overwhelming rapture of the previous night. Everything really was so much bigger in this house. In the bright clarity of daylight, he saw how big the sofa really was — standing up, the seating cushions came up to his waist, and it was obvious that if he wanted to sit on them, he would have to actually hop up to get on them. The sofa's headrest rose up in front of him, all the way up until Jeff realized that its top was even with his eyes. Why did Sarah need to have such a huge sofa? But he quickly imagined her standing in front of him, with her imposing height supporting her huge bulk, and he envisaged her simply bending at the waist to guide her immense body gently and comfortably down onto the plush sofa cushions. Yes, this sofa was made for Sarah all right.

Jeff shook these thoughts from his head and ignored his erection as he limped on toward the kitchen. He had felt another flash of frustration as he noticed himself getting hard yet again while thinking about the size of Sarah's body, highlighted by the size of everything around him, and he could not understand why he didn't seem to have any control over how his body reacted to these invasive thoughts. Of course Sarah was hot — that much was obvious. But the way his mind kept gravitating to the particulars of her actual size, and the way she had made it a point to compare her body to his, made him feel uneasy. It was their size difference that was turning him on; even to Jeff, this was becoming clear. And he had no idea why.

He was encouraged, however, that he seemed to be getting better at ignoring things he did not like.

“First thing’s first,” he muttered to himself as he spied the fridge in the kitchen. A nice cold morning beer or two would set him right. Surely Sarah had some beers in there, right? Probably some of those more expensive high-gravity kinds…that would be just like Sarah — and just then he almost slipped and completely wiped out on the hardwood floor. One of his crutches had skidded on something smooth on the floor. A piece of clothing. A sock. Sarah’s sock.

Jeff stopped dead in his tracks as he lifted up his crutch from the sock on the floor. His heart was beating quickly as he stared down at it, as if he had stumbled upon some rare and fascinating creature. The sock was white and mini-crew, designed to go up a little past the ankle of the wearer. He couldn’t help himself — putting down his crutches, Jeff awkwardly lowered himself to the floor, collapsing in a heap at the end of his descent. From a sitting position he picked up the sock. It was soft and sweet-smelling, obviously clean. Sarah must have dropped it on the floor accidentally that morning as she got ready for work. But looking around at the rest of her house, Jeff couldn’t help but notice how immaculately clean everything else was, how spotless and free from clutter. Could it be that she…dropped this here on purpose? For him?

Jeff shook his head again, impressing himself once again with his ability to shake away these invasive thoughts. What mattered was that he was holding the sock now. Just like everything else, it felt big in his hands. It almost felt like he was holding a small baby in his arms. Without thinking, he lay the foot of the sock against his arm, to see how long it was in comparison. From the heel to the toe, the sock spanned from his elbow to the middle of his hand. Were her feet really that big? And then, as if mandated by some irresistible force within him, his eyes drifted to the sock’s opening. Pulling himself up into a seating position, he took the sock in both hands and very slowly, as if he could not contain his excitement, slid his left foot into it.

To Jeff it seemed like he was putting his foot into a small shirt. The fabric, which was clearly intended to stretch to accommodate the size of the wearer, sat loosely against his foot. The sock was so baggy that the ankle opening barely touched his leg. Jeff immediately felt stupid and would have shaken the sock off if he had not simultaneously felt an uncontrollable arousal rise up in his chest and course through his small body. He imagined Sarah putting the sock on, and the fabric stretching as her foot filled its space and pushed it to its limits. He imagined the sock tightly hugging her ankle…even though he had never seen her wearing these socks, Jeff was absolutely certain that this is how they would fit her.

He felt an almost painful pressure in his dick and he realized that he was fully hard right now, and to an extent that he once again couldn’t help but question if his dick had gotten bigger. He knew he was big, but as he looked at the trembling erect length that rose in front of him, he couldn’t remember ever really looking that big. If he had been feeling more like himself, Jeff would have stopped and marveled at this strange new phenomenon, and then would have likely smiled to himself as he started to muse about how lucky Sarah was to have landed someone like him.

But Jeff was not feeling like himself. For the second time that morning he was utterly unable to resist the lust that was hustling through his veins, and he grabbed his cock and fell backwards from his sitting position onto the hardwood floor, wrenching it with a mindless desperation. His legs hung awkwardly in the air, Sarah’s sock dangling loosely from his foot, as he came violently

in seconds, once again spewing cum all over his chest and neck. He lay there for a minute, gasping for air, until he hurtled himself up on his crutches and continued stumping on his long journey to the kitchen. He would have laid there for minutes longer, and maybe even fallen back asleep, if he had allowed himself to. But already in his post-orgasmic heat he was annoyed at himself for giving in to that feeling…that huge, awful, mysterious feeling…that obsession with the size difference between himself and the owner of the house.

He was in the kitchen now. Everything looked so smooth in the late-morning sunlight: the countertops, the appliances, the sleek silver of the fridge…it all looked so polished and well-kept. Maybe it was the change of rooms, but whatever it was allowed Jeff to sigh in relief. He was going to be ok; he just needed that beer. He needed to clean the cum off his chest first, though, and he looked around for a paper towel…and there they were in a fancy marble holder on the counter, way back. He crutched himself over and stretched out his hand to reach, but just like with the toothpaste, Jeff found them out of reach. He huffed in frustration as he looked around. Wasn't there a dishcloth or something laying around? But there was nothing. He looked back at the unattainable paper towels and his mind shot straight back into Sarah's bathroom, where the step stool was sitting. Did he seriously have to hobble on these crutches all the way back there to get a stepping stool so he could reach some paper towels to wipe cum off his chest? The idea was absurd, and the more he thought about it the more irritated he became.

A minute later he was rummaging through Sarah's bathroom as his vexation grew. He had used the last of her toilet paper wiping the first load off his chest, and he had flushed it away down the toilet. Looking through the tall cabinet, Jeff thought it was odd that Sarah didn't have any backup toilet paper…and then he saw it. On the top shelf, way, way out of his reach. He pulled the stepping stool up and stood on it, and from this added height tried to reach, but it was still comically beyond his range. He took one of his crutches and tried to use it as a tool to knock the toilet paper down, but it was placed on the shelf in such a way that even though he could reach with his crutch, he could not maneuver it down. All this time he was standing on one foot on the stool, and after several moments of futile attempts to knock the toilet paper down, he lost his balance and tumbled off the stool and back onto Sarah's fluffy bathroom mat.

"Fuck!" yelled Jeff involuntarily, and he lay on Sarah's mat, glaring up at the toilet paper high above him, which almost seemed to be smiling at him in a teasing, Sarah-like way. This was all too ridiculous. He looked over at the stool, which also seemed to be winking at him mockingly. A couple of minutes later, after much hassle, Jeff was back in the kitchen, standing on the stool on his tip toes, barely managing to reach the paper towels. Huffing to himself at how much of a unbelievable hassle all that was, Jeff wiped the cum of his chest, with a little more difficulty than usual since it had started to harden.

He was standing in front of the fridge now, which rose up before him like some sleek silver giant.

"Finally," he said out loud, and with more effort than he had intended to give, he pulled it open. Sarah's fridge was packed with food. Lots of dark green vegetables and containers of tomatoes, carrots, and other colorful vegetables on the left, and on the right, bright red apples, ripe oranges, grapes, and other succulent fruits. Way up on the top shelf, well out of Jeff's reach, he could see eggs and yogurt and other containers he couldn't read. Straight in front of him, in clear drawers, he caught glimpses of yellow blocks of cheese, and the red hints of wrapped cuts of meat. In the inside door gallon jugs of milk sat chest-high to Jeff, but as far as he could tell there wasn't any other beverage in the fridge.

He started to panic; he almost always drank in the morning, and the seeming impossibility of that right now made him afraid. Without the alcohol to distract him he would be stuck in his sober reality, which he was increasingly unable to process. He had been counting on the promise of numbing himself to his current position, and so he anxiously scoured the fridge up and down for any beer or wine or anything he might have missed. All this healthy food…Jeff glared at it, once again feeling the strange weight of some kind of powerlessness pressing steadily down upon him. It was as if Sarah was flaunting herself at him — the fact that she was thick and tall and healthy and vigorous from eating all this food, while he was…well, the opposite. His mind flashed to the fridge at his old place. Beer and condiments. That had pretty much been it…

He closed the fridge doors in a huff, and then as he looked up he suddenly saw it: a very conspicuous tall handle of dark bourbon that was completely full. Jeff grew excited for an instant, but then suddenly drew back. Something about the placement of the bourbon directly on top of the fridge had reminded him about Sarah's third rule: no drinking unless it was with her. His shoulders slumped as he looked up at the alcohol; he knew that Sarah must have bought this bourbon just for the two of them. He had, after all, told him during their dinner weeks before (it seemed ages ago) that he was a "whiskey man." Could it be that she internalized that little bit of information and had planned this whole thing in advance? It didn't seem possible, and yet… but there were those invasive thoughts again. He looked up again at the bottle of bourbon. There was no way he could possibly get that thing down. It had been enough trouble standing on his tip toes on the stepping stool to reach the paper towels. But even if he could have reached it and somehow gotten it down, he might not have been able to break Sarah's rule. Even though at this point he refused to entertain these little flashes of thought for more than a second or two, the reality that he feared disappointing or angering Sarah more than anything else was beginning to set it. He briefly wondered if she had put the bourbon away up out of his reach because she didn't trust him…

The doorbell suddenly rang, causing Jeff to nearly fall over in surprise. Who could be at the door? Was he supposed to answer it? What would Sarah want him to do? He moved around nervously on his crutches for a moment or two, going aimlessly around in a kind of zig zag, until he decided that he could at least see who it was. He crutched himself carefully down the hallway and up to the door. The peephole was too tall for him (but such things were becoming so normal to him now that he hardly noticed), and so he went around to the window and discreetly peered through the blinds.

His mother was standing there on Sarah's doorstep, holding a satchel and looking a bit impatient. Jeff couldn't believe it. How had she…? But he didn't have time to think because his mother reached out and rang the doorbell again, calling out:

"Jeff! Jeff I know you're in there! I can hear you! Just open the door, please!"

His mind was spinning; he didn't feel like he had any other option, and so he lugged himself back over to the door, saying:

"O-ok, mom! Ok! Be right there!" He got to the door and made a motion to unlock it but then quickly realized that he didn't have clothes on. He couldn't see his mom like this — he moved

away from the door on his crutches as quickly as he could to go get his clothes from Sarah's bedroom.

"Jeff!" called his mom through the door, "Please get a move on. I'm just here to drop some stuff off — I have a meeting to get to." He didn't have time to put his clothes on…he saw the blanket draped over Sarah's sofa and with some effort hauled it off and wrapped it around his naked body. A few moments later he opened the door to his mother, who was standing there in her nice work clothes.

"There you are!" she said. She looked at the blanket wrapped around his body and laughed. "Did I catch you before you woke up? It's past noon, Jeff."

"I've been up for a while!" said Jeff indignantly. "I just…I just…" but here his words faltered, as he did not want to admit that he had been wandering around Sarah's house naked.

"Whatever, Jeff, it doesn't matter. I'm just glad that Sarah's agreed to take care of you before your surgery. She asked me to drop some of your things off today; she said you'd be here." His mom handed him the satchel, and Jeff struggled a little as he slung it over his shoulder.

"You got it?" his mom asked cautiously.

"Yeah," Jeff grimaced, annoyed. "Yeah I got it."

"I see she's got you on crutches," his mom said, looking at him up and down. "Good. And is that…some kind of special sock she has you wearing?" She indicated down to Jeff's left foot — Jeff felt almost sick to realize that he was still wearing Sarah's sock. It looked comically huge on him. After faltering a moment Jeff said:

"Oh…uh, y-yeah. Yeah, this is to, um…to help me, uh, keep my balance."

His mom looked at him. She wasn't a tall woman by any means, but she must have realized that due to recent events she now stood just a bit taller than her son, because her eyes were full of something like pity.

"Uh-huh. Well, just make sure you do whatever she tells you to do, ok, Jeff? Sarah's a trained professional and she knows what she's talking about."

"Y-yeah, ok, I will." Jeff had bowed his head a little in humility, but then was suddenly seized with curiosity; his head jerked back up. "So did you and dad…like…you called Sarah?"

Jeff mom had turned to leave, but stopped a moment. "Yes we did, Jeff. We're worried about you and your health, and we weren't sure that you would be able to take care of yourself before this surgery. We ran into the Hellegers a few days ago and they mentioned that Sarah was going to medical school and that you two had reconnected. We were feeling desperate so we reached out to her."

Jeff was starting to feel angry that all of this activity had happened without him even noticing, and his mother sensed his frustration.

“Don’t be mad at us, Jeff. We’re just doing what we think is best for you. Just know that you’re lucky to have a friend like Sarah who cares about you. Your father and I have only spoken with her on the phone, but even by talking with her it’s clear that she’s grown into quite an impressive woman.” She indicated to the house and yard around them. “She’s doing it Jeff — she’s making it happen. Don’t take her generosity for granted, please.”

“I—I won’t,” said Jeff simply, unable to form any other words.

“Good!” said his mom. “Well, take care; I’ve gotta go to that meeting. Oh, and Sarah wanted me to remind you to reschedule your surgery for next week. Have you done that yet?”

He hadn’t. He had completely forgotten. “N-no, no, but I was going to!”

“Mmhm,” said his mother, “She said it might have skipped your mind. Just make sure and get it done, ok?”

A few minutes later, back alone in Sarah’s house, Jeff was getting off the phone with the hospital, feeling a strange mixture of irritation at feeling like his life was being run by other people and relief at having successfully followed one of Sarah’s directions. She had been so insistent about that one specific thing, “reschedule your surgery,” and yet if not for his mother reminding him he would have completely forgotten about it.
‘Too many things at once,’ he thought to himself as he limped on his crutches to the sofa. He took a couple seconds to time a little one-footed jump up so that he could reach the cushions comfortably, and then nestled into the sofa. His small body seemed so dwarfed by the cushions around him. He thought of Sarah’s body and the way that she filled up space, and how high her head and shoulders reached when she was sitting on the same sofa, and how her feet comfortably touched the ground. He looked down at his own dangling feet and felt the strange inner tug on his psyche that was becoming all-too-familiar; he was helpless to stop himself noticing that he was surrounded by big things, by furniture that was clearly made for and arranged in the room by someone significantly larger than himself.

And to think that this larger person was Sarah…her absence seemed to intensify Jeff’s lust for her delicious body and overpowering presence, for her piercing eye contact and slow, knowing smiles. And even though his mind fought against its own insistent gravitation to their enormous difference in size, Jeff himself was feeling less and less able to resist his fixation on how big and dominant she seemed. Any internal attempts to assert his own personality and power as a male fizzled as he sat there on the sofa, watching his legs dangle and thinking back to Sarah lounging comfortably like a great cat in the same spot, her head tall and proud, her body taking up three times the space that his did, and her feet resting casually and comfortably on the floor. It was all too much for his tired little brain, and his resistance broke again.

For the third time that day he started to get hard, and he once again abandoned himself to wild and uncontrollable thoughts of Sarah’s size and her domination of him. Shaking off the blanket that wrapped around him, he once again started to jerk himself off. He thought of her freakish tongue and what it had done to him…and what it could do. He thought of her calm sea-green eyes as she had looked down at him as she measured his height the previous night. He thought about her pulling his body close to hers on the sofa…this sofa…and how her huge torso had dwarfed his, and the weight of her arm on his back, and how her hand easily wrapped around his side…and in a flash he thought back to their coffee date weeks before, and how Sarah had,

without even speaking, held up her hand to his in comparison, just to see how much bigger hers was than his, and how she had looked at him and squinted her eyes playfully at him and then smiled with wide eyes.

Jeff uttered a desperate little pant of a squeal as he shot cum all over his chest for the third time that day. He collapsed from his sitting position on his back and simply lay there, heaving for air up at the ceiling. Minutes passed. He figured he needed to get some more paper towels from the kitchen…and the stepping stool was already there, so he wouldn't need to worry about reaching them this time…but he didn't move. He didn't feel like he could — he felt totally drained of physical and mental energy.

As he continued to lie on the sofa motionless, covered in his own cum, he became aware of a smell that he had not previously noticed. A deep, rich smell, slightly smoky, with a hint of sweetness. His body erupted in goosebumps when he realized what he was smelling: Sarah's slow-cooked pork ribs. They had been cooking in her crock pot all day long, and must have been getting close to being done. The longer Jeff lay on the sofa, the more the delicious smell seemed to permeate his nostrils. He had to smile — he was going to have dinner with Sarah tonight. He was going to…going……to…..

But the luscious smells were making him sleepy. They worked like bewitchments on his brain, and he felt his eyelids getting heavy. No…he couldn't fall asleep. He couldn't…let Sarah….find him like this…..he had….to…..but it was too late. His mind caved, his body gave in, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 14: Sarah Comes Home

Jeff was having a nightmare about large spiders crawling across his chest. He couldn't move, couldn't breathe, couldn't even make a sound. He lay there powerless as these spiders, bigger than his head, walked up and down, up and down, his exposed chest.

"Mmmmmmm." Far in the distance, somewhere high above him, he heard a deep, satisfied moan. The spiders quickened their pace a bit, as if in response to the voice.

"Mmmmmm, Jeffff…" the voice breathed. It seemed to wash over him like warm syrup, and his fear began to dissolve. The voice seemed to command his dream.

"Jeffffff, Jeffffff," the deep warm voice intoned, "Don't be scared. It's just me Jeff…it's just me…"

A rocket seemed to burst in his head in the dream as he realized that the voice was Sarah's. And then he was realizing that those were not spiders on his chest, but long pleasant fingers that were softly stroking him. Sarah's fingers. What he had thought were the sharp edges of the spiders' feet were actually her knifelike manicured fingernails — she was dragging them ever so gently over the skin of his chest. With purpose. What was she doing?

Jeff opened his eyes. His vision was entirely filled by Sarah's beautiful face looking down on him with cool patient eyes. Their sea green seemed to widen and laugh at him, her nose wrinkled a bit in affection, and her long mouth and full red lips curved into a closed smile. A hinted point of her tongue stuck out the side of her mouth in playful humor.

"Well someone made a mess and fell asleep without cleaning it up," she said down to him, still smiling. Her voice seemed changed…had it always been that…deep and…rich? Jeff didn't have time to wonder though, because he was starting to panic as he realized that he had passed out on Sarah's sofa with cum all over him. He started to squirm away from her fingers, desperate to clean himself off.

"No, no," whispered Sarah to him, holding his naked body down gently but firmly with her strong hands. "Let me do it, Jeff. Let me clean you off." Her fingernails were scraping insistently down his chest, and Jeff suddenly grasped that she was scraping off the dried cum. He had no choice but to lay there and allow her to slowly scrape away his embarrassing negligence. He wondered for a brief moment whether or not Sarah knew that he had come to the thought of her, but then he had a rare moment of inner chastisement as he scolded himself for being so stupid. Of course she knew.

He could tell by the way she was looking at him as she gently scraped. Her eyes stayed locked on his, and her mouth opened a bit. She was teasing him, mocking him for his behavior, and yet she was also appreciating it, playing into it, infusing it with the overpowering scent of her own dominant sexuality. A minute or so later she was done — she had scraped his dried cum into a little pile that sat on his chest, an odd pitiful monument to his inability to control himself.

Jeff felt Sarah's hand snake behind his head, and he felt the muscles underneath the feminine fullness of her forearm barely tense as she beckoned him gently but firmly to sit up, slow enough to where the pile of dried cum still sat in the same place on his chest. He was eye-level with her breasts now, and he felt Sarah's sweet breath above him as she spoke.

“Now Jeff, just because we only have three official rules doesn’t mean that you can just run wild and act any way you want, you know.” Her voice was playful, but had a serious edge, enough to where Jeff’s worry increased and he forced himself to look up past her immense breasts to her face. His worries were realized when he saw that her expression was completely serious and sober, without much of a hint at all of playfulness. Was she actually mad at him? The mere suggestion of such a reality to Jeff made him feel ill.

“I don’t mind you touching yourself while I’m at work,” she continued, “and I don’t even mind if you shoot your load, Jeff. In fact, I kinda like the idea. I’m at the hospital, working hard, doing all my research, and helping people, and you’re…you’re just here, and you just can’t help yourself. You think of…nice things…and even without me here to make you, you cum again…and again…and again.” Each time Sarah said “again,” she brought her face closer to Jeff’s deliberately. Her face remained deadly serious, and Jeff found himself overwhelmed by the huge face that was now nearly touching his own, seeming to mock him and scold him at the same time. Her chin extended a good deal below his, and her cheeks were wider and fuller than his by a longshot; even though their eyes were level, her forehead rose high against his. Even her teeth seemed to diminish his — not only were they noticeably bigger, but they were also straighter and whiter. Jeff was unable to help feeling the crushing weight of her superiority over him, and he bowed his head, unable to keep eye contact with her.

“Eyes on me Jeff,” her calm voice said at once, and at once he obeyed. “Good!” she said, and Jeff was happy to see a smile spread across her face. It was like her smile was pouring warm water over his chilled and frozen body…he felt the warmth spread through him, and his fear again lessened.

“Now Jeff,” she continued, her eyes gentle again, “I want you to answer me something truthfully. Can you do that Jeff? Can you tell the truth for me?” She brushed his cheek lovingly with a long finger as she spoke to him.

“Y-y-yes,” he squeaked simply, keeping her gaze with extreme difficulty. He felt like he was looking into the sun.

“Good,” said Sarah again. “Ok: how many times did you come today?”

He paused a moment as his throat and stomach seemed to constrict in tandem, and he felt his cheeks burn with shame. He bowed his head again as he surrendered to her question.

“Three,” he said quietly. “Three times.”

“That’s good Jeff!” Sarah said encouragingly, and she wrapped each of her big hands around his skinny little wrists. The absurd difference in size could not have been more obvious to Jeff, whose mind flickered uncontrollably to the thought that she could easily engulf both of his wrists in one of her hands. He tried to shake the thought away, but he anxiously realized that a part of him didn’t want to shake it away. A part of him wanted more. But Sarah was distracting him by giving both of his arms a shake with a slight wiggle of each of her hands. She had barely moved her hands, and yet he felt their force all the way through his arms and up to his shoulders. She could manipulate his body with such ease…

His head had snapped back up to look at Sarah's supportive face as she released him. "That's good!" she said again. "But Jeff, I want to ask you to do one thing." She paused for a few seconds as she continued looking at him. "Tomorrow I want you to collect your cum for me. I don't want any of it to go to waste. Can you do that, Jeff? Can you do that for me?"

Jeff was caught off guard by Sarah's request and stammered about for a few moments before he said "Y-yes, yes, I can do that."

"Excellent!" Sarah said with another warm smile. She shifted on the sofa from her sitting position into a crouch, and Jeff had to backpedal on his hands to keep from falling into the void she had created by moving her body. "But now the unsavory part. The punishment."

"The p-punishment?" He felt himself go numb as he looked up at her. She was serious again.

"Yes Jeff. Your punishment." She was crouched over him, and even though he was still sitting he felt like he was lying flat on his back. Her long wavy mane of blond hair framed her full face, accentuating the bright red of her lipstick. Her expression was deadpan. "I work to keep a spotless house, Jeff. Cleanliness is very important to me. And I can't have you making a mess with yourself when I'm at work — there have to be consequences, right? Otherwise you won't learn."

"C-consequences?" stuttered Jeff in horror. N-no! Please…please Sarah — I-I-I can learn! I can l-learn not to…not to do what I did."

"I know you can learn, Jeff," said Sarah softly down to him. "That's why I have to punish you." She blinked her big eyes slowly and gave him a sympathetic smile. He had no idea what she had in store for him, but he had begun to shake in fear, not so much from what awaited him, but rather from the sheer bizarreness of the situation. Sarah punishing him? He hadn't been "punished" since he was a child! Though his mind lacked the capacity for this self-awareness, he felt terrified of the casualness with which Sarah had weaved this dynamic into existence. He felt scared of his powerlessness in the exchange. And perhaps most of all, he felt scared of how…unwillingly excited he felt.

Sarah pointed to the pile of dried cum with a long manicured finger. From her crouching position she brought her face even closer to Jeff's, until they were only about a foot apart. Her eyes bore into his. "Eat it." Her command was simple and smooth. Jeff looked down at the miserable little mound of whitish-translucent cum on his chest. It certainly did not look very appetizing. He looked up again at Sarah, as if he had not understood the order. She blinked again gently at him as she nodded her head slowly up and down. He looked back to the cum, and then back to her again. She opened her mouth and pointed at it, as she continued to nod at him slowly with wide eyes.

Jeff's head was spinning. Eat his own cum?? The thought disgusted him, and yet he did not take a long time to process Sarah's command. He already knew deep down that it was useless, even ridiculous, to try and argue with her — in fact, the thought of argument had not even crossed his mind. He was more concerned with how gross eating his own cum was going to be. But even though he didn't realize it, somewhere inside him (a place that was gradually spreading to more and more psychic territory each moment), the prospect of following an order

from Sarah made him happy and eager to follow through, even if it was something he didn't want to do.

Wordlessly he scooped up his dried cum into his small hand and looked once more to Sarah. Her eyes were wide and her nostrils were flaring in excitement; her mouth was open a bit in anticipation. An overwhelming urge to please her suddenly took control of his mind, and he couldn't wait to eat the dried cum in his hand. He eagerly brought it to his mouth.

Sarah suddenly caught up his arm in her hand, her fingers extending easily all the way around the middle part of his forearm. She was breathing in and out heatedly, and Jeff saw the beautiful red color rising in her face. "You were going to do it," she said down to him, her face still very close to his. She was clearly aroused. "You were really going to eat it, weren't you Jeff?" He was confused and simply nodded, feeling almost blue-ballsed by her. He wanted to show her that he could do what she told him to!

Sarah's face broke into an ecstatic smile, and she laughed merrily. "Awww, haha, I can't believe you were going to do that! I was just playing with you, Jeff!" She extended her tongue a little from her laughing mouth and flicked it speedily in between her top and bottom teeth. "Besides," she said gleefully, "why would I ask you to eat something that belongs to me anyway?" She was still holding his arm, and she guided his forearm up to her face so that his hand that held his cum was right in front of her mouth. She extended her tongue out further, and began slithering it around his hand and wrist. Jeff's eyes almost popped out of his head — her tongue was extended out of her mouth several inches and it moved with such skill and purpose that he could literally feel his mind turning to mush.

Sarah yawned open her mouth and pulled Jeff's fingers, then the top of his palm, and then his whole hand into her mouth. Her plush lips closed in a tight seal around his scrawny wrist, and she sucked on him powerfully. Jeff's eyes rolled into the back of his head as he felt the relentless tug of her mouth combined with the inexplicable gymnastics that her tongue was performing unseen on his hand. It felt to Jeff like his hand was stuck in a large bucket of briskly squirming eels…except it was just Sarah's tongue. How could it be doing all that to his hand that quickly? He felt the sharp edges of her teeth nip and bite delicately into his wrist…and all the while her eyes remained locked on his, staring into his naked depths. It was all too much for Jeff: he squealed out like a little pig as he orgasmed again, only this time his orgasm was dry. There was nothing left in his balls to give.

Sarah smiled through a mouthful of Jeff's hand as she brought an appreciative hand down to his engorged cock, fluttering her fingers across it to show that she realized he had just come again. She continued to slowly and ruthlessly suck on his hand for another minute or so, until finally she pulled it out of her mouth with a smart pop. His cum, of course, was long gone.

"Mmmmm!" she said, smacking her lips at him and smiling. "I definitely prefer it fresher, but cum is cum!" She laughed at his overwhelmed expression and continued to lick and smack her lips. "You know Jeff, I have to say, I like the taste of your skin, but it tastes a little…bland."

"B-bland?" Jeff did not know what to do with this information as he half-lay, half-sat, panting with exhaustion.

"Yeah, bland," Sarah repeated. "Have you eaten anything today Jeff?"

Jeff thought back to Sarah's full fridge. "Uh…no."

Sarah breathed in a bit as she looked at him, concerned. "Well that explains it then. If you don't eat, your body doesn't get all the sodium and electrolytes and other nutrients it needs. It shows, Jeff."

"It—it shows?"

"Yeah," said Sarah simply, sitting up straighter as she reached her arms up behind her head, putting her hair in a ponytail. "I can tell that you've gotten smaller recently."

Jeff felt the truth of her words, and yet something inside him still felt like this reality. "No, no I haven't g-gotten smaller," he said, surprising himself with his bravery. "I kn-now I've gotten a little shorter because of my, uh, my hip. But I'm not…I'm not smaller. I just wasn't that hungry today."

Sarah looked down on him and sighed pityingly. She was going to have to show him.

'Oh my god,' she thought to herself, still high off sticking his whole hand in her mouth and making him cum, 'even after all this he still wants to play big-man.' She felt irritated by his denseness, his obstinance, his refusal to see things for what they were. 'But no matter," she thought as she stood up, rising slowly up before him like an ivory tower, 'this is all part of the package. I'm going to enjoy it.'

Jeff had stood up with her, not knowing why he did. He felt strange when his body stopped rising in front of hers, and he actually stood on his tip-toes without realizing it, trying to reach where his head had the day before. The bottom dropped out of him once again as he took in that Sarah was standing in front of him, looming, noticeably taller. He was actually looking up at her breasts. If he stared straight forward, he saw that he was looking directly into the upper part of her abdomen. Her taut stomach was actually visible through the form-fitting red dress she was wearing. Her stomach. He was looking straight into the top of her stomach. He looked up again and was able to see part of Sarah's face smiling gently down at him — much of her face, though, was obscured by her breasts that jutted their way into his vision from above. He could actually feel the shadow they were casting on him. He bent his head down reflexively, unable to take in the overwhelming height difference. He noticed that his shoulders were only a little bit higher than her vigorous hips. He felt sick.

Sarah full hands and long fingers came into his view as they perched themselves on her hips. She had put her hands on her hips and was looking down silently on Jeff, maintaining her compassionate smile. How long could she stand like this? She waited a few moments more, drinking up the height difference, and then reached down and touched his shoulder lightly with the sharp nail of an index finger. "Come this way Jeff," she said softly, but with authority, indicating with the same finger. She turned and began walking slowly with long strides towards the kitchen, and Jeff followed without thinking, unable to resist the undulation of her hips and the impossible agitation of her huge ass. He couldn't believe it as he followed her, his eyes unable to look away. It looked like her body was churning butter with every stride of her shapely legs. He vaguely realized that she was wearing heels, though they weren't that tall. That detail didn't seem to matter right now. This was Sarah walking in front of him, in a form-fitting red dress (with

red short-heeled shoes to match), utterly adult…for god's sakes he even realized now that she had put down a black leather briefcase and leaned it against the sofa. Probably after she came home from work…and found him like this. He was still trailing after her, still wearing her oversized sock, still half-wrapped in her sofa blanket.

His foot slipped on the hardwood floor and he nearly fell over. Sarah turned around. "Crutches, Jeff." Her words were simple and had no play in them — she meant it. He turned back to get them. "Stop." Her words cut into him and he felt the heavy whoosh of her bulk as she strode back past him, backtracking to the sofa. "I don't want you walking at all on that hip, Jeff. I'll get them." She bent down to the floor, where his crutches were splayed unceremoniously, and with one hand she rummaged them together in a quick motion and brought them back up, gripping them easily as she walked back to Jeff. He had obeyed her order and remained dead in his tracks, slumping a bit and attempting vaguely to stand on one foot.

Sarah smiled a bit as she reached him. "You don't have to stand on one foot, Jeff. You'll lose your balance again that way. Here —" and she stretched out her arm down to him, presenting him with his crutches that she held so effortlessly with her hand. Jeff reached out a single arm to mimic her, his small hand opening out as far as it could to receive what she offered.

She chuckled and shook her head as she drew her hand up a bit, bringing the crutches out of his reach. "No Jeff," she said softly, "Not like that. I think you're gonna need two hands." Some kind of burning sensation touched his cheeks and his neck, moving down to his already-contorted stomach. Was it shame he was feeling? Anger that she was showing her superior strength so coolly?

Sarah gave the crutches a little shake with her hand, making them clank and clatter in the still air. "C'mon Jeff, take them! I'm getting hungry for dinner!" He moved quickly, without thinking, and did as she asked, reaching up both of his hands and receiving the crutches. He fumbled with them for a moment, nearly dropping one on the floor, and managed to finally extricate them from her patient hand after a few seconds of bumbling. They seemed heavier than he remembered, more ungainly, and he noticed how small his hands looked on their smooth metal compared to Sarah's — he even saw the rapidly dissipating heat imprint from her hand all around where his hands were….it was too much. But he put his head down and steadied himself on the crutches, because Sarah was hungry and he didn't want to keep her waiting.

"On we go, little guy," she said, winking at him, and led him into the kitchen. He was too emotionally exhausted and overwhelmed to even acknowledge her language directed at him, but he was indistinctly aware that it was planting seeds deep inside his mind. He was overwhelmed by his arousal, and could feel himself beginning to fall deeper and deeper into her sexual fold. But every playful prod from her, every piece of evidence of the superiority of her body over his, made him more afraid, more uncertain, and…more angry.

They walked past the crock pot on the counter, which Jeff had failed to notice earlier that day, and as they passed it he could hear it bubbling softy. It certainly did smell good.

"Mmmmm, slow cooked pork ribs," said Sarah hungrily without turning. "I can't wait! You like ribs, right Jeff?"

“Uh, yeah. Yeah ribs are great,” he said, crutching past the crock pot on the counter. Where was she leading him? They had reached the corner of the kitchen next to the pantry. Sarah disappeared inside, and then emerged almost immediately with something flat and square and smooth in her hand. An electric weight scale.

She put it down on the floor in the corner and stepped back, indicating with a hand that Jeff should step on. He paused, looking from Sarah to the scale in confusion, feeling slow horror build in his chest. She raised her eyebrows at him.

“C’mon Jeff, step on,” she said gently. “You say that you haven’t gotten any smaller. Well then, step on that scale and show me.”

He stood there stupidly for a moment. Between getting lost in Sarah’s height and getting distracted by her gyrating hips and ass, not to mention her handling of his crutches, he had forgotten about the conversation they were having. Less than a minute had gone by, and yet to Jeff it had seemed like minute after torturous minute of unwilling arousal and fascination. He shook his head as he tried to steady himself. Sarah smiled and shook her head at him in turn, and wordlessly gestured once more to the scale with her hand.

Jeff knew she was right. He knew he had gotten smaller. He felt his legs move in response to her beckoning hand, and he felt the slow oncoming storm of dread darkening inside him. And yet as he approached the scale he felt something else that made him feel nauseous, but also positively alive with excitement: he wondered how much he actually weighed, how low it was actually going to be. He had weighed just over 113 pounds those weeks ago when he and Sarah first reconnected in the hospital. “113.1” had been seared into his head ever since he looked down past his skinny legs and saw that number grinning up at him. He had been shocked at the time, completely deadened by how much smaller he had gotten in his later twenties, how bony and shriveled up. He had felt like a child.

A few weeks ago, though, he had been able to rally mentally — he had been able to weave narratives of his own that explained away his present condition, that reminded him that he had a lot going for him, particularly in the dick department. Now, however, standing before the scale, and looking straight ahead into Sarah’s hand (which now pointed downward with a long finger at the scale), he thought about how aggressively, how completely, she had deepthroated him and made him come again and again down her throat, how she had sucked it over and over out of him, how she had sipped on his dribbling dick like a milkshake and swallowed it all down with a growl into her belly, how she had overwhelmed him totally, and made him agree to rules and live as a captive in her house. He could no longer conceive of any other competing narration: she had become the center of his life, and she had started to dominate his every thought, no matter if she was present or not.

All of this was spinning now in Jeff’s head as he faced the scale. It was all so fast, so convoluted, so heavy and laden with hidden meaning. He had no idea what was happening to him, but Sarah’s presence was enough to guide his actions in the moment. She twirled her index finger around, keeping it pointed down at the scale. Her finger was rotating directly in front of his eyes and he realized that he was right up against the scale now.

“Up, up!” said Sarah quietly, but with energy. “Up you go!” Any resistance broke down immediately within him, and he stepped onto the scale. The smooth glass felt cool and nice on his left sole, and then he realized that he still had on Sarah’s sock. He moved to take it off as the numbers spun in a garble on the scale.

“No, no, Jeff, don’t worry about the sock,” came Sarah’s deep calm voice from above. “But I’ll take this off you, just to make sure the measurement is right.” She removed the sofa blanket from his shoulders, and Jeff suddenly felt a lightness in his shoulders, as he ascertained that the blanket had actually been weighing him down. ‘It is a pretty heavy blanket,’ Jeff thought to himself, as he glanced up to see Sarah balling it up and throwing it all the way across the kitchen and back on the sofa in the living room.

“Yesss!” She threw her hands up in mock celebration when the blanket landed on the sofa, and then turned her eyes eagerly to the scale. Jeff did likewise.

102.3.

Jeff stared dumbly at the number shining up to him in soft electric blue. It couldn’t be possible. There was no way he could be so…and once again, almost in a kind of deja vu, his eyes traveled over his skinny legs, past his bony hips, and briefly up and down his gaunt arms. He kept looking at the number with his head bowed and shoulders slumping, taking in the crushing reality of his tininess.

After several long moments he looked up at Sarah. She was looking down on him with her hands on her hips. Her eyebrows were raised and she was looking at him with a tender kind of “I-told you-so” smile. She cocked her head to the right as she continued to stare down at him, as her tongue tented the side of her cheek, making it stretch and ripple. She let moments pass until they turned into a minute. ‘Let it sink in,’ she thought to herself with calm lust, locking her eyes into his as her snatch began its slow-churned frenzy. ‘Pace yourself.’

She let a few more moments pass by before she spoke. “Like I said, Jeff,” she said gently, pinching his shoulder lightly in between her thumb and forefinger, “you’re smaller. Like, a lot smaller. I thought you had lost a few pounds…I didn’t realize it was more than ten.” She reached out her other hand and delicately yet firmly pinched his other shoulder with her fingers. She pivoted him off the scale so that he faced her completely. She had to crane her neck a little to see his face over her breasts. ‘I could easily palm that little head,’ she couldn’t help but think.

“You need to eat Jeff, at least something to keep you going before your surgery. Otherwise you’re just going to waste away and the surgery will be too hard on your body. You understand? You have to give your body good things as it prepares for next week.”

Jeff looked up from the top of her stomach and looked up past her protruding breasts to her face. It seemed to far away to him, but he could still see the urgency in her expression. He bowed his head and nodded. She squeezed his shoulders lovingly in recognition and released him. An abrupt thought unanticipatedly barged into his head. He wondered what Sarah weighed. And just as quickly as the thought had come, he was seized with a desperate burning desire to know. He needed to know…how much….how much bigger she was than him. The reality terrified him, but again, his terror was eclipsed by a sickening, grotesque, obsessive lust and arousal at the thought of their bodies compared to each other.

“Well?” Sarah ventured with a sly smile. “What a perfect time for dinner, right?”

Jeff nodded and crutched his way after Sarah’s swaying behemoth form toward the crockpot full of delicious pork ribs. He would do it. He would ask her over dinner.

Chapter 15: A Different Kind of Dinner

Sarah had just served Jeff a steaming plate of bar-b-que ribs, complete with helpings of broccoli and mashed potatoes, and was about to serve herself a (much larger) plate, when her phone rang. Jeff jumped a little in surprise at her sudden ringtone; it was some kind of fast aggressive club music. He would have been surprised a few weeks ago to learn this was Sarah's ringtone, but now it seemed to make sense. He felt his mind wandering uncontrollably….did Sarah go out clubbing a lot? He imagined her huge lithe form twisting and twerking its way through a crowd on the dance floor as purple lights flashed through the dense nightclub fog.

"Oh, what the fuck?" said Sarah, smiling as she took out her phone and saw who it was. She turned to Jeff, who was sitting down at the table with his full plate in front of him, his legs dangling from the chair. "You go ahead and dig in, Jeff. This'll just be a minute."

She turned away as she answered the call. "Still having some issues with the report, Steve?" A few silent moments passed and she laughed. "Well, I just assumed it was important, since you decided to call my personal number." Jeff started to pick at his food, his eyes on Sarah's back. He wished he could see what her expressions were. Her wavy blond hair swayed from side to side as she shook her head. "You don't have to apologize, Steve. You're having some concerns." A few more moments passed and Sarah began drumming her long fingernails on her marble countertop. Jeff was mesmerized by the sight and sound…her fingers looked so huge when she was moving them like that. Was she getting impatient with this guy? Who was he anyway? Without realizing it, Jeff was beginning to hope that Sarah would get mad at this "Steve" on the other end and abruptly hang up on him.

"No, uh-uh," said Sarah suddenly, shaking her lovely head as she turned around in a flourish to face Jeff. "That's where the problem is, Steve." She immediately noticed that Jeff hadn't touched his food and furrowed her brow at him, pointing at his food and throwing her pointed hand around and around in a quick rotation, as if to say 'Come on, come on!' Jeff looked at her, confused, and she rolled her eyes and sighed genially as she walked over to him in a couple of long graceful strides.

"Yes, I'm aware that's what the manual says, Steve," she was saying patiently as she sidled over to stand behind Jeff. She now stood completely behind him; he couldn't see her, but he could hear her voice high above him and felt the enormity of her presence. "But remember, we're not dealing with the Multix Fusion Max model, right? This is the Ysio Max model we're talking about. It's much newer." Jeff felt Sarah's right hand touch his shoulder and then gradually envelop it in her soft but powerful grip. He felt her big hand snake down his arm like syrup…she paused for a moment on his bicep to show how she could wrap her hand entirely around it. Jeff was breathing heavily again and craned his head directly upward to look at Sarah. From the part of her face that he could see past her breasts, she seemed to be looking out straight ahead into the room, listening to the other man on the line. Jeff kept looking up at her for a few more moments, and she glanced down and gave him a quick smile as her eyebrows went up and down at him. She pushed her hand farther down his arm, making sure that Jeff felt the soft healthy skin of her forearm against his. Then she knelt down behind him and took his right hand in hers. Holding it lovingly but firmly, she manipulated it over to his fork and made him pick it up. Kneeling down behind a seated Jeff, Sarah's head was still taller.

“Yes, I know there are many similarities between the two,” said Sarah, apparently interrupting what would have been a long ramble by “Steve” on the other line, “but there are several essential differences that you need to remember.” Jeff’s hand was thoroughly engulfed by Sarah’s now, and he was powerless to stop her as she guided his hand holding the fork over to the broccoli on his plate. Using his hand as a proxy, she stabbed into a couple broccoli stalks and then brought the food slowly up to Jeff’s mouth — she was feeding him using his own hand. Jeff felt a splash of shame at this newest ridiculous show of power, and he almost decided to shut his mouth and refuse to be fed. However, even Jeff knew at this point that such a gesture would have made him look more, not less, childish. He looked up at Sarah who smiled down at him and mimed opening her mouth at him with her wide eyes — she was enjoying this exchange, but might have enjoyed it more if she hadn’t had to deal with this “Steve” on the other line. As he resigned himself to the mouth full of broccoli which Sarah gently pushed into his mouth, Jeff felt discombobulated by his irritation at Sarah’s treatment of him and his jealousy of the other man she was talking to. He did not have the mental wherewithal to realize the ironic humor of his situation: he was annoyed at feeling humiliated yet again by Sarah, but dammnit he didn’t want this humiliation to be interrupted, especially not by some other guy.

“Well, no, both models have a maximum exposure voltage of one hundred and fifty kilovolts,” said Sarah as she guided Jeff’s fork over to the mashed potatoes. “But it’s the MAX wi-D detector that you have to pay attention to.” She shoveled a mound of potatoes into Jeff’s mouth as he struggled to take it all — he hadn’t quite gotten done chewing the broccoli yet. “Nope, nope,” said Sarah, managing to keep the annoyance out of her voice by maintaining her chipper professional demeanor, “You’re thinking about the MAX static detector.” She let a few seconds pass, listening to Steve bumbling his way through on the other end. She glanced over and slightly down at Jeff, whose mouth was still full of food despite his best efforts. She couldn’t help but laugh to herself as she felt a brief flash of heat like lightning through her loins. She was going to start some shit tonight with him…she really was.

“Correct,” she said into her phone, smiling at Jeff as he turned around to look at her again. “Yes, the MAX wi-D detector. And unlike the MAX static detector, it has a cesium iodine scintillator. Yes….” A brief garble of words on the other end made Sarah laugh. “Don’t be silly, Steve — I just pay attention to things.” She squeezed Jeff’s hand and released him, apparently satisfied that he could do the rest of the work on his own, and stood up. Jeff could feel the vacuum of space where her body had knelt behind him swiftly fill up with cool air, as it whipped around him and even ruffled his hair a bit. He turned to look back at her and saw her once again in the kitchen, beginning to serve herself dinner. She had her head down and was smiling at the floor.

“Steve,” she said playfully, “if I didn’t know better, I’d say that you purposefully didn’t take notes at the orientations just so you could call me up at night after hours.” Her smile widened at his response. “Oh, is that right? Hmmm, we’ll see, we’ll see.” She had turned and was bringing her heaping plate over to the table. Jeff quickly picked up one of the pork ribs to make it look like he was doing anything other than eavesdropping on the conversation. The rib was warm and sticky and felt big in his fingers…he glanced over at Sarah’s hand holding her plate as she put it down on the table, noticing that her hand spanned the entire plate, and more. Without even realizing, he put his own hand next to his plate in response. It stretched just barely half the plate’s length. He swallowed nervously and waited for Sarah to hang up.

“Ok, ok…all right Steve…haha, ok I have to go — I’m eating dinner! Yeah! Yeah…ok, and don’t forget, the cesium iodine, right? Right. Ok, good. Ok, haha, bye Steve.” She looked at Jeff with

wide eyes and heaved a great sigh, expanding her diaphragm hugely in the process. “Sorry about that,” she said, “That was Steve from work. He’s a fourth-year med student.” She took her fork and lost no time in stabbing a few fat bunches of broccoli, swirling them around in her mound of buttery mashed potatoes, and plopping the whole concoction smartly into her mouth. Jeff stared at her mouth chewing, unable to process how much food she had just taken in one bite.

“What, Jeff?” asked Sarah, chewing. “You don’t like it when people mix their food?”

“No!” said Jeff quickly, “N-no, I just…I just…, uh…” and he had nothing else to say. Sarah gestured to his plate.

“Eat up!” she said, “I’m not gonna keep doing it for you!” She smiled at him as she took a large swig of water from her glass. “Yeah,” she said, reaching for one of the ribs on her plate, “you’d kind of expect a fourth-year to understand the difference between MAX wi-D and MAX static detectors.” She brought the large rib up to her face, sizing it up. It must have been around five inches long. “Not to mention the fact that MAX wi-D uses a cesium iodine scintillator.” She casually inserted the entire rib into her mouth and sucked on it thoughtfully for a moment, baring her teeth inside her closed mouth to tear off the meat. A moment later Jeff saw her withdraw the rib from her mouth — it was completely clean. He looked at the rib in his own hand; it seemed to be roughly the same size. It was absurd to even think about eating it in the way Sarah just had, so he brought it up to his mouth and took what he thought was a respectable bite. The meat was soft and tender, and was infused with that delicious rich smoky-tangy spice of well-executed bar-b-que. He chewed a while and swallowed, legitimately enjoying the food.

“Good, huh?” said Sarah, eying him as she inserted another long rib into her mouth, and again pulling it out clean. “Pork is high in thiamin — really important micronutrient. Helps metabolize glucose and amino acids and lipids.” She chewed as she watched him, and she smiled. “You’re not really absorbing any of this, are you Jeff?” He struggled through some more chewing as he tried to nod his head, managing more of a half-shrug.

Sarah laughed as she collected another massive forkfull of broccoli. “That’s ok Jeff — you don’t need to know all that stuff.” She put the fork in her mouth and pulled it out again. “But what you do need to know is that eating is important. Nutrients are important.” She regarded his blank stare as she chewed her food. She looked at his thin, waifish little body, which she had draped with the sofa blanket once again before they sat down. ‘Fuck it,’ she thought lustfully, ‘I’ll go for it.’

“And speaking of nutrients, Jeff,” she said, “you definitely need more of them. Look at you!” She indicated to his tiny body with an open hand, inviting him to take a good look at himself, which he did…through the blanket hanging over him he looked down at his exposed ribs, his bony pelvis, and over and across his gaunt chest and skinny arms. For the first time in her presence, Jeff truly felt the reality of what she was saying. He was a shrimp. And compared to her…

“You’re all skin and bones!” said Sarah cheerily, but with a touch of concern, as she cleaned off another long rib with her teeth. Jeff stared at the clean white bone of the rib she held casually in her fingers, before she dropped it into a fast-accumulating pile on her plate and reached for another. He couldn’t believe how fast and how thoroughly she was eating — he looked at the partially-eaten rib he was holding, which seemed untouched save the small bite that he had

taken a minute before. It had seemed like a pretty respectable bite to him that had taken a while to chew completely, and yet here Sarah was literally inserting each rib into her mouth whole and pulling it out completely spotless.

“You like watching me eat, Jeff?” asked Sarah, winking at him as she stuck another rib in her mouth. She rolled her eyes back in her head and closed them, uttering a deep and exaggerated “Mmmmmmmmm!” before pulling it out again and tossing it unblemished onto her pile. She made wide eyes at him again and smiled, licking her lips and laughing. Jeff felt the now-familiar white hot anxiety intensifying within him…he couldn’t even watch her eat for more than a few seconds before she caught on and made fun of him. More and more, he was feeling trapped at this dinner.

“Come on, Jeff — eat!” Sarah laughed, her play apparently over. “I’m serious, you really need to get more nutrients. Especially before a major surgery, it’s important that your body has what it needs to function properly.” She was performing some deft work with her fork as she neared the end of her broccoli and mashed potatoes, and Jeff could feel an emotional volcano bubbling inside of him, threatening to reach the surface. He had no idea what it was, because the sheer speed and insane range of his thoughts were combining to completely overwhelm him. Plus he was not used to analyzing his own feelings to begin with. His fixation on Sarah’s size in relation to him reigned at the forefront, along with her cool demeanor and seeming effortlessness of motion. She was so big, so huge compared to him, and yet she moved about like water, like some kind of graceful goddess…though Jeff would not have thought about it this way, it seemed to him like the laws of physics followed Sarah, rather than the other way around. He was utterly entranced by her and everything she did.

And yet at the same time he was becoming fast and crushingly aware of his own tininess. He had known he was a smaller guy for a while, but he had not truly realized how small he actually was until Sarah began calling his attention to his own body. Especially since he started staying in her house, and spending more time around her, this reality was becoming more and more apparent. He had not realized how much his ribs stuck out, how weak and bird-boned his wrists looked, and how pathetically small his legs and torso were. Even his skin, which felt ashy and had a dull grayish pallor, looked unhealthy to him, especially in comparison with the vigorous and healthy white shine of Sarah’s skin. His mind shot back to her bathroom, and all of her lotions on the counter…yes, Sarah definitely took care of her skin. That’s why it looked so good….but….but also, his thoughts were complicated by the fighting remnants of his old self. Of course Sarah looked better and younger — she was 21 and he was 28! Of course she looked better than him — girls were supposed to look hotter and sexier anyway, weren’t they? Jeff surprised himself with these spirited flashes of resistance; part of him couldn’t even fathom that he was still telling himself these things, and believing them. It was true that this part of Jeff had been squeezed smaller and smaller each day he was at Sarah’s, and yet, the smaller it got squeezed by the reality of his situation, by Sarah’s clear superiority, the more hot and intense and vicious it became. His old pride was not going down without a fight.

“W-what do you mean, “more nutrients?”” he asked Sarah in a voice that sounded smaller and more submissive than he intended.

Sarah looked across the table at him as she cleaned off another rib. She paused a second or so before answering…did Jeff see her nostrils dilate a bit? Was that a little smile that flashed across her face? “I mean exactly that, Jeff. More vitamins. More minerals. More healthy fats.”

She deposited her seventh rib into the pile and, for emphasis, leaned across the table over her exposed forearms, making them look even bigger. “And definitely more protein.”

Jeff knew she was right. About everything. But he felt like arguing with her. “B-but I’m healthy!” he said indignantly. Sarah kept leaned forward and simply looked at him, patiently waiting for him to say his piece as her sea green eyes smoothly held his. He backtracked a little; he had to at least say something believable. “I’m not — I’m not that healthy, and I know…I know that I’m not that big for a guy my age, but…but you make it, you make it sound like I’m — I’m about to, to die or s-something.”

Sarah leaned back in her chair and laughed. “Not big for a guy your age? Jeff, no offense, but you’re not that big for a guy or a girl…in high school.”

She reached out her hand across the table and pinched Jeff’s exposed upper arm with her fingers. He flinched at her sudden motion, but had nowhere to go — he simply sat there, stock still. Sarah pinched and prodded his arm with her large fingers, testing it for size.

“See?” she said gently, yet matter-of-factly, as her fingers worked, “I mean, Jeff…come on. Look at that. You’re a man…who’s almost 30. And there’s really…uh, really not much there.” Sarah had briefly lost her train of thought, as she herself had become mesmerized by the sight of her hand feeling up his upper arm. She felt the steady calm boil of lust begin to quicken in intensity, as she felt shivers of pleasure go up and down her spine and linger lusciously in her loins. She breathed in and out purposefully a few times, reminding herself to not go too quickly. And then she went deeper.

“I mean,” she continued in the same gently pragmatic tone, taking advantage of Jeff’s paralysis, “it isn’t really normal for a guy your age to be this…this small.” She took his bicep and deliberately wrapped her hand completely around it — it wasn’t even close. Her hand and fingers easily spanned its circumference, to the extent that her middle finger came all the way around and went past the knuckle of her thumb. She held his arm like this for a moment, and then lifted it up slightly, showing how easily she could manipulate his body.

“Look at that, Jeff…I mean, wow, look at it!” Her tone wasn’t mean or harsh — it was simply expressing the genuine amazement that they both felt, that anyone would have felt, in witnessing such a lopsided size difference. Especially between a man and a woman, and especially between a man and a woman who was 7 years younger. After marveling for several moments at how tiny and weak his arm looked in her grasp, she turned to look at him. His eyes were looking helplessly at his arm. ‘Perfect,’ she breathed to herself, looking at him with cool fire. He tried to move his arm down a bit. Sarah held him firmly; she noticed his attempted resistance, but it did not come close to budging her own arm. Jeff’s breathing became labored as he realized that he could do nothing to make Sarah let go…he was trapped, but he could not fail to notice her long manicured fingers wrapped so elegantly around his shriveled arm, and her warm plush palm holding him like a patient vise….and his eyes kept traveling across to her arm, to her strong shapely wrist and full voluptuous forearms. Her shape was so strong, so fluid, so elegant…and she was calling attention to his…his…..and he couldn’t keep up the thought and began to panic as he felt her eyes penetrating his flesh. He turned desperately to look at her.

She held his eyes without making an expression for a few long moments: it was just her staring at him, her eyes infiltrating his cowering form. But then she blinked and her eyes gleamed playfully again as she smiled at him.

“I’m not trying to embarrass you Jeff,” she said kindly, giving his arm a last squeeze and releasing him. “I’m just — it’s just that…well, you’re really tiny, and I just wanna make sure you’re getting all the stuff you need to stay healthy.”

Jeff’s ego was completely cornered, and another person with more sense might have simply gone along with the obvious truth Sarah was speaking. But Jeff was beginning to resent the way that he felt Sarah was controlling him. As she had wrapped her hand around his bicep and tested it for size, he had noticed, yet again, that his cock had started to harden, utterly against his will. The more he looked at her large elegant hand (with her long red nails) wrapped around his arm, at her strong substantial wrists, at her undeniably strong, healthy, feminine arms, at her entire body, next to his own, the more uncontrollable his arousal became. She was manipulating his body, his thoughts, everything. She must know…and like anyone who has no control over their own thoughts, who is not accustomed to managing their own insecurities, and who is afraid, he reacted angrily.

“I’m not…I’m — I’m not tiny,” he said indignantly, again surprising himself with how little weight the sound of his voice seemed to carry in Sarah’s kitchen. Could it be that her voice was just that much fuller? Were her vocal cords that much bigger? He shook his head at the absurdity of these thoughts, and allowed them to further fuel his anger. “I’m just — I just have small bones, that’s all,” he said. He had hoped to say more but that was all he had for the moment.

Sarah just looked at him, with one eyebrow raised quizzically. After a moment she said, “Well, yes, you do have small bones.” She paused a moment, allowing for and enjoying another indignant huff from Jeff. That wasn’t the response he was going for, she knew. She waited a couple more moments before calmly saying, “But Jeff, really, come on. I’m not saying anything too crazy here. You’re really small.”

Jeff fought through his growing arousal. “No!” he sputtered, “I’m just…just a little bit different from other guys…uh, from other guys my age. Just because I’m a little smaller and different doesn’t mean I’m bad or…or unhealthy.”

“Bad, no, Jeff,” said Sarah gently, reaching over and lovingly taking up one of his small hands in her own, “Not bad. You could never be bad to me, Jeff.” She squeezed his hand and smiled at him so warmly that for a moment Jeff’s anger was totally blown away. “But Jeff,” she said, looking intently at him from across the table, and letting his hand go, “you haven’t really grown much since you went to college. I think you actually got smaller.”

“S-smaller?” was all Jeff could manage.

“Yeah.” Sarah’s voice was wistful, as if she was stating something that was obvious, but that made her slightly sad to say out loud. She seemed to recover quickly, adding, “And that’s ok Jeff!” She leaned back and laughed, spreading her arms wide with her palms up, in a motion of displaying her own body. “I mean, we can’t all grow into this, but Jeff…I just — it’s just important that your body gets what it needs. That’s all I’m saying!” Even though Sarah had ended on a positive note, Jeff wasn’t done.

“B-but, but it’s not fair,” he blurted out, “it’s not fair that you say I’m so small when…when…” and here Jeff felt terrified, and did not want to say what he was going to say. He knew, somewhere deep within the seldom-used deeper recesses of his brain, that he was opening up something that he would not be able to resist or contain. But at this point he didn’t care; he didn’t care what he was doing or what the consequences of his actions would be. He was simply lashing out in anger. “…when you’re so big!”

The stillness in the room hung like the stillness in the air before a storm. Sarah’s nostrils dilated in excitement as she drank in the delicious silence. Jeff’s heart was beating so rapidly that he feared he would have a heart attack — his face was beet-red from embarrassment. He didn’t know what he had just done, but he knew he had just done something.

Sarah chuckled softly after a few moments more of silence as she grasped her left hand with her right and squeezed it, sending a volley of pops into the air. She looked down briefly into her lap, her blond hair masking her face. She was smiling and she closed her eyes briefly and breathed purposefully in and out once, steadying herself. She had to make sure she went at her own pace and didn’t get carried away. She whipped her head up and looked brightly at Jeff, who was clearly terrified.

“Haha!” she laughed, her eyebrows arching ironically, “Well, you have a point there, Jeff!” She felt up her large breasts and shimmied her hands down her torso to her huge shapely ass, which completely filled up her chair. “I’ve definitely…grown into myself, haven’t I?” She laughed again and flipped her hair as she made a deliberate show of slowly spreading her arms out wide and then reaching them up far, far above her head in a stretch. Her red dress, which clung to her impressive curves, stretched and expanded visibly at this show of power. Sarah was subtly flexing herself, and as she brought her arms down Jeff saw the undeniable reality of substantial muscle that otherwise slyly hid behind her buxom exterior.

“But Jeff,” she continued, kindly but with the same insistence as she leaned in again on her forearms, “it’s not like I just got like this by accident.” Jeff sat there voiceless. What was she saying?

Sarah smiled again, still leaning in as she cocked her head at him. “I mean, my parents aren’t really that big. I think my dad’s a little over six feet or something, kinda tall…my mom’s 5’7. And they aren’t really too big either. They’re just…well, pretty normal.” Her face broke into a little laugh as she continued to look at Jeff, her eyes dancing. All through his confusion and anger and loss of control, her face shone through. She was undeniably beautiful. “But I know there’s gotta be a genetic component in there somewhere in the past…especially with my height. I mean, 6’6??” She blew out of her mouth, buzzing her lips. “I didn’t see that one coming — and neither did my parents.” She laughed. “You should have seen my dad when I came home from school last year. He couldn’t speak for a full minute!”

Jeff stopped breathing momentarily. “You’re — you’re 6’6?” He couldn’t believe it. Even though the evidence was plainly before him in all its glory, he couldn’t wrap his head around that number. Athletes, basketball players…they were 6’6. Little Sarah Helleger??

Sarah laughed again. “Yes, Jeff! And I might actually be a little bit more….haven’t measured myself in a while…But really —” and here she blinked at him affectionately, “is it really that hard

to believe after you've stood next to me?" She had him there; he could say nothing in response. Sarah kept on, boring into him as she continued to lean on her forearms. "But anyway Jeff, what I was saying was, sure there's some genetic component to my, uh, size." She looked over her own body and grinned back at him. "But Jeff, aside from some genetic stuff, I'm like this, my body's like this, because of two things: diet and lifestyle." She held up one finger, then two, as she spoke. "I make sure I eat really well — I had a brief stint as a teenager when I ate a bunch of junk, and guess what? I felt like shit. So I changed." Jeff thought back to her fridge full of food; she was certainly telling the truth here.

"And I've been eating well ever since; it's important! That, and I live a very active lifestyle." Jeff was hostage to her tone — she was speaking gently and simply, stating facts, without any harshness or accusatory slant in her expression. She was just explaining to Jeff the reality of the situation. And yet, as her eyes looked down at his from across the table, he could detect something in them…a glint…a gleam of something…was it humor? Was she enjoying this? Whatever it was, it made him feel even smaller.

Sarah leaned back in her chair and finished off the last of her broccoli and mashed potatoes, washing it on with the remainder of her water. She had a few ribs left, and wasted no time putting one in her mouth and feasting upon it. Had she growled there a bit? Jeff looked at her face and through her chewing he saw her winking at him. His fear became irrational…he had to say something. Otherwise things might get out of hand very quickly.

"Active…lifestyle?" he stammered, trying to fill the void she left in the conversation.

"Yeah!" she said brightly through another rib. Her voice was so casual and friendly…was he just imagining all this stuff about her intentions? Was she really just shooting the shit with him over dinner? Jeff really had no idea. She tossed another bone onto her plate and picked up another rib, gesturing with it. "Take my job. I'm pretty much on my feet for 6, 7, 8, maybe even 10 hours a day. And I'm constantly doing stuff with my hands…operating equipment, writing tons of shit down, filing this report, that report…" she paused and cracked a smile at him, "helping patients into their hospital clothes….you know, all the stuff in a day's work." Jeff couldn't help but smile at her humor, despite his mood.

"There it is!" she said, laughing, reaching over the table and poking him in his ribs. "There's the smile! Come on Jeff, you're so serious! Have some fun with me!" He had to laugh with her…it was fun — she was fun.

"And on top of that, I work out three times a week." She stuck the last rib in her mouth and pulled it out a few moments later with a satisfied pop.

"You…w-work out?"

"Jeff!" she said, faking indignity, "yeah, I do! Can't you tell?" She laughed as she gestured to her impressive body.

"I—y-yes, I mean, yes, yes of c-course I can tell!" he stuttered.

"I'm playing with you, Jeff," she said to him reassuringly, smiling. "But yes, I make it a point to lift weights three times a week. It keeps my bones and muscles strong," and here there was a loud

“smack” as she forcefully grasped her forearm in her right hand, squeezing it and shaking it a bit, “and it keeps my tendons and joints healthy. Plus,” she said, indicating to her clean plate and the pile of spotless ribs in front of her, “it improves my appetite.”

Jeff looked at his own plate, which was still completely full. Despite not having eaten all day, he was simply not hungry. Sarah followed his eyes. ‘Go for it,’ she thought. ‘Do it.’

“And that’s what I’m actually meaning to say with all this, Jeff,” she said. “Yes, you’re small-boned, and yes, you didn’t really turn out to be that tall.” She paused here for emphasis and then went for it. “But Jeff, as someone who cares about you, you need to listen to me: you need to improve your eating habits. You’re too thin, Jeff. You’re too small. It’s not healthy. It’s one reason why I’m worried about your other bones. You’re getting your hip replaced, but what about your other hip? What about everything else?” She paused again, allowing him to see her genuine concern. She could hide her arousal behind her very real concern for his wellbeing — ‘You can feel both things at once,’ she reminded herself. ‘It's okay.’

“It all starts with what you put in your body,” she continued. “Like, what did you eat today?” Her question was simple and innocent enough, but Jeff felt trapped.

“N-nothing, really,” he said after a few moments.

“Nothing,” said Sarah. “And what do you usually eat every day? What’s your diet like?” Once again, Jeff couldn’t respond too easily with anger; her tone was gentle and caring enough to trap what would have been his automatic irate response. “Uh…” he searched his brain, trying to think of anything other than beer, whiskey, and Slim Jims that he regularly ate. He couldn’t think of anything else, and it felt absurd to try and lie to her at this point. He knew she’d see right through him.

“Uh…I don’t really eat that much, I guess,” he said pathetically in defeat. “I just, uh…I just drink a lot…uh, a lot of beer.”

“Yeah,” said Sarah quietly, and trailed off. Her tone had become wistful again, almost sad. She kept looking at him. “And what do you do every day Jeff? I mean, how do you spend your time?”

Her questions were like knives that twisted slowly inside him after they penetrated. What could he possibly tell her? He didn’t do anything. He laid around, got drunk, masturbated, fell asleep, and repeated. Over and over and over again.

“N-nothing,” he said quietly, his head down, unable to meet her eyes. “I-I d-don’t really do anything.” Sarah sat up even straighter, allowing his small defeated voice to hang in the air for a few slow and agonizing seconds. Wordlessly, she reached across the table and placed her exposed right forearm down in front of him. Using her other hand, she took his right forearm and moved it so that it sat right next to hers. The difference was ridiculous. His forearm was only about two thirds the length of hers, but even more strikingly, her arm had to be three, maybe even four times as big. It was an astonishing and deeply impactful comparison. More so than ever before, Jeff saw the reality of his own size compared with Sarah’s. His arm literally looked like a child’s arm placed next to the arm of a healthy, vigorous, well-built adult. His mouth grew dry and his eyes got scratchy from not blinking. He could not look away — it was too incredible, too unnatural, not to marvel at.

Sarah sat there for long moments, feeling the comparison penetrate her core, as she silently orgasmed. She breathed in and out normally, enjoying the control she had over her external composure and how it contrasted with the wild turmoil inside her body. After a full silent minute, she slowly and quietly took her arm away. Jeff looked up at her, and her eyebrows went up as she blinked once at him, giving him a slight smile. He wondered what that smile meant. He knew she cared about him…but there was something else in her slow smile, something else in her calm eyes, as she looked at him. Whatever it was, it went straight to his cock and made it harder than it already was after that comparison. And whatever it was, it scared him.

Sarah stood up. Jeff briefly panicked as she walked to the kitchen. “W-where are you going?” he said.

Sarah laughed with her back turned. “To get more food, silly!” She returned to the table a moment later. She looked at his full plate as she commenced eating her second. “I know you don’t have an appetite, Jeff,” she said gently, but please try and eat one of those ribs and have at least a little broccoli and drink that water.” She put a fresh fork of food into her mouth. “And then,” she said, chewing smartly, “we can have a little drink together.”

Jeff’s heart jumped in his chest at the mention of drinks with Sarah. “A drink?!” he said, unable to mask the excitement in his voice.

“Yes Jeff, a drink,” Sarah said mildly, picking up another rib. “But not for the fun of it.” She ate the full rib again and started a brand new pile of bones. She checked herself, smiling. “Well, we can have fun with it, don’t get me wrong,” she said, eying his ribs. “But the main reason is that I don’t want you to detox here.”

“D-detox?”

“Yeah, Jeff,” said Sarah without any judgement in her voice. “Your mom told me how much you drink and…yeah, you’d almost certainly start detoxing if you didn’t get another drink in 24 hours.”

Jeff, for all that had happened, continued to feel like arguing. “B-but, but I haven’t had a drink in, in like, over 24 hours anyway, so —”

“I know, Jeff,” interrupted Sarah, drinking some of her water. “But alcohol detox doesn’t generally have really serious effects until around about now in your timeline. Your loss of appetite is one symptom, to be sure. Your general lack of energy is another. But pretty soon, say in the next 24 hours, your symptoms will get worse. Unless,” and here she smiled at him, making him recognize her total control of the situation, “we get smart and dole out your alcohol in controlled increments, like medicine.” Jeff looked at her speechless…was Sarah actually going to help him through his alcohol withdrawals? She laughed at him. “Trust me Jeff, she said, sticking her long tongue out momentarily in play, “I’m a doctor.” She kept laughing. “Well, not really…not yet anyway. But I will be!” She pointed to her phone on the kitchen counter. “And apparently I’m more on top of it than some fourth-year med students, so there!” She laughed again and kept eating.

Jeff felt excited to drink with Sarah again, remembering what had happened the last time they shared alcohol together. But there was something in the whole situation that continued to make him feel uneasy, plus…and here he noticed that Sarah was looking straight at his exposed ribs again with a look that felt…predatory. In an instant he felt like a piece of meat to her, and his cock awakened from its semi-erect state and hardened once more.

“W-what is it?” he asked nervously, looking down at his ribs and then back at Sarah, whose eyes remained fixed. She remained silent for a few seconds, holding a recently-stripped rib bone in her fingers and twirling it slowly around.

“I wanna try something,” she said suddenly, and reached across the table with the pork rib and held it up against Jeff’s stomach. She was comparing his ribs with the one in her fingers. Quite obviously, they didn’t measure up. The pork rib that Sarah held was far thicker and longer than any one of Jeff’s ribs. Sarah shook with laughter at the comparison.

“Haha!” she laughed good-naturedly, “look at that! This pig was a whole lot bigger than you, that’s for sure!” She deposited the rib in her pile and smiled down at Jeff. “Haha, Jeff, I hope you don’t mind me doing stuff like that. I’m not trying to make you feel bad. It’s just…well, there’s something fun about comparisons, isn’t there?”

Jeff could not resist the energy in her voice, nor the positive excitement emanating from her beaming face. He couldn’t argue with her — he felt the same way. Wordlessly, feeling like he was admitting something that he would rather keep a secret, he nodded his head. Sarah smiled warmly down on him and continued eating. Jeff looked at his plate but couldn’t contemplate eating. He was beginning to feel a little nauseous. Was Sarah right? Were the withdrawals starting to kick in? He watched her eating, and he suddenly remembered the question that he had been dying to ask her. What did she weigh? He waited for a few moments, scared of asking, until he realized that he just had to go for it.

“S-sarah?” he ventured in a small voice. She looked over at him, in the middle of chewing, and arched her eyebrows inquiringly. “C-can I, uh…ask you something?”

“Of course,” she said kindly, gathering up another fork of mashed potatoes.

“It’s — uh, it’s kind of a weird question.”

Sarah smiled at him, her eyes gleaming. “I like weird questions.”

“Ok. Ok, uh, umm…what do you weigh?”

Sarah looked at him, unable to stifle the grin that quickly overtook her face. She had him.

“Well,” she said coyly, twirling around her empty fork in his direction with her fingers. “How about this — you finish that rib and eat a little broccoli and drink that water, and then I pour us each a little drink, and we find out. How does that sound?"

“G-good,” was all he could manage. All his anger, his irritability, his fight, was forgotten. To him it sounded like heaven.

Chapter 16: A Bit of Play

It wasn't easy for him, but Jeff finally did manage to eat the rest of his pork rib, along with an obligatory forkfull of broccoli and a swig of water. Sarah patiently and silently watched him choke down his food and drink. At first it had seemed to Jeff like she was just casually observing him, but the longer it took him to finish, the more he realized that she was staring hard at him, studying his every motion thoroughly. So intense was her gaze that she had actually stopped eating, and sat back in her chair with her shapely arms folded across her prodigious chest… almost as if she was watching and scrutinizing a performance. Her eyes made Jeff nervous, and she didn't help Jeff's anxiety when she neglected to return his awkward grin, aimed at her in an effort to invite one of her warm and soothing smiles.

She hadn't smiled back — she had just kept looking at him keenly, deeply, without changing her deadpan expression. Jeff had quickly averted his eyes back down away from her face, feeling rebuked, and tried to focus on eating. His stomach was knotted up with nausea and anxiety — whether it was from his oncoming withdrawals or the intensity of Sarah's presence, he didn't know. All he knew was that he didn't feel like eating at all.

But Sarah's promise of drinks after dinner, as well as her pledge to tell Jeff her weight, provided more than enough incentive for Jeff to fight through his discomfort. Bite after small bite, his little mouth whittled away at the meat on the rib. After a few minutes, he was nearly two thirds of the way done…his stomach was really beginning to knot and tighten now….

"That's it Jeff," said Sarah quietly, causing him to snap his eyes back up to her face. She was leaning back in her chair, her arms still folded authoritatively, yet gently, across her chest. "Keep going…you got this."

Her words breathed new life into Jeff's efforts, and he took another bite of the rib with increased vigor. His body rebelled, and he had to tense up his diaphragm to keep from throwing up as the pork went down his gullet.

"Keep it down," said Sarah encouragingly. "That's it Jeff, keep it down. Keep it up — keep going!"

Her words came a little quicker, and a little louder. Their energy seemed to spur him on, and he went after the rib even more aggressively, biting off a larger chunk and chewing it as quickly as he could.

"Yeah!" came Sarah's spirited voice, even louder this time. Jeff looked up at her quickly through his chewing and saw her bringing her hand to her mouth, pretending that she had a rib in her hand. She bared her teeth and bit down aggressively, her teeth making a loud "clack" that echoed through the kitchen and vibrated through the blanket that hung loosely over his naked body.

"Rrrrrrr!" she growled at him, keeping her teeth bared as she she shook her head back and forth rapidly like a frenzied animal. "That's it Jeff! Eat it! Rip it off! Swallow it down! Mmmmmrrrrgghh!" She rolled her eyes back and closed them as she arched her head back and drew a line with a long finger all the way down her throat, tracing the path of the imaginary meat. Her aggressive carnality only propelled Jeff to eat faster and messier — transported by Sarah's sensuality, he

tore into the meat with such abandoned energy that he uttered an involuntary moan as his mouth struggled to tear, chew, and swallow.

“Yes!” said Sarah forcefully, snapping her head back from its arched position and leaning forward on her arms, “Get into it Jeff — stick your little face in that meat! Bite it with those little teeth!” She stuck her face out at him, arching her long and graceful neck forward, and chewed and chomped loudly at the air as she continued to shake her head back and forth, her eyes never leaving his. Jeff had by this point abandoned himself to a kind of feeding frenzy — he was ripping and tearing at the meat for all he was worth, not even bothering about how his face was fast becoming comically messy and smeared with bar-b-que sauce. Little bits of meat and tendon and specks of sauce were flying all over the place. The only sounds in the room were the moist and rapid contact between Jeff’s face and the pork rib, his sporadic gasps of breath as he came up for air before diving back to his task, and Sarah’s sensuous and exaggerated breaths and growls of encouragement.

“Rrrrrrr! That’s my little guy!” she snarled, again shaking her head back and forth in rapid bursts. “Get that meat! Eat it all! Rrrrr! Rrrrrrrr!!” Her fierce chants worked to hypnotize Jeff into a devouring hysteria, and for a couple minutes (but what him seemed only like a matter of seconds) he was a wild animal, attacking his food with an energy that was completely foreign to him. Sarah loudly and ferociously encouraged him the whole way…until gradually Jeff realized that Sarah hadn’t said anything for a while, and that she was simply sitting back again, silently watching his unrestrained feasting with an amused smirk on her face and a knowing twinkle in her eye. He suddenly stopped ripping and chewing, and panted breathlessly as he stared at the bone in his hand. Although there were still a number of little pieces of meat still clinging to the bone, he had eaten most of the rib. He couldn’t believe it — he had actually managed to eat the whole thing…and then almost immediately he remembered how Sarah had casually, calmly inserted rib after rib into her own mouth, pulling each and every one out spotlessly clean…far leaner than the bone he held in his hand.

It wasn’t good enough — he had to clean the bone completely, just like she had. He brought the rib up to his face and was about to continue eating when Sarah cut him off.

“That’s good enough, Jeff,” she laughed, evidently quite pleased with his efforts. Her body shook with her amusement as she stared at him for a few more seconds. Jeff felt like there was something mocking in her laugh and in her eyes, almost like she was taunting him for how far he had let himself go.

“Wow, you sure went to town, didn’t you?” she grinned. “I didn’t know you had it in you, Jeff! Such energy!” She had to be mocking him, he thought…and yet, he couldn’t ignore the sheer joy of making her laugh and smile. It didn’t really matter to him in this moment what caused it — her beaming face was just so lovely to look at.

“Did you save any room for broccoli?” she asked innocently.

“B-broccoli?” he stammered, feeling that he couldn’t possibly fit any more into his stomach. “N-no, I don’t think —”

“Nonsense!” tutted Sarah, interrupting him as she reached her arm across the table to pick up his fork. “You gotta have at least one good bite.” Her fingers made the fork look suddenly small

as she picked it up, stabbed a couple of broccoli stalks on his plate, and held them up to his mouth. It suddenly and strangely occurred to Jeff how amazing it was that she could just casually reach all the way across the table and quite comfortably hold the fork up to his mouth without even extending or stretching her body. Could he even reach halfway across the table?

“With me Jeff, come one,” said Sarah, noticing his lapse in attention. He looked at the green vegetables hanging from the fork, and then at the gently jangling bracelets on her wrists that he had failed to properly notice ever since she got home. He was distracted yet again until Sarah held up the fork closer.

“Let’s go Jeff, c’mon,” she said with a kind of patient urgency. “A great source of Vitamin C for your whole body’s immune system —” and she reached out her other hand and traced a long finger up and around his shoulders, up down his arms, and across his chest, “— and Vitamin K, for all the good bacteria in your gut,” and she took her finger and stuck in directly into Jeff’s stomach, indenting about half and inch and twirling it around in a playful circle, effortlessly vibrating his entire torso with her index finger.

Almost fully aroused once again from Sarah’s aggressive show a minute before, and from the present activities of her playful fingers, Jeff opened his mouth desperately and took in the vegetables, hoping that Sarah would grant him some kind of reprieve, some kind of breather, if he just did what she said. His mouth engulfed about half the broccoli, and Sarah gently and lovingly pushed the rest into his mouth bit by bit as he chewed as vigorously as he could. By the time the broccoli was gone, minutes later, his jaw was sore.

“Good work, Jeff,” said Sarah, beaming at him and putting down his fork. “And now just —” and she gulped audibly at him, miming a swallow, “wash it all down.” She handed him his water glass, her hand easily encompassing the glass’s circumference. Without thinking Jeff accepted the glass with two hands, each hand holding the glass with some space in between, brought the glass up to his face, and swallowed several gulps before letting the glass fall back onto the table in exhaustion with a barely-contained clatter.

Sarah spread her hands out to Jeff as he panted for breath, totally drained. “There we go,” she said kindly, taking his hands in hers and shaking them ever so slightly (rattling his entire body in the process). “A full meal!” She paused a moment, smirking down at him. “Well, at least a full meal for you.” She laughed at him, shooting him that wide-eyed look that he found so disconcerting and yet so irresistible, and suddenly, up she sprang and waltzed her huge form into the kitchen, her long blond hair whipping around her exposed shoulders and her skin-tight red dress, her tremendous ass rippling and quivering and bouncing after her like the ocean.

Jeff sat a few more moments at the table, trying to catch his breath, and realizing that his body was red all over from exertion. Had he really work that hard to eat a single pork rib and a spoonful of broccoli? But his thoughts quickly jumped to something more immediate, because he realized that Sarah had gone straight for the handle of bourbon on top of the fridge. Excitement leapt in his chest and he caught up his crutches and was over to the kitchen as fast as he could carry himself.

“Easy there — slow down, cowboy,” chuckled Sarah, seeing his enthusiasm. “Excited for a little drink, huh?” Jeff had reached her, and she looked down at him before he moved to reach for the bourbon.

‘Oh my god,’ she thought, regarding his pathetic little form. She stood before him in her natural upright and confident posture, still wearing her 3-inch heels from work, and he was standing there, slumped against his crutches, his back curved by years of poor posture, looking up at her with his little puppy dog eyes, waiting for her to get the bourbon down. She had been riding a steady orgasmic wave ever since she had compelled him to eat his meat, and now for the second time that night, she silently orgasmed as she looked down on him. Standing as they were, the top of his head came up to the bottom of her breasts…if he looked straight ahead he would be staring directly into the top third of her stomach. She couldn’t believe how small he was next to her, and it was moments like these, when they were actually standing side by side, that she truly felt the overwhelming reality of her size over him. And she was just wearing her 3-inch heels…

‘Imagine when I wear —” she began to think blissfully, staring down at him as she rode out her orgasm…but then she caught herself. ‘All in good time, Sarah,’ she reminded herself. And she took a quick, deep breath, and came back to the exchange.

“Well,” she said, smiling down at Jeff, “looks like you followed rule number three to a “t” today!”

“Yeah, I…I guess I did,” muttered Jeff, remembering how high up the handle had been placed out of his reach.

“Though let’s be honest,” said Sarah playfully, reaching out her arm and grasping the bourbon (which was level with her face) around the handle in one hand and smoothly lowering it from its perch without difficulty, “I don’t think you could’ve gotten this big thing down even if you’d wanted to.” Holding the large handle of bourbon in her hand, she brought it to the counter and softly placed it down and got out glasses and some ice to pour drinks.

Jeff bristled at her words…was she insulting his height again? Or his strength? Or both? his emotions were wildly vacillating; he was overwhelmingly enchanted with Sarah one moment, then desperate to please her another, then scared of her deadpan expression, and then angry at her perceived slight against him…all in a matter of minutes.

“I—I could have reached it if I wanted to,” he said defiantly to her back as she clinked ice into their glasses. Sarah chuckled without turning around, shaking her head. He felt compelled to keep going. “It—it wouldn’t have been too much for me to get it down. I just decided not to.” Once again, in the moments of silence that followed, his words sounded petty and childish, even to his own ears.

“Oh yeah?” said Sarah, her tongue in her cheek as she turned around to face him, leaning on her butt slightly agains the counter. “Let’s see. Why don’t you come over here, Jeff?” He did, wordlessly, his shoulders already slumping. How was she going to humiliate him this time? He crutched himself to the counter, which was even with his chest. Sarah set the handle of bourbon close to the edge of the counter, where Jeff would have no problems reaching it. Without warning, she then dropped to her knees next to him. Jeff’s mouth opened and he failed to stifle a gasp. Her face looked so big to him when when it was up this close. The top of her head came up to the beginning of his neck…she wasn’t too far away from matching his height, even on her knees. Jeff couldn’t help but feel deeper humiliation at being so small…Sarah shot her big eyes up at him impishly, seeming to read his thoughts.

“Hello up there,” she said, grinning.

“Uh…what are you doing?” he managed to ask.

“Running an experiment,” she said officially. She winked at him and continued. “Now, I don’t want you putting weight on that leg, so I’m going to hold you in place here, ok?” She wrapped her hands around his waist and held him firmly. Did her hands go all the way around…no, it couldn’t be…he glanced down briefly enough to see that there was at least some space in between her hands. But he saw her long fingers extending around much of his waist, her long nails making her fingers look even longer than they were, and he felt sick to witness how bony and shriveled and bony his waist looked in her hands. He looked back up, not wanting to see any more.

“That’s right, just let me hold you here,” said Sarah gently. “I’m supporting your lower body. Now look ahead…see the handle?” Jeff nodded.

“Try to pick it up,” said Sarah simply, giving his waist a little squeeze.

Jeff was confused. Did she seriously think that he couldn’t? He reached out both hands to the big glass container, which was almost completely full save the little bit Sarah had poured into the two glasses. The bottle sure did look big next to his arms…but he didn’t think any more. He reached hand through the handle and grabbed the other side of the bottle with his other hand and tried to lift it. As he tried, he felt Sarah’s hands tighten around his waist, making sure that he was supported. If anything, he felt stronger than if he had been on his own to feet.

The handle of bourbon didn’t budge. Surely there was something wrong. He tried to lift it again, this time exerting more effort than he was comfortable giving. Yes! There it was — the bottle moved a little on the smooth counter, but still did not rise up. He gave another lug of effort, moving the bottle not up, but rather across the counter a little bit, toward the edge.

“Careful there,” said Sarah in a bit of a purr from behind him. “That’s some single-barrel stuff you’re playing with there.”

She was clearly enjoying this, and her comment irritated Jeff and made him try even harder.

“I’m not playing with it,” he said, gritting his teeth in effort as he once again failed to lift it with both of his hands, “I’m just trying to get a good grip —”

On the word “grip” he had given an almighty and desperate tug upward with both of his hands. A tiny portion of the bottle raised up off the counter but came clanging down immediately. With his wild gesture, Jeff had managed not to lift up the handle, but rather to scoot it forward even more on the counter, just barely to the point that it teetered on the edge and then dipped and fell towards the floor. Jeff felt Sarah’s left hand tighten abruptly around his waist as her right hand left his side and shot out swiftly, catching the falling bottle in one hand about halfway between the counter and the floor. Jeff was stunned for a moment, first that he could have been so weak and clumsy, and second that Sarah had managed to catch what he had failed to lift…in one hand.

Sarah held the bottle in the same position she had caught it, still on her knees, and still steadying Jeff with her left hand. She had initially paused in her motion just to make sure that she held the bottle securely, but after she was sure she had it, she made it a point to hold her arm's position for a few long seconds, letting Jeff drink in the sight of her arm clutching the bottle in front of him, her forearm muscles emerging bashfully, yet with undeniable authority, the rich veins that mostly hid in her arms beginning to materialize in command with each passing moment. She heard Jeff's ragged breath in her ear and smiled, feeling the warmth wash over her yet again. She looked slightly up at him and smirked, enjoying his inability to hold eye contact. Slowly and deliberately, she curled the bottle in her wrist up and down, up and down, a few times, before she gave him one last knowing look and stood back up, wasting no time in putting the bottle back on top of the fridge. Jeff felt crushed, humiliated…and in awe.

"Well, now that's over with," said Sarah brightly, as if nothing had just happened, "drinks!" She handed Jeff a glass, which held around 3 ounces of bourbon. He reached up to take the glass as she reached down to hand it to him, bending her knees and arching her back down so that she was looking him nearly in the face as she handed it to him.

"You got it?" she asked crucially, as both of their hands held onto the glass. He looked up at her, his eyes ashamed and indignant. Sarah immediately broke into another one of her tender smiles and stood up, ruffling Jeff's hair with her hand.

"So serious!" she laughed, returning back up to her full height and giving Jeff another view of her abdominal muscles, which flexed softly with her laughter through her tight red dress. "Let's drink at the counter, shall we? Here, actually hand me back your drink — " and she reached down and took the glass out of Jeff's hand before he could react. "C'mon, over here!" she called back at him, as she was already at the counter in two strides. Jeff crutched himself over with considerably more difficulty, and managed to climb into one of the barstools at the counter next to Sarah, who watched his attempts with amused caution, making sure he didn't do anything that was going to hurt his hip.

"Well," said Sarah after they were both sitting at the counter, holding up her glass and encouraging Jeff to do the same, "cheers! Cheers to…what, Jeff? Cheers to…to friends!"

"Friends?" blurted out Jeff without meaning to, in a voice that was way more jilted than he had intended to let on.

Sarah laughed at him, holding her glass to her lips. "Well, I don't know! You weren't coming up with anything, were you?"

"It's just…" said Jeff, smelling the sting and bite of the quality bourdon but not quite ready to indulge, "we seem like we're a little more than…more than friends."

Sarah looked at him stony-eyed for a split second before she changed her expression — Jeff hadn't caught her disbelief at his denseness. She rolled her eyes playfully as she put her drink down, sighing. Though Jeff didn't realize, her sigh was more genuine and irked than she let on.

"Of course we're not just friends, Jeff," she said, careful to keep her tone light and bubbly. "Remember what we talked about last night? About how we can play together?"

Jeff nodded his head. He remembered…but he still didn't really understand what she was talking about. It all seemed to him like she was just putting him on and flirting with him in some kind of elaborate, girlish, complicated way.

"But do you also remember," asked Sarah, "that I play with a lot of people?"

Jeff felt his stomach drop. He had forgotten that part.

"A…a lot of people?" His voice sounded weak and squeaky.

"Yeah." Her voice was calm, deep, and matter-of-fact. She waited a few moments, letting Jeff recall their previous conversation. 'Easy,' she told herself as she watched him, 'take it easy…"

"H-how…how many?"

Sarah took a deep breath in through her nose as she looked at him, determined to maintain her composure. She smiled genially at him. "You asked me that last night, Jeff. And I said "a good number." I see a good number of other people." She saw him opening his mouth to speak again, but she kept talking, not wishing to rehash the same conversation they had had the previous night. "But everyone I see is different, Jeff, and I see everyone for totally different reasons. No one is like you, and no one makes me feel quite like I do when I'm with you."

"R-really?" asked Jeff, and he broke into an uncontrollable smile. Sarah felt her heart sink as she looked at him smiling, knowing that he didn't understand. But even as her heart hurt for him, she was looking at him with steely determination. 'But he will,' she told herself, allowing the slow excitement to spread to trickle throughout her limbs, 'he will understand.'

Sarah laughed again cheerily. "Yes, really! Now enough talk! Cheers to friends, right?"

"Friends with benefits!" added Jeff with enthusiasm.

"Lame!" said Sarah, unable to contain her disbelief at how generic Jeff's brain was. But she recovered quickly and seamlessly: "That's such a cliche! There's nothing cliche about what's going on here, is there?"

Jeff shook his head. Even though he was confused again, he could agree with that.

"Oh my god, whatever," said Sarah, laughing, "let's just drink." And they did.

About twenty minutes later Jeff happened to look over at the clock in the living room. 7:47. It wasn't even 8:00 yet?? He was stunned…so much had seemed to happen since Sarah got home from work. It seemed like ages ago.

"S-Sarah?" he asked through the pleasant buzz of the bourbon.

"Yes sir?" Sarah was feeling a little lick of the alcohol herself.

"What time did you get home today?"

“What a question!” she teased. “I’d say about 7. Why?”

7:00. Jeff couldn’t believe it. How could it be that all that had happened in less than an hour? He sat there dumbfounded. Sarah guessed his thoughts and smiled to herself as she finished off her drink. She let another minute pass by. Then:

“So Jeff, aren’t you curious?”

Her words jerked his mind back from the recent memory of her engulfing his entire hand in her soft mouth. “W-wha? What? Curious about what?” Sarah looked at him expectantly, her eyebrows going up and down humorously, teasing him. After a few moments he still didn’t remember, so she ever so slightly moved her body up and down and side to side in a little dance. Her ample flesh wobbled slightly at her movements, her curves dancing at her movements. Jeff suddenly remembered.

“Oh!! Oh!! Yes! Yes, your….your — ” but he couldn’t say it. It sounded disrespectful.

“My weight,” finished Sarah, smiling.

“Yes.”

“Well,” said Sarah casually, gesturing to the corner of the kitchen near the pantry, “the scale’s over there. Why don’t we go and see?” They went over and stood next to the scale. Jeff just stood there, waiting for her to get on.

“God, you’re no fun Jeff!” teased Sarah, bending down to prod him gently on the shoulder. “Don’t you wanna guess before we actually find out? You brought this up, after all!”

“Uh…” said Jeff, caught off guard, “Uh…I — I don’t know.”

“Well, try to guess,” laughed Sarah as she took off her heels. “Make it fun!”

Jeff stood there, leaning against his crutches, trying to think.

“Here,” said Sarah suddenly, and she retrieved a fold-up chair from the pantry and set it out, indicating for Jeff to sit down. “I don’t want you on your feet for too long, even if you’re following the rules and using your crutches.” She winked at him as he obligingly sat down, his feet barely managing to reach the floor.

“So,” said Sarah, spreading her arms out wide and turning around slowly for him, “what do you think Jeff? How much do you think I weigh?” She performed a few slow circles for him with her arms outstretched, looking at him earnestly each time she came around to face him again.

Jeff sat in the chair, feeling stupider and stupider by the second. He had no clue what Sarah weighed…only that it was a lot more than he did. What did he weigh again? 102…just over 102.

‘Well, maybe more after that huge dinner,’ he thought, and then realized that his dinner hadn’t been “huge” at all, at least not compared to Sarah’s. He suddenly grew terrified, thinking of how much she had eaten without even breaking a sweat. He looked at how substantial her arms

looked, how unbelievably solid and shapely her legs were, how inflated and curved her ass was, how fluid and flowing and strikingly wide her hips were…everything…just…everything about her was so, so big. But to scale, because she was so tall. She was a goddess — there was no other word for it. And yet here she was, turning around for him like she was about to try on a school uniform. He felt utterly absurd.

“C’mon Jeff!” she whined at him playfully, “Give me a guess!”

“I—I don’t know, I don’t know!” said Jeff, starting to panic. “Uh…I don’t know…300 pounds?”

Sarah stopped rotating and turned to face him, her mouth agape. “300 pounds??” she cried, advancing on him, “300?? What kind of guess is that?? What are you trying to say, Jeff?!?”

“I don’t know!! I-I don’t know!!” exclaimed Jeff, in a real panic now, cowering in the chair. He actually brought his legs up to his chest, bunching himself up into a protective ball in the wake of Sarah’s advance. It was all instinctual.

Sarah reached him and looked down on him for a moment with fire in her eyes. And then all at once she softened herself and burst out laughing.

“Oh my god, Jeff! It’s so hard to play with you! You’re like a scared little child!” She turned her back to him and marched up to the scale, her butt and hips bouncing and swaying in expectation. “Ok,” she said out loud, “Mr. Jeff Stintum says I weigh 300 pounds.”

“N-no, I take it back, I — really have no idea what you weigh,” he pleaded with her.

“I know, Jeff,” she laughed, “I know you have no idea.” She stepped on the scale. “I’m just having fun — you’re so fun to play with…that’s all. She waited a moment, smiling at Jeff with eyes wide in mock anticipation, and then she looked down at the number on the scale. Her eyebrows went up immediately, and she slowly, sensually puckered her lips and blew a thin stream of air out of her mouth.

“What?” asked Jeff, breathless. “What does it say?” Sarah turned to him, looking pleased, like a cat who had just caught and eaten a bird. She blinked at him slowly, lushly. “Why don’t you come and see for yourself…little guy?” She smiled widely. She couldn’t help it…she was thrilled. Jeff approached on his crutches, independent knots working in his throat and stomach. He looked down at the scale, having to ignore Sarah’s pretty feet for a moment. Her toenails were painted that same deep red. The same as her fingernails. And lips. The number…soft blue…something-6.7…what was it? He blinked and made an effort to read it carefully.

236.7.

Chapter 17: Sarah Finds the Spot

236.7.

Jeff just looked blankly at the number for a few moments. He didn't even register Sarah wiggling the toes on her bare feet in excitement. Her body was vibrating with golden energy as she looked down on him from the scale, his eyes now once again even with the top of her abs because of the scale's extra few inches. From high above, she blinked slowly, heavily, as she watched him process how much bigger than him she really was. She took slow deep breaths as a wordless smile crept across her face. She would let him gawk, let him gape…she would let his mind be blown as he wrapped his head around the reality of their size difference. And she would be patient and watch it all happen.

Jeff felt utterly empty inside. This new knowledge of Sarah's true size had forcefully, totally, almost repulsively taken away any lingering shred of self-worth, at least for the moment. It was almost grotesque how much bigger she was than him — he barely weighed a hundred pounds…and she weighed almost 240!?!? The disparity was too wide to believe. And yet, deep down, there was nothing about the objective reality of that soft blue number staring calmly back at him from the scale that surprised him. He knew that she was this big. And he knew that he was that small in comparison…but to have it displayed so obviously and so simply was too much for Jeff. He started to breathe rapidly as his heart rate quickened.

"Wooowww," said Sarah at last. She shifted her stance high above and inclined her head, inviting Jeff to look up at her. Her beautiful face, framed by long spills of her blond hair, beamed down on him from almost a foot and a half above. Her eyes were wide in genuine excitement and disbelief. "Can you believe it?" Her voice matched the cadence of his lungs — it was breathless.

"N-n—no!" he managed to squeak, feeling the dizzying complexity of her size as she loomed like a mountain over him. He could say nothing more, since he was unable to control the increased pace of his breathing.

"Neither can I," said Sarah as she kept their eye contact. Jeff couldn't hold it, though, and his eyes broke away to the floor. "Mmmm," Sarah sighed as she stretched herself back up to her full height, reaching her arms high over her head in a tremendous stretch. With the extra two inches of the scale, the tips of her fingers reached 8'2". Since she often wore heels (routinely taller than the 3" ones she had been wearing earlier), Sarah had made sure that the ceilings in her house were ten feet high…it was no accident in the architecture.

"I just…wow." Sarah continued to milk the new reality of her size in front of Jeff…she had thought she was somewhere in the mid-220 range, but she hadn't realized that with her steady regimen of weight training, her increased appetite, and her slightly increasing penchant for after-dinner desserts had all combined to cause a fairly substantial weight gain. She suddenly laughed as she reached back down from her stretch and grabbed two big pinches of her hips.

"Look at these big things," she laughed at Jeff, whose head was still down. She jiggled her flesh rapidly, causing her wide hips, her massive ass, and her fleshy abdomen to all quiver and vibrate. The movement was caused less by Sarah's jiggling, however, than by the weight of her

flesh's own momentum. Her body was so big and so substantially built that any barely perceptible movement from Sarah had massive repercussions.

"You see this, Jeff!" she said brightly, still jiggling herself as she hopped lightly off the scale. For someone so big, she sure moved delicately on her feet. Jeff was trying to concentrate on not hyperventilating, but after a moment of half-swallowing he managed to collect himself enough to look up at her. Her eyes were dancing and she was laughing as she wiggled her flesh and jiggled her hips at him. She turned around. Suddenly her ass cheeks were bouncing up, one after the other. She was flexing this cheek, then that one, this one then that one. They went up and down, up and down, and Sarah bent herself into a half-crouch, putting her hands on her knees as she threw her ass into a more rapid twerk…each cheek went up and down twice a second.

Jeff's mouth was bone-dry; his face was ashen; his breathing came even quicker. He couldn't last like this for long. Sarah knew this — after a few seconds of twerking she jumped back up and twirled herself around, grinning.

"Jesus, Jeff," she said, "I'm twice your size." She bounded up closer to him. "I'm, like, way more than twice your size." She reached her hand down and cupped his chin, arching her back and bending down so that he looked directly up into her eyes. His rapid breathing was shallow, but it was enough to ruffle her hair. She continued unfazed.

"If we were playing on a see-saw, and I had two Jeffs instead of one," she said, "you two still wouldn't be able to budge me." Her grin cracked a little as she laughed at her example. "But seriously, Jeff," she said, letting his chin go and pinching his side with her fingers. She had to try a few times, because the first two attempts didn't yield enough flesh in her fingers to hold on properly. At last she managed to snag what could be described as his hip. "Look at that, Jeff. Look what happens." She jiggled her hand. Outside of the paltry bit of flesh between her fingers, nothing in Jeff's body moved in response. There was almost no flesh to move.

For comparison Sarah reached her other hand to her own hip and once gain pinched it and jiggled, sending mighty ripples through her ample flesh. "I guess we have different body types, huh, Jeff," said Sarah playfully, winking at him as she let him go. She rose up to her full height again and clapped her hands. "Now shake your butt!"

Jeff leaned on his crutches, still barely able to breathe. "W-what?"

Sarah plopped herself down in the chair Jeff had been sitting in. The metal fold-up chair groaned into the kitchen at her weight as her curves spilled over the edges, her feet easily touching the floor as she spread her legs far beyond the chair. "You heard me," she said simply. She gestured with a beckoning finger. "I want you to come over here, in between my legs, and shake your little butt for me." Jeff didn't move. Sarah inclined her head and arched an eyebrow, and he suddenly knew that he needed to obey her. He did as she asked.
"Come on, Jeff," said Sarah, chuckling as he crutched himself in between her long, shapely, out-splayed legs. "This isn't a one-way relationship here, you know. I gave you a little twerking show, so now it's only fair that you do the same for me." Jeff stood there, leaning on his crutches, at a loss.

"H-how…" he began, "H-ow am I…can I…uh —"

Sarah rolled her eyes humorously. “Oh for the love of god, Jeff — no imagination! Haven’t you seen that video of that old person in crutches totally breaking it down on the dance floor?” More blank stares from Jeff prompted Sarah to speed up the exchange. “Here,” she said kindly, “why don’t you put those crutches down, one at a time, and use my knees for support?” Not knowing what else to do, Jeff obliged, dropping each crutch to the floor and putting his small hands on Sarah’s knees, which rose up on either side of him a little past his mid-thighs. Her knees felt like big rocks — Jeff’s hands couldn’t come close to covering them.

“Perfect,” said Sarah. “Now, turn around and show me what you got, little guy.” Jeff did as he was told. It was easier to just do as she said; it meant that he didn’t have to think about what was going on; it meant that he could concentrate on something other than his dwindling control over his breathing and heart rate. Sarah watched him turn around…she was gauging his reactions, waiting.

Supporting what weight he had on his two arms that were perched on Sarah’s knees, Jeff tried move his butt around. It was ridiculous…he felt ridiculous. He had never really been much of a dancer or an athlete of any kind, and he didn’t know how to move his body around. He started by trying to simply flex his buttocks. Then he tried to shift his hips side to side, but really only managed a kind of awkward shimmy. Then he tried hopping up and down on his good leg, hoping that maybe that would do the trick. But it was all hopeless. He had no idea how to move himself correctly, and anyway, there was hardly anything for him to move back there.

He heard Sarah’s soft silvery laughter behind him. His face grew hot and red in embarrassment and the erection that had been straining ever since Sarah had stepped onto the scale seemed to push through some invisible, impossible barrier, and grow harder still. He hated this — he hated this awful humiliation, but even more, he hated how his cock, his brain, his soul seemed to respond to it. He relished in it, but it was like relishing in shit. It was unnatural, grotesque, and it scared him to death. The beginning of a full-fledged panic attack was tightening its grip on his insides, and he began gasping for air.

“No, no! Oh my god Jeff!” Sarah’s laughing voice came from behind him. “You’ve gotta actually move the muscles in your butt to twerk!” He felt two large hands cup both his buttocks — Sarah’s hands easily engulfed them, and he felt her hands tighten around his butt cheeks. “You’ve gotta move them, like this.” Her hands went up and down, up and down, encouraging his shriveled ass muscles to move along with her. After a few passes she seemed to give up, laughing as she released him.

“Well, not much to twerk there, to be honest,” she laughed. And then she was about to order him to turn around when she realized that he wouldn’t be able to. Now was the time. She reached out her hands, reached under his arms, and lifted him completely off the ground, twisting his entire body smartly in her hands in midair and placing him gently back down. Now he was facing her, standing in between her legs as she sat in the chair. His arms were balancing himself unsteadily on her knees. His face was beet-red, his breaths were coming in shallow gasps, and a cold sweat dotted his brow. Standing like this, leaning weakly on his hands, his chin barely scaled the top of Sarah’s head. She looked at him without expression for a few moments. He glanced up at her eyes but quickly averted them downward again — he could not stand to look into that calm sea green that was regarding him without emotion. It made him feel too tiny, like a little animal…inhuman.

“You like how big I am Jeff,” said Sarah, softly but with an indisputable firmness, like she was whispering the truth to a child. “You’re cock gets hard for my big body, doesn’t it?” She reached a long finger out, turned it upside down, and slowly curled it towards herself, dragging a sharp red fingernail gently along the underside of Jeff’s cock. Jeff was truly hyperventilating now — he wanted to run, wanted to melt into the floor, wanted to disappear completely and escape this crushing reality of Sarah’s control over him, but there was nothing he could do. He simply stood there on shaky legs, propping himself up on her knees on shaky arms, his head bowed to the floor in surrender. As he gasped for air he realized that there were tears in his eyes, and as he blinked they fell to the floor. He was actually crying. The knowledge of this demeaning fact seem to encourage even more tears to well up in his eyes, and all of a sudden he was crying freely, giving great heaves as he wept before her.

Sarah continued to slowly scratch along the underside of his cock with her fingernail. She appeared completely unfazed. But if Jeff had not been so overwhelmed and so preoccupied, he would have noticed that his tears were not the only fluid sprinkling the floor. A great puddle had quickly accumulated in Sarah’s snatch and had begun to bleed through her red dress, darkening the area around her vagina. As Jeff wept the juice from Sarah’s pussy wet through her dress and began to spill onto the floor. Two puddles were forming simultaneously on the smooth kitchen floor: a slow-forming one of Jeff’s sprinkled tears, and a larger, slightly steaming one of Sarah’s cum.

“But Jeff,” said Sarah in a low throaty whisper, suddenly wrapping her large hand around his cock and squeezing. Jeff blew out through his mouth. He couldn’t understand how he hadn’t cum. “We both know that this cock is hard not just because I’m so big.” She tugged him closer towards her by his cock, so that he had to hop on one foot to keep standing and move his hands from her knees to her thighs. Aside from the smoother flesh and warmer feel of her skin, he didn’t feel much of a difference. Their faces were now no more than a foot apart, with Sarah looking slightly up into Jeff’s face, which was streaming with tears.

Sarah bared her teeth. “It’s hard because you’re so small, Jeff. So small compared to me. So… nothing compared to me.” She flung her tongue from side to side rapidly, showing her power as she looked up at him with wide eyes that drank in his submission.

“Oooooohhh!” Jeff moaned, unable to stifle what sounded like a little squeal from a pig.

Sarah sensed his orgasm and suddenly reached out and grabbed Jeff by the neck. Her fingers stretched well over halfway around it — a few more inches and they would have touched. She plunged her index finger into her mouth and narrowed her eyes at Jeff as she sucked on it. After a quick moment, all in a flash, she slid her wet finger from her mouth and grabbed Jeff’s butt. Her wet finger began rapidly exploring the interior walls of his butt cheeks as she suddenly stood up, lifting Jeff up completely by his neck and his butt.

Totally aloft, his feet dangling in the air, Jeff felt the slow horror of her wet finger first prying, then poking, then completely sliding into his asshole. He would have given a great yelp, but everything was moving too fast. Sarah had stood up with him, but now she was driving him forward and down, forcing him to the floor again so that he lay completely on his back. Sarah was breathing hard, and her nostrils flared in excitement. Despite her passion she was careful to lay Jeff down gently, despite the speed and energy with which she had swooped him off his

feet. Her finger was about halfway into his ass — she placed her other hand on his naked chest, covering a large portion of it as she held him down, looking him in the face as she fucked his ass with her finger.

Jeff was nearly fainting now. Tears were still pooled in his eyes and ran down his face, but his body now seemed too overwhelmed to produce them. His cock was a deep purple from his acute arousal, and was pointing straight up his stomach at his own face. He had never been so hard in his life. How had he not cum yet?

“Hmmmm, where isssss ittttt?” came Sarah’s playful voice. Her finger quickened in his ass — instead of simply sliding in and out, it seemed to be snaking around in his rectum. Jeff looked at her and saw her head cocked to one side, her eyes looking at the ceiling in concentration, apparently searching for something. After a few more seconds Jeff felt an electric jolt go through his cock, his pelvis, everything…he gasped. Sarah gave him a sly smile.

“There it is!” she chirped down at him, and she licked her lips as she took a deep breath. She drew out her finger almost all the way and then, without warning, shoved it all the way back in, hooking it up inside his rectum so that she scored a direct hit on his prostate. Jeff felt any resistance break completely, and he could almost hear the cum rushing from his balls up his shaft.

Sarah was ready. Almost as soon as her finger went back in, she had opened wide and taken the entire, massive head of his cock in her mouth. She felt the first few spurts of Jeff’s cum rocket into her mouth.

“Mmmmm!” she growled aggressively, furrowing her brow as she looked fiercely at him, shaking her head back and forth in short bursts like an animal. “Mmmmmmmmm!!” She closed her eyes and sucked on his head like she was extracting flavor from a jolly rancher. After a few more bursts of cum she shimmied her head down, taking his long thick shaft deeper and deeper, filling up her neck with his cock. This time, she didn’t pause at the last inch, and simply took the whole thing in one almighty swoop.

For the next thirty seconds there was almost no sound in the house. Jeff wasn’t even breathing anymore — his mouth and eyes were wide open, and his limbs and muscles were completely stiff, utterly incapable of movement. Sarah had ceased her moaning and was concentrating on swallowing every drop of cum that shot deep into her throat from Jeff’s cock. Her audible gulping was the only sound that could be heard. As the stream of Jeff’s cum weakened, her gulps became louder, more pronounced, and longer. She was using her throat muscles to wring out his cock, attempting to draw out everything he had.

GULP *GULLPP* *GGGUUULLLPPP*

After about a minute Jeff finally caught his breath back — it came to him in desperate heaves, as if he was just coming up from deep underwater. Sarah patted his heaving chest with a large hand, laughing.

“Woah there, little guy! A little out of breath there?” She peered in closer to his face, enjoying her scrutiny of his supine form. “Never had one quite like that, huh?” She winked at him, and through the fog of his vision Jeff could see her lovely face staring at him. There was a little bit of

cum that was stuck to her lower lip. He turned his head from side to side, not really in an attempt to answer her question, but rather in a weak and desperate attempt to rebuff her. He couldn't handle it — not anymore.

"Aww, well, I'll let you rest," said Sarah, gathering herself to stand up. The cum was still stuck to her lower lip. Did she realize it? Was she mocking him again? "But Jeff, I have to say," said Sarah, standing up and talking down at him, "I think I've conquered that cock, don't you think? I think I can pretty comfortably get it all the way down, right?" She shook her head down at him, and he could barely see that she was smiling sweetly. "We're gonna have to do something about that, Jeff. I need to be challenged." She laughed as she walked away, leaving him there on the floor, and taking care to put his crutches next to his body.

"But don't worry Jeff — I like a challenge!" Her voice was coming from somewhere else in the house now; Jeff didn't know where. His head was still going back and forth, back and forth, in the universal "no" gesture. It was like he was stuck on it — he longed to pass out, just like he had before, but something kept him awake. His mouth was still open to the ceiling as his eyes burned and strained to blink. But he couldn't blink, just like he couldn't close his mouth or move the rest of his body. All he could do was keep up his head motion, back and forth back and forth on the ground, as if to say "No, no, no, no, no…"

Chapter 18: The Sarah in the Other Room

A while later, maybe ten minutes, maybe twenty, maybe longer, Jeff was able to start moving his body again. Every movement seemed like it was in slow motion, almost like he was trying to move about underwater. His body was exhausted; he was covered in sweat, his limbs ached terribly, and every breath burned in his lungs. Even after he was able to move, it still took him about ten minutes to muster up the energy to actually stand. He reached for the crutches automatically, and used them to help him rise up. He didn't even think about using them anymore — at this point it was second nature.

Finally on his feet, he looked around the kitchen and into the living room. The house appeared to be empty. It was completely quiet. There was no sign of Sarah…had she left? Almost as soon as that question flashed in his mind, Jeff knew the answer was "no." The house seemed to smile to itself as it hummed with a kind of invisible energy that had been absent during the day. She was here.

But where was she? Jeff slowly began to walk on his crutches, bit by bit, making his way toward the living room. He looked toward the big red sofa — Sarah was nowhere to be seen. He suddenly realized that she must be in her bathroom…or maybe her bedroom. Excitement sprang up in his chest as he imagined her getting ready for bed, brushing her teeth, brushing out her hair, looking at herself in the mirror, and then seeing him and giving him a big smile, as if to say "almost ready for bed!"

The horror of their previous exchange had almost completely evaporated from Jeff's brain. He had been so overwhelmed by Sarah's humiliating dirty talk, her size comparisons with him, her effortless deepthroating, and her long finger in his ass, that he had not really had time to truly appreciate what was happening to him. He had mostly been trying to unsuccessfully stave off a panic attack, and when her finger went into his ass, all bets were off — she had wiped his mind clean.

And now, twenty or thirty or however many minutes later, he was not able to think back and experience the horror he felt in that moment. His mind had blocked out his desperate resistance, and the earnestness of his struggle against the humiliation that he did not want. The more time passed, the more it just seemed like an…intense encounter. He remembered everything that had happened, but he did not have the capacity to acknowledge that Sarah had just raped him while he was having a panic attack. Instead, his mind went somewhere else.

'Didn't think I was into anal stuff,' he thought as he crutched himself towards Sarah's master suite. He laughed to himself. 'Well, guess I was wrong!' He shook his head and allowed his internal laughter to trickle out into the external world through some chuckles. 'And of course,' he thought, continuing to laugh to himself, 'Sarah would be into that stuff…damn she's kinky.'

Anyone who had witnessed what had happened a short time before might have been flabbergasted by Jeff's mindset — how could he have forgotten his hopeless humiliation that had brought him to tears, even as he was forced to orgasm? How could he possibly have forgotten something so intense? But Jeff hadn't really forgotten. Over the years, as more and more evidence built around him of his own inadequacy, his own immaturity, and his own small stature, he had developed some convenient mental habits that were always waiting in the wings to sweep in and save him from any negative feelings: anything that didn't make him feel good,

that didn't vindicate him as an intelligent, interesting, and desirable man, he simply discounted. Anything that made him question himself and his own life choices…well, he simply swept it under the rug and carried on doing whatever it was that he was doing. That was why he had made it all the way to 28 — all the way to poor health and a bad hip through drinking, smoking, poor diet, bad sleep, and a lack of exercise — without accomplishing anything, while feeling proud of himself.

But meeting Sarah had started to change all of that. Her behavior had forced him to look at himself for what he really was: small, weak, and submissive, both physically and mentally. And even worse, she had forced him to contend with the fact that he was actually aroused by these realities. And as she had shown time and time again, Jeff simply did not possess the ability to resist her.

But now, in these moments of come-down, when Sarah didn't appear to be around, Jeff could regroup and push all of the humiliation, all the submission, and all the crazy erotic desire out of his mind. What was left made him smile: he was getting the most insane blowjobs from the hottest bombshell of a girl he had ever met. Who cared that it was his old neighbor, little Sarah Helleger? Jesus Christ, had she grown up or what! And she was into him! Jeff couldn't help it — his face spread out in a wide grin as he crutched toward the bathroom door. Who could blame her, after all? With, you know, the size of his dick and all. She wasn't in the bathroom. Or her bedroom either. Hmmmmm….Jeff was a bit puzzled as he turned to leave the bedroom suite. Had she really left the house?

As Jeff turned to leave Sarah's bedroom, the only thing that really stuck in his mind was what she had said after she had left him lying on the floor…something about having "conquered" his dick? What had she meant by that? Was she saying that she wished that he was even bigger than he was? Jeff felt a little unpleasant pit in his stomach…was his cock not enough for her? He had never had such a thought, but then again, no girl had been able to deepthroat him at all, let alone as smoothly and effortlessly as Sarah had. Any trouble she had the previous night seemed to have gone away….she had said that she needed a "challenge," right? As Jeff crutched into the living room, his brow furrowed a bit as he contemplated this problem. How could he make his dick bigger?

And then he saw her. She was sitting at her desk, with her back to him. She had her headphones in and appeared to be intently working. Jeff stopped dead in his tracks, and any thoughts he had been having were suddenly gone. His world became only her. She had apparently changed clothes — she was wearing a baggy grey sweatshirt and tight white yoga pants, which he could see in the curves of her ass and hips that were spilling slightly over either side of her chair. She was crouched over a mass of papers on her desk that were spread out all around her. Since he was watching her, Jeff became attuned to her presence, and heard the busy scribbling of her pencil…how had he not heard that before? She had been sitting right there the whole time.

Automatically, Jeff began to limp toward her. The closer he got, the bigger she looked in her chair. He got all the way up to her, until he was about five feet away. Sarah still hadn't looked up, giving no indication that she knew he was there. Being this close to her, Jeff saw that Sarah's head was actually a bit taller than his, even though she was sitting down and slightly hunched.

A ball grew in Jeff's throat as he gawked at her from behind. She had her hair up in a messy haphazard ponytail. He couldn't believe it. She looked….like an overgrown college student.

'I guess that's what she is!' laughed Jeff to himself. He had never seen her in quite this way before, and it only deepened his fascination. He jumped back a bit as Sarah sat up straight suddenly, drawing her head even higher above his than it had already been. She still had her back to him, though, and after a few moments she hunched herself back down, cupping her chin in her hands as she leaned down on her forearms, evidently still focusing on her work.

Jeff watched her for another minute or so before he started feeling awkward. He wanted to get her attention, but he also really didn't want to disturb her. Although he didn't know it, deep down inside, he didn't want to disturb her because he was afraid of her. Deep down, he knew that she was some kind of threat to him, some kind of a predator that would consume him. But he couldn't access these feelings. He had built up too much of a defense against reality.

And…it was her. Sitting down in her chair, her hair all messy, in her sweatshirt and yoga pants, hard at work, she looked more beautiful than ever.

'What a good student!' Jeff suddenly thought, smiling again. 'Look at her go!' His mind shot back to the phone conversation she had had earlier that evening with the fourth-year med student — she had seemed so knowledgeable, so on top of it. 'They better look out,' thought Jeff, almost paternally, 'she's comin' to get em'! Sarah's gonna blow them all out of the water!' He paused, laughing to himself as he fixated on the word "blow."

'Well…she'll be blowing me anyway,' he thought, and then he saw Sarah's huge hand extend up and begin drumming its long, long fingers on the table. The sight of her massive hand up close, and those lithe fingers drumming their red clawed nails on the table suddenly shot his mind to her face with his dick in her mouth, snarling and shaking itself back and forth rapidly. His heart stopped a moment as he let out a gasp, and he immediately broke out into another cold sweat.

But she hadn't heard him. And almost as soon as the memory had come, it was gone again. Jeff once again felt warmed as he regarded her.

'Maybe we could get married sometime,' he thought abruptly. He let his thoughts wander… maybe they could be like those people who get married on the beach. His heart dropped a little as he imagined the wedding photos — she would be so much bigger than him, and everyone would be talking about it. His cock woke up. He realized that he was naked. Where was that blanket that she had draped over him a while back?

'Never mind,' he thought, irritated at his penis for getting hard. He just wanted to daydream about him and Sarah being together. Maybe they could even have kids….oh god! What if they had a daughter!? Would she grow up to be as big as Sarah?? His dick was still growing, and Jeff was not able to suppress his sudden rage. He reached his hand through one of his crutches and grabbed his cock, holding it there and giving it a stern shake, as if to rebuke it. Why was it getting hard when he was thinking about all this stuff? After a few moments Jeff realized that he was only making himself harder, so he let himself go, bringing his eyes back up to Sarah's neck and back.

‘She’s just so hot,’ he thought to himself. ‘That’s why I can’t help myself around her.’ He stood there for a few more minutes, watching her read, and scribble notes, and shift her papers. It was mesmerizing…and pretty soon, he couldn’t bear it any longer. He needed her to know he was there. Gingerly, cautiously, almost like a child about to wake up his parents on a Saturday morning, Jeff approached her on his crutches, until he was literally at her elbow. Her head rose up several inches above his own. Her face was illuminated by her laptop screen, and she was typing away at her keyboard, barely visible beneath the mass of papers and scribbled notes on her desk. She still hadn’t seen him. He could feel the heat coming off her hips and thighs. He reached over and tapped her upper sweatshirt, where her the shape of her arm was just barely visible.

She gave no indication that she had noticed him. He tried again, with the same reaction.

“H-hi Sarah,” he said out loud, surprising himself with his courage. But she didn’t hear him.

‘Of course,’ he thought, ‘she can’t hear me because she has her headphones in. Duh!’ He chastised himself inwardly for his silliness. He remained next to her, standing stupidly. He still needed to get her attention. But how? Once again he felt the heat rising up from Sarah’s thighs. He looked down at them. She filled her chair completely, and it wasn’t a tiny chair, either — it was one of those large, plush, industrially-made office chairs that could go up and down and lean itself way back. And still, Sarah’s ass, hips, and thighs were more than enough to fill it. Jeff’s mouth watered a bit as he looked at her thighs, big, juicy, meaty pillars that strained through her tight white yoga pants.

He reached out his hand, which trembled a bit, and touched Sarah’s right thigh with his finger. She shifted her upper body as she reached to her left for a paper that was covered in graphs, still typing away with her right hand. Jeff took his finger off her thigh and touched it again, this time actually pressing into her flesh. It felt like he was trying to press into a block of wood that was covered with a thick rubber coating. Her flesh barely gave way. He pressed harder, harder, until he was actually breathing hard from exertion. Still no reaction. He was getting more and more desperate…was she ignoring him? It couldn’t be — she was just so concentrated on her work. Gathering up his courage, Jeff reached out his hand and brought it down on Sarah’s thigh with a desperate slap.

She turned her head and saw him. Jeff immediately staggered back a few paces, shocked by the sudden full-on view of her face. Her eyebrows went up and she smiled, lifting the headphones up off one of her ears.

“Oh, hi Jeff!” she said happily, “Did you get some good rest? I know I tired you out there a little bit, huh?” She cracked a wide toothy smile at him.

“Y-yeah, yeah I got some rest,” he said.

“Good, good!” said Sarah. She sat there looking at him for a few moments, her eyes going up and down his body. Jeff felt suddenly exposed and embarrassed — he was rock hard again.

“Well,” said Sarah after a few more moments, bringing her hand back up to her headphones, “I’m just doing some work here, Jeff, so…I’m gonna keep doing that, but please, make yourself

at home!" She turned to put her headphones back on. Jeff started in horror…was that it?! Was that the only reaction she was going to give him?!

"Oh," she said, catching herself, "and you can go into my bedroom and rummage around in the drawers for some clothes or something. I don't want you to get cold!" She paused, and then she smiled, with a bit of mischief in her eyes. "If you try the bottom left drawer, I think you'll find some of my old clothes from when I was a teenager — those might fit you."

"B-but —" Jeff stuttered, not even appreciating the full humiliation of what she had just told him. He wasn't ready for their interaction to end.

Sarah laughed. "I'm just teasing you, Jeff!" She allowed a few more moments to pass as her eyes danced across his nude body. "But seriously, though," she added, "all jokes aside, those are the only clothes I have that might fit you." She kept looking him up and down. "Might."

Jeff suddenly remembered the satchel his mother had brought him earlier that day. This memory felt like something of a triumph. "But —" he said, with perhaps more energy than he had intended, "—but, my mom dropped off my satchel earlier today. I think it has some of my clothes in it. I can just wear —"

"It doesn't," cut in Sarah.

"What?"

"She didn't bring you any clothes. I told her I had clothes that you could wear."

"B-but," said Jeff, not understanding, "but she doesn't…she couldn't, uh, t-think that y-your clothes, uh…"

"Could fit you?" suggested Sarah, raising her eyebrows in pleasure. "Remember, Jeff, we only spoke on the phone. Your mom doesn't know —" and here Sarah paused for delicious effect, "—what I look like." Jeff stood there dumbly. It was incredible. His mom had no idea…no idea that Sarah had become so…..so huge.

Sarah let a few more moments pass, enjoying them like candy. But she had work to do.

"Bottom left drawer, ok?" she said, reaching up again to put her headphone back on.

"B-but!" whined Jeff. He couldn't bear to be cut off from her.

"Not now Jeff," said Sarah kindly, smiling, but with a firmness in her voice, "playtime's over for now, ok?" She looked sympathetically at his hard cock, and then back at his face, her eyebrows turned up at the inside corners in pity. "We can play some more sometime soon, ok?"

"B-but," said Jeff again pathetically, "w-when can we, uh —"

"Soon, ok, Jeff?" said Sarah, the firmness a bit more pronounced in her voice. "I really need to get this work done tonight, ok? You can watch some Netflix on TV or something, all right?" She began to put her headphone back on. "But Jeff — actually, yeah, please put some clothes on. I

would really hate for you to catch a cold a few days before your surgery. Let me know if you need anything, ok?"

"O-ok."

She smiled at him warmly and then turned away, putting her headphone back on. And just like that, Jeff was cut off from her. He stood there for a few more moments, pining after her. It took another glance from her and a shooing gesture from her hand that said "go on now, get along!" that made him reluctantly turn himself away.

He crutched himself toward her room. It took a titanic effort to pull himself out of the fast-deepening quagmire of desperate depression that was beginning to take hold. His feelings, as always, were more complicated than he realized. On the surface he was simply sad that Sarah had turned him away, that she had other things to do besides giving him attention. But beneath his external emotions lurked a rawer and more desperate hopelessness — he knew, somewhere in his brain that he could not regularly access, that he had no power and was helpless to defend himself against Sarah. This fact turned him on, but it also terrified him, and the competing contrasts tugging at the strands of his subconscious made him feel weak and defeated.

But as always Jeff's mind retreated into its own fantasies in defense, and it worked.

'Of course she needs her time!' he told himself, entering her room, 'She's a go-getter — she's gonna make it in this world.' He spotted her large chest of drawers to the left, directly under the large mirror it was attached to. 'And that's what you gotta do to make it,' he continued, limping over to he bottom left drawer on his crutches. 'You gotta work when you'd rather be playing.' Somehow, Jeff had convinced himself that by putting on some of Sarah's clothes, he was doing work as well. In truth, it only felt like work to him because he was subconsciously engaged in an internal battle: on one hand, he felt utterly ashamed and humiliated that he was going to be trying on Sarah's old clothes from when she was a teenager. On the other hand, this very shame and humiliation thrilled him, as did the prospect of seeing how his tiny body fit into clothes that Sarah had long outgrown. As he dropped the crutches and knelt down to open the drawer, his body was tingling with excitement; his fingers and toes felt pricked by pins and needles as the heat of his fast-rushing blood flushed through his face and neck.

There were three neat stacks of clothes in the drawer. The first looked like shirts, the second was pants, and the third, a little more disorganized, looked like a jumble of socks and… underwear. Jeff's heart skipped a beat — he couldn't believe his luck. His trembling hands shot out to the underwear, but then he drew himself back.

'Wait, wait,' he told himself, taking deep breaths, 'be patient Jeff…be patient….start slow.' His hands drifted over the pants to the shirts. That seemed like a good place to start. He caught his breath and was able to steady himself. This apparent act of self control felt like work enough to make Jeff proud of himself.

The top shirt was grey and splayed across with blocky blue letters. Jeff threaded this fingers through the neckline…the fabric felt pleasantly cool to the touch. Then he lifted the shirt up. It fell out to its full length in the air as he lifted, and Jeff immediately saw that this shirt was way

too big for him. Holding it up face-hight, it dropped down, down, falling nearly all the way to his knees. Had Sarah actually worn this shirt?? Was she just fucking with him.

As he held the shirt out, Jeff's eyes were drawn to the blocky blue letters. North Springs High School. His stomach jolted…the same high school he had gone to, so many years before. The letters looked faded, indicating that the shirt had been through many cycles in the wash. He didn't have to play mind games with himself anymore…he knew that Sarah had worn this shirt, and that it had fit her perfectly. Maybe it had even been tight on her.

'It would be just like her,' Jeff thought, his blood pressure increasing, 'to wear some casual t-shirt like this to school, skin tight.' He imagined Sarah in her junior or senior year. How big had she been then? How tall?? All kinds of related thoughts were shooting through Jeff's head as he found himself almost mechanically reaching the oversized shirt up over his head to try it on. He knew it didn't fit. But he needed to know…how much it didn't fit.

He felt like he was putting on a large blanket. His head emerged through the hole, and Jeff realized that the shirt's neckline went a good deal down his back, chest, and shoulders. A few more inches either way and the shirt would have been too wide for his shoulders, and simply fallen down his torso and crumpled to his feet. As he suspected, the shirt went way, way down, way past his waist, past his mid-thigh, and all the way to the tops of his knees. Since he was kneeling down, the shirt appeared to cover his entire body, except for the tiny hint of his knees at the bottom. The short sleeves went far down his arms, past his elbows, so that only about two thirds of each forearm was visible on either side.

Fighting through the pain that shot through his hip, he stood up to look at himself in the mirror. He looked utterly ridiculous…like a young child who was in elementary school and who had raided his older sister's dresser. The only thing giving Jeff away was his erection poking up, causing the shirt to tent around his crotch. However, aside from his erection, his arms, and the outer reaches of his shoulders, the shirt hardly touched Jeff's body. It was simply too massive.

As he stood in front of the mirror, looking at his reflection in disbelief, Jeff felt his eyes wander to Sarah's dresser. It stood at about the height of his nipples. There were framed pictures propped up in several places, and Jeff felt himself drawn to one of several girls posing together. They were definitely in high school — these girls had already blossomed and were sporting impressive breasts, vigorous hips, and thick legs…they were all casually dressed, making silly poses for the camera.

But where was Sarah? Almost as soon as he wondered, Jeff saw her. She was in the back, bending down in a pose, her legs spread out wide, her hands on her knees. It looked like the camera had caught her in the act of twerking — Jeff couldn't help but think back to a little while before, when Sarah had crouched down in the same pose for him and shook her ass in his face. Even crouched down like that, she was still taller than all the other girls in the picture…girls who didn't look too short themselves.

Jeff studied the photo, fascinated. Sarah's blond hair wasn't as long then as it was now…it only barely reached her shoulders. Her body was evidently incredible, although she looked less curvy than she did now. God her legs looked good in that pose; Jeff wished that he could have gotten a better view of her ass. Surely it wasn't nearly as big then as it was now. But even still, he saw it poking around on either side of her frame, winking at him mischievously through the

past. What about her breasts? Oh yes…yes, they were just about as big as they were now. Good lord, how was anyone who shared a class with her…who taught her…able to concentrate? Even if she wasn't quite as overpowering as she was now, she wasn't too far off.

Jeff wondered when this picture was taken. No explicit indication was given in the photo. Jeff's eyes wandered back to Sarah's breasts which were straining through the grey t-shirt that clung to her body. Wait a minute…it couldn't be. Jeff felt his mouth go dry. Yes, there it was, unmistakably. The blocky blue letters, which were barely legible because of the extent to which Sarah's body was stretching them…"North Springs High School." He looked at the shirt in the picture; it couldn't have fit Sarah any tighter. It looked like her chest was about to burst out of it at any moment. And all the way from her shoulders down her abdomen, the shirt fit skin-tight, like shrink wrap.

Shifting his focus back to his reflection in the mirror, he couldn't accept it. There was no way that was the same shirt he was wearing right now. There was just no way…it was a pretty ordinary shirt, after all.

'I bet Sarah had tons of these,' Jeff thought to himself quickly, in an unsuccessful attempt to ignore the truth, 'And this one…this one…was…too big for her.' The familiar feeling of absolute tininess in comparison with Sarah, of humiliation at this stunning reality, was massaging his insides, making him feel queasy and ill. And yet at the same time, he felt like collapsing onto Sarah's bedroom floor, on his back, and furiously masturbating. But he couldn't do that — not with Sarah in the other room. He felt like she would disapprove. Or even worse, she might somehow use it against him. He had to stay in line — he couldn't give her any more avenues to take advantage of him.

He quickly pulled the shirt off, tried to fold it, and tossed it onto Sarah's bed. So Sarah's later high school shirts were way too big. He would move on to the next one…maybe, just maybe… and here Jeff caught himself thinking:

'Maybe there's something she wore in middle school that'll fit me.' He hated this thought, and so he ignored it and knelt back down awkwardly in front of the dresser. There were more shirts in the stack, just as big or almost as big as the first, and Jeff found himself flinging them angrily behind him onto the bed. Had Sarah told his mom that she had some clothes for him because it was all part of her plan? Had she arranged her clothes like this just to humiliate him? The thought was absurd…and yet he was beginning to realize that it foolish to underestimate her. Even as he repressed so much of what had happened in the last 24 hours, he knew that she was capable of far more than he had believed possible before.

He was down to the last few shirts, which were looking increasingly old and faded. He tried on one of the last ones, an old school band t-shirt that had "Crestview Middle School, 8th Grade Band" splayed across it in tacky tattered letters. Jeff's heart sank as he felt the shirt drape around him: even this one was too big for him. He looked at himself in the mirror — the shirt looked to be a full size too big. He could've worn it around, but he couldn't bear to. He pulled it off and flung it onto the bed in despair.

Only one shirt was left. Jeff peered down into the drawer with extreme trepidation. A small, neatly-folded, cornflower-blue shirt stared innocently back up at him. He felt hope rise in his breast as he reached for the shirt. It felt pleasantly soft, even as it was made of fabric so thin

that it was partially see-through. He held it out — finally, at the bottom of the pile, something that looked like it could fit him. Jeff put his head through the shirt without difficulty and pulled it down over his tiny torso. It fit him perfectly. He looked at himself in the mirror, almost proud of the fact that something of Sarah's fit him.

The first part of his wardrobe completed, Jeff eyed the neat stack of Sarah's pants in the middle of the drawer. He wasn't even going to try going through them this time; without even unfolding the jeans and sweatpants on the top, he went straight to the bottom of the pile. But even as he lugged the stacks of her pants onto the bed behind him (they were quite heavy), Jeff felt himself having to resist an urge, in spite of his shame and humiliation, to try on each set of Sarah's pants. A part of him wanted to go down that thrilling humiliating path again — it was like some sort of sick fascination. How much bigger were high school Sarah's legs and hips and ass than his? He wanted desperately to know…but something a little stronger still, his pride, stopped him. Maybe it was also because Sarah wasn't in the room; whenever she was, her mere presence silenced any hint of the pride that held him back now.

'How about these?' he thought, pushing away his unwanted desires and shifting his focus to some light purple skinny jeans that he had found at the bottom of the pile. 'These look kinda hip, kinda stylish, right?' He lay down on the floor and pulled them up his legs, and was pleased to find that they also fit him quite well. They didn't really hug his legs, but they definitely fit him way better than he could have hoped. He looked at himself in the mirror again, and without realizing it he was standing on his tiptoes in joy: he looked pretty good! A quick shift in his right hip, however, brought him back to earth as he winced in pain. He couldn't forget to use his crutches. How many days was that surgery away? Three or four? He couldn't remember.

'Well, it can't come soon enough,' thought Jeff, gritting his teeth through the pain as he stood up again on his crutches. He suddenly realized that his feet were cold, and without bending down, standing on his good leg, he used his right foot to fish through Sarah's pile of socks and underwear, until he found a couple of socks that looked small enough for his feet. Putting them on, he realized they were still a little big for his feet, but Jeff didn't care anymore. It was close enough. He looked down into the drawer one last time, and Sarah's underwear winked back at him. They were the strongest temptation yet, and Jeff actually spent a full two minutes staring down at them, fighting with himself. He badly wanted to try them on, to give into his lust. But he was feeling an injection of confidence, and after a couple minutes he resolved to shut them away. After struggling for a bit with the physical exertion, he was able to maneuver the drawer shut with his foot.

He breathed a sigh of relief, looking at himself in the mirror and giving himself a smile. His eyes naturally drifted back down to the dresser. There were a few framed pictures he hadn't really looked at yet. He paused a moment, thinking about Sarah in the other room. He hadn't heard so much as a sound from her. As he stood there listening, he gradually became aware of something…a persistent sound. His ears strained, and he realized that it was the sound of typing. He felt a sudden and enormous sense of safety, and of coziness, and actually closed his eyes as he sighed in pleasure. Sarah was in the other room…she was taking care of him. It was her house; she had everything under control. She was just so…on top of it all. And he could just sit back and relax.

He browsed the framed photos on the dresser. One of Sarah and her parents at her high school graduation. God she was big…her parents, not small people themselves, were dwarfed by her

cap-and-gowned figure. Her dad's head came up to her chin, and her mom's reached just below her shoulder. What had Sarah said before? That her dad was a little over six feet? Sarah towered over him in this picture…Jeff didn't know by how much. But he did realize that she was wearing some impressive heels. Four inches, maybe? He didn't really know….and though he wasn't terribly adept at guessing height, Jeff knew that Sarah had grown since this picture was taken. What he didn't know was that this picture contained all the clues he needed to learn that something else was happening.

But his eyes moved on. A old picture of people who were probably Sarah's grandparents. Jeff wandered briefly if they were still alive, and if they were, what they thought of their amazonian granddaughter. Even in the old photograph, they looked like regal people…Sarah certainly had some good genetics. A picture of the beach with the famous black and white lighthouse — Jeff recognized it as one he had gone to many times before. It amazed him how he and Sarah had grown up around the same things…going to the same places on vacation…

And then his eyes alighted on another photograph: a young Sarah in her bike helmet, standing proudly net to her bike. This was the old Sarah Helleger he remembered, the one who was always outside, always active, always riding that little bike of hers. He studied her face carefully…she couldn't have been older than 11 or 12. This picture must have been taken right around when he was going off to college. He could hardly believe it…there was no hint that this outdoorsy, tomboyish little girl was going to grow into…the Sarah in the other room. Except, well…he checked himself a bit as he looked closer. She was a bit tall for an eleven year-old girl. He couldn't really see any breasts to speak of…but her arms were rather long and lanky, and a little muscular. And her legs did actually nicely fill out the pants she was wearing…the jeans….the purple….

Jeff realized that he was wearing the same exact clothes that Sarah was wearing in the picture. The same purple jeans…the same cornflower-blue shirt. His vision tunneled, and his organs that breathed air and pumped blood froze. He was the same size…as Sarah Helleger had been…when she was 11. Or 12…whatever…and as he looked at the picture, he could see that her legs filled out the jeans more than his; they were tighter on her thighs, and hugged her hips more. What about her shirt? Her shirt looked about the same as it did on him now…as Jeff's vision shifted from the picture to himself in the mirror and back again, over and over, he could feel a darkness growing within him. When he looked at his figure in the mirror, he couldn't see his face…it appeared indistinct, an obscured object, shadowed by chilling sheen. There was lust in his heart. An irresistible and monstrous urge to surrender himself to the awful and humiliating reality that he was so small, so tiny, that a Sarah who would be 17 years younger than him was still bigger.

His cock was pushing painfully through the purple jeans. In a flurry Jeff unzipped them, jumped back with his good leg onto Sarah's bed, into the pile of her larger shirts and pants, and began to desperately jack himself off. He didn't care anymore. He didn't care if Sarah heard him, or what she would say if she found him like this. He panted out like an animal as he pulled on his big cock, fixating on the photo of the prepubescent Sarah and how her thighs filled out those jeans. He came in less than a minute, actually whining out audibly into the air as he climaxed. Since he had been thoroughly milked so recently by the adult Sarah's tongue and throat, barely any fluid came out. And almost as soon as he came, Jeff rolled off Sarah's bed, crawled to the bathroom, and dry heaved into the toilet for over a minute, completely disgusted and ill from giving in to his obscene thoughts.

After a few minutes, his nausea passed, and as his physiology returned to normal, Jeff once again decided to forget where his mind had gone. He glanced down at the purple pants gathered around his thin thighs and pulled them up, zipping them smartly. Thank god he finally had some clothes to wear…so what if they were Sarah's from a while ago. They had probably been washed a thousand times and had gotten so worn and stretched out that they were way bigger now than they were then.

He was more worried about finding out whether or not Sarah had heard him. He crawled to his crutches, stood up on them gingerly, and listened. It was absolutely silent. Jeff couldn't even hear any typing. He cautiously brought himself to the bedroom entrance and peered around the doorframe into the living room. There she was across the room, still there, hunched over her desk, with her back turned, her blond hair still up messily in a makeshift ponytail. It didn't look like she had budged from her spot. Jeff looked closer and saw that she still had her headphones on…she hadn't heard anything. He heaved a sigh of relief in his chest and felt a light sense of joy. All that weirdness that had just happened didn't mean anything…he didn't have to explain himself or revisit it ever again. He had really dodged a bullet.

He limped himself over to the big red sofa -- he wanted to be in the same room with Sarah now. he nestled himself into the cushions, happy as a clam, relishing in every little sound that Sarah made as she shifted her body or typed a sentence or scribbled a few notes. He would look up at her over the sofa head occasionally, but he made sure not to do this too often, since he didn't want her to catch him looking at her. But after about half an hour, she still hadn't turned her head, and Jeff began to get antsy. Didn't she take any breaks? The thought of watching TV was absurd to him…he contented himself with playing around on his phone. He inevitably ended up going to his old conspiracy theory websites, and enjoyed reading one particular article about how the Egyptian pyramids had undoubtedly been built by aliens from another galaxy. But as he read on to other articles about similar topics, Jeff felt himself losing interest. He couldn't think about anything but Sarah. He daydreamed about when she had started puberty, and what it must have been like for her parents to see her start to grow. How had the boys around her in school reacted? Jeff couldn't help but smile to himself, imagining high school boys having to deal with a high school Sarah in their classes.

'Boy, that must have been a mind-fuck for them,' he thought, smiling to himself. His smile was a smug one — as he entertained these thoughts, Jeff was imagining himself as Sarah's partner, as her boyfriend, someone who knew her charms and whims and who could resist them…or at least, someone who could claim them as his own.

"Jeff!" Sarah's voice called out merrily into the air, snapping him from his reverie. He struggled a moment to climb out of his comfortable niche in the sofa cushions, and he poked his head up over the sofa head.

"Y-yes?" he answered.

Sarah had turned in her chair. She had a pencil in her hand, and her headphones were off her head and hanging around her neck. She smiled warmly at him.

"Oh! There you are!" she laughed. "Sorry, I didn't mean to shout. I didn't see you and thought you were in my bedroom, haha!"

“Oh! Haha, nope…uh, just right here!” said Jeff. Sarah looked at him for a few more seconds, still smiling. Her bright eyes seemed to be studying him hard.

“Wellll,” she said, turning back to organize one final stack of papers, “I think I’ve reached a stopping point for tonight.” She shot him a mischievous little look. “Wanna know what I was working on?”

The way she asked the question made Jeff feel slightly afraid, and he wanted to say “No,” but instead he heard himself saying, “Uh…uh, s-sure.”

Sarah laughed, shaking out her mane of blond hair as she took out her hair tie. “Surrreee you do,” she said sarcastically. She closed her laptop and turned off her desk lamp. “Well, just suffice it to say: I’ve been studying up on avascular necrosis and the recovery process from surgery.” She stood up from her chair and walked over to the sofa, reaching it in a few strides. Jeff looked up, feeling newly intimidated by her size. She looked down on him softly, smiling.

“As it happens, I’m actually writing a conference paper on avascular necrosis…specifically the recovery process,” she said. “Ever since I learned about your diagnosis I got interested in it, especially since there’s still lots we don’t know about it.” Jeff looked up at her blankly. Anytime she spoke to him like this, he felt like she was looming over him. It felt like having a conversation with a mountain.

Sarah reached out and stroked his cheek lightly with a long finger…the same finger that had ravaged his asshole not long before. “Remember, Jeff? I’m studying orthopedics?”

“Uhhh,” said Jeff, his tingling nerves distracted by her finger, “right. Oh yeah, right! Uh…bones! The study of bones, right?”

Sarah nodded down at him kindly, continuing to stroke his cheek. “Right, Jeff,” she said softly, “the study of bones, muscles, and joints.” She kept looking at him steadily as she talked. “I guess I should be thanking you— this topic is super interesting, and maybe I’ll even turn my conference paper into a journal article. Who knows?” She smiled at him lovingly. “But of course, Jeff, the really important thing, what I really care about, is that you are ok.” She paused, considering him silently for a moment. “Are you nervous?”

“N-nervous?” asked Jeff. “About…about what?”

“Your surgery, Jeff,” said Sarah calmly. She had taken her finger off his cheek.

“Oh. Uhhh…not really, no.” In truth, Jeff had barely thought about his surgery. He couldn’t even remember when it was.

“That’s good,” said Sarah. “I’ve got you through the whole thing — we’re all gonna take really good care of you and make sure you come out ok.”

“Th-thanks,” managed Jeff. Sarah’s tone confused him. Should he be nervous?

Sarah kept smiling down on him. “You’re cute in those clothes, you know that?” He looked up at her eyes, which playfully regarded his. Did she know what he was wearing? Had she planned this whole thing?

“Ahaha, thanks,” laughed Jeff nervously.

“I haven’t really gotten a good look at those clothes in….quite some time,” said Sarah exquisitely drawing out her words.

“Uhh yeah! Well….uh…they fit me,” said Jeff.

“Yes,” laughed Sarah through affectionately-squinted eyes, cracking her mouth in a wide grin that showed her lovely teeth as she nodded her head up and down, “I can see that.” Her body shook slightly as she chuckled genially down at Jeff, who didn’t know what to do. After a few moments Sarah’s soft laughter died down and she was just looking at him, her head cocked to the side, a slight smile on her face. Jeff felt the pressure grow in his head and around his body as the silent moments passed by, with Sarah just staring at him wordlessly, shamelessly, as the smile disappeared from her face. What was she doing? He bowed his head, once again unable to meet her eyes. He felt like a piece of meat.

“You know, Jeff,” she said suddenly, her full voice quietly cutting through the silence, “I would really hate it if you grew to despise me.” There was a slight hoarseness to Sarah’s voice that Jeff had not heard before. He looked up at her, and saw that there were big tears in her eyes. He felt the sickly waves of electric jolts jar his insides. This unfamiliar emotional territory frightened him.

“D-despise you?” he stammered. He shook his head. “H-how — how could I…I despise you?”

Sarah took a great deep breath and blinked heavily, allowing the tears to drop from her eyes. They landed directly on Jeff’s forehead, splashing his eyes a bit.

“S-sorry!” said Sarah thickly, through her emotion.

“N-no, no! It’s ok!” said Jeff, thoroughly alarmed as he wiped off his head. “D-don’t worry about it Sarah!”

“Thanks,” she said. She folded her hands together in front of her. “I just…” She seemed to be at a loss for words. Jeff’s mind was frantic now, hunting around like a little squirrel, in search of some kind of a way out, some kind of a solution. But he had no idea what was happening.

“Jeff,” she said seriously, her voice barely quivering with emotion. She seemed to have found her words. “I really need you to tell me if anything that we do…if any of our play…makes you feel bad after we’re done.” Jeff looked at her vacantly, not understanding what she was saying.

“I mean,” she said, sniffing her nose and wiping her eyes with her hand, “I know when we’re in the heat of the moment, you know, when we’re playing…things can get a little blurred. You know?” Jeff nodded, not understanding anything.

“And…it’s difficult to know how much is too much, and when to stop, you know?” Jeff nodded again. He felt reassured that Sarah was talking to him, instead of just staring at him with tears in her eyes. He didn’t really know what this was about…maybe she felt stressed out by school? He contented himself with watching her big hands move around as she spoke — they were mesmerizing.

“I — uh,” said Sarah, getting choked up a bit again. Jeff started to feel scared again — what was wrong with her? “I should have talked to you about this earlier,” said Sarah, “but…well, we’re talking about it now.” He was utterly confused. Talking about what?

“Listen to me, Jeff,” said Sarah seriously, getting down on her knees so that she was looking Jeff right in the face. “When we’re playing, things get complicated, right?”

“Uhh…right,” said Jeff. What else was he supposed to say?

“Now, this is very important.” She took her two hands and brought them up to Jeff’s face, so that her hands were holding his entire head. Jeff felt her fingers snake around the back of his skull and he sighed in pleasure.

“Stay with me, Jeff. Look at me.” Sarah wasn’t playing around, and Jeff did as he was told. Her sea green eyes bore into his once again, and forbade him to look away. Her tears were gone.

“Any time we’re playing,” said Sarah carefully and deliberately, “and you want to stop playing, all you need to do is say one word, Jeff. One special word, and I will stop playing immediately.”

“Uhhh…ok?” said Jeff, unsure of what Sarah was getting at here. Why would he want to stop playing?

“That word is this, Jeff, and I want you to say it after me: RED.”

“Red.”

“Good, Jeff. One more time: RED.”

“Red.”

“All right.” Sarah looked at him seriously a few seconds more and stood up. “This is all very important, Jeff. You have to understand that we respect each other’s boundaries when we’re playing.”

“Uhh, right,” said Jeff.

“And when you don’t like something or aren’t sure of how you feel about something and want it to stop, you don’t need to justify or explain anything to me. All you have to do is say — ” she gestured wordlessly with her hand.

“—red,” said Jeff.

Sarah smiled. “Good.” She closed her eyes tightly and opened them as she turned her head up, looking at the ceiling for a moment before she looked back down to Jeff. All traces of her previous emotion seemed to be gone and she seemed content and happy.

“Well!” she said, smiling at him. “Let’s get ready for bed.”

Chapter 19: Sarah's Nighttime Rituals

The two of them made for an interesting pair as they walked toward Sarah's bedroom: Jeff leading the way on his crutches, with Sarah following behind slowly and gracefully in his tiny wake, making sure to take small steps so as not to overtake him. To an outside observer, it looked like a young, bodacious, and unusually tall mother was about to put her short, scrawny, underdeveloped 12-year-old, who had just sprained his ankle in soccer practice, to bed.

Jeff was limping along confused, totally at a loss for what to think about Sarah's recent outburst of unexplained emotion. He tried for a few seconds to make sense of it all, but he was not in the habit of exercising his analytical skills for much longer than that — it exhausted him. Besides, the longer he dwelt on Sarah's strange words and behavior, the more he felt like he had absolutely no idea what was going on inside her head. Jeff didn't enjoy the prospect of such ignorance, and so he did what he was unconsciously used to doing: he created a narrative for himself, and believed it. Sarah had probably been crying from happiness because the two of them were finally together. Girls were weird, after all, and sometimes when they were happy they cried, and sometimes when they were sad they laughed. If anyone knew the strangeness of the female mind, it was Jeff.

'I've got some experience with this kind of stuff,' he reminded himself as he limped along. It was easy to get lost in the nonsensical emotional labyrinths of a woman's brain. As a practical man, he reminded himself that the important point was simple: Sarah had given him yet another insane blowjob, she had cried as she said that she cared about him, and he was going to bed with her right now.

'Pretty simple,' he said, smiling to himself.

Slightly behind him and fourteen inches above him, Sarah's mind was also busy. Her emotion had caught her by surprise, and she had briefly considered hiding it completely — she could have faked a sneeze; she could have covered her face and walked into the kitchen until it passed; she could have pulled her sweatshirt up over her head and decided that it was time for them to play a game of peekaboo. She could have done anything she wanted, and Jeff would have just gone along with it. Her power was nearly absolute over him…that much she knew.

And that was precisely why the emotion had come, she realized. She knew the direction that he was headed, that they were both headed, and he didn't. She knew what awaited him, and he didn't. And crucially, she already knew that he would not be able to resist, that he would ignore himself, fight himself, hate himself, and ultimately despair…and she knew that his despair would turn him on (and her on as well) more than anything else possibly could. His world would crumble and disappear; his ego, his sense of self, his personality, would all dissolve. He would be nothing but raw material for her to mold and play with as she chose.

They had made it to the bedroom, and Jeff made straight for the bed, apparently eager to lie down with her. Without saying a word, Sarah put her hands on his shoulders and lightly but firmly guided him to the right instead, toward the bathroom. On the way, she reached an arm up and took off her oversized sweatshirt in a flourish, tossing it on the bed. She was only wearing a black sports bra underneath.

‘God,’ she thought, as his body obeyed her gentle command, ‘his humerus heads are like walnuts.’ She massaged into his upper shoulders as Jeff stumbled a bit under her pressure. She wasn’t going to let him fall…it was truly incredible — her hands swallowed up his shoulders completely.

As she gently led him into the bathroom, she flipped the light on with her finger. The soft orange light looked good on Jeff’s skin, she thought; it made him look less pale, less sickly. Her mind suddenly flashed back to when they were younger, when Jeff was youthful and lithe and muscular and vigorous, full of confidence and adventure, a force of light, especially to someone so much younger like her. And he had just…he had become this.

They stood silently in front of the bathroom mirror. Sarah bent down and took both of Jeff’s crutches in her right hand and leaned them up against the sink. Then she stood back up to her full height and put both of her hands back on Jeff’s shoulders, staring silently at their reflection. It was...sad. His head just came up to the top of her breasts, and his face was even with her nipples. Her shoulders had to be at least two or three times wider than his, and her hips…well, it was an absurd comparison to say the least. As she looked at how her tremendous curves extended far out on either side of him, Sarah could hardly believe it — how could a woman her age so completely dwarf a man Jeff’s age? It just didn’t seem natural. She looked over his bony form, and how much it contrasted with her own…she was sure her thigh was at least as thick as his waist…were her upper arms as big as his thighs? Her hands and fingers somehow looked even bigger when they were resting on his shriveled shoulders….She was so sad for him…for his parents, for anyone who had seen him degenerate like this.

She felt a slight movement below and glanced down. For some reason Jeff was squirming a little in her grasp. Still without speaking, she ever so slightly tightened her grip around his shoulders, forcing him to remain still. He seemed to get the message and stopped moving. She was thinking, musing…and she wanted them to be standing in front of this mirror the whole time. As she spent time with her thoughts, she wanted Jeff to really internalize what their bodies looked like next to each other. It was a kind of…multitasking.

To think that they had reconnected when they did, after she had grown into herself and realized all that she wanted…it was all a bit crazy. She calmly allowed herself to feel sad and sorry for the small man in front of her, the Jeff Stintum who was her neighbor. Her sadness for what he had become was one reason why she had let herself go for a bit a few minutes before. She knew that she had to let her sad emotions to pass through if she was going to get to…the other stuff.

It felt strange to Sarah, balancing her sadness with this other, fiercer, more vigorous emotion that was growing stronger by the day. She would never have thought of it before she saw him for the first time as an adult in that waiting room, but it had not taken her very long to realize that he was the perfect sub for her. He was short…so short, and likely to get shorter after this surgery; he was tiny in a way that she could hardly dare to believe. He was older than her, which inevitably added to the prospects for his humiliation. But, most importantly, he was…an idiot. And not even just that: he was a willfully clueless idiot who was so far deep into the fantasies of his own ego that he was incapable of seeing reality. He was ideal: the perfect mind and body to subdue, subjugate, shame, and smash.

Sarah reached down over Jeff and fetched her toothbrush, wetting it and applying a gob of toothpaste. As she started to brush her teeth, she helpfully reached down and got Jeff's toothbrush as well, wetting it and giving it to him. He reached for the toothpaste, which she had put down a little up the sink, close to the mirror. As she brushed her teeth calmly above him, she watched him stand on his tip-toes for a few moments, reaching out fruitlessly, until she bent down again and moved the toothpaste within his reach with a little flick of her finger. A few moments later they were both silently brushing their teeth, still staring at their reflection in the mirror.

Sarah wanted this. She wanted it with a cool, steady passion, which burned like a patient and searing blue flame. And already, beyond her most ambitious predictions, she was almost there. But she had to be careful. She needed to make sure that she gave him every opportunity to walk away. It wasn't fair to simply entrance and enthrall him — that was too easy. It was like playing chess with a child. She reached down over him and spat into the sink. From Jeff's perspective, he had felt a shadow descend and saw a great gob of white go past his face and into the sink. But for the mirror, he would not have been able to see Sarah over him without looking straight up.

Sarah leaned back up, smiling through her brushing as she took her left hand and massaged it once again into Jeff's shoulder. Her hand easily spanned the entire left half of his back. She was going to break him down completely and empty out everything that was inside of him. To do this, she had to make him a prisoner of his own mind. It would be too easy to physically force him. That method had its charms, and she looked forward to truly exerting her full physical power over him. But that was not how she was going to ensnare him, to enslave him.

Only after she had him completely would she exert her full power over him…to show him how right he had been to surrender himself. She smiled through her toothbrush at Jeff's little gob of toothpaste that he had just managed to spit into he sink…god, everything he did was tiny. She looked back up and straight at her own face in the mirror; she could see herself clearly. She knew what she was: she got off on controlling others, and delighted in the rich variety of ways she could exert this control. She got horny from watching their internal struggles play out on their faces. But she also knew that what really got her going was the despair…the hopelessness in their eyes as they realized that they wanted her to control them.

She bent over Jeff again, spitting into the sink a final time. Her arm appeared at his right side as she ran the faucet, washing off her toothbrush. Jeff saw her forearm next to his…the comparison made him feel queasy with humiliation and arousal. Even though he had alighted on a confident fantasy in his mind a few minutes before, their time in front of the mirror had confused his brain again…why did Sarah just want them to stand there silently? And yet he had been too timid to speak…the longer they stood there, the more tiny and insignificant Jeff began to feel. His cock had raised itself up in response, but Jeff ignored it, just like he tried to ignore Sarah's antics with the toothpaste. Had she meant to put it out of his reach? He didn't know. He was just trying to get through brushing his teeth so they could go to bed together.

Sarah reached her arm past Jeff to put her toothbrush away. Her arm had to be three times bigger than his…at least. As she filled up her water glass and brought it up to her lips, she purposefully brushed his body with her arm as she drew it back up. She saw how he shivered in arousal against his will; she even saw the goosebumps develop on his skin. She drank from the glass as she looked down at him, her eyes focused on the top of his small head, far below her.

She had never had a submissive respond to her quite the way that Jeff had. Of course, they were all entranced by her body and how big and tall she was, but she had never encountered someone who was so hopelessly turned on by her size as Jeff.

She lowered her arm and offered Jeff a drink from the glass, holding it in front of his face and shaking it a bit in suggestion. Jeff reached out with one hand to take it. Sarah reached down and took his other hand in hers, encouraging him to grasp the glass with both hands. He did, and tipped the glass to drink as Sarah watched him from behind in the mirror, pleased with the image. The best part about the whole thing was that she could tell that Jeff was turned on by their size difference. Most other people were just aroused by her curves, her muscles, her huge butt, her boobs, etc…but Jeff…well, Jeff was turned on by all that, but Sarah could tell that his arousal, his lust, went a step further. He was turned on because she was bigger than him, more than him, beyond him. It had never been more obvious to her than now, as she watched him struggle with the water glass as his eyes moved helplessly over the reflection of her huge thighs behind him, willing his cock to rise up even more.

She gave his shoulders a squeeze and reached down, taking the water glass out of his hands with a couple of her fingers. She put it down on the counter out of his reach and then unscrewed the container of her night cream, dabbing in a few fingers and then reaching back up to her face, closing her eyes as she massaged the moisturizing cream into her skin. How Jeff had grown up into such a clueless, hopeless adult, Sarah didn't really know…but she was pretty sure that somewhere along the way, he had gotten his ego stuck in some kind of self-perpetuating quagmire. He had been really cute as a teenager — that was probably part of it. And he had been quite the energetic drummer…that was probably it too. He had peaked too soon. He had gotten attention as a younger man without having to try, and he had failed to realize, as he grew up, that things in life didn't just fall in your lap once you became an adult. You had to work for stuff, had to set goals, had to have grit and determination. Sarah had known this for a while, and she knew Jeff had never learned it. Her eyes still closed, she felt him move a little beneath her, so she gently moved her body up to the sink, pinning him against it. He was going to watch her nighttime ritual…as she thought about their dynamic, the presence of his little body beneath her really brought home the reality of the situation. It helped her think clearly.

It was ok for her to feel two ways at once, she assured herself as she worked the cool white cream into her face. She could be sad over what Jeff had become, over the loss of a potential positive male force in the world. But she could also be excited for this opportunity — never in her life had she been so aroused by the prospect of a sexual dynamic with someone. The fact that she had been his younger neighbor who had once looked up to him just made their current dynamic that much sweeter. She opened her eyes and looked down into the mirror. She had Jeff's little body pinned to the sink, and she smiled at the reflection of his blank little face, sandwiched between her tremendous tits.

'Yessss,' she breathed to herself as she exhaled sweetly into the air, staring down at his tiny face, 'he's perfect.' She was going to take him, body and mind. And make him hers. She bent down softly, reached under his shoulders, and lifted him up off the floor, twisting him around in midair. His skinny little legs kicked the air in protest, but Sarah wasn't the least bit bothered, and gently forced his head onto her left shoulder with her right hand. She cradled his butt with her other hand, delighting in how she was able to almost completely cover both of his cheeks with a single hand. She was holding him like a baby as she walked out of the bathroom, switching off the light as they went out. Jeff had struggled a bit in her grasp, but within a few seconds she

was happy to feel his body go limp in her arms. She smiled to herself; it hadn't taken him very long to submit that time.

Sarah walked up to her bed with Jeff cradled in her arms. In a humorous, exaggerated way, she took him from her bosom and held his body out, facing upward. She was cradling him, with one hand supporting his butt, and another on his upper back. She smiled down at him, feeling the warmth surge through him as she saw his confused conflicted face. Just like she had held him, she was putting him to bed like a baby. Again, Jeff tried to kick out in protest, but Sarah easily placed him on the bed and held his legs at bay with a single outspanned hand.

Once he had been still for a few moments, Sarah stood back and took off her black sports bra. Jeff's eyes goggled in disbelief as he saw her massive tits jump out of the bra and spring gently up and down in the air. Sarah smiled and leaned forward, letting Jeff enjoy their close proximity. She saw him literally start to drool as he reached a shaking hand up to touch them; she stood back up, her eyebrow cocked playfully, wagging her finger at him. She reached down and peeled off her white yoga pants…she had no underwear on, so she was completely naked now. She turned around, seeing the reflection of Jeff's open-mouthed reaction in her bedroom mirror, and tossed her pants and sweatshirt into a hamper in the corner. Her massive ass wrenched upward to the left, and then the right, back and forth, with each step she took. Even the slightest movement sent gentle undulations through the aggressive curves of her hips. Before she turned back around to slide into bed next to Jeff, she had bent down with her back to him in the mirror and bounced her ass up and down, left, right, left, playfully.

'Just a last little taste," she thought as she peeked around her shoulder, looking at him sultrily. As she got into bed, Jeff again felt the enormous indent her body made on her mattress, and once more, he felt himself sliding into it until his body rolled softly into hers, eliciting a giggle from Sarah.

"Ooooo, hello little man," she said softly. "Eager to spoon, are we?"

Jeff nodded his head, getting his bearings against Sarah's flesh. He was surrounded by her, and felt her long fingers start to tickle up his back. His cock was painfully erect, but he was hardly thinking about that right now. He just wanted to get lost in her flesh…he wanted to bury himself in her. Almost blindly, he reached out his arms to feel her.

He felt her hand close over both of his wrists, holding both of his arms steady.

"Not yet," she cooed down at him. "Not yet Jeff. There's just one more thing we need to do tonight."

"W-what's that?" he asked. He hadn't meant to sound so out-of-breath, but being forced to watch Sarah's nighttime rituals had teased him to the point of agony.

Sarah took his chin in her hand and gently, purposefully, directed his face up to hers. She looked into his eyes for a few moments, studying them intently. A slight smile grew on her face… she knew what was coming. He didn't.

Her eyes suddenly switched to his cock. As Jeff was leaning into her body, it was resting on her upper thigh. She looked back on him, still smiling.

“Wow, Jeff,” she said, a slight girlishness in her voice coming through, “that really is a heck of a cock you got there.”

“Well…” said Jeff, the heat coursing through his body as he positively shivered in pride, “I’ve — I’ve been told as much.”

“But not by someone like me, huh?” asked Sarah, sticking out her tongue at him. Jeff couldn’t stifle a gasp. Sarah kept going. “Not by someone who could —” and with sudden swiftness she arched her neck down, shifting her body as she brought her head down to his crotch with an open mouth, impaling her face with his hard cock as she took it all in her throat, her lips mashing against his soft stomach…and just as suddenly she was off him again, releasing him as her head rose above him again, leaving his dick glistening to the hilt.

“—do that to it, huh?” Sarah finished her sentence. Jeff had nearly come again, but Sarah was encouraged to see him already developing some discipline around her. Or maybe it was because there wasn’t much left in the tank — she didn’t really know.

“N-no,” stuttered Jeff in a small voice, totally overwhelmed by her aggression. “Y-you’re the first one to be able to do that to me.”

Sarah stuck out her chest, her tits bobbing regally. “I’m proud of myself Jeff,” she said. “But you remember what I said? About needing a challenge?”

“Yeah…” Jeff said, his subconscious not appreciating where this was going.

“Wellllll,” said Sarah, drawing out her syllables deliciously, “even though that’s an impressive cock you got there…” and Jeff looked up to see her eyes twinkling down darkly at him, “it’s not really much of a challenge for me anymore, is it?”

“Uhhh,” said Jeff, not wanting to admit that she was right.

“Soooo,” continued Sarah, making eyebrows at him, “I guess we’ll just have to make you bigger!”

“Make me…what?” Jeff was bamboozled.

“Bigger!” chirped Sarah, reaching into her nightstand drawer. She brought out a white roll of something…a tape measure. She let it fall, as she held the end with her thumb and finger, the rest of it unravelling onto the bed. Jeff swallowed, not knowing what to say.

“But first,” said Sarah with mock formality, “we have to see how big you are now.”

“I’m nine inches,” blurted Jeff, who had been used to saying these words proudly. Now his voice sounded like he was trying to ward off an attack.

“Oh, Jeff!” laughed Sarah as she got the tape measure ready, “don’t sell yourself short! I’m pretty sure you’re longer than nine inches.”

“But—but, I just measured myself a few weeks ago,” protested Jeff. He didn’t know why he was complaining, but he kept at it. “I couldn’t have grown since then.”

“No?” asked Sarah, arching her eyebrow quizzically at him, “I think you have, Jeff. I think you got bigger.” She extended the tape measure out and brought it up to his cock. Jeff couldn’t do anything to stop her.

“And,” she said confidently, pulling the tape measure back suddenly before she could get a good reading, “I think it’s because you’ve spent so much time around me.” And once again she bowed her head down, arching her back, neck and torso in an riveting curve as she thrust her head down onto his cock, taking him to the balls. Jeff threw his head back as he gave a sharp intake of breath — this time, Sarah stayed down on him for a few moments, and Jeff shut his eyes and grit his teeth as he weathered her oral onslaught. He felt a relentless tug all down his length as her throat muscles constricted and swallowed around him, the inside of her cheeks squeezing and sucking and massaging the thick base of his cock. He felt her long tongue begin to slither around the base, and would’ve come if she hadn’t thrown off her head with a loud smack as her tongue unslithered from his length.

“Perfect time to measure!” she said brightly, and she carefully held up the tape measure to his throbbing, painfully erect length. She started with the “0” at his base and slowly drew the tape measure up. 3, 4, 5, 6…Jeff had never been measured by someone else before. He looked at Sarah’s long fingers carefully drawing the tape measure along his length, at her sharp red fingernails gingerly extending it out, and he felt utterly objectified...a piece of meat. Much to his own pleasure and frustration, this feeling seemed to make him even harder still.

7, 8…Sarah was going slower now, exquisitely drawing out the conclusion. 9…she was right — he was longer. Jeff felt a lump form in his throat as Sarah turned around to look at him, giving him a wide-eyed stare as as her eyebrows went up suggestively, as if to say ‘I told you so!’ She turned back and kept going. Jeff’s eyes nearly popped out of his head as he saw the double-digit 10 unfurl…and still it wasn’t enough…Sarah kept going…the twin legs of the 11 started to form…was it possible?? Could he really…and then she reached the tip.

Sarah peered down carefully to read the measurement. Jeff’s heart pounded in his chest.

“Wow!” said Sarah, clearly impressed. “10.75 inches!” She turned again to look at him, the color even visibly coming into her face as well. “That’s…that’s amazing, Jeff!” She wasn’t even flirting with him anymore — she was genuinely astounded at how big he was. Almost in a semi-conscious, mesmerized state, she went down on him again, her eyes unfocused, as she took him completely in her throat again. It was almost as if she was making sure she wasn’t dreaming. She came off him again, panting.

“I just — wow Jeff,” she said, out of breath, “I just don’t understand how someone so small,” and here she pinched his upper arm lightly with her fingers, “could be so huge down there.” Without wasting any more time, she wrapped the tape measure around the base of his cock where he was thickest. Her mouth dropped open.

“7.2??” she said in disbelief. “7.2, Jeff?!?” She turned and looked at him, her eyes wide, her mouth open. “Jeff.” She cocked her head. “Your cock is enormous!” Jeff’s face was burning in a mixture of pride and arousal. He had no idea he was so big…he was also not prepared for the

expression Sarah was making. She looked legitimately shocked and impressed — he hadn't seen her so caught off-guard before. She turned her head back to his cock, reached out, grabbed it, and shook it vigorously.

"How about that," she growled, almost to herself, "I can basically deepthroat 11 inches." She turned back to Jeff, a twinkle in her eye. She was back in control. "But Jeff," she said, shaking her head slowly back and forth at him, "it isn't enough. I wanna struggle. I wanna strain to fit it all in." For the final time that night, Sarah turned and swallowed up his cock, humming aggressively, shaking her head back and forth as she took him all the way in again. Jeff gasped out and felt the cum boil in his balls. Sensing his orgasm, Sarah reached out her long nails and tickled Jeff's balls lightly, coaxing the cum from them. Jeff whined as he felt the cum shoot up his shaft, defying gravity, as it responded to the animal shakes of Sarah's head, the insistent pull of her throat, and the ruthless vacuum of her cheeks.

"Aaaaaughh!" he cried, throwing his arms up involuntarily in the air, his entire body convulsing as he shot cum deep into her throat.

"Mmmrrrrgghh!" snarled Sarah aggressively through the base of his dick, mashing her face further into his abdomen as she swallowed his cock as far down her throat as she possibly could, as if to show him how much more she could go down on him if he had been bigger. The bedroom was full of Jeff's whines and squeals as Sarah swallowed deep in her throat over and over, bowing her neck up and down in a lewd, graceful curve with each swallow.

After a minute or so, she had milked him completely dry, and released him with an exaggerated "pop!" as she turned back to look at him, showing him her open mouth and flicking her long tongue back and forth at him obscenely.

"See Jeff?" she said, pointing a long manicured finger down her throat, "you may be big, but you're not big enough for this throat."

Jeff was still out of breath, and his entire body was red and glistening from perspiration. Still, though, he managed to feel affronted. What did she mean, he wasn't big enough?

"I bet I could throat at least another inch," said Sarah dirtily, sticking her finger all the way down her throat. "I bet I could deepthroat a twelve-inch cock, even one as thick as yours." She faced Jeff intensely, the sea green of her eyes blazing . "Only one way to find out." She turned back to her nightstand and opened the drawer. A moment later she had brought out something… something long and black…Jeff's stomach twisted in anxiety. What was this?

Sarah held it up to his face, shaking it slightly so that it wobbled back and forth in her hand. It looked like a long ribbed rubber tube.

"W-what's that?" asked Jeff.

"Ever heard of sounding, Jeff?" asked Sarah, smiling down at him. She was clearly excited.

"Uhhh…no," said Jeff.

"Urethral insertion?" ventured Sarah playfully, her eyebrow arching again.

“Errrr…maybe,” said Jeff. The phrase rang some kind of bell with him. Though he didn’t realize it, the reason why was because he had come across some hentai a year or so ago that he had watched before moving onto something else, uncomfortable with how it made him feel.

“Well,” said Sarah, holding the rubber tube up to his cock, “this is a very special kind of sound, Jeff. Most of them are made of metal, but —” and her eyes bore down intently on Jeff “—you can’t sleep with the metal ones in your cock.”

“S-sleep…w-with, that….?”

“In your cock, yes,” said Sarah.

“N-no way,” said Jeff bluntly.

“Oh!” said Sarah immediately, “so you’re not interested in getting any bigger for me, huh?”

“Uhhhh,” said Jeff. Of course he wanted to get bigger for her. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he felt like all he had going for himself was his cock. Sarah sure did appreciate it…and he hated the thought of her getting…bored because his dick didn’t pose a challenge for her.

“Is, uh….” he started to ask.

“Yes,” asked Sarah patiently, twisting the rubber sound around in her fingers.

“Is…that thing going to, uh…going to make me bigger?”

She gave him a smile as she shrugged her shoulders. “It’s worked before.”

“B-before?” he asked. “You mean…you mean you’ve tried th-this thing on other—”

“Guys before, yes,” said Sarah calmly. It wasn’t entirely true. She had a few smaller sounds in her nightstand drawer that she had previously used, to great effect. But this was the first time she had used this one.

“How…how many other guys?” asked Jeff, feeling increasingly bewildered. Sarah reached out her hand and lovingly wrapped it around one of his thighs, marveling at how far around it she could go. She started to gently, insistently, knead him.

“That’s not important right now,” she said smoothly. “What is important is the choice you have: do you want to try it or not?”

Jeff looked at the long, black, flexible tube in Sarah’s fingers. It had a sort of rounded head on one end, and was ribbed with raised patterns along its length. As Sarah moved it around lightly in her fingers, he could also see that it was hollow. He was nervous…was that thing even going to fit in his dick? And what would it feel like? He looked up at Sarah, trying without success to ignore her powerfully kneading hand on his thigh.

“It’ll make me bigger?” he asked again. Sarah closed her eyes and nodded slowly. He looked back at it. Sarah’s fingers were twisting it around, around, around…

“O-ok,” he croaked. Sarah’s fingers stopped twisting and her hand stopped kneading.

“Good, Jeff!” she said brightly. “I’m excited! Aren’t you?”

“S-sure,” he lied, feeling more scared than anything else.

“Ok, will let’s put it in, shall we?” Sarah reached down and took his still-erect cock in her hand. Jeff flinched.

“Easy, easy,” said Sarah softly. Her thumb and forefinger gently pinched the purple head of his cock, making it yawn open. She brought the end of the sound with the rounded head close to the opening. Her mouth was slightly open in concentration and suspense…she turned to look back at Jeff, as if to share a glance with him during this intimate, intense moment. Then she gently, smoothly, navigated the rounded head into Jeff’s peehole. It took about half a minute, as she was very careful and very deliberate…she wasn’t rushing it at all. But there it was! It had fit in completely. To Jeff it did not feel as unpleasant as he had thought. And with Sarah as the one navigating the sound into his cock, it was actually quite stimulating. Despite having recently cum, his cock seemed to stiffen even more.

“Good,” cooed Sarah down at his dick as the head of the sound went all the way in. She took the hollow tube in her hand and twirled it slowly around. He gasped at the intensity…she was literally teasing the inside of his cock. His member responded accordingly, the blood rushing into it as it experienced this kind of inner stimulation for the first time.

“And now, we go all the way in,” said Sarah softly, guiding Jeff lovingly step by step. She gently pushed the sound down further into his cock, twisting it gently the whole time to ensure that Jeff remained stimulated throughout. Jeff was barely cognizant of a slight trickle that he felt on his left side, but he was in no state of mind to notice other things happening around him. He was only focused on the sound going deeper and deeper into his cock…it was searingly pleasurable. It was like with every gentle push, Sarah was drawing out his soul from his cock.

He didn’t realize it, but the trickle of liquid he felt was Sarah’s cum. Right after the head of the sound disappeared into Jeff’s cock, she had not been able to contain herself any longer and had gushed out onto her sheets. Jeff was laying with her in the deep indent that her huge body had made on the mattress, and her cum was pooling around him. She fed the sound further into his dick, inch by inch, as she continued to have little aftershock orgasms…this was almost too much for her. She wished it could go on forever, which was one reason why she made sure to take her time.

After a few minutes, the sound was almost completely inside. There was a little black tip, about a quarter of an inch long that still protruded from Jeff’s cock, but the rest was inside. Jeff had felt the head bump into the base of his cock from the inside, and he had nearly come again, so intense was the pleasure and the overstimulation. His cock felt like it was being spit-roasted alive.

Sarah sat back and lightly flicked the protruding tip with her finger, sending impossible vibrations of pleasure down his length. Jeff did orgasm this time, although it was completely dry. Sarah saw him twist and convulse and chuckled softly as she bent down and engulfed his mouth in a powerful, soft, luscious kiss. She released him and directed his glance to his cock. There it was, stuffed by the sound, looking massive.

“Well?” asked Sarah, “how does it feel?”

“It feels — it feels…amazing,” panted Jeff, still overwhelmed with sensation. And it did feel amazing, although the extent to which his cock was stretched almost felt like too much.

“Good, Jeff,” said Sarah. “It’ll take some getting used to, but the first step is always the hardest, right?”

“R-right,” said Jeff.

“Now,” said Sarah, turning him around to face her completely, “I want to add one more rule. Can you follow it, Jeff?”

“Y-yes,” said Jeff.

“Can you name the other rules first?” asked Sarah cooly.

Jeff panicked for a moment at having been put on the spot. But he recovered quickly. “Uhh….uhh…use the crutches at all times!”

“Right,” said Sarah. “And?”

“Ummm….uhhh…no smoking!!” said Jeff.

“Yes,” purred Sarah. “And?”

“No drinking unless it’s with you,” finished Jeff triumphantly. Sarah smiled widely.

“Goooddddd Jeff! High five!” And Jeff smacked her outspread hand, trying and failing to ignore how absurd his tiny hand looked high-fiving hers.

“Now, this is the fourth rule: you will always have this sound” — and she tapped the head again, causing Jeff to spasm — “in your cock. Unless I take it out. That’s the only way it’ll really be able to work its magic and stretch you out. Can you agree to that, Jeff?”

“Yes,” said Jeff, trying not to think too hard about what he was agreeing to. He felt his eyelids get heavy. His orgasms had caught up with him — he was exhausted.

“Good, Jeff,” said Sarah again, taking him up in her arms and squeezing him tightly. “Good! Now it can really start.” She gave him another kiss and then leaned over, turning off the light. She twisted her huge body back around in the darkness, putting one of her arms around Jeff’s torso as she held him to her close, spooning him. Jeff felt swallowed by her body, and vaguely realized that he was about to fall asleep in a sticky puddle of her cum. But he didn’t care

anymore…he was too tired, and abandoned himself to Sarah, feeling totally cozy. One final thing still ate at him, however.

“The…the start of what, Sarah?” She squeezed him to her even tighter as his hair ruffled and he smelled the sweet scent of her exhale. He could feel her smiling in the dark.

“Your training, Jeff.”

Chapter 20: The Heat of the Night

Jeff struggled to fall asleep. Even though he was exhausted from the orgasm upon orgasm that Sarah had drawn from his body, her last words had not quite settled in his brain. What “training” was she talking about? His mind had broken through its weakened torpor and quickly jumped from one idea to the next: maybe they were rehearsing something? And he didn’t even realize? That didn’t really seem to make any sense — he couldn’t be that dense…maybe it had something to do with his hip? And she was teaching him how to…how to…to live his life with the handicap of a bad…well no, that didn’t work either. He was getting it fixed in a few days, after all…

As Jeff felt Sarah’s huge body tighten around him, her bulk weighed upon him heavier. Her breath was becoming raspier, more unwieldy, even though her exhales still came out softened and muted. Her leg twitched suddenly, causing Jeff’s body to stiffen in alarm as he felt the vibrations of Sarah’s slight movement throughout his entire figure. He realized that she was asleep. His brain worked harder…he wanted badly to fall asleep with her. He dreaded the prospect of lying there, spooned to the point of immobilization, in Sarah’s unconscious embrace. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he didn’t want to be reminded that she was getting her beauty rest while he lay there awake, a pitiful husk in her voluptuous embrace, frittering away the nighttime hours in distressed and fidgety mind games.

He imagined her sleeping body replenishing itself, recuperating, and gearing itself up for another day of dynamic activity…and his body, languishing there awake, running on empty, unable to recover or regroup. He would be that much more vulnerable to her the next day…he shuddered to think of facing her again. He would just fall apart…he would collapse…she would pulverize him with a glance, without even having to lift a finger.

He shifted uneasily under her huge leg, and the rubber sound in his cock rubbed uncomfortably against the inside of his urethra. It felt like he had just grown a bone in the middle of his dick, still tender from its new growth. What was he doing? What had Sarah put in him?? What was he allowing to happen?!? He could feel a wave of anxiety begin to descend upon him. He had to think fast — he had to get himself to a cozy place where he could exist in comfort, utterly convinced that everything was going to be ok. What had she meant by “training??” What had she meant? What had she meant……?

And then, to his great joy, he found his answer: they hadn’t had sex yet. This fucking rubber thing in his dick, all those blowjobs, and the making out, and the cuddling and the flirting and dirty talk…all that was just a lead-up to them having sex. Of course! Why hadn’t he thought of that before?! It was so simple…

Jeff actually chuckled out loud in the darkness. ‘I guess the simplest explanations are sometimes the hardest to get to,’ he said to himself, proud beyond measure of his powers of deduction. He suddenly felt every part of his body get a little more compressed, as Sarah shifted in her sleep and moved her leg over even more of his lower half and squeezed his torso even tighter with her arm.

Mmmmrrrgghhhh

She exhaled a long sweet breath as she moaned softly in her sleep. His mental anguish forgotten, Jeff could now fully enjoy the reality of his situation. He was literally being spooned by the hottest girl on the planet in her bed…she had chosen to fall asleep with him. She was holding him tightly as she slept. Jeff gave a little shiver of pleasure in the darkness. He thought about her lips pressing into his stomach, his huge cock deep in her throat…he thought about how animalistic she had been, and how she had growled and shaken her head back and forth… he thought about her huge hands feeling up his bare shrunken chest, the reflection of their two bodies in her mirror…how colossal and adult every limb of hers looked next to his…the deep husky sound of her voice as she lowered her eyes down at him…her red lipstick…those fierce sharp red nails…..

His thoughts started to loop over themselves in the stillness as he melted into her body, mesmerized by the rhythmic sound of her breathing, and the slow expansion and compression of her massive chest. Her breasts sandwiched his head — one provided him with a pillow, and the other weighed him down from above. They were almost too heavy for comfort, but gradually Jeff got used to their weight and closed his eyes as he felt their steady cadence of rising and falling lull him into something that approached sleep.

And yet, he did not fall asleep. Something was preventing him. After about an hour of lying there in her embrace, Jeff started to get anxious again. Everything was fine — he had worked everything out in his head…so why couldn't he get to sleep? He tried to shift his body a little against hers, but it was almost impossible to move. Her breasts were starting to feel hot against his head. Her warm body was slowly overheating his, to the point of discomfort. He tried to move again, this time harder, but he still could not budge himself from her grasp.

Sarah had his legs and torso completely pinned with her huge thigh, and his upper body was likewise completely immobilized by her arm. The only things he could move freely were his arms. He extended them outward. He felt the cool air of Sarah's bedroom breathe across his arms, temporary relief from her increasingly sweltering embrace. Maybe he could get her arm off his chest. He reached both hands down to feel for her arm, which draped diagonally all the way across his upper body. His hands came into contact with her forearm, and Jeff immediately felt a spring in his dick as he started to get hard. He winced as the interior of his urethra expanded around the rubber sound. Her arm was just so…huge. And warm. He could feel the heat radiating off her arm…why was it so hot?

He tried to move her arm gently with one hand, and then with both hands. He may as well have been trying to move a boulder, for all he could tell — her arm didn't budge. It was such a presence, an authority on his chest in the dark. When he pressed his hands into it he could feel its flesh give way a little…it was that smooth layer of toned womanly flesh that hid her strong muscles…Jeff remembered that she said she lifted weights three times a week. He momentarily forgot his task of freeing himself as he marveled at her arm's hard thickness. The sudden image of her long thick fingers wrapped easily all the way around his forearm popped in his head. How big was her arm, really? He was seized with a sudden feeling of naughty giddiness…he could find out…he could measure her, without her even realizing. His cock got harder still, stinging inside from the sound, but Jeff ignored it.

Breathing soft shallow breaths, as his heart thumped away in his chest, he brought both of his hands up to feel for her wrist in the dark. He went too far at first, and felt her hand, which somehow seemed even more massive in this position as it lay across his shoulder. Her hand

started around his left pectoral, and, as he felt across it in the dark, he realized that her fingers didn't even start until her hand was past his shoulder. He swallowed uneasily, feeling truly tiny. But her arm…her arm…his fingers felt for it. There was her wrist…what if he just…

And Jeff slowly, carefully, put his hand around her wrist, seeing how far around he could go. His fingers encircled it…and stopped. His palm was stretched to its limit, and his fingers had reached as far as they could go. He gingerly reached out in the dark with his other hand to trace how far he had left to go. Just over halfway around. He could get his hand just over halfway around her wrist. Jeff's heart beat even faster in the black stillness of her bedroom as the nerves buzzed all throughout his body. He withdrew his hands for a moment, worried that she would wake up if he kept them on her wrist like that for too much longer. But after a few more seconds he tried again, this time with his other hand, with the same result. Her firm flesh gave way a bit under his grasp, but he was unable to press much harder — her arm was simply too thick.

Jeff was breathing hard now, and his cock was now almost fully erect. Sarah didn't seem that huge when he was looking at her….well, she did…but…but not like this. It almost felt like he was trying to measure the size of some kind of superhuman athlete, someone so physically huge and superior that it was almost unbelievable.

'God, she's just that proportional,' thought Jeff. Plenty of times he had felt small…tiny…next to her, but this was the first time that he really, truly felt dwarfed by her body. He put both of his hands around her wrist…he could feel her flesh on all sides of his hands — there wasn't that much room to spare. His cock strained around its rubber skeleton — why, he didn't know. He couldn't understand why he always reacted this way when he fixated on the enormous size difference between himself and Sarah. It was almost magnetic, like some kind of physical law that kicked into gear whenever he found himself thinking about their bodies next to each other. Even as his hands felt up her massive arm in awe and increasing arousal, he could feel himself resisting his attraction — he could feel himself start to rebel against this inexorable obsession.

Jeff just felt these things; he didn't have the mental capacity to stop for too long and think why or how he felt this way. But despite his general lack of self-awareness, his conflicting feelings were all happening for a reason. Even though he didn't know it, he felt resistance to her body, her size, her aura, because she made him feel like a young. Jeff could mentally brush off her life trajectory, her education, her house, and her accomplishments easily enough…but he could not so easily ignore the plain evidence of her body.

As he continued to reflexively, impulsively feel her robust and sensuous arm with his small hands, he could not ignore the obvious physical evidence. Ironically, the fact that he could not see her arm, but rather feel its weight across his chest and under his hands, hammered home the point that much more: his body was like a young's next to hers. He had started to line up one of his forearms next to hers in the dark, but had quickly scrapped the idea. To compare their arms was stupid. It wasn't even worth it. He knew what it was going to prove: that his body was literally nothing next to hers.

In his mind he suddenly saw her face, even with his as he stood in between her legs, her sultry eyes burning into his brain as she mouthed those pitiless words: "So small compared to me. So…nothing compared to me." Sarah's actual words. From earlier that night. His breathing quickened even more as he recalled what she had said — how had he forgotten so quickly?

And her finger in his ass…her snarling face. He could not stave if off. His heart skipped a few beats and he struggled to breathe as the pressure grew in his chest. All at once he became more aware than ever of her body heat enveloping him, subsuming him, threatening to crush him into nothing.

“S-s-sarah?” he whimpered in the dark. His voice was tiny and fearful and barely came out as a whisper. He smelled her sweetness around him, but her scent did not comfort him now — it smelled deadly. It smelled like the end…of his own sense of self, his personality, his identity. Without warning her flashing eyes blazed through his mind — and her long, sharp-nailed, powerful fingers drumming loudly on her desk — how she had grabbed the flesh of her hips as she thrust them forward after learning her weight — her slow smile down at him with an arched eyebrow — her tongue fluttering impossibly fast on the head of his engorged cock — a pile of bones on her plate…..all these images flared through Jeff’s mind. He was panting out loud in a full panic now, struggling for air. The searing heat from her body seemed to burn him all over. He felt like his heart was going to explode.

“S-s-sarah!?” he choked out into the darkness. She gave no response, evidently still asleep. He desperately tried to move her arm, throwing all the strength of both his arms into the effort, but still she didn’t budge.

“Aaaugh!” cried Jeff pitifully out into the quiet bedroom. He sounded like a frightened young who was just about to cry, and that’s exactly what he felt like. He pushed and pushed against her arm as he tried to wiggle his lower body out from underneath her thigh. A sickeningly slick sound slunk into the air with each frenzied movement…his skin was soaking wet. The seconds went by like minutes as he fought and fought with her unconscious body, which was gently rising and falling on the mattress in smooth slumber. It suddenly hit him — she was not going to wake up unless he did something drastic, like bite her or scream. But he was too exhausted from his efforts, too spent…and what would he say to her when we woke her up? That he was scared? He didn’t even know where all of these feelings were coming from. It was hopeless. His arms collapsed across her forearm in feeble fatigue as he felt tears start to form in his eyes.

‘It’s so stupid,” he said to himself savagely, aimed at nothing in particular. ‘So stupid, stupid, stupid.’ He burned with shame as the tears, one by one, started to spill down the side of his cheeks and pool at his left ear. He lay there for the next hour, softly whimpering as he silently cried, despairing of his situation. He was not thinking at all: not scheming, not mourning, not fueling any angry narratives in his head; he was, like a young, simply reacting to his situation. And through it all Sarah slept on, her huge body rising and falling slowly and peacefully around him.

After about an hour Jeff stopped sniffling, and for some time existed in a kind of limbo state. He wasn’t asleep, and yet he wasn’t properly awake either. His mouth was hanging open as his eyes hung half-open, half-closed. He was completely numb; his mind felt grey, like soft white fog over a still and stagnant pond….And ever so slowly he began to come back. His panic attack had abated, and in its place he felt warm and tingly. Sarah continued to sleep around him, and Jeff felt momentarily puzzled. What had just happened? Had he really just had a freakout over nothing?

Hhhrrrmmmmnnnn

Sarah moaned in her sleep, and her voice send vibrations all throughout Jeff's body. What was wrong with him? He wouldn't rather be any other place than right here. He heaved a sigh and jostled his body a little as he started to snuggle himself up to Sarah, getting ready to finally fall asleep.

And then he realized that he had to pee. The rubber sound tickled the inside of his penis with every movement, and accompanying this new feeling was that old familiar urination sensation. Jeff sighed. How was he going to get out from under her?

"Sarah?" he asked through the darkness. No answer. He remained still for another minute, waiting as he thought about what to do next.

"Sarah?" he asked again, a little louder. Still nothing. He sighed again in the dark. Was he going to have to just go right there in the bed? He could always lie and say that he did it in his sleep and didn't realize…for some reason the humiliation of that scenario didn't seem to bother him too much right now.

"Jeff?" Sarah's soft deep voice came suddenly and clearly.

"Y-yeah!" stuttered Jeff, overjoyed to hear her.

"Everything ok?" she asked.

"Y-yeah, yeah, everything's fine. I just, uh…I just have to go to the bathroom."

"Oh yeah, ok, no problem," Sarah said softly as she yawned. "It's just right over there—" she took her arm off Jeff's upper body to gesture towards the bathroom. "Just don't forget your crutches, ok?" She brought her arm back down, but this time she put her arm behind Jeff, allowing him freedom of movement in his torso.

Relieved, Jeff jostled himself up into a sitting position and tried to move his legs…but they were still pinned by Sarah's thigh.

"Uh…Sarah?" Jeff suggested. No answer — oh no, she couldn't have fallen back asleep already! He couldn't let her!

"Sarah!" said Jeff loudly. She snapped out suddenly from her doze.

"Wha-what? What is it Jeff? What's wrong?" Her voice was thick with sleep, but was shot through with genuine concern.

"It's just…uh," and Jeff felt suddenly sheepish, "Could you, uh…move your leg so I can get up?"

"Oh! Is it…oh! I'm sorry Jeff!" she said after a moment, quickly moving her huge thigh off Jeff's lower half. "I had you trapped! I didn't even realize." He couldn't see her face but he could hear the apology in her voice.

"Th-that's ok," said Jeff as his skin enjoyed the delicious cool air. He reached for his crutches and found them and was quickly on his way to the toilet.

He reached up (straining a little) to turn the bathroom light on, hopped up onto the toilet (after a few tries), and let his urine loose, feeling almost dizzy with relief. His feet dangled from the toilet bowl as he sighed over and over in pleasure. It wasn't until after he was already done that he remembered the sound in his penis. He quickly looked down — there it was, the black top peeking out at him, almost seeming to wink. He hadn't even noticed it as he peed. He glanced down into the black hole in the rubber tubing, marveling at how normal it was all beginning to feel. He briefly wondered if he'd be able to see all the way down the inside of his dick if he shined a flashlight in there…

But there was Sarah in the bathroom door entrance. Her nude body almost entirely filled the doorway. Her long mane of blond hair was all in her face as her head was bent slightly down; evidently she was still half-asleep. She reached up a hand and brushed some of the hair out of her face as she looked down at Jeff sitting on the toilet.

"Oh, sorry Jeff," she said thickly as she rubbed her eyes. "I don't, uh…" and here she gave a great yawn, "I don't mean to rush you. I just…I'm gonna go after you, when you're done." She slumped slightly against the door, making an isosceles triangle with her body and the doorframe. She bowed her head and yawned again, waiting for Jeff to finish.

Even though he was already done, Jeff was momentarily stunned by the view of her body in such a natural…exposed state. This was Sarah…just.....Sarah. He didn't realize it, but he was marveling at just how human she seemed in this moment: half-asleep and needing to pee in the middle of the night. He wasn't going to delay her any longer, though, and he took his crutches and carefully managed to hop down off the toilet. He reached to flush, but Sarah was already at the toilet and waved his hand away.

"Oh don't worry about that; I'll flush when I'm done," she said softly in a sleepy voice, and then all of a sudden she had plopped down and was peeing right there in front of him. Clearly she had needed to use the restroom badly, because from the sound of it her urine was coming out of her in cascades. She spread her legs a bit as she bent down groggily and leaned both of her elbows on her knees.

"Haaaahhh," she breathed in relief. She closed her eyes and put her face in her hands. Jeff was rooted to the spot where he was standing on his crutches. He could not look away from her. He had never seen her look so…vulnerable, so…normal. And yet this view of Sarah in a rudimentary state made him feel even more attached to her than he already was. It deepened his awe — she was not something above him, some goddess, some kind of immortal…she was another person. And when Jeff saw her this way, her size, her beauty, her personality, everything, became that much more incredible.

After a minute or so, Sarah was finishing up and removed her hands from her face. She saw Jeff standing there, gawking, and chuckled softly, "Haha oh Jeff, you don't have to wait for me. You can go on back to bed. I'll be right behind you."

A minute later they were both back in bed. Sarah had automatically reached out again for Jeff's little body, putting her thigh over his torso and her arm back over his chest. At this point Jeff didn't even mind anymore. He was enthralled by her, and still could barely believe that he was here with her.

“Mmmmmm goodnight Jeff,” she whispered languidly, and was immediately back asleep.

“Goodnight Sarah,” Jeff whispered back. He closed his eyes, but was not able to sleep. But he didn’t care — he lay there, his body totally swallowed up in Sarah’s embrace, listening to her steady breathing and her great heart beating behind his head.

Chapter 21: The Safe Word

At 5:45 am, Sarah's alarm went off, and the sound of rustling trees and cooing windchimes filled the bedroom air. Jeff had been lying awake on his side under Sarah's arm and leg for hours, drawn into a trance by her steadily working heart and lungs. He had reached an almost zen-like state, with his eyes and mouth half-open, when he heard the alarm. Normally he would have been startled by the sudden sound, but her alarm was so peaceful and organic that he hardly reacted at all.

Sarah responded to it immediately. Her big arm still hugging Jeff tightly to her bosom, she reached her other arm over his body to the nightstand and plucked her phone up, turning the alarm off with a swipe of her finger. Jeff vaguely realized that from his position, even though he was closer to the nightstand, there was no way he could have reached the phone without moving his entire body closer. But of course it had been so easy for Sarah.

Gulp Gulp Gulp

He was startled by the sudden sound of her throat working. Apparently Sarah had retrieved her water glass with the same hand and was now downing its entire contents. He blinked slowly in the dark, listening to Sarah as finished gulping and set her glass back down…now she was messing around on her phone.

He felt her utter a sleepy chortle and his body shook along with hers. Apparently she had read something amusing. She brought her phone closer to Jeff's body so that she could use both hands to type out some kind of message. Was she actually texting this early? Sarah propped herself up on her right elbow to get into a better texting position, and Jeff's vision was suddenly obscured by her arm as the entire bed creaked and groaned. Laying on his side, with Sarah's arm in his face, Jeff could hear her thumbs working quickly somewhere behind his right ear.

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'She sure types fast,' Jeff thought. His dick woke up, as if responding to the soft mating call of her thumbs against her smartphone screen, but Jeff was far too zoned out to care. He just wondered who Sarah could be texting so early in the morning. After a few minutes of nearly continuous texting, his curiosity grew stronger. Was she really texting the same person all these words? It had to be more than one person…what could she be saying?

But almost as soon as he felt like mustering up the courage to ask her, Sarah heaved a huge sigh, reached back over his body, and deposited her phone back on the nightstand.

'Good, more cuddling,' Jeff thought happily, but Sarah was already on the move. She had moved her arm and leg off Jeff and had swung her body around to the edge of the bed, where she sat still for a few moments. Jeff could see her massive silhouette through the bedroom darkness, a huge black shape in contrast to the slightly lighter shade of black that was beginning to emanate from behind her bedroom blinds.

Jeff watched her, thoroughly absorbed. He felt almost like he was seeing something private, something he shouldn't see. Just like she had sat on the toilet a few hours before, Sarah's form was bent — her elbows were resting on her knees, and her head was bowed. Was she

meditating? Praying? Sarah didn't really seem like the praying type…but…if not that…then what was she doing? Minutes passed, and still she didn't move. Jeff was having to make an extra effort not to give away that he wasn't asleep, and that he was in fact witnessing this…this… whatever this was.

Right before he started to wonder whether she had fallen back asleep, she heaved another sigh — not in frustration, or reluctance, or exhaustion…just…a sigh — and stood up, walked to the bathroom, switched the light on, and closed the door. Almost immediately, Jeff heard the sound of the faucet, soon followed by the sudden spray of the shower. He heard the rustle of the shower curtain and the lightness of the spraying shower transition to the more halted and heavier sound of the water hitting her skin and hair and beading down onto the hard tub in fatter drops. Jeff wished that he could crutch himself into the bathroom, sit down in the tub, and just watch her shampoo her hair and rub soap all over her thick voluptuous body. What kind of soap and shampoo did she use, anyway? Whatever it was, it sure smelled great — sweet and musky — it smelled like her. Did she use a washcloth? No, probably a loofah, he thought. Sarah was definitely a loofah kind of girl.

He smiled to himself as he lay in the bed, listening to her shower. The sound was enormously comforting to him…he could almost see the sprays of water dance across her skin, and the long smooth mane of her blond hair swept back completely from her forehead, a slightly darker blond from being soaking wet, and reaching all the way to the middle of her back. He imagined her long, strong fingers working the shampoo into her hair in a white lather…and he thought suddenly of what it would look like if she made him cum in her hand, if she gave him a fast, merciless handjob and kept going, even after he had cum, working his seed into a creamy lather all around his huge purple cock.

He longed for her touch, and reached down reflexively to grab his thickening cock. His hand bumped into the sound, causing him to jump a bit in surprise, but almost as soon as he felt the odd inner sensation, he was enjoying how intense it was, and how deep it went. He stroked himself to the sound of Sarah showering, and within a minute he was almost to the point of cumming. How would it work, with the sound in there? He didn't care — peeing had worked just fine, and this was bound to be the same. He grit his teeth as he neared his orgasm.

But he suddenly remembered Sarah's face very close to his own as her hands held his like a little child's. He could hear her voice clearly, like ice. "Tomorrow," she had said, "I want you to collect your cum for me." He immediately stopped jerking himself off. How was he…?...He had nothing to collect his cum in. He looked around her bedroom; his eyes had been used to the darkness for hours now, and the pale blue light of the morning was starting to grow behind the blinds. He exhaled in frustration. The thought of disobeying her did not occur to him in this moment. He heard her voice continue: "I don't want any of it to go to waste." What had she meant by that? What had she meant by "waste?" What was she going to do with it?

Right then, Sarah switched off the shower. Jeff immediately took his hands off his dick and readjusted his body in the bed, laying his head straight down on the pillow and pulling the covers completely over his body to hide his erection. As he listened to the gentle swishing of Sarah drying herself off, he became aware of a scent to his right…her scent. The sandalwood musk tickled his nostrils, and without even thinking Jeff had sidled his body over to the smell so that he could bask in it — it almost felt like he was descending into a small valley, such was the indent that still remained from Sarah's huge body. Jeff pulled the covers over his shriveled body,

ignoring the shooting pain in his right hip as he snuggled up happily in the crater of Sarah's presence.

For the next half-hour Jeff listened in fascination to the sound of Sarah getting ready. His ears pricked up eagerly, straining for all the sounds of her bathroom activities. He heard the sudden splashing of her pee again in the toilet and the whooshing as she flushed. He heard the *brushbrushbrushbrush* of her toothbrush, moving rapidly up and down and sideways in her mouth, punctuated by soft splats as she spat into the sink. He had been puzzled by the sound of a vigorous swishing, until he realized that she was rinsing her mouth rapidly with mouthwash… he immediately thought of her fast tongue, and her fast fingers…god, Sarah could sure move her parts fast when she wanted to. He heard nothing but the cry of her hairdryer for a while, which occasionally abated and was eventually replaced by the much milder, gentler, smoother sound of her drawing a brush over and over again through her hair.

Jeff had to close his eyes quickly as Sarah suddenly exited the bathroom, moving across her bedroom in long confident strides. She definitely seemed to have woken up. Jeff cracked his eyes open slightly as he watched her go over to her closet and open it up. She thumbed through her hanging clothes until her fingers alighted on what she was looking for and she pulled out a long elegant black dress that winked and sparkled mutedly in the early morning light. Sarah held it out in front of her for a moment, clearly contemplating. She nodded to herself and hung the dress back up.

Then she bent down and rummaged around her closet floor. The heavy sounds told Jeff that she was looking for…yes…shoes. He felt his heart start to quicken, although he didn't know why. Sarah suddenly stood up, and she was holding something long in her hand. Jeff strained to look…her back was to him, so he felt more comfortable opening his eyes completely. Was she holding…yes! She was holding what looked like a black heeled shoe…a platform heel. Even though he couldn't see it too clearly, he could see enough to tell that these weren't the smaller heels that she had been wearing the previous day. No…these were much higher. And what was that attached to them? It wasn't quite a boot extension…what was it? It looked like a whole mess of laces. Sarah grabbed the laces by their top and shook out the whole shoe, holding it out in front of her. Jeff could see it now — they were lace-up platform heels, the kind that tied around the calf muscles, like in the ancient gladiator style. Jeff was struggling to hold his cock at bay with both hands under the covers.

"Yep!" he heard Sarah say out loud to herself. He shivered in pleasure as his skin raised in tandem with his cock to attention in goosebumps. Her voice was just so…soft and gentle…but it was deep and rich too — Jeff couldn't help but think that her voice was a perfect match for her body and her personality. He wished he could smell her, but he wasn't about to give himself away. Sarah bent down to put the platform heel back and then reached for her light blue scrubs uniform and took it out. She turned and tossed it onto the bed as she crossed the room in a couple strides, walking over to her dresser. She opened the top drawer, got out a pair of panties, and stepped into them.

Smack

Sarah let the waistband strike her skin loudly. She looked into the mirror, her head almost reaching the top of it, and shimmied her hands down her otherwise-naked body. She rolled her hips in a fluid motion back and forth, back and forth, undulating in a way that almost seemed

impossible. For as big as she was, she was indeed proportional, and she had such a command over the muscles in her hips and abdomen that she was able to make her entire pelvis curve and bend like an ocean wave. Jeff forgot about keeping his eyes half-shut as he stared stupidly at her rolling undulant dance.

After a few seconds, though, it was over, and Jeff shut his eyes tightly again as Sarah moved back to the bed, her hands behind her back as she put on her bra. He heard her chuckle. Had she seen him watching her? Did she know? Jeff thought it best to keep his eyes closed. After some more rustling she was back in her bathroom, but this time she left the door open. Ten minutes passed without any hint of sound and Jeff wondered what she could be doing. Five more minutes passed and his curiosity got the better of him — he just…he just had to interact with her. He got his crutches and slowly moved towards the open door.

“Oh hi Jeff — good morning!” said Sarah brightly without looking at him as he came into the bathroom. She was staring intently into the mirror as she applied bright red lipstick. Bent over the counter as she peered at her reflection, her shoulder was about even with the top of Jeff’s head.

“Good…good morning,” said Jeff awkwardly.

“You’re up early!” she chirped, facing the mirror.

“You…you are too,” said Jeff, wincing at the sound of his words.

Sarah chuckled. “No I’m not — I get up like this every day. Early for me is like 4 am — that was in the early stages of my program. Thank god that’s over.” Jeff didn’t know what to say and just stood there, watching her applying her makeup.

“Had a good sleep?” she asked mildly, looking attentively into the mirror. Jeff glanced down and saw that she had on her flat hospital shoes, the same shoes that he had looked at weeks back in the waiting room. He remembered how his heart had sunk when he realized that Sarah really was that tall, even without the aid of heels. She had only seemed a few inches taller than him then…had she grown? No, it couldn’t be — she was 21 — girls didn’t grow when they were 21. He had probably just been bad at estimating her height.

“Uhhh…uh, yeah,” Jeff lied. Sarah capped her lipstick, stood up to her full height, and faced him. Yes, even when she was in her flats, he was literally eye-level with her nipples, which he could see lightly poking through her clothing…were they really that hard? She looked down her breasts at him and gave him a bright smile.

“I’m sorry I had you incarcerated last night,” she laughed as she brushed by him, talking over her shoulder as she walked out of the bathroom and bedroom and toward the kitchen. Jeff instinctively followed her. “I tend to get pretty cuddly when I’m going to sleep, no matter the size of the person I’m sleeping with.” Jeff bristled a little at her words. Was she meaning to insult him? She had opened the fridge and had taken out a gallon of soy milk, an apple, a pear, and two ripened bananas. She tossed them on the counter and disappeared into the pantry, emerging with a jar of peanut butter and a tub of protein powder.

“But you know, don’t worry about waking me up,” she continued, as she poured the milk into a blender head and dumped in big spoonfuls of protein powder and peanut butter. She stopped what she was doing for a moment and looked at Jeff, momentarily concerned. “I hope you weren’t trying to wake me up for too long.”

“N-no, no!” lied Jeff again. Sarah smiled at his answer…she knew. She had to know; she could see right through him, he was sure.

“It’s just, I’ve never been accused of being a heavy sleeper,” she said with her tongue in her cheek as she peeled the bananas and tossed them into the blender. Jeff suddenly found himself wondering how many people Sarah had slept with. He had the sudden desire to ask her, but even he knew that such an abrupt question would come off as rude. He crutched himself a little closer to her. She had opened up a drawer and produced a knife that she held up in the morning light. The sun was starting to come up now, and a blood-red ray of new light was now shooting into the kitchen. It caught the knife, which for a moment appeared to gleam wickedly in Sarah’s hand. Jeff stopped moving towards her, momentarily shocked by this display. Sarah noticed.

“Aha!” she growled humorously in a fake pirate’s voice, brandishing the knife in his direction. “Not a step closer, matey, lest ye end up in me blender for breakfast!”

Jeff couldn’t help but crack a little smile at Sarah’s silly antics. She retained her smile as she bent down and smartly sliced up the apple, and then the pear, in short quick strokes, depositing the pieces all into the blender when she was done.

“And now…oops…forgot something,” said Sarah, and she went back into the pantry and came out again holding a plastic bear filled with honey.

“Can’t forget that little morning sweetness,” she said, winking at Jeff as she squeezed the bear with her hand. Jeff realized she had put her rings and bracelets back on — her arm jingled as it milked the bear of its honey. Then she put the top on and blended the mixture all together loudly for a few moments.

“Although,” she said thoughtfully, taking the blender top off and walking towards the cupboard, “I have had one guy tell me that I snored.” She laughed as she reached into the cupboard for cups, bringing out a big one and one that was about half its size.

“You don’t snore,” said Jeff flatly, not being able to help himself as he flared a little internally. Who was this guy that Sarah was talking about?

Sarah smiled as she came back over to the blender and poured out the smoothie, filling her cup completely and then pouring the rest into Jeff’s cup (for it was Jeff’s, after all), filling it as well. There was a little left over and Sarah opened her mouth and threw her head back as she tipped the entire blender head to her mouth, quickly dispatching the remaining contents. She smacked her lips as she rinsed out the blender head and stuck it in the dishwasher.

“Mmmmm, nothing like a good morning smoothie, huh?” Jeff nodded, realizing that he couldn’t recall the last time he had anything approaching a healthy breakfast.

“Well come on over, sir!” she said, beckoning him with her hand. He did, and once he was within three feet of her she bent down and reached both her hands under his shoulders, lifting him off the ground.

“S-sarah, w-wait, wait! I…uhhh,” was all Jeff could say in protest as Sarah placed his butt on one of her hightop stools. She took his crutches one by one from his grasp with a single hand and leaned them up against the counter. She pushed the smaller glass over to him and held up her own.

“Well, cheers,” she said, and again tipped her head back and drank deeply. Jeff brought the cup to his lips. The smoothie was a kind of light brown, and didn’t look terribly appealing. But he took a small sip, knowing that Sarah would make him if he didn’t. It actually tasted pretty good…rich and creamy and quite sweet…but the flavors and nutrients all felt like a little much for Jeff so early in the morning. He put his cup back down, only to have Sarah do the same. Except her cup was completely empty.

“Aaaaaahhh,” she said contentedly, smiling down at him. “Always hits the spot. Protein, fiber, a nice combo of simple and complex carbs…perfect morning meal, don’t you think?”

“It’s….tasty,” managed Jeff. He felt distracted by a thought that had been eating away at his mind for several minutes now.

“Sarah?” he asked suddenly.

“Yeah?” She was rinsing out her cup and putting it in the dishwasher.

“H-how many guys have you slept with?”

Sarah looked up at him sharply as she blinked quickly a few times. “Jeff!” she exclaimed. Her slightly raised voice cut through the early morning calm. She was annoyed. She put both of her hands on the counter and leaned inward towards him — her eyes narrowed as she looked at him piercingly. “Seriously?”

“Wh-what?” asked Jeff, panicking.

“You keep asking me that question,” she said, the sharpness in her voice continuing as she shook her head slightly from side to side. “And I’m irritated that my answer hasn’t been enough for you.”

“B-but, S-S-sarah! I…I…uh…uhhh…aaaugghhck,” choked Jeff, becoming totally overcome with terror as he felt his body seize. He had been completely unprepared for Sarah’s edged reaction. Sweat sprouted on his brow as his face grew a deep red and he began hyperventilating.

Sarah looked at him for a half-second more with her pointed expression before she softened her face and stepped over to him, putting her arms around his body and hugging him close to her breasts. She was just as annoyed as she had been before, but even this little show of her feelings had completely broken him.

‘He’s even more fragile than I thought,’ she said to herself privately as she comforted him. Now was not the time for this kind of conversation. She had to assuage him before she went off to work. Otherwise he might just lie there all day and not eat.

“Shhhhh, Jeff, shhhhhh,” she whispered down to him. “Calm down — it’s ok…it’s ok. Sorry I snapped at you like that. It’s, uh…it’s early and everything, you know.” She took his face in her hands and turned it up so that he was looking directly up at her.

‘He looks like a scared little puppy,’ she thought, noting the tears that had started to form in the corners of his eyes.

“It’s just that…well, here Jeff — I’ll answer as directly as I can. You ready?” She marveled at the ridiculousness of the exchange. Yes, she was seriously having to do this…it was the price of having a sub like him.

Jeff nodded. Sarah took a deep deliberate breath, her chest expanding around his cheeks. “Ok. I’ve been with a lot of guys. And a lot of girls. With me so far Jeff?” He nodded. “Now,” she continued in exaggerated deliberation, “I’ve been sexually active for about 8 years now. And when I say active I mean active, you know?” Jeff nodded again. “Now,” she continued, “during all that time, I’ve been with so many people that I’ve lost count. You understand, Jeff? I haven’t kept a list or anything. So I have no way of knowing how many guys, let alone how many girls, I’ve been with. Does that make sense, Jeff?” He nodded.

She reached down and lifted him up off the stool, putting him back down on the floor as she handed him his crutches. She stepped next to his body, intentionally looming over him as she looked down her breasts into his face. “That’s as good an answer as I can give Jeff.” She knew why he kept asking the same question, even if he didn’t. She knew that he was insecure and searching for a way to get her to say that she had been with thirty different guys, but that nobody had had a dick quite like his. But she also knew that he wanted to hear that she had been with thirty guys because it oversexed her and emphasized something that turned him on but that he wasn’t comfortable acknowledging: that she was a full seven years younger than him, but had vastlymore sexual experience. He was fishing for two opposite things at the same time — for validation and for humiliation — and he didn’t even realize it. That was why she was annoyed.

At this point Sarah realized she had been staring down at Jeff coldly for a few seconds, and instantly blinked and brightened her visage as she gave a little laugh. She bent down and tapped him on the nose.

“Now, little mister,” she said, “now that you’ve kept asking me, it’s only fair that I know — how many people have you been with?”

“Uhhh,” said Jeff, feeling relieved at her lightened mood and a bit anxious to convey how much of a stud he had been a few years ago. “Uhhh…I think…probably…fifty or so.” He tried to sound nonchalant.

“No way,” said Sarah flatly, not being able to help herself. But then she lightened her tone a bit as she continued: “Fifty?! Come on Jeff, that’s so many!”

“Well, you know,” said Jeff, failing to withhold his smugness, “I mean…” and he bent down and indicated to his crotch with his hand. Sarah stared at him for a moment in disbelief, her mouth partially open. Was he…how could he possibly be this…this…but she managed to recover herself.

“Guys or girls?” she asked cooly.

“What?! Girls!” said Jeff. Now it was his turn to answer sharply.

Sarah laughed. “Oh come on Jeff, there’s no shame in exploring and experimenting!” She knew this would get him hot.

“I sleep with girls!” said Jeff stoutly, offended that Sarah would imply anything else.

“Well,” said Sarah as she walked around him and fetched her black leather briefcase from its resting position against the red sofa, “I sleep with girls too. And guys. And everyone else I feel like sleeping with.” She turned to face him, briefcase in hand. His shitty attitude was making this next part a lot easier.

“As a matter of fact, I might be sleeping with someone tonight.”

“W-what are you talking about?” asked Jeff, confused. Was she talking about him? That didn’t make any sense…

“I’m going on a date tonight,” she said smoothly. In a flash Jeff remembered her sparkling black dress and those tall platform heels. His insides did a backflip.

“A—a date?!” He couldn’t believe his ears. What about him??

“Yeah, Jeff. Don’t look so surprised. I see other people, remember?” This exchange was exciting her, but it didn’t take too much effort to keep her voice under control. She had been pretty clear with him, after all.

“B-but…but…what about….what am I…going to…” He couldn’t get his words out.

“Jeff,” she said gently, still standing with her hip cocked, “don’t worry! I haven’t forgotten about you — I’m still taking care of you, remember?” She took a step towards him in earnest. “Remember?” she repeated.

“Y-yeah, yeah,” breathed Jeff.

“The fridge and pantry are stocked full of delicious, healthy food. Leftovers from last night. Lunch meat, cheese, bread, peanut butter, fruits, vegetables, you name it,” she said. “I’ve made sure everything you need is in your reach.” Jeff bristled again, but Sarah ignored him and continued. “And you can always call me if the pain is getting too intense or you have an accident. I’ll pick up, Jeff. I promise.” She was standing over him now. “Just make sure you follow my rules,” and she winked down at him, “and you should be fine, ok?”

Jeff looked down at his feet. “O-ok,” he said in a small voice. He had nothing else to say that wouldn’t make it obvious how he felt.

“Aww, Jeff,” said Sarah, bending down to take his face in her hand. He felt it easily wrap all the way around his jaw as she once again turned his chin upward so that he was looking her straight in the face. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were acting a little…jealous.”

“Wh-what??” asked Jeff, forcing a chuckle out of his diaphragm. “What? Jealous!? No…no, come on Sarah! I’m not…I’m not jealous.” His words sounded hollow in the air, and she cocked her head at him for a moment and then let him go, standing back up to her full height.

“Ooo-kaaayyy,” she said, her voice upturned a bit in uncertainty. “Because I really can’t be having you jealous, Jeff.” Her voice wasn’t hard but it carried authority and something of a warning. “I see too many people to deal with that kind of stuff. It’s just like what we talked about — you understand, right?”

“Oh yeah! Right!” said Jeff enthusiastically.

“And you’re cool with it all, right?”

“Totally cool with with it all,” said Jeff, waving his hand nonchalantly. Sarah waited a moment and gave him a genuinely warm smile. She really did want him to understand, but she knew he didn’t. He would, though.

“Good, Jeff!” she said brightly. “Well, I’ve gotta get going — I’m a few minutes behind schedule…so you have yourself a good, relaxing day, all right?”

“All right!” he said happily as she walked out the door.

“And stay off those little legs, ok?”

“O-ok,” he said, and then the door was closed and she was gone. Jeff stood there for a minute or so, feeling the withdrawal from her presence. He slowly turned around and crutched himself back to the kitchen. His stomach was growling, but he didn’t feel like eating. He looked up at the counter and saw his cup of smoothie that Sarah had made for him. He almost felt like crying — he missed her so much already. When she was gone it was like there was a giant hole in his existence. He sighed, but it actually came out audibly like a little whimper. He suddenly felt terribly exhausted. This was good…he hadn’t slept at all…and he could just sleep through the day…he wouldn’t have to bear being conscious with Sarah not there. He crutched himself over to the big red sofa, hoisted himself up on it with difficulty, and promptly fell into a deep sleep.

He was awakened by the sound of laughing. Two people laughing…a man and a woman. The woman’s laugh was Sarah’s. Jeff opened his eyes. The house was dark again, and lit with low light. He sat up suddenly and saw that the lamps were dialed down low; candles flickered around the room, and the smell of fragrance filled the air. He pulled himself up on the sofa, ignoring the pain in his hip and the blanket that had evidently been draped over his naked body as he slept. The kitchen light was off. He turned back around. The blinds were pulled to, but he could see from the top windows above the front door that it was night outside. Had he really slept for that long??

The sound of laughing again…though it carried through the air softly, it hit Jeff like a knife in the heart. It was coming from Sarah's bedroom. From the low light behind the door, Jeff could see that her door was pulled to most of the way, but not quite shut.

"I've never seen one that big," came Sarah's flirtatious voice.

"Not many have," laughed the voice of a man. His voice was quite deep, and sounded like it came from someone huge.

"I don't believe you," Sarah said curtly. Jeff could almost see her turning her nose up.

"It doesn't matter what you believe or don't believe," said the man, his voice coasting smoothly along, complimenting her deepness with his own. There was a pause in the conversation. Then —

Smack Sarah laughed almost wildly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and Jeff could tell that she had been surprised in a way that thoroughly delighted her. A moment later —

Smack

"Aaahhh!" she cried out again in obvious arousal. Jeff could hear some tussling going on.

"One for each perfect cheek," said the man. More tussling…and then Jeff heard the man utter a cry of his own as something hit the wall or the backboard of the bed.

"Ohhh!" he grunted.

"Shut the fuck up," came Sarah's cool burning voice, barely containing her lust, "And show it to me." Jeff looked around for his crutches as he heard the tell-tale signs of someone hurriedly taking of their jeans.

"Hhhhhaaaahhh," Jeff heard Sarah breathe. Was it in disbelief?

"Yeah?" came the man's voice, clearly pleased.

"Yeah," said Sarah in awe. "You weren't kidding, Steve." Jeff looked to the door sharply as he stood up on his crutches. Steve? Steve?? Was this that same dick that Sarah was on the phone with yesterday during dinner? The medical student? Jeff could feel his insides burning as he made his way towards the door.

"Yeah, I uhhhhhhhrghhh!" Steve was evidently cut off by Sarah doing something, and as Jeff crept closer, he realized that she had taken him in her mouth.

GLACK GLACK GLURCK GLATCHH GLACCKKKKKKKK

She was bobbing her head up and down on his dick…Jeff could see it in his mind. And on that last thrust down, she was trying to take the whole thing.

“Ooooohhhhh myyyyy goooddddddddd!” Steve cried. “Whattt the fuuuuccccckkkkkk!?!?!”

“GLLLARRRCCCKKKKK!!!” came Sarah’s reply.

“Aaaaaugghhh!” yelled Steve. “Aaaaaauuurrghhh, oohhhhh Sssssaarraaahhhh sssttttooooppppppp!!!!”

“What?!” asked Sarah passionately, making a loud slurping noise as she came up off his dick. “Can’t take it, Steve?”

“Just…just take it slower, ok, girl?” Steve sounded a bit rattled, but his deep voice hadn’t lost any of its smoothness. “I wanna make you feel good too, baby.”

Sarah snickered dirtily. “Such a twenty-first-century gentleman you are Steve.” Jeff was almost at the door now. He could hear some repositioning happening on the bed. “Anyone taken you down that far, big man?” Sarah was turned on.

“Not even close, babygirl,” Steve said. “But you still got a few inches to go, I think.”

“All in good time, you brobdingnagian,” said Sarah. “I got at least a foot of it down, easy.”

“You…you what? What was that word?” asked Steve.

“Shut up,” said Sarah, and immediately Jeff heard the unmistakable sound of flesh impacting flesh. He was at the door now, and he could hear the sound of their lovemaking clearer than ever.

“Aaaahhhh!! Yess! Yessss!! Yesssssss!!!” whispered Sarah passionately.

“Ugggghhh, uggghhh, ohhhh….oh god….” came Steve’s accompanying groans. The pace of their intercourse remained hard and steady for a few minutes, punctuated by passionate cries from both. Jeff stood at the door, beet-red, his entire body burning with rage. He couldn’t stand for this. This Steve character apparently had an even bigger dick than he did…and he was having sex with Sarah, Jeff’s girl, right under his nose!

Jeff reached up to push the door open and confront Steve, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it yet. Despite his rage, he hesitated. Why? Jeff didn’t know, but the reason was because their sex was intensifying, and even though the sound of it cut him to the core, he could not help feeling incredibly aroused by listening to Sarah go at it with someone.

“Oooohhhhhh Saraaaahhhh!” grunted Steve suddenly, “Sssaarraahhh, I’m going to — I’m going to cummm!”

“Fucking do it!” Sarah growled at him. Jeff couldn’t take it any more and very gently (despite his shaking hand) pushed the door open, ever so slightly. He peered into Sarah’s candle-lit bedroom. She was totally naked and riding Steve in a cowgirl position, with her back to Jeff. Her

huge ass shook impossibly as her hips went around and around in a fluid circular motion. Steve's cock looked huge underneath her, but she was taking it all with her pussy. Jeff gawked, intensely aroused. He had never seen such a huge cock before, not even in porn, and Sarah was milking it with her body for all she was worth. Jeff couldn't believe how smooth and voluptuous her motions were — she was better than any pornstar he had ever seen.

"Shoot it into me Steve," she growled. "Shoot it up my cunt. I'm not gonna stop." And Steve did shoot into her, as his body convulsed under Sarah's relentless riding. Jeff suddenly realized that Steve looked normal-sized compared to Sarah — maybe even bigger.

"Oh!! Fuck yeah, girl," rumbled Steve. "There's more that came from."

CLAP Jeff started as Steve smacked Sarah hard on the ass. *CLAP CLAP CLAP* His smacks carried clear strength and confidence behind them.

"Oooohhhh yeeeaahhh," she moaned, obviously enjoying it, as she rolled her hips harder.

Minutes and minutes passed. Sarah came. Steve came again. Sarah came again. And still they went on. Jeff couldn't bear to watch anymore and ducked back outside, breathing hard. His dick was rock hard. He looked down at it, with the rubber sound poking out. It looked small compared to what he had just seen. Everything about him felt small compared to what he had just seen. He blinked hot tears out of his eyes as his body shook. He felt like crying; he felt like screaming; he felt like ripping Steve apart. But all he could do was stand out here and listen to them fuck each other's brains out.

"Aaaaauuuurrrrgghhhhlllyyooooogggghhhhhhrrrrrgghh!!!!" Steve's cries were beginning to take on a different tone now. He didn't sound human anymore…Sarah was getting to him…she was doing unimaginable things to him….he sounded like a wild animal.

That was it. Jeff dropped his crutches and limped painfully back to the door and with difficulty pushed it all the way open. Sarah was riding Steve reverse-cowgirl now; her hips traced smooth and fat invisible "S's" in the air as she slithered her pussy down and up, down and up his cock. She had her head thrown back and her eyes closed, so she didn't see Jeff at first. Steve's face was contorted in agonized pleasure as his eyes rolled back in his head, drool draining from his mouth.

Jeff stood there in the doorway for a full minute, completely naked, his hard cock and rubber sound pointing directly at the sexing couple. They had no idea he was there. He had to do something. Sarah's word came into his head. It would bring a stop to this.

"R-R-RED!" he yelled. Sarah opened her eyes and saw him. Her expression remained unchanged as she went up and down on Steve's dick a couple more times before she came to a halt, taking his full length inside her.

"W-what the fuck?" said Steve, glancing around Sarah's huge hips to Jeff. He started to sit up on the bed, but without even looking at him Sarah pushed him back down.

"Shhhhh," she said to Steve, keeping her hand on his chest for a few moments, instructing him to stay.

The whole time Sarah kept her eyes on Jeff. Her blond hair was all disheveled, and her nude body shone with sweat. She was breathing hard, and the fire still burned in her eyes….but her eyes had a kind of calmness to them as she looked at Jeff, still impaled with Steve's hard length. She said nothing for a few moments. Jeff realized that he had not "caught" her; he had intruded on her. But he didn't care. It had to stop. He yelled it out again, his body shaking.

"RED!"

Chapter 22: Dog Training

The low light of candles flickered expectantly in Sarah's bedroom — there was high tension in the air. Sarah was impaled all the way down on Steve's giant dick as she faced Jeff calmly, wordlessly. Her expression was inscrutable. Jeff stood in the open doorway defiantly, ignoring the fact that his sounded cock was pointed straight at the sexing couple. His chin was stuck out and his face was twitching in rage. He was barely able to stand at all, such was the pain in his right hip, but he wasn't thinking about that…he wasn't thinking about anything other than stopping what was happening in this bedroom.

Sarah still had her hand on Steve's chest, a silent order that he obeyed. She looked at Jeff, allowing the tension to develop. She knew she had the power in this exchange, and she was going to let the pressure build as she decided what she was going to do. Jeff had caught her by surprise…that much she admitted. She knew he didn't understand their sexual dynamic, she knew he didn't understand her dynamics with other people, and she knew that he was too simple and insecure to admit what was now plainly obvious: that he was in over his head.

But she had been surprised by his brazenness; it was clear to her that he wasn't ok with her seeing other people, but she had not expected him to actually have the gall, the…impudence, to interrupt her during a private encounter.

'But did I mean to leave the door cracked?' she asked herself briefly as she looked at Jeff intently. 'Was I actually inviting this to happen?' She didn't really know. But what she did know was that Jeff had accelerated her plans and pushed her ultimate decision to the forefront. She had a choice to make. Right now. And it would reverberate years into the future. She looked at his little body…his thin legs shaking as they barely managed to hold up his waifish frame…his scrawny shoulders hunched inward…his little fists balled up in rage…every rib visible under his skin. Maybe it was too much….maybe she should end it…she looked at his face, with his chin stuck out, his bony jaw set, and she felt anger boil up inside her…the fucking nerve.

But she knew she couldn't make a decision like this based on anger and she took a deep breath and looked straight into his eyes. She could see the tears, reflecting the flickers of candlelight, sitting in the corners of his eyes…she could see the way his brow aggressively framed the desperate hurt in his eyes. Something from the past flashed through her mind — a sunny day in the heat of August, right by the mailbox, and 18-year-old Jeff smiling confidently, going off to college…it was just a flash, and in an instant Sarah's mind was back in her bedroom, staring at the 28-year-old Jeff intensely. He wobbled an instant on his legs and blinked…one of his tears streamed in a single line down his face. To compensate he stuck his chin out farther and put his skinny arms on his bony hips, as if daring her to respond.

That was it. Just like that, she knew it…she knew what was going to do. She took her hand off Steve's chest and slowly spun around on his dick so that she was facing him, with her back to Jeff. His cock still inside her, she leaned over and whispered into Steve's ear. His brow creased as he heard what she was saying, and he looked at her, puzzled. She sat up, still speared down on his cock, and nodded her head. Steve made a motion to say something and she swiftly brought her finger up to her pursed mouth, and he sighed and shrugged his shoulders.

And as if in answer to the authority of the safe word, Jeff was heartened to see that Sarah was climbing off Steve's dick. She shimmied her huge ass free of his massive pole and over to the

corner of the bed, where she sat. The bed sagged under her weight as Steve silently fumbled around for his shirt and jeans, putting them on quickly, and then pulling his shoes onto his bare feet. He stood up, and Jeff saw that Steve was indeed tall…huge, in fact. At least as tall as Sarah, and probably a couple inches taller, with a hairy, heavy-set, masculine body to boot. Steve sighed again and looked at Sarah, as if for final verification. She gave him a little smile and blinked her eyes as she waved her hand at him briefly, in a kind of send-off gesture. Steve cocked his head and breathed out through his nose reluctantly as he moved towards the bedroom door.

Jeff limped off to the side, letting Steve pass. But Jeff looked up at him with utter spite and aggression, and as Steve walked by he did not take his burning eyes off Steve's face. Steve looked down briefly at this tiny wisp of a man…the top of his head barely came up to Steve's chest. A lot of things were going through Steve's head right now, and he glanced down uneasily at the rubber sound that was sticking out of Jeff's erect cock. But he shook his head and looked straight ahead, setting himself to doing exactly what Sarah had told him to do.

After a few moments, the sound of the front door closing echoed through the house, and Sarah and Jeff were alone together. As soon as the door closed, Sarah stood up from her sitting position on the bed and walked slowly towards Jeff, stopping when she was about five feet away from him. She stood up to her full height and put her hands on her hips as she looked down on him silently, expressionlessly, her steady eyes penetrating down into his. Her huge naked body was glistening with sweat, her face was flushed, and her blond hair was a frenzied frame to her intimidating visage.

Jeff looked up at her, his body still shaking. With his small legs bent a few inches under the painful effort of standing up, his eyes were just under her erect nipples, and he was actually looking up at them, up past her prodigious breasts, up the elegant alabaster length of her throat, to her face, which all of a sudden seemed a great distance away, looming high above him. Standing like this, in front of such a gorgeous and physically superior presence, partially dampened Jeff's rage. He could not help but feel intimidated by her size. But he had won a victory — he had spoken the safe word and stopped the thing that he didn't like. Although he was still furious and hurt, he was beginning to feel the calming balm of vindication wash over him.

But more than anything else, his anger and hurt were diminished by Sarah's expression. Jeff simply could not read it — he had no idea what it meant. She wasn't angry; she wasn't upset; she wasn't happy; she wasn't playful…she wasn't…anything. She was just…looking at him, completely deadpan, with her hands on her hips. The seconds began to pile on top of each other, and Jeff began to feel his feelings and emotions shifting. Was she expecting him to say something? Did she expect him to…take over where Steve left off? He thought that this might be the case, and that she was just standing over him like that, encouraging him to take charge and order her back onto the bed. But even in Jeff's mind, he knew this was a laughable notion. As he stood there, his small body literally swallowed up by her shadow, he knew that the prospect of ordering her to do anything was absurd…but she had acted just in line to the safe word…she had obeyed that…the seconds kept on passing by…now he was feeling more anxious than anything else. After almost an entire minute of this silent face-off, Jeff could stand it no longer. He broke, and spoke.

“Uhhh…th-thanks for, uh…l-listening to me, Sarah.” His voice sounded so very small in the dark bedroom. The candles seemed to flicker mockingly in response. Sarah raised an eyebrow, but other than that her expression and posture remained unchanged. More silence…Jeff spoke again, unable to take it.

“I-it’s…uh, it’s nice to s-see that, uh..that the s-safe word works,” he said, attempting to smile. But his attempt quickly collapsed on his face, because Sarah was shaking her head down at him slowly.

“No, Jeff,” she said quietly, looking into his eyes, with her hands still on her hips, “that is not how it works.” She straightened her neck, looking down her nose at him. “You just misused the safe word.” Jeff opened his mouth to respond, but she kept talking with her soft collected energy. “That word is for when we are playing together. That word is for you to use if we are together and you feel uncomfortable and want our play to stop. It’s a very important word, Jeff, and I’m glad that you remember it.” She shook her head again. “But Jeff, that word does not give you the right to interrupt me when I’m playing with someone else.”

Jeff’s anger was coming back now. Here she was again, talking about all this “play” bullshit. He could see what she was doing now — she just wanted his permission to be a slut and bang whoever she wanted to.

“B-but…but Sarah!” he said, the color coming into his face again, “I don’t like it! I don’t like that you and…and S-steve were having sex!” He stood up as tall as he could, sticking out his chin again. “So I said the word…to…to make it stop.”

Sarah’s nostrils flared. “You don’t have that power, Jeff. You don’t have the authority to stop what I do with other people.” She bore her energy down through her eyes and into her stare; she couldn’t let herself lose control here…

“B-but…but why were you…you having sex with that guy??” In contrast to Sarah, he was letting the anger flow through him.

She was utterly unmoved, and answered him simply, with no emotion. “Because I wanted to.”

“But…but I don’t want you to.” Even to him, Jeff’s words were beginning to sound ridiculous…childish…but that did not stop him from saying them.

“That’s unfortunate, Jeff,” said Sarah calmly, shrugging her big shoulders, “but I warned you…very specifically…this morning, in fact…that I didn’t have time for you to be jealous when I play with other people.”

Her words sent Jeff over the edge. “Th-there is is again!” he spat at her angrily. “That—that stupid word!!”

“What word, Jeff?” Sarah’s serenity was powerful.

“Play!!” yelled Jeff. “Play!! I—I don’t know why you…why you keep using it!!” He was gaining steam the more he yelled. “B-but…but I do know why, actually!”

“And why is that, little Jeff?”

“Because —” and he winced at her use of the word “little,” but it didn’t stop him. “Because you just…you just wanna…you just wanna use…that…that wordso you have, uh…an, an excuse…to…t-to have sex with…with, with whoever you want to!!” His emotional words hung in the air for a moment; Jeff wasn’t sure what he was really saying anymore, but he was feeling powerful. He was finally standing up to Sarah and all her weird games. A smile…and it wasn’t a happy smile…crept across Sarah’s face, and Jeff’s feeling of power vaporized.

“I don’t need an excuse to fuck anyone, Jeff,” she said, raising her eyebrows in tandem with her smile. He expected her to say more, but nothing more came…she just stood there, looking down at him, with that strange smile.

“But…but,” Jeff sputtered, “it…it isn’t ok with me! I don’t—I don’t approve!”

Sarah simply could not help herself. She gave a couple sputters of her own, trying to keep it in, but she couldn’t; it was just too much. She burst out laughing, leaning over to put her hands on her knees as she stared him straight in the face.

“Oh Jeff!” she managed to say in between her heaves of laughter, “oh Jeff!” She stood up tall again, throwing her head back at the ceiling. “Oh god!” she laughed, staring straight up, “oh my god! I just…I just…holy shit!” Her words reflected her incredulity. She hadn’t thought it was possible…that anyone could be this dense. But she looked back down at Jeff, who was standing there, far below her, still angry and completely at a loss as to why she was laughing. This next part was going to be interesting, she thought. Her pussy began to drool in anticipation as she stood back up to her full height and crossed her strong, full forearms across her hefty breasts.

“You’re not my boyfriend, Jeff,” she said as calmly as she could. “So it doesn’t matter if you approve or not. I do what I want, with whoever I want.”

Jeff felt the weight of her words bearing down on him, but he was not about to let up. He felt hurt and betrayed, and he was going to get nasty. “So…so you’re just a slut then!”

Her pussy actually started to drip onto the floor. “Yes Jeff,” she breathed, scrunching up her nose and shaking her head down at him, “I’m just a dirty little slut.”

“W-well…I don’t…I-I don’t date sluts!” yelled Jeff up at her, trying to be as hurtful as possible.

“You don’t date anyone, Jeff,” said Sarah quietly. “Because you belong to me.”

“But I don’t — you just…you just said…that the two of us…that I wasn’t your boyfriend!” Jeff managed to utter, resenting the fact that his confusion was neutralizing his outburst of rage.

“That’s right,” said Sarah, taking a step closer to Jeff. Now she was standing directly in front of him, her arms still crossed across her chest. She had to crane her head down now to see him. “You’re not my boyfriend, Jeff. You’re my slave.”

Sarah’s cool placid words, softly, deeply spoken, stained the room. There was silence for a few seconds.

“S-slave?” Jeff’s mind was blank now — he was off the map.

“Yes,” intoned Sarah deeply. “My slave.” She bent down and seized his chin in a powerful grip, wrapping her hand all the way around his head, pulling his face up to hers. “My short slave. My tiny slave. My measly, pathetic, brain-dead little slave.”

Jeff started to protest, but she talked over him, still staring down into his eyes, holding his face in her hand. “How could you possibly think you had any chance with me?” He had no immediate answer. She continued. “I mean…” — and her eyes scanned up and down his body — “come on, Jeff. Let’s just be honest.” She let him go, standing back up straight as she took a step back. “Let’s have some real talk here.”

“R-real talk?” Jeff didn’t know what was going on, but he was terrified.

“Yeah,” said Sarah huskily. “I’m just…there’s no other way to say it, Jeff. I’m…your superior. In every. Possible. Way.” She was saying these words almost as if she couldn’t believe them. And she spoke them with a natural, easy tone — it was almost unbelievable how mismatched they were. Jeff’s body was going rigid now…his mouth was parched…and any fight left was escaping him. His cock rose up, getting even harder still with Sarah’s words.

“Like, let’s just talk about what we’re…what we’re doing with our lives,” said Sarah, holding up a “number one” with a long finger. “I’m on my way to med school, Jeff. I’m working hard, all day, every day, doing research with a lot of brilliant, driven people. I’ve published papers…given presentations…Jeff, I’m doing it! There’s a long way to go yet before I meet my goals, but it’s happening Jeff.” She paused. “Now you. What are you doing with your life?” She paused again, her eyebrows going up as she looked down on Jeff. He couldn’t answer — he didn’t have an answer.

“Exactly,” she said smoothly. “Nothing. You’re doing nothing, Jeff. You’ve done nothing. As far as I can tell, ever since you went to college, all you’ve done is bang on a few drums, drink a whole lotta alcohol, smoke yourself silly, and develop some asinine conspiracy theories.” She cocked her hips. “It’s really kind of amazing, actually,” she said wryly, “how much of a waste your adult life has been, Jeff. I know there are tons of men like you, but I just…I just never thought you’d become one of them.” She allowed the genuine sadness to come into her face. “It’s sad, Jeff, it really is. I know that you weren’t always this way.” She shook her head, and the sadness vanished. “But, well…sometimes people change in adulthood. And Jeff, you’ve changed. You’ve just become pathetic.” Once again, her words were uttered simply, matter-of-factly, matching her composed demeanor. Jeff was rooted to the floor, stunned.

She kept on, bringing a second finger up. “But why are we different like this?” she asked him. “Why am I on my way to a fruitful career, while you are literally on your way to nothing? It’s because I’m a stronger person, Jeff. I have grit. I know that I have to hunker down and put in all the hard work to get results.” She indicated to him. “But you, Jeff…you’re just a weak, submissive person. You don’t even have any goals, but even if you did, I know that you wouldn’t have the mental strength to achieve them.” She put her hands on her hips again for emphasis. “It’s because you never learned the value of hard work…your poor parents tried to teach you, I know, but somewhere on down the line, somewhere in college, you decided that you were talented and attractive and that you deserved to have everything you wanted. Just because.”

She threw up her hands lightly. “A lot of guys get like this,” she continued, “but I have to say Jeff, I’ve never seen a guy demand so much when he so obviously didn’t deserve it.” She couldn’t stifle another laugh. “You have nothing to offer me intellectually, Jeff — nothing. I’m smarter than you; I’m more driven than you; I have bigger goals than you. I’m more dynamic, more curious…I know more about everything. My mind…just works better than yours.”

Jeff could feel the searing heat in his face and chest as the blood thumped and pounded in his ears. He couldn’t move…couldn’t speak. And he had never been so hard in his life.

“And speaking of things working better,” said Sarah,”that brings me to number three, Jeff.” She put up a third finger and waved them down at him. For once, Jeff knew what was coming next, and he could feel his lip begin to tremble as the tears once again started to pool in his eyes.

“Aww, that’s right,” said Sarah, seeing him beginning to cry, “the little boy’s gonna cry now, isn’t he?” For the first time, her tone was mocking, and worked as a dam-breaker for his tears. They flowed freely down his cheeks as his little chest heaved in sobs. “Cry away, little Jeff,” said Sarah, returning to her matter-of-fact voice, “but you’re gonna hear this anyway. Just look at us. Just look at our bodies together.” She stepped to him closer again, her arms at her sides; then, she seemed to have an idea.

“You know what, Jeff? Just for fun I think you should see something.” She turned her back on him, strode over to the side of the bed, and bent down. Jeff’s mind wasn’t working very fast — he was in shock, sniffling away tears, and barely managed to register Sarah’s huge rear as she bent over before she was coming up again and plopping her huge ass down on the bed. She was holding…those heels…those huge, tall gladiator-style heels that he had spied her looking at in her closet that morning. She wasn’t going to really…? But she was talking now.

“Since we’re comparing our bodies,” she said cheerily as she roped and laced the heels onto her legs, “I just thought you should see how tall I really was when I went on my date with Steve tonight.” In no time, in a flurry of motion, she had tied the heels onto her lower legs and calves, so that the black laces hugged her thick firm flesh in impressive criss-crossing patterns. He was mentally paralyzed, but even then Jeff couldn’t help but notice the seamless and intricate patterns that Sarah had woven in the blink of an eye. “Steve’s 6’8, you know,” she said, her voice dropping an octave as she sat poised on the edge of the bed, ready to rise. “But with these heels on, well —”

Sarah stood up and Jeff uttered a dry rasp in his throat. The sound was completely involuntary.

“Yeah,” continued Sarah as she took two strides to once more stand directly in front of him, “when you’re 7’1, pretty much everyone looks tiny.” Jeff couldn’t believe it. Her boobs cleared his head completely — when he looked up he was looking at the underside of her breasts. And when he looked directly in front of himself, he found that he was staring straight into the fleshy, toned definition of Sarah’s stomach. He started shaking again…in fear, in awe…in arousal. He looked up again, searching for her face, but he couldn’t even see past her boobs. Her head was so high above him that he literally could not see it, let alone her face.

“Oh woowww,” came Sarah’s amused voice from somewhere far above him. “Jeff, I’m standing right in front of you, and when I look down I can’t even see you.” She chuckled, and Jeff saw her hips jiggle with her laughter up-close — they were even with his shoulders.

“Come over here, Jeff,” said Sarah softly, her voice still colorful with amusement. “Come on, little guy.” She reached down and caught up his upper arms in both hands and effortlessly lifted him off the ground, as if he were a toy soldier. “Can’t have you standing too long on that hip of yours,” she said as she brought him over the to the mirror, “Which, by the way, don’t think that I didn’t notice you breaking the first rule of the house.” She squeezed his upper arms tightly with her hands, which easily wrapped all the way around them, with extra finger length to spare. “But never mind that now.” She set him down in front of the mirror and stood behind him, a huge hand on either shoulder. In this position, Sarah’s hands went all the way down to his nipples, almost covering his chest completely.

It was not a full-body mirror; it was attached to the chest of drawers, so it started right about at Jeff’s waist. For Sarah, however, it started just above her knees, giving Jeff a striking view of her upper thighs, hips, abdomen, and breasts, all the way up to her shoulders, where the mirror ended. Looking up at the reflection of her breasts, Jeff could see the beginning flows of her blond hair before the mirror abruptly cut off.

“Look at us Jeff. Look at you. And look at me.” Her hands squeezed down gently yet insistently on his shoulders. “Which one of us do you think takes care of themselves?”

“Y-you.” Jeff voice sounded dead, even as it trembled.

“Good, Jeff!” said Sarah, mockingly, squeezing his shoulders again. “Which one of us do you think can lift heavy things?”

“You.”

“Right! Haha, oh god I could go on asking these silly little questions for days. But…wow…Jeff, I think…just…holy shit.” Sarah wasn’t even teasing him anymore. She was just genuinely noticing the wealth of almost inconceivable size comparisons as she stared at their bodies.

“Jeff — and I’m not even being dramatic here — if you covered up your face, you seriously look like you’re twelve years old…like, a small, skinny twelve year-old boy.” She shook her head in disbelief. “And compared to me…oh my god Jeff, you seriously look…like my son or something. Like a son I had with a man with wimpy genes.” She chortled a little, and Jeff felt her curves shake and wobble ever so slightly behind his shoulders.

“It’s just that…Jeff…you actually thought that you were my boyfriend.” She reached down one of her long fingers and stuck him in the chest. “You,” she said, poking him in the chest, “thought that I” and here she brought the same hand up and splayed it across her giant breasts, “was your girlfriend.” She paused, in awe of the comparison she was forcing upon him. “Just to think,” she continued, “that you had the gall…the nerve…to think that we were equals.” She brought her hand back up to his shoulder and resumed lightly squeezing him, as if she was kneading into him the truth of his inferiority.

“All the other stuff I talked about is brain stuff…mental…attitude stuff,” she said, massaging his shoulders. “Stuff you can’t see. But this, Jeff…well, I can’t think of a more perfect, obvious display of the truth between us, can you? I mean, just look, Jeff. Just look at my thighs! Each one is thicker than your waist!” She was right — there was no way to argue.

“Look at my hips, Jeff — look at how wide they are compared to you.” And they were…at least three times as wide, maybe even four. She turned around to the side and made Jeff to the same. “Thicker and wider,” she cooed. “In everything Jeff, everything…at least three times over. And look at this! Oh my god, look at this!” She had brought her forearm down and was comparing it with his upper arm. It wasn’t even close…even her wrist, at its thinnest part, was thicker than his upper arm.

“It’s…it’s just incredible,” Sarah murmured, seemingly lost in the comparisons. She did a few more silently; she wrapped her hand easily around his upper arm again; she bent down and put both of her hands around his waist…with a little effort and squeezing, she was able to get her fingers to touch, eliciting a soft exclamation of pleasure from her. She stood back up and wrapped her hand around his neck, marveling at how it almost went completely around. And finally, she reached down and got one of his hands and lined it up with one of hers, just like she had done weeks before. It was absurd — his fingers only came up to the first knuckle on each of her fingers, except for his pinkie finger, which barely scaled the height of her palm…her own pinkie was clearly longer and thicker than his middle finger…and her palm rose hugely above and beside his on both sides.

“And to think,” whispered Sarah in a shaky voice as she orgasmed, “that I’m seven years younger than you, Jeff.” He couldn’t believe it — it was all so surreal. He looked straight ahead into the mirror and saw his own pale, short, gaunt body standing in front of this…colossal goddess of a woman. And to think that this woman was Sarah Helleger…barely above the drinking age…and she was talking to him like this, laying out the reality of the situation in the most quiet, calm, and brutal words he had ever heard. He looked down at his dick and saw it pointed thickly, agonizingly, up at his own reflection. He didn’t even register the rubber sound anymore. He was too overcome by the strange and crushing power of the situation, and once more he overtly wept.

Sarah kept kneading his shoulders and hummed as she listened to him crying, feeling the desperate heaves of his sobs through his body. She knew there wasn’t much time left.

“Why does it turn me on so much?” Jeff sobbed, his question addressed to his reflection, to Sarah, to no one in particular.

“It’s about power, my little slave,” said Sarah softly from above. “You’re a sub. That’s slang for “submissive.” And Jeff…you little thing…oh man, I’ve never seen anyone more submissive than you.” She kneaded him a little harder. “Everything about you is submissive, Jeff. Everything. I don’t think that you could take power if your little life depended on it. You’re just…not cut out for it.” She smiled, although Jeff couldn’t see it because he could only see her reflection up to her shoulders.

“But that’s ok, Jeff. I’m glad there are submissives like you because, see…in case it wasn’t clear to you, I’m dominant.” She latched her big hands onto his tiny shoulders and shook him a little at the word “dominant” so that his entire body shuddered. “It turns me on to take power…to use it, to control, to dictate, to lead, to command, to overshadow, to govern…to rule.” She started randomly squeezing and petting his upper body, almost like he was an animal.

“All those words are the opposite of what you do, Jeff. You follow, you obey…you neglect, you mismanage, you resign, you concede, you yield…you…surrender. And just like it turns me on to dominate, it turns you on to submit to a dominant power.” She bent down so that her face was in the mirror frame. “And Jeff, I don’t think you’ve ever come across a dominant power quite like me before, have you?”

He couldn’t do anything but shake his head.

“No, no you haven’t little guy. It’s my body that drew you first. My big, tall, strong, curvy body. It was a symbol for you…a symbol of your weakness and submission. Because what’s more obvious than that, right? The size comparisons….but after a while, well…Jeff I don’t even think you know how infatuated with me you are. And it’s not really because of my big body and the fact that I could literally crush you with one hand.” She wet her lips. “No, it’s because I’m a dom. A dom who has been waiting for a sub like you for years.”

She licked her lips. She really had to get this going. “Cum, slave!” she said suddenly. She bent down behind him so that her face was even with his as her long sharp fingernails began to play with his nipples. Jeff gasped in surprise and arousal — he was already so close. “Cummm,” she whispered into his ear, “Cumm, cummm, cummmmm!” And she abruptly lashed out with her tongue, twirling it around his earlobe a few times before she suddenly and aggressively thrust it into his ear.

Jeff didn’t even have the time to touch his cock, or the vocal ability to utter a sound in response. His mouth was thrown open in shocked arousal as his eyes rolled back in his head — he was cumming hard, so hard…through each impossible burst Sarah’s tongue swiveled and undulated through his ear — he couldn’t hear anything except the slurping and squelching of her tongue as it wove and probed itself impossibly through the nooks and crannies of his ear, all the way to his eardrum. Sarah reached her hand around his trembling body and caught all the cum from his orgasm in her palm.

“Mmmmmm….ooooooooh….sssscchschschwwwwlllllll!!” Her determined tongue sounded loudly in his ear. Moments later, she slithered it out, and if by a spell Jeff seemed to come to again — his eyes uncrossed and rolled back into their normal position and he was looking at a pool of his own cum that Sarah was displaying in her palm directly in front of his face. For a split second, Jeff was sure that Sarah was really going to make him eat it this time. Though he didn’t realize it, this certainty was the first sign that he was taking Sarah’s definition of “slave” seriously. But instead Sarah bent her head down into Jeff’s field of vision and loudly slurped up the cum with her own fat lips, directly in front of his face.

“Ssschhhhhhhuuuuuulllllpppp!!” His cum responded to the invisible suction of her powerful lips and rose up, as if in obedience, and was immediately sucked up into her mouth. When it was all gone Sarah stood back up to her full height, her head once again disappearing over the highest extent of the mirror. Jeff couldn’t see her, but he could hear her. Evidently she had thrown her head back and was gargling his cum loudly at the ceiling.

“Aworgworgwrogworggagagworgworgagagagaworgworgworgagagagagaworg!!” It was a lewd sound, and it went on for a while…twenty seconds at least. Jeff could feel himself getting hard again just hearing it. She was mocking him…amusing herself…showing her power…reveling in

his submission to her. After a while he heard one big “GULLLP” and knew that she had swallowed it all down.

“Mmmmm,” she hummed, almost purring as she squeezed his shoulders again. “That was gooooooddd. We can improve your taste by a long ways, but that’s a conversation for a different day.” She picked him up again by his upper arms and carried him over to the bed, setting him on the edge. Jeff was grateful. He just…needed to go to sleep. He was mentally, physically, and spiritually spent. But what was Sarah doing…? She had bent down and was leaning under the bed for something. She was dragging something out — it sounded vaguely metallic. Everything seemed to darken in Jeff’s vision as he grew uneasy…his heart started to beat faster. She had pulled it out…and now she was assembling it…he was bewildered, shocked, and aroused all at the same time. It was a cage. A dog cage.

“Ok my little pet,” said Sarah, smiling at him. “This is where you’ll be sleeping tonight.”

“B-but Sarah…I c-can’t —”

“Fit?” she suggested, arching her eyebrows. She indicated to the erected cage, which was big enough for a good-sized dog. “Of course you can, Jeff! You’re no bigger than a small male Rottweiler, anyway.” She laughed pleasantly. “Oh, and don’t worry, Jeff — I’m putting all these pillows and blankets here so that you’ll be nice and comfy, and your hip won’t be cramped or hurting too badly.”

“B-but S-sarah,” said Jeff, his lip starting to tremble again. “W-why?”

“Because, little guy,” she said, kneeling in front of him and palming his cheek with her big soft hand, “you showed me tonight that you really need some proper training, some good old fashioned proper training.” She pet his cheek warmly. “You need to learn your place, Jeff. Otherwise, I can’t have you here with me. Understand?”

He didn’t really understand, even though some things were beginning to make more sense to him now. But he was too tired, too drained of everything, to offer any more resistance. Following Sarah’s beckoning hand, he crawled into the cage. Sarah couldn’t help herself and shook lightly in another orgasm, some of her ejaculate landing on the floor with a wet *splat* as she looked at Jeff’s naked little ass crawling into the cage. When he was inside, all nestled among the pillows and blankets, Sarah produced a key from her bedside nightstand and locked it.

“If you need to go to the bathroom,” she said, giving him a warm smile through the bars, “just wait until morning.” She moved to push the cage back under the bed. Jeff panicked momentarily — he thought he was at least going to sleep out in the open. He put his hands up to the bars and started to whimper, too exhausted for words.

“Aww, don’t worry, little baby,” pouted Sarah at him. “You’ll be safe and sound under the bed. This is for your own good, ok, baby? Your own education.” And she smiled. “And it’s for me too — so Steve won’t freak out when he comes back.”

“C-comes b-back?!?” Jeff choked, grasping the bars.

“Yeah,” said Sarah casually. “I told him to walk around the block a few times and come back in twenty minutes for round two.” She put her face up to the bars and gave him a wink. “And between the two of us I’m pretty sure he needed it, too. Not sure how much longer Mr. Steve was gonna last with me riding him like that.” She suddenly dropped her cheery disposition and grew intensely serious, her voice dropping in tandem.

“You understand, Jeff, that if you make any noise when Steve gets back…if you make even the tiniest hint of a noise that I can hear…or let alone that Steve can hear…I will be very unhappy with you.”

Jeff couldn’t believe what Sarah was doing to him, but he could offer nothing in resistance anymore— he was broken. He could do nothing but silently nod.

“And there will be…consequences should any unhappiness arise. You understand, my little pet?” Jeff didn’t understand a lot of what had just transpired between them, but he understood these words. He nodded again.

“Good,” she said, and her cheerfulness suddenly returned. She blew him a kiss through the bars and then promptly and effortlessly slid the cage under the bed, readjusting the bedcovers so that anything under the bed was entirely concealed. Jeff’s world was now almost completely dark. He heard Sarah humming to herself as she walked…or maybe danced? around in her room in her heels. He heard her striking a match…was she lighting new candles? And maybe a minute later, he heard, in the distance, the muffled sound of the front door opening.

A quiet persistent thudding, accompanied by a sexy, driving bass melody, announced itself. Sarah had turned on some music…not too loud. Just loud enough to set the mood…and, Jeff realized, loud enough that he could cough or sneeze without anyone hearing. Somewhere in the back of his exhausted mind, he thanked Sarah for that. He heard Sarah utter a pleased salutation as Steve came back into the bedroom, and he felt the weight of the bed above him give. She had lain herself down across her bed, posing for Steve. Jeff still could hardly believe this was happening, but he could not fight it anymore. He was broken, defeated.

“What was that…that guy’s name again?” he heard Steve’s deep voice rumble.

“Jeff,” came Sarah’s dulcet answer.

“And, uh…he’s gone? Look, I’ve done some kinky shit in my time, Sarah, but that guy…”

“Who, Jeff?” asked Sarah innocently. “Aww don’t worry Steve, he’s gone. He isn’t here anymore.” As he lay there in his cage, in near darkness, under her bed, Jeff knew that Sarah was telling the truth.

He proceeded to listen to the two of them fuck for the next hour, falling asleep to the sound of Sarah finally managing to take Steve’s cock all the way down her throat. He wanted to stay awake and hear her cries of joy at her achievement, but he just didn’t have anything left, and passed out.

Chapter 23: The Surgery

Jeff awoke in a panic as he gasped hot stuffy gulps of air. Where was he? And why did it feel like his entire world was moving, rotating? And what was that sickening metallic sound? Like chains…he lurched his body up and about, desperately trying to grasp onto something in the pitch darkness. His body seemed to be incased in something soft — he uttered a short cry of pain as his flailing arm smacked into something hard that rattled. A soft hissing sound met his ears. He tried to stand up but immediately hit his head and fell back down face-first into the pillowy softness…pillowy. Pillows…they smelled like Sarah. That unmistakable sandalwood scent.

And then he remembered — he was in a cage. Under her bed. And…that hissing sound was coming from her mouth. He couldn't see her in the dark, but he heard her.

"Shhhh, easy…easy…I'm going to pull you out now, ok?"

He suddenly felt one of her fingers brush against his leg. He shuddered into her touch, the rest of his body sidling over reflexively to try and receive the same caress. He heard her chuckle from somewhere behind the bedsheets that went all the way down to the floor on all sides of the bed.

"Wow, the little puppy's happy to see me this morning, huh?" He felt her finger deliberately pet his leg a few times, over and over slowly. It felt huge against his shrunken little leg — even though he was still very much in the process of waking up, Jeff's mind suddenly flared up in a mental image of Sarah literally wrapping her finger…just her finger…all the way around his ankle. As he felt her finger pet him in the dark, he wondered if that were actually possible. It certainly felt like it…

But his internal organs suddenly squished together, because with what seemed like one mighty whoosh (but to Sarah was just a simple tug), she pulled his cage out from under her bed. It was dark in her bedroom, almost as dark as it had been under the bed. Jeff instantly became aware of how much cooler it was, and his skin came to attention in goosebumps as he clutched himself, starting to shiver.

"There's my brand new little puppy," came Sarah's warm voice from somewhere above the cage. Jeff crawled a bit over and clasped the bars with his hands, trying desperately to catch a glimpse of Sarah. He could make out a huge shape in from of him, like a great pillar…as his eyes adjusted to the dim light a bit he gradually could make out that it was an ankle…Sarah's ankle…that was attached to the dark, curvy swerve of her developed calf muscle. He couldn't quite see all the way up to her thigh…but where was her other leg?

"Mmmmmmrrrgghhh…" he heard Sarah sigh over him. What was she doing? He turned around in the cage to try and see if he could get a better view, and then he saw…her other ankle…on the opposite side of the cage. She was literally just standing there in her bedroom, with his cage in between her legs. He pivoted again amongst his pillows, trying again to see if he could see her any better. By this point, his cock was fairly hard, although he did not even notice it. He was much too busy trying to get a look at Sarah.

As he crawled around and around in the cage on all fours, plastering himself against these bars, then those, trying to see her, a sudden glimmer caught his eye. The sun was coming up behind her bedroom blinds, and one of its early rays happened to shine through…it caught Jeff in the eye. He was blinded for a moment, until his eyes adjusted once more and he saw that it was reflecting off Sarah's big bedroom mirror. And there she was. From this vantage point he could see her, from about mid-chest up. She was standing in front of the mirror with her eyes closed, her arms extended high over her head in a glorious cat-like stretch. She didn't move from this position for about half a minute, and Jeff watched her mesmerized the entire time.

She broke her stretch and then shook her arms out at her sides. Jeff could see her strong muscles through the plush yet firm womanly exterior.

'Her arms are almost as big as my legs,' his mind thought helplessly. Yet a deep and persistent arousal preceded his helplessness, and he pressed himself more firmly against the cage. Unknowingly, his erect cock stuck between the bars and raised upwards towards her, as if in a pleading appeal.

Jeff saw her eyes glance down suddenly though the reflection in the mirror, finding him. For a few agonizing seconds she just looked at him, expressionless, and Jeff had the urge to cower back in his cage and hide himself in his pillows. But her eyes seemed to have a paralytic effect on him, and he didn't move or blink.

After a few seconds he could see Sarah squinting her eyes at him in the mirror as an affectionate smile crept across her full lips.

"Aww there it is," she said heartily. "I can see the reflection of its little eyes!" She craned her neck a bit, not moving her legs, to get a better glimpse of him. "And there's its little face," she said happily. "It looks like it needs to be let out to go pee."

Jeff became suddenly aware that Sarah was right. He did have to pee…really badly, actually.

"Am I right?" asked Sarah, still standing high above him and addressing his reflection. "Does it need to go pee?"

Jeff nodded his head vigorously as he clutched at the cage bars, and then something came out of his mouth that surprised him, even as it scared him. He whimpered. Audibly. Enough so that Sarah could hear him. He saw her eyes roll back into her head as he saw her right shoulder and upper arm move back and forth in a rhythmic motion. He didn't know what was going on for several moments until he heard what sounded like raindrops on the roof of his cage. He startled back a moment, lying himself flat amongst the pillows in fear. He heard Sarah moaning above him, and he cautiously crept back to the bars to look at her reflection again. She had her head thrown back with her eyes still closed…and he understood. She was touching herself… masturbating above him…and the raindrops on his cage were her cum. He couldn't believe how heavy they sounded…like big, fat raindrops. For almost a minute, they continued, almost without stopping. Jeff crouched there, becoming painfully aware of his own massive erection that was thrust through the cage doors up towards her. He longed for her to stroke him…but if she wasn't going to, then he had to. He backed himself into his cage a little and reached for his swollen dick.

He didn't have much time to get started, however, because almost as soon as the sound of Sarah's precipitation of cum had ceased, Jeff felt his organs all go amok again. Sarah's bedroom was moving past him, and he felt like he was floating through the air. And he was…in a sense. He looked to his left and saw Sarah's huge naked thigh comprising his entire view from that side of the cage. He saw her muscles steadily working…she had picked up his cage with one hand and was carrying it…with him inside…toward her bathroom. His mind boggled at this effortless show of strength. He didn't even hear her utter a breath as she picked him up, cage and all.

She put the cage down in front of her bathroom door and opened it up, stepping behind to stand and wait. Jeff turned and crawled to the back of the cage, looking up at the huge twin pillars of Sarah's legs.

"Go on," she cooed encouragingly, getting down on her knees and peering down at him through the graceful waviness of her long blond hair. "Go on inside, little thing. Do your business." Jeff looked up at her through the cage bars, not quite comprehending for a moment what she was asking.

"Go on," she repeated with an exaggerated voice, "go on, go on in there little pet."

He did have to go pee pretty badly, so with some reluctance he turned away from her and crawled slowly out of the cage. Sarah had stood up again behind him, and as she did she saw, from far above, his little head emerge, followed by his pale scrawny back and his tiny, bony little wriggle of a butt. She very nearly had her second orgasm of the morning right then and there as she saw his minute form crawling out. He moved to stand.

"Oh no, little thing…I want you to crawl," she breathed down at him. "No walking on that hip of yours." Without even thinking Jeff obligingly crawled on his hands and knees into her bathroom, and saw that she had been kind enough to put the step stool next to the toilet. Jeff crawled up to it and managed to barely lug himself up onto the seat where he gratefully relieved himself. He heard Sarah bustling around in her bedroom. He became aware of the hot moistness in the bathroom air…she must have already taken a shower…but her hair was so dry…she must have used a blowdryer…why hadn't that woken him up…? As he sat there on the edge of the toilet (to keep from falling in), his head started to whirl and spin in on itself. He began to remember the events from the previous night. His body tensed up as he remembered Steve…and Sarah…and…and…all the stuff that Sarah had said…it all came flooding back. His body tightened up even more, as if preparing for an emotional meltdown.

But even as his body did, his emotions remained paralyzed. It wasn't that he was happy or sad…and it wasn't even that he didn't know what to think. His emotions, his mind, his spirit felt frozen in place, like they had been subjected to a sudden and vicious onslaught of brutal cold. He had not even begun to thaw.

He finished with the toilet, reached behind him to flush with difficulty, and then climbed down gingerly and crawled back into his cage. He lay back in the pillows, almost in a trance. After a minute or so Sarah walked by the cage to check the bathroom. She turned back around and put her hands on her knees as she peered down at him. She was dressed in a professional top, and wore a necklace of pearls. She was still in her underwear, though.

“Oh very good,” she intoned down at him in a deep voice as she nodded her head. “Very good. Right where it belongs.”

She bustled around a bit more and came back into Jeff’s view holding a long pair of jeans.

“Crawl back out here,” she said mildly. “I wanna see something.” Jeff did and beheld Sarah holding her jeans up to her legs. “I’m pretty sure these fit me perfectly,” she said, “but just for fun I wanna see how they measure up to you. Here, come one over here….yeah…that’s right. Now take my hand…yes, that’s it…use two of yours…you’re so tiny. Now just relax your body and let me pull you up…that’s it.”

Jeff found himself standing on his own two feet, but barely. He wasn’t putting any weight on his feet at all, and his toes were barely touching Sarah’s carpeted floor. She was holding his entire body up with one hand. With her other hand she produced one of the legs of her jeans and pried it open with her free hand.

“Now then, seeing as how I got a bit of an early start this morning,” he heard Sarah say above him, “I have the time to just run this little experiment. Step your little legs in there.”

Jeff extended his bony left leg and inserted it into the opening of the jeans. It was almost comical. His leg hardly even came into contact with the jeans as it went down. He then put up his right leg, but stopped as Sarah said,

“No no, not that one. That’s your bad leg. Let me do it.” She lifted him up even further with her hand and literally placed his other leg down into the same pant-leg. They both went down, down, and then the rest of his body kept going. Jeff didn’t know what to make of all this…his mind felt like mush. But he knew enough to stay hard…his cock felt painful now.

He suddenly felt his toes begin to brush the ground again, and he became aware that Sarah’s jeans were level with his nipples. She had fed him into her pant-leg, and it had swallowed up his body, all the way past his waist, to the middle of his chest.

“Oh wooowwww,” he heard Sarah say in amazement. “Just look at that. One leg of my jeans… and your body. And these are skinny jeans.” She shifted, and Jeff nearly lost hold of her hand. “Wait, let me just get a hold of you here…there,” she said, securing both of his wrists in a newly firm one-handed grip. “And then let me just…” and she shifted her weight again, and Jeff saw what she was doing — she was stepping into the other leg. Jeff heard the soft sound of her big thigh brushing against the fabric, and then heard the unmistakable stretching as Sarah pulled the jeans up. Her leg completely filled the pants out, and then some…she was having to exert some effort to pull and maneuver her leg in.

After a few seconds, she said, “Aww hell, I gotta sit down to do this properly…here, you’re my other leg now…walk with me…” and Sarah put her right leg forward, and then moved Jeff forward to match, manipulating his body like a marionette. Her naked left leg did the real work of walking, but from the front it looked like Jeff’s body was acting as Sarah’s other leg.

Walking in this ridiculous get-out, Sarah went over to her bed and sat down, wriggling her huge hips and ass into the rest of her side of the jeans, and then stood, holding Jeff up as they looked at the spectacle in the mirror. Jeff couldn’t believe it…and yet…he knew this already…it was

clear from this picture that one of Sarah's legs was indeed bigger than Jeff's entire body. Her thigh filled out her jeans completely, stretching them to their limit…to say nothing of her ass and hips. A good bit of her curves actually hung out over the waistband of the jeans, thick and firm. But Jeff…well, his body fit into the pant-leg perfectly, with a fair amount of room to spare. The jeans weren't even really stretched tightly. They just looked lumpy, as if they were hiding something deformed.

"Mmmmm," purred Sarah at the mirror, raising her hand up and down, up and down, without any apparent effort, showing just how easy it was. If Jeff looked at their reflection in a certain way, it looked like Sarah was raising one of her legs up and down…except of course it was his body that she was manipulating.

After a minute or so of this, Sarah walked with Jeff in this same way into the kitchen. Jeff thought he could hear a deep, calm rumble from behind and above his head. Was Sarah…was she actually purring?! He didn't know…all he knew was that, for better or worse, he was operating as Sarah's pretend left-leg right now, and that he could do nothing about it. With her free hand, Sarah opened the fridge, got out a whole host of fruits and vegetables she had sliced up previously, and tossed them into a blender, slopping in some peanut butter, honey, and some kind of powdery substance for good measure, before blending it all up with a press of her finger.

Jeff glanced up at the fridge at the bottle of whiskey. It seemed like ages ago that he and Sarah had shared that drink…was it…was it really possible that it was only two days before?? So much seemed to have happened since then…so much seemed to have changed. A bubble of something unpleasant came up in his consciousness — he wanted that time back. He wanted things to be like they had been before. He opened his mouth to ask Sarah if it was ok if they shared another drink that night, but almost as soon as he inhaled to begin his question, he felt her huge warm palm softly but firmly cover his mouth.

"No talking, my pet," she said quietly. "Nothing — not a word." Her voice was not dangerous; it wasn't mean or angry; it was just simple, calm…quiet…matter-of-fact. Almost as soon as she had spoken, she took her palm away and continued moving around about her tasks. She was pouring the blended mixture into glasses…two glasses. Still pretending to use Jeff as one of her legs, she covered one glass with plastic wrap and put it in the fridge. She then reached into a drawer and brought out a straw, which she placed in the other glass. Jeff felt his body used as a pawn, as a meaningless and literal stand-in, as Sarah walked them both to the living room, bending down as she placed the glass on the floor.

"Ok, all right, enough play, "she chuckled softly as she lifted Jeff out of the pant-leg. It wasn't a hard task, since there was already plenty of empty space where his body was. He was now out on the floor, naked, and once again (and without thinking) made to stand.

"Down," said Sarah, pointing with her finger, and Jeff stayed down. She kept her finger pointed and moved it to the glass on the floor. "Drink." Her words carried no emotional weight whatsoever. They were simple commands…nothing more. Jeff crawled over to the glass and put the straw to his lips and did as he was told. He made a face as he tasted the mixture. To anyone accustomed to eating healthy food, it was actually quite good. Hearty, full, and a little sweet. But to Jeff it tasted awful, like dirt…and he nearly spat it out. But he knew better than to react in such a way, and he forced his mouth to stay closed as he swallowed with great effort. He turned

around on the floor and saw that Sarah had gone back into her bedroom. He figured she would want him to drink a little more, so he did, with great effort.

“That’s it — very good!” said Sarah in that same exaggerated voice as she came back into the room, totally dressed and ready for work. Her voice’s embellished inflection made Jeff get even harder. It was the tone of voice people usually reserved for their pets; to him, though, it just sounded like she was pleased with him and might do something nice for him sometime in the near future.

He was crestfallen, however, to see her carrying the cage. She placed it down next to him.

“Go on,” she said, “go on now — get inside, go inside…there you go…all the way in now… perfect.” She closed the cage and put a padlock on it, which she had unlocked with a key, only to then click it shut around the cage door. She waved the key at him through the bars, her eyebrows going up and down as she smiled, sliding the key onto her keyring that she jingled before depositing it in her briefcase. Jeff started to panic again; she was going to leave him like this!?

“Now you have everything you need,” said Sarah happily to him through the bars. “You have all the nutrition and more that you need in this drink here,” and she pushed the glass up to him next to the cage so that the straw stuck through the bars. “If you spill it, I won’t be here to help you, so be careful drinking it, ok?” She was squatting down on her thighs as she addressed Jeff and she looked up at the ceiling as she thought out loud.

“Ok, let’s see…I put bottles of water in the cage for you to drink…There’s a sealable bottle for you to pee in…yep, that’s just about everything!” she said brightly. She looked down at him and Jeff was startled to see something like a shadow pass over her face. “Just understand — I’m doing this because I need to know you’re going to be ok here without me. And after last night, I can’t trust you to follow the rules.” She looked straight down into his eyes with an intensity that terrified him and he would have shrunk from her if he had not felt so stunned by her calm severity. She glanced over at the glass of smoothie.

“I want that to be all gone when I come home this afternoon,” she said quietly. Jeff nodded his head.

“I don’t want there to be any messes or spills or slip-ups,” she said with the same softness in her voice. Jeff nodded again. She looked at him for a few silent moments more, until her eyes brightened suddenly.

“Oh my god I can’t believe I forgot,” she said, grinning down at him. She jumped up and waltzed away into the kitchen and came back moments later holding…what was she holding? She bent down and then placed them down in a row in front of the cage. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Seven shot glasses. Jeff’s heart leapt for joy. She was going to let him drink!?

“I can see that cock of yours has been hard since the moment you laid eyes on me this morning,” she said merrily. “That’s good. I want to encourage that. And even though you’re in the cage today, my rules still hold.” Jeff’s heart sank…he wasn’t going to be drinking, then.

“God knows you’ll be jacking off as soon as I leave,” said Sarah, "and so, remember, I want you to save it all…all your cum…for me.” She indicated to the shot glasses with a sweep of her large manicured hand. “So whenever you cum, I want it to be in one of these. See, I put them close to the cage. You can reach them. And I know you can fit those bony little arms of yours through these bars.” She laughed as she stood up, holding her briefcase and smiling down at him, enjoying his bamboozled expression.

“Well I’m off to a presentation…Casual day at work, you know,” she said, flaunting her skinny jeans, which were now utterly filled by the meaty columns of her legs. She posed for a moment and then stopped, staring down at him one last time.

“See what you can give me,” she said, a little bit of a dare in her voice as she nodded to the empty shot glasses. “See what your body can make for me, little thing. To be honest, from this vantage point, it doesn’t look like you’ll be capable of that much…you’re just such a small little thing. Not like Steve…” she put her finger to her mouth. “Not like Steve gave me last night…” She trailed off as she continued to look down at Jeff. He felt the temperature start to increase in his face and neck as his cock rose up further.

“How many times did he cum…?” asked Sarah to herself out loud. “Well…no, that’s inside me…three times? Yeah, he came inside me three times…and in my mouth…uhhh…gosh I kind of forget.” She giggled down at Jeff through the bars. “All I know is that last one…where I took him all the way…yeah, I found a umm, a…uh, secret wellspring, if you will.” She made wide eyes down at him as her tongue flickered in a blur between her teeth. “God, if only you could have seen me take him. I’ve never swallowed so much cum in my life.” She basked in that memory for a few more moments until she seemed to come out of her trance, blinking as she smiled down at Jeff and flung her hand nonchalantly at the shot glasses.

“Oh well,” she said as she turned to leave, “just show me what you can do, alright?” And in a few paces more, she was gone, leaving Jeff on the edge of an orgasm as he watched her go with a hot face and gritted teeth. He didn’t understanding why his hands felt numb until he realized that he was clenching the bars of his cage so hard that his hands had gone completely white.

All day as he languished in his cage, Jeff didn’t feel like he was alone. It was different than previous days…very different. Everything had changed. Everything had become so…so totally…horribly…simple. And Jeff wished that he could feel something about it, but he couldn’t — he was incapable of any serious thought or feeling. His entire essence was still frozen…and awaiting that deep thaw…if it was ever to come. He no longer felt like Sarah was gone. As he lay in the cage, sucking down his smoothie with a tightened face through his straw, he felt like Sarah was there…everywhere…all around him…watching him. He didn’t feel the dearth of her presence like he had in days passed. If anything, he felt almost suffocated by her, even though she wasn’t there. He shook his head, trying to think, trying to latch onto some kind of narrative that would whisk him away to safety, to some comfortable cozy haven. But there were no narratives — his old track had been completely torn up from the ground, and laid there in front of him, mangled and twisted beyond repair. He couldn’t even realize this simple fact as he lay there trying to find some way out of this strange grey fog that seemed to encompass him. For hours he lay there, paralyzed not having anything close to a clue of what to do. Then in the right moment his eyes fell on the shot glasses…the empty shot glasses. A fierce desire rose up in him — he would give her what she wanted. He wasn’t even thinking of Steve, or of jealousy. He

wasn't thinking of anything other than imagining the look on Sarah's face when she came home from work and saw that all the glasses were full. He was going to give it to her.

Hours later he was shaken from a lolling and detached doze. He tried to will his arms to obey him as he flailed about his face to wipe the drool from his mouth. Afternoon sunlight…Sarah was walking in. He mustered up all the energy he could and sat up among his pillows. She was walking this way…his smoothie glass was dutifully empty. Five of the seven shot glasses contained his cum. Two were half full, two more were a quarter full, and one held the final remnants that he had desperately wrung from his purpling cock an hour before.

"Hmmm!" he heard her say. Heat rose in his chest as he plastered himself up against the bars. She was impressed!

She passed by and deposited her briefcase at her desk and then came back, dropping down onto her thighs in front of the cage. Without a word she examined the empty smoothie glass, nodding at him and giving him a smile of encouragement. She looked at the shot glasses. Silently she extended a finger and counted them…one, two, three, four, five…and then she brought her finger to the empty sixth and seventh and raised up her palm inquiringly, as if asking where the rest of his cum was. Jeff opened his mouth to explain but stopped as he saw her eyes harden. He was not to speak.

She took the first shot glass and threw it back, downing its contents. She put down and picked up the second, drinking it in one gulp. Then the third, then the fourth, and then the fifth. She extended out her long tongue, wriggling it in his direction as she thrust it down into the fifth glass, swirling it around with eye-popping speed, trying to get every last bit. She smacked her lips as she put the tiny glass down.

"No more?" she asked. "I brought out seven glasses…you barely gave me five. Maybe three in total if I'm being generous. Are you suuurrree that's all you got in those little balls?"

Jeff hung his head, defeated, nodding weakly.

"I don't think so," said Sarah decisively, and with a swift jangling she had produced the key and unlocked the padlock, tossing it aside as she opened the cage door. She reached in, wrapped her hand completely around Jeff's ankle, and tugged his good leg, not seeming to expend any energy at all as she whisked his tiny body out. In a flash she had him facing away from her on all fours as she held his body in a crouched position.

"Unfortunately I don't really feel the trust," said Sarah calmly. "So I'm just gonna have to make sure you're milked dry." With that she thrust two of her long fingers roughly into his ass, taking no time to penetrate him deeply. Jeff would have screamed, but he remembered Sarah's order: "nothing." He was to make no noise whatsoever. So he grit his teeth and shut his eyes as Sarah mercilessly dug her fingers into him.

"Jerk off," she grunted, her voice thick with arousal. He did, but even though his cock hardened within seconds and stayed hard, he was not able to coax anything else from his exhausted member.

“Oh please, you call that jerking?” asked Sarah roughly from behind him. “Here!” He felt her other hand wrap around his, enclosing his dick in his own hand. “This is jerking.” And without warning Sarah began to jerk him off with his own hand faster than he could have ever believed possible. The strength and speed of Sarah’s fist was mind-searing, and within half a minute Jeff was oozing more cum into the sixth shot glass.

“That’s more like it!” said Sarah triumphantly from behind him. “That’s what I’m talking about — this is how you milk a dick.” And somehow she went even faster. Jeff’s rolled back as his head and neck slumped to one side; he was fast approaching unconsciousness…the stimulation was too much. Sarah took her fingers out of his ass for a moment and smacked him roughly on both sides of his face, waking him up.

“No passing out,” she growled behind him. “Not until you give me more.” And he did. He gave her more. Minutes stacked on top of minutes, and Sarah knelt there, ruthlessly thrusting her fingers into his ass as she milked him cruelly with his own hand. However much time passed, and four dribbling orgasms later Sarah seemed to be satisfied. She pushed Jeff back into his cage, shut it, locked it, and went to wash her hands. When she came back he was passed out on his back — she shook the cage until he woke up. She held up the last two shot glasses, one in either hand as she smiled at him. With two throwbacks of her head they were gone.

“Aaaaaahhhhh,” she said contentedly, showing Jeff her long tongue and open, empty mouth. “Now I’m happy. See, I knew you had more. You just needed some extra strength to find it.” She smiled genially at him and stood up, picking up Jeff and the cage with her as she rose. She brought the cage back into her bedroom, put it on the floor, and pushed it halfway under her bed.

“Tomorrow,” she said, “I want them all filled.” With that, he was shrouded in darkness as she pushed the cage completely under her bed. Jeff promptly passed out, covered in sweat, overcome.

The next day went almost exactly as the previous one had. A full glass of nutritious smoothie, peeing in a bottle, one proscribed morning defecation, a cage full of pillows. Except this time, Sarah got her wish when she came home in the afternoon. She squealed with excitement as she saw the full shot glasses, and took great pleasure in drinking them quickly, all the while as Jeff watched her with glassy eyes. There is nothing more to tell of his state of mind at that point…he was blank. She pushed him under the bed again, and again he was asleep in an instant.

The next morning was different, however. Sarah woke him earlier than usual. She bathed him in the tub. He was aware of her big arms around him, and her hands as they lovingly scrubbed down his entire body. With slow, gentle ease, she took the sound out of his cock. His face strained as the inside of his dick burned. She cooed to him softly, dangling the sound before his eyes briefly, as if willing him to remember it. She washed it and put it in a special case, which she then deposited in her nightstand drawer. She dressed him in a hospital gown….she laid his body down on the big red sofa. Red…sofa…somewhere in his boggled, broken mind, Jeff had a flash of a vision. Him approaching this same sofa, with low candle lights flickering all around… Sarah laying stretched out there in the shadows. He was holding flowers and…and something else…a box…but it was just a haze and his mind stumbled back through the fog. There was a noise catching his attention. Sarah was in her pantry moving about. She came out pushing

something. A wheelchair. She lifted him up and put him in it. They were moving…she was pushing him.

Suddenly they were outside. Jeff hadn't been outside in so long…he had forgotten about outside. The sun wasn't up yet, and the cool air bit at his face as the harsh moisture of the morning tore at his lungs. He started to squirm in the wheelchair but Sarah held him down with a soft, warm, encouraging squeeze of her big hand on his shoulder.

"Shhhh," she whispered, her voice blending with the chatter of the birds. "You're ok, Jeff — I've got you." It was the first time that she had mentioned his name in days. He was seized by a fit of sobbing as Sarah unloaded him into the car. She didn't even try to stop him — she just let him have it out as she buckled him in, got in the driver's seat, and dove them away.

In a few minutes they arrived at the hospital. Jeff had cried himself dry. Sarah parked the car, turned it off, and then sat there silently at the wheel, looking straight ahead. She didn't move for minutes; she just kept looking straight forward. Jeff finally turned to look at her. He had no idea what was going on, what had happened to him, why he had broken down and cried, what all of the previous few days had meant. It had distorted everything in his world: his perception of time, of Sarah, of himself. He was a hopeless ruin. And yet he looked to Sarah. Through it all, he was left feeling nothing…and yet he looked to her.

She turned and looked down at him, without expression. For the first time, he was able to meet her stare without looking away. He was not facing her down; he was living in her stare. After a few seconds she smiled warmly, and, he thought, a little sadly. He could feel the heat from her smiling face light up inside him.

"I'm going to be there during the surgery, Jeff," she said quietly. "I'm gonna be there the whole time."

"I'm — I'm gonna make it!" he croaked out into the car.

Sarah laughed emotionally as tears sparkled in her eyes. She blinked them away as they streamed down her cheeks.

"I know!" she gasped through her smile, her mouth quivering. "I know you are, baby."

They looked at each other for a moment longer, and then Sarah wiped away her tears and got out, bringing the wheelchair around for Jeff to sit in. A few minutes later they were in the hospital. Sarah checked him in. He was fitted with a medical bracelet. And then she was gone, leaving him there in the waiting room with her assurances that he'd see her soon.

He sat there comatose in the waiting room. The same one he had sat in weeks before before Sarah came back into his life. Just weeks before….? It didn't seem possible. Had he possessed the brain energy and capacity in that moment, he would have marveled at the incredible, horrid, and dizzying reality of time. He briefly wondered what Sarah was doing. But just like that some friendly nurses arrived and wheeled him away.

He was taken to a bright white operating room, where the doctors talked at him, explaining what was going to happen. Jeff didn't really listen to them…he couldn't. He just nodded his head

whenever he felt like he should. He was mildly aware of a slight prick in his arm as they injected him with some calming medication, but he was already calm. He just needed to see Sarah… before…before he passed out. His head started to swim as the warmth from the drugs went down to his toes.

“Sarah!?” he said out loud. “Sarah!? Where…where are you?!” The doctors looked at each other, seemingly puzzled.

“Sarah? Who’s Sarah?” they asked him.

“S-Sarah H-helleger” said Jeff, his head lolling to one side as he desperately tried to get out the words. The doctors once again looked at each other, puzzled. “Well…ok,” said one of the doctors, “we’re gonna give you the sedative now, alright, Jeff?”

“N-not…not before…Sarah,” gasped Jeff, trying to push the doctor’s needle away.

“What is he talking about — ” began the other doctor, but at that moment the doors opened and a huge tall figure strode in, clothed in white, with a white face mask across the face…her face. There was no mistaking Sarah. The other doctors looked up and for a moment were transfixed.

“There…” breathed Jeff, lowering his hand. He relaxed back into the bed.

“I’m here Jeff,” she whispered down at him through her mask, winking at him. “I’m here — it’s gonna be alright.” She looked to the attending doctor, widening her eyes at him as she mocked his gaping expression.

“Well? Are you gonna sedate him or not?”

“Oh…yeah…sorry…I just…didn’t expect to see you here, Helleger.”

“He’s a special case of mine,” she said warmly, looking down at Jeff. He could tell by the squint of her eyes that she was smiling through her face mask as he went under.

He was coming back up just as soon as he went down…or at least that’s what it felt like. He was in a different bed. There were different smells around him. His room was full of bright sunlight. He was in a hospital room. His eyes felt crusty.

“He’s coming to,” said his mother’s voice.

“Right on time,” said his father. They were both there, sitting by his bedside, looking at their son with big smiles on their faces, relieved.

“M-mom…d-dad,” said Jeff thickly.

“We’re here, son,” said his father. “We’re here for you.”

“They say the surgery went well,” said his mother. “Went off without a hitch.”

“Wh-what about Sarah?”

“Sarah? Oh! We didn’t get to see her, unfortunately,” said his mother, “she had to leave as soon as your surgery was done for a conference. But she left us a very kind message saying that she’d drop by and pay you a visit next week to see how you were doing.”

“Next…week?”

“Yes, Jeff,” said his father warmly. “You’re going to stay with us now. We’ll take care of you — we’ll help you through everything.”

Jeff looked at his parents blankly and then slid back down in his bed.

Next week?

Chapter 24: Another Piece in the Puzzle

Jeff lay in the soft sheets of the hospital bed, his mind descending into an odd state of agitated hibernation as he absorbed the knowledge that he would not be seeing Sarah for an entire week. His first inclination was to be hopelessly sad, very much like he had been a couple days ago when Sarah had left him alone in her house when she went to work — he had unconsciously whimpered with loneliness and longing then. But there was a lot more rushing around in his head now as he lay there in his hospital bed, half listening to whatever his parents were saying to him. Even though he badly wanted to see Sarah…to be around her…to smell her…to feel her touch…he began to feel an incredible relief pass over him. He glanced past his parents out the window, where the bright sun was shining happily, feeding the green foliage that grew on the windowsill. The sun's warm luminosity, the glad smiles of his parents, and the absence of Sarah all coalesced into a staggeringly surreal vortex that paralyzed his mind and left it vacant. He suddenly noticed that he couldn't move his toes.

"I can't…I can't move my toes," he said out loud, interrupting whatever his mom had been saying before.

"That's normal, Jeff," said his dad. "That's the effects of the epidural — they said it should be wearing off in a couple hours."

It was a truly bizarre sensation, to try and will his toes, his legs, to move…and to get no response from his limbs. It was as if the line of communication between his brain and the lower half of his body had been severed.

"And…it's…it's normal that I can't move my legs either?"

Jeff's mom smiled at him. "Totally normal," she said. "They gave you a nerve block at the base of your spine so that you wouldn't feel anything at all during the surgery."

"Well, actually, Jen, it was just to make sure that he didn't have any random muscle spasms or anything like that during the operation," said Jeff's dad, looking sideways at his wife as he corrected her.

"Oh come on Carl, seriously?" said Jen, turning her head to the side in rebuttal. "It's for both things — remember? Sarah told us over the phone that it would help him get through the worst of the pain."

"I thought she said the worst part would be the day after," said Carl. "Isn't that what she said?"

"No," said Jen, laughing at their mini-argument, "she said that the worst pain would be the day after, with the assumption that he'd have the epidural…you see what I'm talking about, Carl?"

"Uhhh, not really, no," said Carl. He suddenly smiled, putting his hands up. "But whatever. I concede to you on this one." He turned to Jeff and gave him a sly smile with a wink. "Always let her win the argument," he advised, "even if you don't even know what you're arguing about."

"Oh stop it," said Jen, playfully punching her husband in the shoulder. Jeff just lay there, finding it very difficult to absorb this routine interaction between his parents without his mind shooting

out into hyperspace. It suddenly hit him that they had absolutely no idea, not a single inkling, of what was going on between him and Sarah…that is…if it actually was still going on. His mind wondered desperately into strange places. He strained to think back to his last interactions with Sarah — to her tears in the car when they were in the parking lot — to the knowing expression on her face as she dangled the sound in front of him and put it safely away in her nightstand — to the warm wrinkles around her eyes as she scrunched up her face at him, surely in a smile behind her white mask, when he was on the operating table. They did still have a "thing" going on, didn't they?

"Hey!" said his father brightly, gleefully retreating from the simulated argument with his wife, "let's see those scars, why don't we?"

"Carl!" said Jen, "don't pressure him into showing us all that — let's just let him rest."

"No…no, it's ok mom," said Jeff, who was actually curious himself to see what the incision looked like. He jostled the bedsheets around his right leg and pulled them back. And there it was — a five-inch laceration that ran down his hip and upper thigh. It was all stitched up with black sutures. It looked completely even and professionally done…Jeff inwardly scoffed at himself. Of course it looked like it was done by professionals — they were in a hospital. He wondered whether Sarah had been the one to make the incision, or if maybe she sewed him up. The thought of her holding a scalpel over his unconscious body and slicing into him gave him chills, and yet, the thought was quite exciting as well. He felt his brain tire quickly as it rushed through the power dynamics of such a scene.

"Oooo, look at that!" said his dad impressively, "now that's a scar if I ever saw one!"

"It's not a scar yet, Carl," said Jen. "It'll become a scar when the actual scar tissue develops over it as he heals. Jesus, do some internet research once in a while, why don't you?"

Carl looked over at his wife with an incredulous expression. "Are you serious?" he said. She broke into a grin and they both descended into snickers. Jeff hadn't seen his parents so relaxed around him in quite some time; they definitely were pretty cute, even though their antics could get annoying to him really quick.

"Ok, there's the one," laughed his father, turning back to Jeff. "Now let's see the other one."

"The…other one?" Jeff's mind was blank.

"Yeah, the other leg…the other…uh…I was going to say "scar," but well, your mother…" and he turned his head to his wife in mock passive-aggressiveness.

"Incision," she said curtly through her smile.

"What…what are you guys talking about?" asked Jeff, feeling a steady dread building in his chest. "I—I only had one hip replaced."

His mother turned to his father. "See?" she said to him, "this is why I agreed that Sarah should take care of him for the past week."

“Yeah,” said his father, smiling as he shook his head, “I guess that was a good move.” He turned and looked Jeff dead in the face. “Jeff — you really didn’t know? Come on, you’re not messing with us, are you?”

“N-no!” said Jeff, his fear growing, “No! I—I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

“Now settle down,” said his mother gently, reaching over and putting her hand on his thin forearm, squeezing it lovingly. “It’s ok — it’s fine. Everything’s fine Jeff.”

“But…but what were you guys saying,” asked Jeff, his voice shaking a little, “about…about my other leg?”

“Why don’t you lift the sheets and take a peek at it yourself?” said his father, smiling.

Jeff looked down at the left side of his body, covered in the hospital sheets up to his midsection. What on earth were they talking about!? It was only his bad hip that they had replaced, surely!? He was terribly afraid to lift the sheets and see what awaited him underneath.

“He doesn’t need to look at it, Carl,” said his mother. “Come on, let’s just talk about something else, ok?” But Jeff was already pulling back the sheet with a shaking hand; he had to see for himself what this was all about — he just had to.

He pulled the sheet back to reveal a second incision, almost identical to the first, and in the same spot. The dam of anxiety broke in his chest and his heart started racing, his breathing chugging in tandem to keep up with his racing pulse. His eyes remained fixed on the laceration on his right leg as he gave in to panic — he felt attacked…violated.

“Jeff!” said his mother earnestly, putting her hand on his arm again and squeezing it, “Jeff! It’s ok! it’s alright! We’re here Jeff, we’re here! It’s fine — everything’s all fine…the surgery went well! It was a success!”

“But I thought—” said Jeff thickly through the confines of his dismay, “I thought…that I was…that it was…only one hip. I only had one bad hip!”

“Jeff,” said his father patiently, though with a touch of sincere disbelief in his voice, “didn’t you go over all of this with the doctors on the phone? Didn’t Sarah tell you everything?”

“No!” he said spiritedly, trying to push himself up higher in a sitting position in his bed. “No! Sarah…didn’t…didn’t tell me anything about getting both hips replaced! I thought it was just the one that was hurting!”

His parents turned to look at each other, and Jeff felt a hopeless weight sink within him — there was no way they were going to believe him. He had absolutely no credibility with them.

“Well,” said his mother, turning back to him, trying to be gentle, “I’m sure she told you, Jeff, but maybe you just don’t remember.”

“I do remember,” said Jeff, hating how childish his voice sounded, as he sunk back down into the bed. “She didn’t tell me.”

“Well, Jeff,” said his father, trying and failing to erase the condescension from his voice, “the point is that the surgery’s done now and…and you’re gonna be ok.” Both of his parents were looking at him with kindness and something like concern; Jeff hated how scrutinized he felt in this of all moments — he was sure…absolutely certain…that Sarah had said nothing to him about the operation involving both hips. But he was stuck there. Trapped, both physically and psychically. He could only wonder what was going on, and he decided without much labor of thought that Sarah was behind everything, pulling the strings. He strained his mind back through the past week, trying to get some clue, some memory from the image of her face, from everything that had happened. But all his mind could alight on were flashes of her beautiful face as she smiled down at him from high above…the flicker of an image — her huge thigh next to his shriveled chest, clearly bigger…the searing trill of her gargling his cum in aggressive mockery. A chill went through his skin as he remembered her calm loving face behind her white mask in the operating room, smiling and reassuring. He began to feel that Sarah had done something awful to him. But this fear didn’t make him want to see Sarah any less — on the contrary, it intensified his urge, his longing to see her and have her tell him what on earth was going on.

An hour or so later Jeff began to get feeling back in his toes, and twenty minute later he could fully move his legs again. The nurse came in, a middle-aged woman with a peppy smile.

“Well, alright, we’ve got movement!” she said, laughing as she whipped the sheet off the bed. “Come on Jeff, let’s get you walking a little — gotta get some movement in every hour or so to prevent blood clots, ok?”

“O-ok,” said Jeff, hesitating for a moment as he looked at the crutches leaning up against the bed. Against his will, his mind shot back to Sarah’s house, and her list of rules. He suddenly remembered the contract that he had agreed to…“Sarah, I agree to follow your rules,” he had said. The sound of Steve’s inhuman wails invaded his thoughts…and the lewd circles of Sarah’s massive ass as she rode him…Jeff had broken the rules…but he had been punished enough, surely!? A couple days in the cage had made her feel better towards him, right!? Her smiling teary eyes in the car came back to him again; so did the fast-repeating image of her warm face looking down at him as he passed out on the operating table. These two strong images were repeating in his mind over and over. There was no way she was mad at him any more…there was no way…she was happy with him…

“Jeff?” ventured the nurse’s voice. “You here with us?”

“Uhh…yeah,” said Jeff, shaking his head and trying to bring his mind back into the present.

“Ok, then, let’s go now,” said the nurse insistently, “come on, let’s swing your legs over the side…that’s it…you feeling ok? Alright, good…good…now let’s get you on these crutches here…uh, hold on a second — I’ve gotta adjust them down a little bit…ok, yeah, try that now…hmmmm.” The nurse had paused, because as Jeff tried to stand up with the crutches’ help, his feet were not even able to touch the floor. The nurse steadied his teetering body and guided him back down to a sitting position in the bed.

“Here…uh, just, uh…just sit tight here for a moment, ok, Jeff?” she said. “I’m gonna go see if I can find another pair of crutches. She left the room, and Jeff heard her muffled voice in the hallway, speaking to another co-worker.

“Uh, yeah…Dana…do you know where I can find a pair of children’s crutches? Yeah…yeah, he’s an adult. No…no, he’s just really, really small. Yeah…ok, thanks.” Jeff’s parents tried to make more small talk amongst themselves to try and mask the awkwardness of the situation — but Jeff was somewhere else. He was wincing a little as he leaned forward, responding to the burning pain that was shooting through his cock as the blood poured in and started thickening his member. Just hearing the nurse’s casual remark about his size had been enough to start a familiar chain reaction. The inside of his cock burned, and for a moment Jeff was alarmed at how intense the pain was, and what it implied. Had Sarah done something to his dick when he was out? He wanted badly to look at himself down there, to see if anything was different, but this was impossible with his parents in the room. He comforted himself with the knowledge that it was probably just the after-effects of having the sound in his dick for a few days…surely that was why it was burning like this?

He squirmed about on the bed in frustration, annoyed at how automatically his body had responded to the nurse’s comment about his size. He wasn’t attracted to her at all — she was short and kind of fat…middle-aged…certainly nothing compared to Sarah. Why was he reacting this way, then? He looked up quickly to see another nurse peeking at him from around the corner of the door. He made eye contact with her for a moment. She seemed to be studying him, and she looked familiar. Jeff suddenly realized that it was that other nurse who had first taken his x-ray with Sarah, what felt like years in the past but was actually just a few weeks ago. Dana…that was the name the other nurse had been saying…that was her name. His eyes stayed locked with hers for another moment or so before her head disappeared around the corner. Jeff felt uneasy — what was that all about? Was she in on all this too? His brow darkened as he hunched himself down, feeling utterly powerless in whatever scheme was happening around him. He began wondering if he was at the center of some kind of conspiracy…but he quickly moved to beat down his habitual inclination toward that kind of thinking. After all, hadn’t Sarah chastised him for that? He wondered what kind of conference she was at…and what she was wearing. Maybe she was giving some kind of a speech in front of a huge crowd of other doctors. For some reason he pictured her wearing glasses when she was reading the speech…but Sarah didn’t wear glasses, did she? Her eyes were perfect…he chuckled to himself at the silly places his mind went, and his parents looked at him with puzzled expressions.

A minute or so later the nurse came back in carrying a set of child’s crutches. She wasn’t a tall person by any means, but it would have been obvious to anyone looking that the crutches in her hand were too small for her.

“Here we are!” she said brightly, handing them to Jeff. “All right, let’s just ease off the bed here, ok Jeff? We’ll just see how you feel, and then maybe we’ll try to walk down the hall and back, alright?”

“Ok,” said Jeff, not feeling much of anything in his legs even though he could move them. He pivoted his legs carefully off the edge of the bed, noticing that they didn’t even come close to touching the floor, and feeling self-conscious at how skinny he was. The other nurse was short

and a little overweight, it was true, but Jeff couldn't help but notice that her bare forearm looked huge and tanned next to his pale white, sickly-looking thighs.

"Easy does it…I got you," said the nurse encouragingly, guiding Jeff's body down with her hammy hands. She felt strong…like she could manipulate his small body any way she wished… Jeff wished these thoughts weren't swirling around in his head, but he just couldn't help it. He wanted Sarah to be there…to be the one helping him. But he knew he was just going to have to wait. His bare feet touched the cool hospital floor and the crutch pads dug comfortably into his armpits.

"There we go, now stand up straight, with both feet," said the nurse. "That's it."

There was something wrong. The nurse looked way taller than Jeff thought she should. He looked down at his own legs and saw that they were straight, with his feet flat on the floor. He raised his head and saw that he was looking straight into the nurse's chin, which shifted as her mouth curved upward in a smile.

"Good, Jeff, good!" she said in exaggerated praise. "How does that feel?"

"Uh….good," said Jeff. It was true that he didn't really feel any pain since the nerve block was still working, but he was far more concerned with how tall this nurse looked to him. He had a sudden desire to ask her how tall she was, but even Jeff knew that such a random question would be taken as rude. He looked over to his parents, who were still sitting down. His mind was working quickly — his mom was the same height as he was…just around 5'5. He remembered that Sarah had measured him just a few days before…he had just been under 5'5 then, but that was probably only because of his bad hip, or hips, or whatever it was that was the matter with him. That big medical-sounding term that he couldn't remember…anyway — he should be as tall as his mom now, or probably taller, for that matter. The surgery had probably helped bring him back up to his normal height of 5'6, right?

"Come on Jeff, let's get walking," said the nurse. He took a few steps with the help of the crutches; he felt fine. He was far more concerned about making sure that he wasn't thinking crazy and that he hadn't somehow lost height. He looked again at the nurse — she definitely looked like someone who was rather short, and yet it was clear that she was at least a few inches taller than him. Come to think of it, the hospital bed looked higher than usual, the chairs looked bigger…even the light switch at the room's entrance looked higher up than was normal. He began to feel a desperate pull to know the truth — he had to get his mom to stand up so he could compare himself to her.

"Uh, mom, can you…uh, can you come with me?" he asked, aware that he sounded like a child asking such a thing. "I just…uh, I just wanna make sure I'm, uh…walking the same way I used to." He knew it sounded like an odd thing to say, but he couldn't think up anything better to say.

"Uh, ok Jeff," said his mom, a little puzzled as she chuckled and stood up. "But I don't think you should worry too much…about….wow…." His mom trailed off in her words, because she had stood up and was shocked at what she was looking at. Jeff was shorter than her — significantly shorter. She was looking down at the brown hair on the top of her son's head. She turned to the nurse, her brow furrowed.

“Was this supposed to happen?” Her voice was full of concern and something like hostility.

“Was what supposed to happen, Mrs. Stintum,” asked the nurse, blinking.

“Was he supposed to…to shrink like this?”

“Well, it’s normal to experience a slight change in height with a procedure of this kind,” said the nurse.

“But this isn’t a slight change,” said his mother. “He’s…he’s quite a bit shorter now. I mean…look at this.” She stood up straight next to her son. Jeff’s mouth was completely dry as he felt electricity tingle and shoot through his body. His eyes were even with his mother’s shoulders, and the top of his head barely came up to her nose. His cock was stirring under his hospital gown, and he thanked his stars that it was baggy enough for his erection to go unnoticed. He felt sick at this sexual reaction to his shrunken stature — and to a comparison with his mother, no less. What on earth had gotten into him? Why was this turning him on?

“Oh, ummm,” said the nurse, obviously uncomfortable and not quite sure what to say, “well, patients can experience a variety of…umm…height adjustments after…after this surgery. But I can assure you that he’s fine, Mrs. Stintum. The…the surgery was a success.”

Jeff’s mom looked at the nurse and then down to Jeff, a hardened expression on her face. But after a few moments it relaxed, and she breathed a little easier.

“Well ok,” she said, making an effort to smile down at Jeff. “Ok, if…if you say so.”

“I understand it can come as a bit of a shock,” said the nurse kindly as she helped escort Jeff towards the open door, “but even though he’s a bit shorter now, he won’t be in any more pain, and he’s safe from the danger of his joints collapsing in on him.” She smiled down at Jeff and patted him on the head. “You’ll have these healthy joints for at least 20 years, Jeff.”

“Well, that’s all that matters, really,” said his father happily from his chair.

“Yes, that’s all that matters,” repeated his mother, bending down to look at him. “You’ll always be our sweet little son, Jeff, and…well, now it’s kinda come true in more ways than one, right? You’re our little son!” And she laughed warmly down at him, pinching his cheek affectionately. Jeff was overwhelmed by how big everything looked and failed to react.

“S-sorry,” said his mother, standing up again, still laughing a bit. “I don’t mean to embarrass you, Jeff. It’s just…well…this’ll all take some getting used to, right?”

“Oh don’t worry,” said the nurse, “it seems strange now but you all won’t even be thinking about it before too long.”

A few hours later Jeff was in his parents’ car, on the way back to their house. He was completely in a daze. As soon as they got home, Jeff went into his room and locked the door with difficulty, navigating all the motions with his crutches. He was trying hard not to think about Sarah…how much he missed her…how afraid he was of her…how horrified he felt at the thought that maybe she had done something to him during his surgery. But his mind was fixed on one thing right

now. He found the ruler that he used to measure his dick with. He held it up carefully to the wall, measuring one, two, three, four, five feet, marking each foot with a pen on the wall. Then he stood up in his crutches as tall as he could and marked where the top of his head hit the wall. He turned around to look, his heart pounding. It was under the 5-foot mark. He breathlessly measured the difference, his cock rising up as he did. A whole inch under. He was 4’11.

Chapter 25: (Not sure what to call it yet, lol)

Jeff spent much of the following week in bed. At first, he bowed to his mother's wish that he spend time on the sofa downstairs, but as the week wore on he isolated himself more and more. He just didn't feel comfortable hanging out in the living room with his parents — his mom had made the choice to stay home from work this week, and she monitored him around the clock, making sure that he got up every hour and moved his legs. Jeff initially appreciated this attention, but as time went on he began to despise the feeling of strangeness that accompanied any interaction with his parents. It was like they were in a completely different world, talking away about normal things and not appreciating for one second the utter turmoil that was unfolding inside Jeff's head.

Once or twice he was even tempted to just spill the beans and tell them the whole story — but he quickly realized that he didn't even really know what the story was, or how to tell it. His obsession with Sarah — and his unwilling but intensely erotic attraction to her immense size, and the fact that she dwarfed him in every conceivable way — felt more like something he would have to confess rather than something he would simply tell a story about. He felt completely implicated in all the uncertainty, all the pain, and all of the hopeless eroticism that surrounded Sarah Helleger.

What's more, he was beginning to feel like he might actually be insane. The way that his parents casually just seemed to assume that Sarah had told him about the operation involving both hips forced him to scan his mind back through all of his previous conversations with Sarah, desperately searching for some kind of clue that he may have missed. He could find nothing, however, that he remembered. He still felt in his core that Sarah had misled him about the nature of the operation, and he spent a large portion of the week studying the incisions on his legs with a kind of uneasy fascination. What had Sarah done to him? What had she put in there?

Whatever it was, it seemed to work. After the first few days, he was able to move both hips successfully in a rotating motion without too much inhibition. He was definitely still sore, but his body actually seemed to be healing faster than he expected. By the end of the week he was able to move relatively freely, albeit still with the aid of his crutches.

"I'm looking forward to seeing Sarah tomorrow!" said his mother cheerfully over dinner that night.

Jeff said nothing, feeling the pit in his stomach deepen — he didn't know how he felt about it all. On one hand he was beyond excited to see Sarah again, and on the other, he felt terrified. How was she going to interact with him? And around his parents? There were too many questions to keep track of, and they had the combined effect of dulling his mind.

"It sure does sound like she's done well for herself," said his dad. Then he stared off a little into the distance. "God, little Sarah Helleger," he mused, "she was quite a feisty little thing back in the day."

"She's not little anymore," Jeff blurted out, immediately feeling mortified that he had done so.

"Well, I'm sure she's grown up quite nicely," said his father casually.

“N-no,” said Jeff, almost feeling out of control as the words came tumbling out of his mouth. “No, I…I mean…uh — she’s…she’s — ” but he couldn’t bring himself to tell them. It would all sound too odd, and he felt like if he broke his mental dam about talking about her size, his parents would somehow figure out everything that had happened.

“She’s what, Jeff? What are you talking about?” prodded his dad.

“Leave it, Carl,” said his mom. “He’s still just a little upset about his…uh…his diminished height. I’m sure Sarah’s taller than him now and it’s all just a little weird for him. Right Jeff?”

“Uhhh, yeah,” said Jeff, feeling like it would be unwise to pursue anything else on the topic.

“Aww sweetie,” said his mom lovingly, “I know it’s really hard for you to adjust to this…this change in your life, but look at it this way: you aren’t going to be in constant pain anymore and you can…you can be free to get your life back on track.”

“What a stirring speech, Jen,” remarked his dad.

“Oh get lost Carl.”

The conversation descended into familiar ad hominems, and Jeff was left alone to stew in his thoughts. Tomorrow…tomorrow…he got poor sleep that night, spending much of it lying in bed with his eyes shut, Sarah’s gorgeous face looking at him behind his eyelids. She smiled at him sweetly; she had tears in her eyes; she snarled, rolling her eyes back in her head as she shook her head back and forth with his dick deep in her throat; she looked down at him impassively… her hands on her hips as she looked down on him naked, her huge body shining with sweat. It was enough to make him feel crazy. He had never before felt such a combination of fear and dread at the sound of birds singing.

He was lying on the sofa nervously scanning random pages on the internet when the doorbell rang.

“She’s here! I’ll get it!” said his mom happily, shuffling over to the door. Jeff closed his laptop, feeling an odd sense of nothingness. The sheer intensity of his feelings had overwhelmed him to the point of internal paralysis. But almost as soon as he heard his mother open the door, he strained his ears to hear her reaction to seeing Sarah in the flesh.

“Oh my goodness!” he heard his mom say, her voice full of wonder. But a flood of emotion overcame his curiosity as he heard the rich sound of Sarah’s voice answering.

“Hi Mrs. Stintum!” came her voice, sounding bright and chipper despite its deepness. “It’s been so long!”

“Yes…yes it has!” said his mom, and Jeff could tell by the sound of her voice that she was a little discombobulated. “S-Sarah…I — I just — wow!”

“Haha, yeah, I grew a little since I last came over here, huh?” Sarah laughed.

“A — a little. Yes, just a little bit,” said his mom, still awestruck. “Sarah…you just — you look incredible.”

“Aww thanks Mrs. Stintum!”

“Well…well look at me, all out of sorts!” laughed his mom. “Come on in, Sarah!”

A few moments later Jeff’s mom stepped into the living room her. Her face was beet-red. Jeff and his dad looked up.

“Look who I brought in,” she said, smiling through her embarrassment. And in walked Sarah. It was like she sucked all the air out of the room — her mere presence put everything else to shame. The first thing Jeff noticed was that Sarah looked bigger…and taller. How could that be possible? Surely he was just imagining it…she was wearing a blank white t-shirt that was skin-tight over her enormous boobs and all the way down her torso. A pair of compact jean shorts showed off her huge hips and thick creamy thighs — she was wearing white tennis shoes.

“Hiiii,” said Sarah, shyly waving a huge hand as she looked bashfully over at Jeff’s dad.

“S-sarah!” he choked, immediately standing up. “Sarah…oh my—oh my god!” He walked over to her, extending his arms. Sarah bent down lovingly and gave him a warm hug. Jeff was stunned by the size disparity. His parents looked positively tiny. Jeff’s dad, who stood at a healthy 5’8, found himself staring straight into the top of Sarah’s immense breasts. As she stood back up straight from the hug, Jeff could see that her chin completely cleared the top of his head. And his mom…well, she almost looked like a child next to Sarah. Her eyes were just under Sarah’s nipples. Sarah looked from Jeff’s mom to his dad, smiling coyly. No one spoke for several moments — Jeff’s parents were clearly struggling to comprehend how the tiny little tomboy from ten years back had grown into such a giantess. Jeff badly wanted her to look over at him.

“Well, I’ll be damned,” laughed Jeff’s dad after several seconds. “Sarah — you just…you grew up!” Jeff noticed that his father had started to go red in the face as well.

“I sure did, Mr. Stintum,” said Sarah, grinning down at him. “Imagine how my parents reacted when I came home from school!”

“I…I can’t even begin to guess,” said Jeff’s dad in wonder, shaking his head as he looked up into her face. “Sarah…I’m sorry…I just…wow — I can’t believe it!”

“Isn’t she gorgeous?” asked Jeff’s mom, who, like his dad, was staring up into Sarah’s face, transfixed by her size and her beauty.

“Amazing,” he breathed, momentarily lost in her features. As soon as Sarah had walked into the room, Jeff had felt his cock harden instantly. He thanked his stars that he was lying on the sofa with a convenient pillow over his crotch, but he could not avoid noticing that his own father was sporting a bulge in his pants. And he was so captivated by her that he hadn’t even noticed yet.

“Aww, thanks you guys,” said Sarah modestly, blushing a little. “It’s so nice to be back in here, even though everything looks a little smaller, haha.”

“I’ll bet,” said his mom. Both his parents were still quite red in the face, and it was clear that they were deeply embarrassed by how helplessly attractive they found Sarah.

“And there’s the little trooper over there!” said Sarah, turning over to look at Jeff. He felt his heart seize in his chest as they locked eyes. Her sea green was noticeable even from across the room. “How’re you feeling Jeff?”

He tried to answer her but found that his mouth was completely dry. He had to swallow a few times before his mouth was sufficiently lubricated to form words.

“F-f-fine,” he managed to say, in a voice that sounded tiny. In the time that he had taken to answer, Sarah had crossed the room in a couple of strides and had bent down towards him on the sofa, engulfing the upper half of his body in a gracious hug. Jeff’s cock strained under the pillow as he felt her mammoth breasts pressing into his lap. He was overwhelmed again by her sandalwood scent, and inhaled the delightful fruitiness of her shampoo. He felt her big arm tighten around his upper back as her hair fell all around them.

“Don’t cum shorty,” she whispered in his ear, and immediately stood up, smirking down at him as she gave him a playful wink. It was all Jeff could do to keep from shooting his load right then and there, but he set his teeth and obeyed her. All three members of the Stintum family were now red in the face.

“W-why don’t you sit down, Sarah,” said Jeff’s mom, making an effort to proceed ahead with a semblance of a normal interaction. “Can I get you anything to drink?”

“I’ll take a glass of water, if you don’t mind,” said Sarah, lowering herself onto the middle part of the sofa, right next to Jeff. He heard the couch sigh as it accepted her body.

“Jeff?”

“I’ll…take a glass of water too,” he said mechanically. He was distracted by the fact that, even sitting down, her head rose up almost as tall as his mother’s, and not far away from his father’s as well. She absolutely looked bigger than he remembered…could it be that she was she still growing? He couldn’t even begin to wonder how that could be possible, but the evidence was plain to see in front of him. Sarah looked taller, curvier, and thicker than ever.

Jeff’s dad shuffled over and took a seat next to Sarah on the sofa. Sitting down next to her, he looked even shorter, because her massive ass gave her a much higher cushion to sit on. The top of his father’s head was now about even with her cleavage.

“So Jeff,” she said happily, folding her manicured hands in her lap, “how’s the recovery going?”

“It’s…it’s going…fine,” Jeff said robotically, not knowing what else he could say. He was just trying to sound as normal as possible — he had a terrible fear of giving away the secret of the path their relationship had taken. So he hated that whenever he spoke now, his voice seemed to tremble.

“Fine, huh?” asked Sarah, smiling as Jeff’s mom handed her a glass of water. Jeff accepted the other glass and immediately noticed the difference: Sarah took her glass casually with one

hand, whereas he had to reach out to clutch it with two. Her single hand easily wrapped all the way around the glass — one of Jeff's hands barely reached halfway. The size comparisons started uncontrollably firing off in his brain, and he shut his eyes for a moment, attempting to steady himself.

"So you're walking around on the crutches and everything?" asked Sarah, the bracelets jingling around on her shapely arms.

"Y-yeah…yeah…it's…it's going pretty well." He couldn't make eye contact with her, and he kept his head down, determined to hunker down until this feeling of impending panic passed away.

"Those first couple of days back home were pretty tough," said his mom as she sat down in the seat next to the sofa. "But Jeff was able to pull through it ok."

"Of course he was," said Sarah warmly, looking over at Jeff and giving him a big smile. "Jeff might be small on the outside, but he's a tough little customer on the inside."

"Oh speaking of that," said his mom, "we wanted to ask you, Sarah — Jeff lost a good deal of height as a result of the operation. Is that normal? Should we be worried about anything?"

For the first time Jeff was able to bring his eyes up to look fully into Sarah's face. He was too… curious…too interested in her reaction. Maybe he would even pick up a few clues about what she had done to him. He thought he saw something sparkle darkly in her eyes, but maybe he was just imagining it. Sarah seemed to react to the question normally.

"Well…and the nurses probably told you this too, I'm sure…it's normal to have some height fluctuations after a surgery like this. As long as Jeff's range of motion is good, I wouldn't say there's much to worry about." She turned casually to Jeff. "How many inches did you lose?"

Jeff looked up into her face, his lip trembling. Sarah was looking calmly down at him, dispassionate…giving no indication that there was anything odd about her question. And yet… and yet Jeff just knew that she was playing with him. Right now. In front of his parents.

"I'm…I'm 4'11 now," he croaked. Her nostrils flared, her pupils dilated, and the muscles in her cheeks hardened — for a second she looked like she was about to attack him, or eat him, or do something to subsume his body. It was a frightening reaction, animalistic…and deeply unsettling — but only Jeff could see it. She was turned away from his mom and dad. And it only lasted a second or two. In the amount of time it had taken to send Jeff into another internal panic attack, she was creasing her brow and turning back to his parents, looking thoughtful.

"Hmm, so he lost a good few inches, huh? That is a bit unusual in these kinds of operations." She gestured her hands in explanation, her bracelets jingling around on her wrists. "But, you see, one possibility is that Jeff's bone marrow had lower-than-average density, and they had to hammer the titanium spike deeper into his femur marrow to get it set correctly."

"Aha, interesting," said Jeff's dad, in the tone people used when they were pretending to keep up with something they didn't understand.

“And it’s also possible,” continued Sarah, still addressing Jeff’s parents, “that because of Jeff’s weakened bone density, they had to clear out a larger-than-average portion of his hip cavity to make room for the artificial joint. It’s likely that he had a high number of rogue bone fragments that were corrupting the joint. Both of these reasons would probably account for his losing a few inches more.”

“But…his bone density,” said his mother uncertainly, “why were Jeff’s bones so weak to begin with?”

Sarah turned to Jeff, smiling. “You wanna answer that one?”

He felt the embarrassed heat rise in his face as he recalled the conversation that he and Sarah had had a while back. “It…it was my fault, mom.”

“Ohhhh,” she said, nodding her head up and down, “so you mean it’s like…lifestyle choices and everything that weakened his bones?”

Sarah nodded matter-of-factly, pursing her mouth. “I’m afraid so,” she said after a couple moments. But she suddenly stretched her arm over towards him, extending her hand as she reached behind his ears and scratched him lovingly with her sharp red fingernails. Her hand felt positively huge behind his head, and evidently his parents saw this too. They were watching the whole scene wide-eyed, as if they could hardly believe how small their son looked next to Sarah, the little neighbor girl who was seven years younger.

Sarah smiled down at Jeff, scratching him behind the ears like some little pet. He looked up into her eyes and she made them wide at him, then normal, then wide again. She opened her lips to reveal her tongue which was flipping up and down in between her teeth so fast that it was a blur. She scrunched her nose at him. He orgasmed. She giggled, inclining her head just a bit, as if to say, ‘I know you just disobeyed me.’ All of this had only taken a couple seconds, and Sarah then turned back to face his parents, her strong fingers still scratching behind his ears.

“But I wouldn’t worry, you guys. When I had Jeff at my house I had him on a strict regimen of healthy food without any of those…vices that contributed to this problem in the first place.”

“Really?” asked Jeff’s mom. “You mean like you didn’t even let him smoke outside?”

“Oh god no!” laughed Sarah, finishing up her scratching and petting Jeff’s cheek playfully a couple times before withdrawing her big hand. “Noooo no no, if Jeff’s staying with me he’s going to foster good habits.”

“She’s right, Jen,” chuckled his dad, “We’re too soft on him — we need to hire a taskmaster like Sarah to whip Jeff into shape.”

“Wellllll,” said his mom, arching her eyebrow, “I’ve gotta say, Sarah — it’s impressive that you were able to just lay down the law like that. You know…set the rules and everything. And he followed them?”

“Oh, he mostly did,” said Sarah, looking back to Jeff and winking. She wasn’t going to…to tell them…about…about all that…was she?? He could feel himself getting faint. She turned back to

his parents. “He actually did break the rules once, but…well, I think he learned his lesson, didn’t you Jeff?”

He nodded wordlessly, thinking about the cage…and about the low light in Sarah’s bedroom when he pushed the door open and saw her huge ass bouncing as she rode Steve. He started hardening again despite his recent orgasm. He suddenly felt the oddest desire to go back into the cage…to sleep in it…to feel it levitate, with his body inside, as Sarah lifted it up into the air.

“See, Jen?” laughed his dad. “Taskmaster. So what, did you punish him, Sarah? No TV for the day? No dessert?” He laughed loudly, and it suddenly became clear to Jeff that his own father was trying to make light of something that he didn’t understand…because he was uncomfortable. He knew his dad well enough to tell the difference between him having a good laugh, and laughing to try and cover up his discomfort. Realizing this was not encouraging at all to Jeff — it all served to highlight the insane size difference between himself and Sarah. His dad’s loud awkward laugh just seemed to underline it all.

Sarah laughed politely. “Mmm, yes, something like that,” she said. “But what I was going to say was that Jeff really showed a willingness to follow my rules when he was staying with me. Except for that one time, he did what I told him to…followed all my instructions and everything. It was really good Jeff — you know, not everyone in your position would have done what you did.”

Jeff couldn’t believe what he was hearing. She was totally messing with his head — and his parents had no idea. Her words sounded completely ordinary, and…and they were true. But in more ways than one. All Jeff could think about was the sound in his dick…and the shot glasses full of cum…and Sarah’s long probing fingers as they pushed deeper and deeper into his ass, questing for his prostate.

“Well speaking of that, Sarah,” said his mom, “I also know that not just anyone would have taken Jeff into their own home and dedicated themselves to taking care of him before a scary surgery. Jeff, I think you owe Sarah a big “thank you,” don’t you?”

“Uh…uh, th-thanks S-sarah,” he mumbled, afraid that if he spoke any louder it would be obvious that his voice was shaking.

“What was that?” asked his dad. “Come on Jeff, speak up!”

“It’s ok, I heard him,” laughed Sarah. “I think he’s just…uh, he just gets a little nervous around me sometimes.” She turned to him with a devious smile on her face. “I can’t imagine why, though.”

“Well I can,” said Jeff’s dad flatly.

“Carl!” protested his mom.

“What?” he asked innocently. “Come on Jen, I’m not saying anything that isn’t obvious already.” He turned to Sarah, a little sheepish red in his cheeks. “I’m sorry Sarah…I mean…I mean I hope you don’t mind — it’s just…wow…yeah seeing you sitting there next to Jeff…it’s just…” and he shook his head.

“It’s just what, Mr. Stintum?” asked Sarah playfully. “What are you talkin’ about?”

“I just…uh…it’s just,” stuttered Jeff’s dad awkwardly, the red deepening in his face, “I mean, just…just look at you, Sarah. I, uh…I hope I’m not being too forward, but I wouldn’t be surprised if everyone you come across gets a little nervous around you.” He turned to his wife. “How was that?” he asked, partially humorously. “Did I say it right?” Jeff’s mom closed her eyes and shook her head, then opened them again as she looked at Sarah.

“You’ll have to excuse my clumsy husband,” she said. “I think what he’s trying to say is that you look…uh…you look wonderful, Sarah. And…and, uh…I’m sure lots of people are attracted to you.” His mom stopped talking, a bit of a puzzled expression on her face, as if she was surprised that she too was not able to avoid sounding awkward.

But Sarah set everything right with another good-natured laugh. “Oh! Haha, well, you guys are too sweet.” She reached over again to Jeff and ruffled his hair. “Besides, I think this guy is pretty cute myself.” She made a point of playing with her fingers in his hair for several seconds as his parents watched, unable to really comment on what was happening. Jeff was spending most of his energy trying not to have a second orgasm as he felt Sarah’s huge fingers loop and pull their way through his hair. After several seconds of silent petting, Sarah let him go. “Mmmmm yeah, super cute,” she said, almost purring.

“So, umm,” said his mom, feeling like she had to say something, “so Sarah, it sounds like you’ve been making quite the name for yourself in college, huh? You’ve already written in…uh…like, in academic journals and everything, right?”

“Sure have!” said Sarah brightly, and then launched into an enthusiastic breakdown of her current research. Jeff didn’t really hear most of what she was saying, first because it was all way over his head, and second because he was too preoccupied with her huge body. With every gesture, every movement, her hips jiggled, and her boobs bobbed ever so slightly from side to side. After while Jeff could see that her white t-shirt had slightly darkened around her nipples, which could be seen jutting out of the tightness of the shirt. Was…was Sarah lactating into her shirt?? Too focused on all these physical things, Jeff hardly participated in the conversation.

About half an hour later Sarah stood up to go. Jeff’s parents had been thoroughly impressed with the conversation, and almost seemed to trip over each other in their eagerness to give Sarah a hug. Jeff just gawked once more at how tiny his parents looked — Sarah loomed hugely over both of them, looking positively statuesque and bodacious as she bent down to embrace each of them. Her long arms and huge hands seemed to wrap effortlessly around both his parents. She looked bigger than both of them put together, even though Jeff knew they probably combined to outweigh her. But it certainly didn’t look like it.

“And how about you, Jeff?” said Sarah suddenly, turning to him and smiling over the heads of both his parents.

“Me?” he asked blankly.

“Yeah,” said Sarah, “come on, I want you to stand up before I go. You know…just so I can see for myself.”

“Go on Jeff,” said his mom encouragingly. “It’s about time you stand up to move around anyway.” Jeff did, going through the motions without thinking. His mom handed him his crutches and he stood up slowly in front of them all. Sarah stepped forward, in between both of his parents, to get a clear view of him. He suddenly wondered if they could see his boner…or the slight wet spot in his crotch. It didn’t matter now…what mattered was that he was staring straight into the middle of Sarah’s stomach. He looked up. The top of his head was just shorter than the underside of her boobs. Sarah stepped even closer. He looked up towards her head and couldn’t see her face past her boobs. But he could feel her looking down at him.

“Now let’s see you walk a little,” he heard her say from high above. He did, crutching himself up and down the living room floor for a minute or so. “Now move your leg up and down,” said Sarah. Jeff did. “Now side to side.” He did again.

“Well!” said Sarah happily, turning to his parents and inclining her head downward so that she was looking them in the eye, “He certainly seems to have made excellent progress so far!” She turned back to look down at him. “This is excellent, Jeff,” she said. “Excellent.” They locked eyes, and Jeff blurted out what he had been meaning to ask ever since she got there.

“When can I come back and stay with you?”

Chapter 26: Ready for Round Two

Sarah closed her eyes for a moment at Jeff's abrupt question. He backed up a step from her massive body so he could see past her protruding breasts and up into her face, gauging her reaction. He was totally exposed now — by blurting out such a question, and by failing to hide the desperate longing in his voice, he had effectively outed himself. There could be no question now, in the minds of both his parents and Sarah, that he was head-over-heels for her…and more. He could feel his little heart beating blood through his skinny limbs as he strained to look way up into Sarah's face. It was so far away that he had to really try and focus his eyesight to get a clear impression of her reaction. And her eyes were closed…she kept them closed for several moments. Was she upset? Angry? Irritated? What?? Jeff's parents just stood there passively, having no idea what kind of dynamic was going on in front of them. They knew enough, however, to know that something was going on — and…without even realizing it, they waited for Sarah's reaction to dictate their own.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked straight down at Jeff. His blood warmed in his body…she wasn't angry, or irritated. She was exhilarated — the slow sea green of her eyes regarded him playfully, but with a thrilled intensity that intimidated him and made him innumerable promises of training to come. As they locked eyes, Jeff knew what her stare meant: if he was going back to live with her, she was going to train him more. She was going to do more lewd things to him… she was going to put the sound back in his cock to make it grow bigger…she was going to make him watch her have sex with other people…she was going to make him go back into the cage… she was going to make him cum in new ways, ways that he had never imagined…she was going to treat him like an animal — to teach him how to worship her…to train him how to become the exact pet she wanted.

Jeff knew all this as he looked way up into her calmly burning eyes. All the strangeness of the past week, and of the questions still swirling about in his head about his surgery, coalesced in his brain when he was looking at her. Nothing else mattered: he just wanted to be back with her. He didn't care if that meant sitting in a cage all day in her house, alone. He longed desperately for the sound of her coming in the door from work — he could almost feel his knuckles whitening as he sat up excitedly and gripped the cage bars when he heard her jingling keys. He didn't care that she had broken him. She had hallowed him out into a husk of a human that only she could fill.

And looking down on him like this, with his parents awkwardly cowering off to the side, she knew his thoughts. She had him. Her plan was working seamlessly. She felt a powerful twinge in her pussy as it started leaking cum. She flared her nostrils as she continued bearing down on him with her steady eyes, feeling the slow burn of her orgasm creeping through the tendrils of her nerves. Was her cum bleeding through her jean shorts? Would the Stintums notice? As Sarah continued to hold Jeff in her eyes, she hoped that they did. She felt herself gush a bit — that would definitely bleed through. She hoped that his parents heard the faint sounds of her squelching pussy as it came again and again; she hoped they saw the dark stain of her cum widening in her crotch. In that moment, Sarah felt more aggressive, and more in control, than she ever had in her life before. She had Jeff right where she wanted him: begging for more of what he could only begin to imagine. She sighed, doing little to disguise her pleasure as she breathed out.

“Well, Jeff,” she said smoothly, appreciating how rich and textured her voice sounded in the deathly quiet living room, “that depends. Are you going to follow my rules?”

“Yes!” said Jeff energetically as he looked up, pleading, into her eyes. It was like his parents weren’t even there — he wasn’t bothering to hide anything anymore.

“Oh you are?” asked Sarah in the same smooth voice. She arched her back gracefully and bent down at the waist, so that her body formed a voluptuous 90-degree angle as she brought her face down close to Jeff’s. He had to take another step back, so imposing was her descent. Her huge face was now just a foot away from his, still taller. “Because there are going to be more rules this time around.”

“M-more?” squeaked Jeff.

Sarah nodded her head at him, blinking slowly. “MmmHmm…more. And these rules…well…Jeff, I just don’t know that you’ll be able to keep up with all of them.”

“I will!” said Jeff strenuously as he tightened his hands around the crutch handles. Without even noticing it, he was straining his body and standing on his tiptoes. Sarah blinked slowly down at him again as she laughed softly, sending her sweet breath cascading over his face and through his nostrils.

“I don’t knowwww,” she said, playfully cocking her head at him as her luscious voice soaked the air between them like syrup. “These new rules are very strict. No one else has ever been able to follow them before…before they gave out.”

“I don’t care!” said Jeff defiantly, surprising himself with his energy and resolve. He hadn’t spoken like this…with such conviction…in weeks, months, maybe ever. “I just want to try! I want it!”

Sarah regarded him silently for another moment, and then her face broke into such a pleasant and gorgeous smile that Jeff had to blink tears away from his eyes. It was happening…it was really happening! She was going to let him come back and live with her! She was going to take him back!

Sarah straightened herself back up to her full height, and in the place of her face Jeff again regarded the middle of her taut stomach, her muscles showing gently through her tight white top. He noticed that he didn’t have to look down at all to view her huge creamy thighs, which met her massive elegant hips right about at his shoulders’ height. A dark stain was visible on the crotch of her tight jeans shorts, and Jeff knew that it was because she had cum several times while looking down at him. Far above, he saw her scrunch her nose at him and give him a wink as she turned to his parents.

“Well!” she said happily to his parents, clapping her huge hands together so that they jumped. “It sounds like Jeff’s ready for round two of treatment at my place!”

“Y-yes, it…uh, it seems so,” said his mother uneasily. She was looking at Jeff, straining to try and understand what all that had been about, and then she looked back up at Sarah. She blinked blankly, still not able to process her size, her confidence…her entire person.

“Excellent, that’s settled then,” chirped Sarah as her long thick fingers played with each other in intricate patterns. “Jeff, why don’t you go upstairs and pack your things, and we’ll be on our way!”

“I, uh…” stammered his mother, alarmed by how fast everything was moving, “I—I can go with you, Jeff…I c-can help you, uh, you know…pack everything. Make sure that you…you get up the, uh, stairs ok.”

“No Mrs. Stintum,” said Sarah kindly as she shook her head, “one of the cornerstones to recovery is learning how to do things for yourself again.” She smiled over at Jeff, who was already making his way to the stairs. “He might take longer than someone else, but he’s got to go at his own pace, you know? To take it one bit at a time, as he learns what he can do and what’s pushing it too much. Right, Jeff?”

“Right,” he said as he carefully and slowly began climbing the stairs, using both feet to ascend deliberately, one stair at a time. He didn’t care that Sarah was messing with everyone now; he didn’t care that she was delighting in the irony that his parents couldn’t even begin to understand. He was just focused on getting his things packed as soon as possible.

Jeff’s parents found themselves alone with Sarah. The last minute of interaction between their son and this behemoth of a woman had confused them into a jarring state of unease. They didn’t know what was happening, but the way that Sarah’s curves seemed were straining her clothes…the way that Jeff seemed like a desperate young around her…the pleading look in his eyes…and the way that Sarah was smiling down confidently at them now…it all told them that whatever was going on, it was sexual. Jeff’s mother suddenly noticed the wet spot of Sarah’s cum that had bled through the crotch of her jeans, and she experienced a deeply disconcerting mixture of fear for her son and arousal. With helpless disgust, she noticed her own pussy starting to lubricate itself; she couldn’t look away from Sarah’s crotch, and as she looked, the stain grew.

Both of Jeff’s parents were urgently hoping that Sarah would speak, that she would start saying words that would clear up everything for them and reassure them that something horribly bizarre wasn’t going on. But Sarah said nothing. She simply looked down on Mr. and Mrs. Stintum with a kind of knowing, furtive stare that did nothing to set them at ease.

“Uh, d-do you…uh, do…do you think it’s, uh…it’s best that he…that he go back with you, Sarah?” stuttered his mom.

“Oh I think so,” said Sarah airily, with a smile and a casual wave of her hand. “I think it’s a good sign that Jeff wants to go back to an environment where he can expect a…disciplined recovery.”

His parents were silent for a few moments, and they looked at each other fearfully. They could barely recognize each other — neither of them had any idea what to do.

Jeff’s father looked slightly downward at Sarah’s lower half; he could not bring himself to look up into her face, but he and his wife couldn’t just keep looking at each other like that. Their mutual confusion and worry was much too obvious otherwise. His eyes averted slightly downward and fell on Sarah’s luscious hips, which were even more exaggerated since she was standing with

one hip cocked to the side. Carl Stintum felt his heart start to race behind his breastplate, and the pressure of his pulse felt alarmingly hollow in his veins. He had not felt like this since…well, since…he couldn't remember when. Since he was a teenager…even before he met Jen. He had always found curves on a woman attractive, and of course it was always impressive to stand next to a particularly tall woman…what man didn't feel like this, after all? But this! To see such..such juicy curves on a woman who stood so tall that the top of his head didn't even come up to her chin…so tall that if he had lifted his eyes up a little more he would be staring straight forward into the top of her breasts. And such breasts she had! And her hips…and…and her ass…!! Jeff's dad generally took pride in being the easygoing and collected male presence in the room, so it was coming as quite a shock to him that he was being reduced to such a state now.

What really did him in was the fact that this woman was Sarah Helleger. If he had seen a body like this out in the world, he would have done a double-take, shaken his head in impressed disbelief, and continued about his day. But it was Sarah! The cute little tomboy from next door, who always tagged around with Jeff when she was little and he was a teenager. She had grown into a woman…but it was past that. She had grown into something so much more. And by the way that she was silently looking down on him and his wife, she knew exactly what was going on. Not only did she have the body, she had the smarts, the attitude, and the wit to brandish it fearlessly. Never in his life had Carl Stintum ever encountered such an overwhelming and intimidating female presence.

Next to him, and a few inches below him, Jen Stintum was herself laboring to make sense of this weird and unexpectedly erotic circumstance. She was still fixated on the stain in the crotch of Sarah's tight jean shorts that was growing before her eyes. At first she had worried that there was something wrong and that Sarah was urinating on herself, but she quickly realized that the stain was the direct result of Sarah's own intense arousal at the situation. This realization made Jen Stintum deeply uneasy, but it also made her start to feel the erotic pull of Sarah's presence in her own pussy, which was lubricating itself totally outside of her control. Jeff's mother had no precedent for this kind of reaction to any other human, let alone to Sarah Helleger. The way that she was standing there, with her hip cocked to the side, as she silently looked down at the two of them with that slight smile on her face…it frightened Jen, but it also put her in awe of the way that Sarah was effortlessly dictating everything. Her huge body was imposing enough, but the easy, catlike way that she moved it, combined with her unnerving poise and confidence, reduced Jeff's mother to a silent, gaping, bewildered spectator. She couldn't even begin to process the interaction that had just taken place between Sarah and her son, but she knew without any doubt in her mind that Sarah held the power in the exchange…or relationship…or whatever it was.

Jen Stintum came to, realizing that she had been staring at Sarah's crotch for far too long. She craned her head to look up. Sarah met her eyes and didn't seem to react at all — she just held the stare, her green eyes bearing down, every aspect of her oversexed, feminine physique dwarfing the other woman. Jeff's mother was able to hold the stare for a couple of charged seconds, and she suddenly felt a resurgence of a desperate protective urge: she wanted to take Jeff in her arms, to squeeze him, to…to keep him safe from…from whatever Sarah had become, to whatever she was bringing him back to. She suddenly had an image flash through her head of a pornographic pop-up that she had seen unwillingly years back, of a tall dark-haired lady in platform heels and tight leather fastening a short, skinny nude man to a plywood board and whipping him. She had fumbled to exit out of the pop-up as fast as she could, but the

disturbing image had been seared into her mind. And now…it was almost too horrible to think about, but the way that Sarah was talking to Jeff, and the way that she was just standing there looking at them, made her blood run cold. It was like she was taunting them as she took their son away…she was daring them to do something about it…she was showing them that they had no power, no choice in the matter, and that if she wished, Sarah could dominate them too without even lifting a finger. Unconsciously, she sidled up to her husband and put her arm through his.

“S-sarah…,” Carl Stintum said uneasily.

“Yes?” she asked pleasantly, blinking down at him kindly. Jen Stintum all of a sudden felt the normalcy of Sarah’s response…had she just been imagining all that stuff before? She glanced down again quickly…no…the dark stain in her crotch was there alright.

“Are you…are you and Jeff…um…” Mr. Stintum couldn’t quite get the question out.

“Are we what, Mr. Stintum?” Sarah asked in that same pleasant, casual voice. Jeff’s mother was starting to wonder if she and her husband were just wildly misreading the situation. Sarah sounded so normal, so amiable, like she had been a few moments before.

“Uhh…that is to say…I mean…” bumbled Jeff’s dad. And then he seemed to gather himself and take a deep breath. “Are you and Jeff…a couple?”

Sarah blinked a couple of times blankly and didn’t react for a moment, as if the question had been completely unexpected.

“A…couple, Mr. Stintum?” she asked, looking puzzled as she peered down at the cowering couple. But a moment later a wave of recognition passed over her face and she smiled and laughed as she stood back up all the way.

“Oh!” she laughed, as ripples of amusement gently oscillated her breasts, hips, and ass, “you mean…you mean are we dating!?” She seemed to find the question quite funny.

“Well, I just…I don’t, uh…I don’t know,” said Carl Stintum pathetically, opening out his hands up to Sarah, as if he was apologizing for not being able to explain himself. Still shaking with gentle laughter, Sarah reached down and put her hand on Carl’s shoulder. He stood stock still at her touch — his wife felt his whole body go stiff as soon as she touched him. Her huge hand draped itself fully over his shoulder, and her fingers extended well down his back, even as she engulfed the ball of his shoulder in her large palm. She bent down to look at him, still giggling. His wife tightened her hold on his arm.

“No, we’re not dating,” chuckled Sarah, squeezing his shoulder a little. “What gave you that idea?”

“I don’t…I don’t know,” stammered Jeff’s father, “I guess…uh, it just…it just seemed kind of like…uh…oh god, I don’t know!” His last words were a desperate plea for Sarah to help him, and she kindly obliged, squeezing his shoulder once more before her hand fell away and she stood back up completely.

“I just care about Jeff, that’s all,” she said genially. “I want him to get better, you know? And it’s not only that I want him to heal well from this surgery…” She paused for a moment as she looked up at the stairs, as if to ensure that Jeff wasn’t coming back down or listening at the stairhead. She turned back to the couple and took a step in their direction as she lowered her voice earnestly.

“It’s also that…well, I hope you both don’t mind me saying, but I suspect that you two have been feeling the same way for some time. Seeing Jeff for the first time in years a few weeks ago was wonderful, but after the initial joy of the exchange wore off, I could tell that he wasn’t doing well.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Stintum, nodding up at Sarah, “he hasn’t been doing well for years. I think he’s lost.”

Sarah blinked slowly as she nodded her head in tandem. “For one thing,” she said, in the same low voice, “he clearly hasn’t been eating well or taking care of himself. I mean, I know that you two aren’t the biggest people in the world, but…when I saw him I just couldn’t believe how skinny he was.”

“It’s so sad,” agreed Mrs. Stintum, with tears pooling in her eyes. “I don’t know what to do!”

“But it’s not just the physical…deterioration I noticed,” continued Sarah. “It’s…just the aimlessness, the…lack of any real goals or…or ambitions…that really struck me. I couldn’t believe this was Jeff, you know? He was always so full of life when we were kids, but…but the light has just kind of seemed to have gone out, you know?”

“We feel the same way, Sarah,” said Mr. Stintum, looking up at her seriously. All their previous thoughts and unease had totally evaporated within a matter of seconds; Sarah had utterly changed the course of the conversation. “Do you think he’s depressed?”

“It’s very possible,” said Sarah, “and, you know, as someone who’s familiar with the warning signs, I’ve definitely been on the lookout for anything concerning while he’s been at my place, and I’ll continue doing that, for sure. But you know what? The thing I think Jeff really needs, you know, to give himself purpose and direction in life, is discipline.”

“That’s what we’ve been trying to tell him for years, Sarah,” said Jen. “But he hasn’t listened to us. He’s just gotten worse and worse!”

“Do you…do you think it’s our fault, Sarah?” asked Carl. “Do you think we’ve been enabling him?”

"I wouldn’t be so hard on yourselves, you guys,” said Sarah gently. “Especially as his parents, it’s hard to know how to act when your son is…is going through a tough time. But I do think that Jeff has probably become complacent here at your home. And what can you all do, right? It’s kind of like you’re stuck between a rock and a hard place…you don’t want to throw him out, but you also don’t want him to get dependent on you.”

“Exactly!” said Jen. “We’ve felt pretty stuck for a while now.”

“And that,” said Sarah, smiling, “is where I can help. When Jeff was staying with me, I made sure he kept to a strict schedule and routine. I made sure he ate exactly what I proscribed, and did exactly the kinds of things I told him to. I made sure he followed my rules.”

“Except…except that one time?” asked Carl.

Sarah waved her hand and laughed. “Oh yeah, except that one time, but that was when Jeff was still learning.”

“What do you do to him, Sarah?” blurted out Jen, only realizing after she spoke that her words sounded suggestive. Her mind jolted back to the sexual energy that had been charging the exchange just minutes before. Her mind was whirling around in on itself…what was even going on??

“What do I do to him?” laughed Sara. “Mrs. Stintum, I think, more than anything, it’s a matter of mentality. Like, I’m a good deal younger than Jeff, right?”

“Much younger,” said Carl, “though I have to say, Sarah, and I only mean this as a compliment to you, you seem much older than him…in every way.”

“Well that’s just it, Mr. Stintum,” said Sarah amiably. “Jeff knows I’m a lot younger, and when he’s at my place, he sees how I go about my day. He sees me waking up early, taking care of my hygiene, eating well, going off to work, coming home, studying hard…you know? Basically, he sees firsthand how organized and driven I am. And he sees an example, as something to shoot for. Knowing that I’m a lot younger gives him a sense of urgency, I think. Like, he doesn’t wanna be outdone by little old Sarah Helleger, right?”

Both of Jeff’s parents laughed a little at Sarah’s joke. They were silent for a moment as they worked to process all that Sarah was saying.

“So…” ventured Jen a moment later, “so you think it’s a good thing, Jeff going to live with you? Because you’re keeping him honest and helping him see how he can live a…uh…a disciplined life?”

“That’s exactly right,” said Sarah, beaming down at her. Jeff’s parents turned to look at each other, their eyebrows rising at the same time.

“Well!” said Carl to his wife, and turning to look up at Sarah, “I…I don’t know what to say, Sarah. You’ve…you’ve already just been so helpful, but to take on this, uh, huge project of our son…it’s just…we can’t even begin to express our gratitude.”

“Oh I wouldn’t call Jeff a “huge” project,” chuckled Sarah.

“Well…of course, nothing probably seems huge to you,” said Carl, catching himself in his words and reddening. “That is…uh, I meant…”

“Don’t worry Mr. Stintum,” laughed Sarah, “I know what you meant.”

“Uh…good,” he said, smiling through his embarrassment. He looked over to his wife, and they both exhaled out loud.

“Wow,” said Carl as he laughed out loud, “why did that feel like such a…um…an intense talk?”

“Because it was, Carl,” said Jen quietly. “That was some heavy stuff we got through.” She looked up at the enormous young woman standing in front of her. All the sexual thoughts, the fixation on the stain in Sarah’s crotch (it’s just sweat or something, she decided dismissively)… all the weirdness from Sarah’s dynamic with Jeff had dissipated like little wisps of smoke in the wind.

“Thank you Sarah,” Jen said earnestly with her neck craned all the way up. “We won’t forget this. And please, let us know how we can help. And...keep us updated?”

“Of course,” said Sarah warmly. “I’m happy to help. Jeff was always so nice to me when I was a kid. Now it’s my turn to help him.” A few moments of happy silence passed between the three of them. The conversation had been brought to a deeply satisfying conclusion.

“And to think,” laughed Carl suddenly, “that I thought…I thought you two were dating or something! Haha, oh wow…kind of put my foot in my mouth with that one, huh?”

Sarah laughed in kind, and there was a general acknowledgement, though unspoken, between Jeff’s parents of the absurdity of such a union. Of course, they thought, there was no way that Sarah would even consider dating someone like Jeff. It would be so mismatched…so unequal… but they stopped thinking about it when they heard Jeff coming down the stairs with his suitcase. Sarah was suddenly striding past them.

“I know I said he needs to learn how to be on his own,” she called back to them as she hopped up the stairs in three quick strides, “but that’s not to say that he should be bringing down a heavy suitcase on crutches now, isn’t that right, Jeff?”

“Y-yeah,” he said from the top of the stairs. Sarah was standing three whole steps down, and still, her head rose above his by a couple inches. She winked at him and gestured for him to give her the suitcase. Leaning against the wall, he was able to lift it up with both hands, but only barely. His thin body tottered on the stairhead.

“Easy, now!” said Sarah as she stretched out one of her arms and grabbed it. She held the suitcase in the air, at arm’s length, for a couple seconds, just to show Jeff how easy it was for her. He saw and looked up at her. She smiled and winked. A minute later, after saying their goodbyes, they were back in Sarah’s car, with her filling the driver’s seat completely and spilling over it on all sides, and him feeling like a young in the seat next to her. Sarah looked back. His parents waved one last time and went inside. She turned in her seat and looked down on him, regarding him with that terrifyingly imposing, expressionless stare. He gulped and his dick tented hard in his pants.

“Mmmm,” she breathed down on him in her rich, deep voice. Her eyebrow arched as she looked from his eyes to his tenting erection, which lengthened the cumstain that had bled through his pants. Without saying anything more she turned on the car and swiftly pulled out of the driveway

and onto the road. She didn't need to say anything — Jeff knew he had passed the point of no return. He knew the real training was about to begin.

Chapter 27: The Red Light

Jeff wondered how it was that he could be so continuously amazed by Sarah's body, even though he had seen her, and felt her, up close so many times. But as he heard Sarah hum deeply down at him as she pulled out of his parent's driveway and drove down the road, he couldn't help his eyes drifting downward to gawk at her body. It was almost stupid, cartoonish, how her curves filled the seat, how her thighs seemed to rise up, up, up to meet the steering wheel, how her ass strained her jean shorts to the limit and cascaded over both sides of the driver's seat, and how her torso sat strong and upright, a mighty pillar of quiet strength and confidence, as she effortlessly supported her massive bulk. She sat like a monarch, her bracelets softly jingling on her arms as she lightly touched the steering wheel right and left.

He heard the soft huff of an exhaled laugh come out of her nose, and he snapped his eyes away from her thighs and brought them up to her face. She was looking at him side-eyed and smiling gently; from Jeff's side vantage point, her glance made her look mischievous and playful. He turned and looked out the window, feeling an odd and sudden determination to hold his composure. He didn't know why he had been struck by the certain urge, but in this moment all he wanted to do was act as normally as possible. Though he wasn't aware of it, he harbored this desire because he wanted to prove to Sarah that he has somehow "gotten better" since their last encounter, that he had become stronger, more adult, more capable. All of these feelings stemmed from a desire to impress her.

The trees on the right side of the street passed silently by his vision — the whole world was moving slowly, prompted by Sarah's effortless, gently insistent driving. Jeff felt a thrilled shot go through him as he realized that every gentle press of Sarah's foot on the gas pedal, every careful brake and subsequent resumption of gas and propelling force, brought him closer… closer to her house, to her sofa, to the smell of her house…to a life with her. As he watched ordinary things pass by on the sidewalk — the trees, people walking their dogs, people jogging, neighbors checking their mail — it was difficult to maintain his composure. He felt such a rush of maddening excitement at the intensity of the contrast between what was happening in all these "ordinary lives" and what was happening in his. He almost wanted to roll his window down and shout to these people how he was moving back in with Sarah, how he had been claimed by her, and how they had no idea what had happened between them, and what was going to happen.

Jeff himself didn't know what the future held, but he automatically assumed that it would all be more of the same of what he remembered from before: Sarah teasing him, comparing her body to his, giving him blowjobs, snuggling with him, eating meals with him, and looking down at him with that totally unique expression of confident kindness and naughtiness that only she could pull off. He had forgotten his fear, the twin scars on his upper thighs, the fierce flash in her eyes as she forced her fingers up into his prostate, her merciless humiliation of him in front of the mirror, and the smirk on her face as she had stood over him, her naked body shining with sweat, after she had sent Steve off on a walk around the block. These memories could still come back to Jeff during intense and horrible flashback moments of introspection, but they were all diluted, or just washed completely away, when he was in her presence. The proximity of her body and her aura exerted a powerful effect on his memory, and his simple instincts took over — he unconsciously found himself operating under the assumption, once again, that they were somehow boyfriend and girlfriend, or at least courting each other as such. His expectations of this relationship had been modified now that Sarah had emotionally broken him; he no longer fantasized about wowing Sarah with his masculine wiles. But she had not yet penetrated far

enough to fundamentally shift his psyche — he openly accepted and celebrated his submission to her, his tininess compared to her, and his mental and physical weakness compared with her strength. But he was still in the early stages of his training; he still had his own ambitions, and those centered on what he imagined was going to be a happy life with Sarah, where he could admire her in all her glory, up close, every day.

Sarah looked over and down at Jeff as he faced he window. She too was struggling to retain her composure, but for very different reasons. The past week had been difficult for her, and she had delved into her research as a way of coping with the almost-unbearable arousal she had been feeling ever since she had performed Jeff's surgery. She knew that she was completely safe — that there was no way any of the surgeons or technicians or anesthesiologists or anyone else was going to say anything. She had been very careful to cover her tracks, and to ensure that she had compromising information about all of them, should they suddenly become in a divulgatory mood. But even with everything secure, she could still hardly believe that she had managed to pull it all off. And to see the effects in front of her a week later, with Jeff standing up before her (and in front of his parents, no less!) and clocking in at 4'11…well, it was nothing short of perfect. How could she possibly have been expected to keep from orgasming as she saw him stand up in front of her? She had felt such a rush of power, almost like Dr. Frankenstein must have felt when he breathed life into his creature (she thought, mirthfully recalling AP English 3 years back). In a way, Sarah herself was creating life, a new kind of life, modified to her specifications, and now ripe for preparation, for cooking.

Jeff felt the weight of her stare and turned back to look up at her meekly, and returned her smile as she turned away from him, keeping her eyes on the road. Yes, he certainly seemed submissive enough, broken enough. Just from his deferential little eyes and his timid, unassuming smile in response to hers, in addition to his shameless question, in front of his own parents, about when he could move back in with her, Sarah could tell that he had blocked out the more unpleasant aspects of his preliminary "training" with her. Sarah expected nothing less from Jeff. If she was being honest with herself, she was feeling a little relieved that he had not "come to his senses" and refused to ever see her again. But she had to chuckle a little bit to herself as she realized how absurd this fear of hers had been.

'Just imagine,' she thought to herself, 'him having the self-respect to say no to me.' She had never really been afraid of this happening, but she was so excited, so transported by the desire to own Jeff, to shape him into her perfect sub, to make him utterly hers, that she had to grapple with the thought of suddenly losing him. It was almost like it was too good to be true, and, as a defense mechanism, she had subconsciously forced herself to bleed herself of confidence, as if in preparation for massive disappointment. But two seconds with Jeff and his parents had put all of these fears and anxieties to rest. This was one reason why she had let herself go so shamelessly in front of Mr. and Mrs. Stintum — she had been denying herself for an entire week, and even subconsciously trying to convince herself that it was not going to happen. and so when she saw that everything was in order, and Jeff's puppy-dog little eyes desperately eyeing her, begging her to come back, she had not been able to keep herself from cumming.

"So I can see you haven't really been eating too well, huh?" said Sarah mildly, with a touch of amusement in her voice.

"I…I h-haven't…haven't r-really been th-that…hungry," answered Jeff, hating how he seemed unable to keep from stuttering every other word.

“Mmmm yeah,” she said gently, reaching over and brushing his left thigh with her finger, “I didn’t think it was really possible before, but it seems like you actually…lost weight since I saw you last.”

“W-well…y-yeah, I…I mean, b-because of the…the surgery — ” began Jeff, and he suddenly remembered the crazy mystery of his height loss and the second scar, and he was going to ask Sarah all about that, but she interrupted him.

“No, silly,” she scoffed lightly, “I’m not talking about the surgery — I mean it actually looks like you’ve lost even more muscle mass. You look skinner…shrimpier.” As she drove smoothly with her left hand she pinched and prodded all over Jeff’s body with her right hand, wrapping it most of the way around his upper thigh and squeezing, pinching what little of his quadricep remained, digging her finger playfully into his side and in between the paltry meat of his ribs, and snaking her hand up and around his bicep, easily engulfing it in her huge grip, shaking it humorously.

“God Jeff, are you feeling this?!” she laughed, her eyes on the road. “See how I’m just digging into you with my fingers? Wrapping around you with my hand? Good lord, little guy, how much do you weigh now?”

“I — I d-don’t know,” he said, soaking up her size teasing while also feeling the burn of her humiliation in his face. He really had become that small, he reminded himself.

“Well, when we get home we’ll have to find out,” said Sarah. “In fact, I wanna measure you all over when we get back, just to chart your progress…or, more accurately, your regression.” He looked over at her and she met his eyes; his stomach turned a little as he saw her sea green irises glinting at him, lit up by the light of the late afternoon sun. He felt a stab of fear rifle through him, but he looked down at her huge thighs filling the driver’s seat and felt comforted again.

“Yeah,” said Sarah calmly as she continued driving, “if you’re gonna get smaller, Jeff, it’s not going to be an accident anymore, you understand? Nothing that happens to your body is an accident when I’m in charge of you.”

“S-sarah…” began Jeff slowly. He just had to ask her.

“Yes little munchkin?” she asked pleasantly.

“Wh-wha-what h-happened with…with m-my — ”

But he was silently interrupted by Sarah’s large hand once again closing over his thigh, completely engulfing it as she squeezed with gentle but insistent pressure.

“Jeff,” she breathed, “don’t get me wrong — I love seeing that you can barely speak around me. It makes me hot — it turns me on. It reminds me how tiny you are. It makes me feel like taking you up in my arms and just squeeeezzzing the cum right out of your little balls.” She paused for effect, took a breath, and continued. “But Jeff — come on, try and get a grip, ok? We haven’t even started anything yet. I’m glad I get you so hot and bothered, but please, try and just speak normally, alright? Otherwise I know I’m eventually just gonna get impatient.”

“O-ook…s-sorry,” he began.

“Yes, you’re sorry, that’s fine — don’t worry about it, little guy,” she said kindly, squeezing his leg again, but softer this time. “So…you were asking me something?”

“Y-yes…yes,” he said. It was Jeff’s turn to take a deep breath, and he bore down on himself, determined to speak as normally as he possibly could. “So…the…the surgery?” he began.

“Yes?” asked Sarah, slowing down for a red light. She glanced in her rearview mirror and saw a police car pull in behind her and stop.

“I…I…” Jeff suddenly realized that he had no idea how to phrase his question. He didn’t know what he knew, what Sarah knew…he didn’t know anything. Had she told him that both of his hips were going to be replaced? Had he just forgotten? Or had she been playing with him the whole time? He had not the slightest clue — he had been so certain, a few days ago, that she had deviously done something to him, but now, as he faced her, he was terrified of accusing her falsely. She might throw him out of her car!

“Well go on Jeff!” she laughed, turning to him as the car sat idle at the red light. “Spit it out, you little tease!"

“I…I…” choked Jeff again, and then his mind suddenly caught fire and he went for it. “I didn’t know that it was going to be on both hips!”

“Well, your parents knew,” said Sarah, raising her eyebrows as she grinned down at him.

“But…but I didn’t know!” he exclaimed, with a bit more energy. His mind was starting to defrost from the instant freeze of seeing Sarah, from the shock of being in her presence once more, and the dark pathogens that had been thriving in his brain were beginning to wake up.

“Why…why didn’t you tell me?!” he demanded, looking up at her. He was shivering in fear, but with each passing moment his body was warming to this growing sense of injustice, or violation.

“What, that both of your hips needed replacing?” asked Sarah, her eyes regarding him steadily. “Did you seriously not listen to a word of what I was telling you weeks back?”

“Wh-what!?” asked Jeff incredulously. Had she actually told him?! He strained back weeks into the past, his mind laboring for all it was worth, to try and alight on some memory, something… but he came up with nothing. All his mind could flash back to were the feel of Sarah’s mouth overpowering his, her snarling face as she had taken the last inch of his cock down her throat, the inside of the cage, her huge sweaty body standing imposingly before him, the stifling heat of the cage under her bed, a pile of stripped pork bones on a plate, and shot glasses full of his cum. He had nothing…

“I…I don’t remember you…you t-telling me any of that, Sarah.” But his voice had already lost its bite.

“Come on Jeff,” said Sarah gently as the car continued to sit idle, “try and think back. Remember our conversation about avascular necrosis? Hmmm? Remember that one?”

“Uh…a…a little,” he said, trying as hard as he could to recall it.

“And remember the statistics I told you?” she continued patiently, her hands reaching over and feeling up his little thighs.

“S-statistics?” he repeated with difficulty, trying as hard as he could to keep his eyes from rolling into the back of his head. He felt her thumb brush his cock, which was already semi-erect.

“Mhmm, yeah, the statistics,” she breathed down at him sultrily. “About risk factors, remember?” Her hand reached down and yanked down his pants, and his big cock boinged out like a toy, bobbing stiffly back and forth.

“R-risk…factors?” he almost whined. His heart was racing now, and his face and entire chest were beet-red.

“Yeah,” she whispered, and she jacked his cock off a couple times before leaning her huge body over and catching his bobbing dick in her mouth, looking at him straight in the eyes as she sucked intensely on his head. He felt his orgasm quickly bubble up. She clamped down on the base of his cock and took him 6 inches further, sucking on him again powerfully, as he huge face looked up again into his and her eyes rgarded him innocently. “Aaan hooww youuuuu haa’ an ate-eeee par-cennn channnsseee o’ gettttnnn avasssscula aarr necrosssissss in yerrrr odderrr leggg?” she asked him through his dick. He shook his head as she chuckled into his cock, let out a growl, and shook her head back and forth as she took him all the way into her throat. Her cheeks contracted as her huge tongue raked itself across the sensitive underside of his pulsating member. Jeff screamed as he watched her take him and he shot a healthy string of spunk down her pursing throat. Sarah’s eyes widened in exaggeration as her eyebrows went up and down, encouraging him to give her everything as she mocked him. A few seconds later he was done, and she pulled herself off of him with a ravening wriggle and pop.

She looked quickly up at the light, looked right and left, checked her rearview mirror, and then promptly ran the red light. The cop immediately put on his lights and siren and pulled up behind Sarah. Gasping and bewildered from his most recent orgasm, Jeff looked behind at the flashing cop car and then turned to Sarah. Had she meant to do that? What was going on? Sarah turned to look at Jeff as she pulled over to the side of the road and stopped the car. She licked her tongue out sexily, and Jeff noticed that there was still a good deal of his cum glazing her lips.

“Ooopsie!” she said playfully. “Guess I fucked that one up, huh?”

“There’s…there’s some, uh — ”

“Some what, Jeff?” asked Sarah, pouting her lips and batting her eyes down at him. “Some of your spunk on my lips?”

“Y-yeah,” he said uneasily as he looked back and watched the cop get out his car and start to approach Sarah’s driver’s-side door.

“Oh, well baby, don’t worry!” said Sarah winking at him, “you’ve got nothing to be ashamed of. Here, let’s make it even better — Bbbbbbllllarrrrighghghhh!!” She had suddenly bent down, seized his still-erect cock, and rubbed it all over her face. She sat back up, smiling down triumphantly at him. Her face was shining with his juices.

“Might wanna holster the gun, cowboy,” giggled Sarah as the cop approached the window. Jeff looked at her puzzled, and only realized just in time that she was talking about his dick. He shoved its still-erect length back into his pants as the cop came to Sarah’s window.

Chapter 28: The Thin Blue Line

Sarah took a look in her rearview mirror as the police officer approacher her car.

'So far, so good,' she thought, smiling inwardly. This guy looked pretty hunky — he was maybe Jeff's age, probably over six feet tall, heavily muscled, and wearing sunglasses. Most importantly to Sarah, he was carrying himself with just the kind of smug, macho self-assurance that she had been hoping for. As he approached, she couldn't help but think that she already had him in the bag. But she effected an expression of surprised innocence anyway as he came to her window.

"Good afternoon…uh…ma'm," said the police officer as he got to her window, his voice abruptly changing as he took in the strange sight. In the passenger seat, he saw what looked like a scrawny young teenage boy, with a huge, obvious erection tenting his pants, looking red in the face and, for all the world, like he had just had a giant orgasm. And in the driver's seat…was sitting a woman who literally took his breath away. She was the biggest, curviest, tallest, most beautiful woman he had ever seen, with shining green eyes and cascades of wavy blond hair spilling down her impressive shoulders. His eyes couldn't help but dart down to her unprecedented rack, her full, imposing thighs, and her pubic triangle that was pressing noticeably out of her tight jean shorts. The cop absorbed this entire scene in a couple seconds, and the final points of his observations rested on the fact that this woman had an obvious wet spot in her crotch and…and what definitely looked like semen…this teenager's semen… smeared all over her face. The cop felt his heart rate go up as the heat rose through his muscled chest, through his thick neck, and up into his face. What on earth was going on here??

"Good afternoon, officer," said Sarah pleasantly, smiling at the cop. "What seems to be the problem?"

"The p-problem…?" said the officer, forgetting momentarily why he had pulled her over. He shook his head slightly to clear it. He had trained for these kinds of scenarios, the kind where a lot of things seemed to be happening at once. Taking a couple deep breaths, he reminded himself to take it one thing at a time. Sarah watched him closely, with that same innocent smile on her face.

"Well, ma'm…I pulled you over because you just ran that red light," said the cop, collecting himself.

"Oh dear!" said Sarah, putting a hand up to her mouth, "I did!?"

"Yes…yes you did," said the officer, nodding his head.

"Good lord!" exhaled Sarah, wide-eyed. "That could have been a lot worse than it was — I could've hit somebody!" She turned to Jeff, put her hand on his thigh, and squeezed it insistently. "See, little guy?" she said, laughing through her apparent disbelief. "This is why I don't like to do that kind of thing to you in the car while I'm driving!"

The police officer looked uncomfortably down at Sarah's hand on this boy's leg. Was she insane!? This was clearly a case of statutory, and yet…she was being so brazen about it. What in the hell was she doing!?

“Umm, ma’m?” asked the officer. “May I ask what…what you’re talking about?”

Sarah turned back to the cop, her golden hair bouncing around luxuriously. She was so tall that it was touching the ceiling of the car, even though Sarah had the seat down to the lowest level.

“What do you mean, officer?” she asked politely. She saw his eyes awkwardly scanning her face, clearly puzzled and upset by the smeared semen. It was all going well so far.

“What…what did you mean…when you, uh…when you said you didn’t like doing…uh…that kind of thing?”

Sarah laughed good-naturedly, giving the cop a good view of the upside-down “U” of her upper teeth as she leaned back gently in her mirth. “Oh! Haha…well, officer, you’re really gonna make me say it out loud?”

“I’d…I’d like to hear what you were doing,” said the officer.

“Well, I’d say it’s pretty obvious what was going on, don’t you think?” laughed Sarah. She reached over behind Jeff’s head and took a little scruff of his back hair, shaking it playfully so that his entire upper body vibrated with her motions. “I was giving this little guy here a blowjob!”

“Y-you…you were what!?” asked the officer. Was this woman serious!? Was she actually admitting to this so openly, so..so casually?? He was in uncharted territory now…and he could feel himself getting hard. What was wrong with him!? This sick woman was talking about raping a boy and he was getting aroused!? He fought himself to stay professional.

“A blowjob,” said Sarah more distinctly, turning back to the cop and giving him a full view of her face. “I had his dick in my mouth.” She opened her mouth and pointed inside it with a long manicured fingernail. “Aaaaaa…see? Right in there. I was sucking on his penis. And I was licking around his shaft with my tongue like this!” And she suddenly issued forth her giant tongue, extending it out of her mouth several inches toward the cop, fluttering it up and down and flinging it back an forth with that inhuman speed that had made Jeff’s eyes bug out of his head so many times. Sarah felt herself get wet again as she saw’s the cop’s eyes get wider at her blatant sexual display. She let him watch the blur of her tongue for another second and then slid it back into her mouth as she continued. “Until…you know…pop! He came in my mouth and then *Gulp* I swallowed it all…well, not all of it, actually as you can see, haha!” She put a hand up to her face and smeared Jeff’s semen around a little more, licking some of it off her plush lips as she made an exaggerated point to swallow again.

The cop stared at her dumbfounded. There were so many things that were wrong with what was happening that he couldn’t do anything but just stand there for a few seconds, his mouth a little agape as he stupidly absorbed the scene. Sarah calmly waited for him to react, licking more of Jeff’s semen off her face as she looked back over to him, petting the back of his head and making “mmmm!” sounds to him as she swallowed more of his fluids. The officer felt himself hardening even more at the way this oversized goddess of a woman was manhandling this…this little boy. He felt a wave of revulsion mixing weirdly with his building arousal. He had to keep going…he had to put a stop to this.

“H-how…how old are you?” he asked Jeff, who tore his eyes off Sarah’s face to look at the officer. The cop felt something strange pass through his mind. Even though this boy looked like a young teenager, there was something in his face…something in the way that he looked back at him…that made him feel…but his thoughts were suddenly interrupted by Sarah’s warm voice.

“Jeff?” she said, scratching his cheek lovingly with her fingernail, “the kind officer asked you a question. Come on, he doesn’t wanna hear it from me. Go on…answer him.”

“I’m…I’m 28,” said Jeff.

The officer looked at him without speaking for a couple seconds, and then looked back up at Sarah. She smiled knowingly at him as her eyebrows went up.

“I know,” she said, winking at him and nodding her head. “Hard to believe, right?” She laughed as she twirled another finger around on her cheek, collecting more semen that she popped into her mouth and sucked on like candy. “It’s probably even harder for you to believe that I am seven years younger than this little man here.”

“S-seven…years younger?” the cop asked, gawking as he nearly choked on his words.

“Mmhmm!” said Sarah, nodding her head up and down as she smiled at his disbelief. “Here, how about this?” she said suddenly. “Jeff, why don’t you reach into your pocket and hand me your I.D…and I’ll get mine here…and we’ll hand them both to this nice officer, just so he can see the real documentation in front of him. Does that sound ok to you, Mr….”

“H-hanson,” said the cop. “Y-yeah…yeah that…that sounds good.”

Half a minute later he was still staring at the two driver’s licenses. It didn’t seem believable. “Sarah Helleger…21 years old…6’4…200 pounds”…if anything, the cop felt like Sarah’s license was short-selling her. She looked taller than 6’4, and definitely looked like she weighed more than 200 pounds. In the same way, the license for this other guy didn’t quite seem to match up: “Jeff Stintum…28 years old…5’6…135 pounds.” He glanced over at Jeff. There was no way this guy was any of these things. He looked 15 years younger, half a foot shorter, and, like…60 pounds lighter. Something wasn’t adding up.

“Uh…the, uh, the stats on these don’t quite match up,” said the cop.

“Oh yeah!” laughed Sarah, “that’s probably because they were both made a couple years ago. A few things have changed since then.”

The cop looked at her, genuinely puzzled. The ID’s looked legitimate, with the watermarks and everything…their pictures were definitely the same people…but…the heights and weights were way off. Sarah looked over at Jeff and chuckled.

“So, for starters, this little guy just had double hip replacement surgery — didn’t you Jeff?”

“Y-yeah…I did,” he said.

“And so he lost a few inches, unfortunately…or fortunately, depending on how you look at it,” she said, chuckling. “I actually quite like towering over him, and now…well, as you can see officer, I absolutely dwarf him in every way.”

“Y-yes…yes I can see that,” said the cop uncomfortably. What was this woman going on about? And why was it still turning him on??

“And, well, to make a long story short, the reason Jeff needed surgery was because his bones were deteriorating…unhealthy lifestyle, you know? It’s caused him to lose quite a bit of weight. How much do you weigh now, tiny boy?”

“I’m…I’m not sure,” said Jeff, feeling the heat in his loins again from Sarah’s dirty talk.

“Well, we’ll find out when we get back home,” said Sarah. “Now as for me, well, since that ID was made I’ve grown a few inches and, well…” she smacked her belly, which jiggled sexily in the driver’s seat, and then smacked her big thighs, causing them to ripple a bit. It was clear that, despite the womanly flesh on the outside that jiggled and curved impressively, there was real solidity and strength underneath. The cop swallowed nervously. He had never in his life encountered such a confident woman…and she was drop-dead gorgeous. He swallowed again, trying desperately to wet his throat and his mouth in preparation for speaking.

“Yeah, I’ve put on a few pounds,” laughed Sarah. She turned to Jeff. “I’m pretty sure I’ve gained weight even since the last time we weighed ourselves. Can you believe that? Oohhhh god I’m looking forward to measuring yoouuuuu.” She made cooing sounds down at Jeff and pursed her lips, sexily kissing the air over and over at him.

Muah *Muah* *Muah*

She turned back to the cop, who was now tenting clearly in his pants. Sarah looked down at his bulge and then back into his eyes triumphantly. She had him — she knew it. And she was almost certain what got him going…she had spread a wide net to catch him, which made ascertaining his specific tastes slightly more difficult, but she was fairly confident in her reading of him. He was attracted to her knockout curves, to her legs, to her whole womanly figure…but more than anything, she knew that it was her unabashed confidence, her blatant lewdness, and her flippant teasing that was really getting him going. Even though he probably didn’t know it, she could see it in his face, in his posture, in his whole demeanor. Her behavior told him that anything was possible between the two of them, no matter how crazy. He met her gaze and then looked down, embarrassed, ashamed, and yet somehow even more turned on than before. Everything this woman did seemed specifically designed to arouse him. Sarah saw that he wasn’t wearing a wedding ring. Perhaps he had a girlfriend. It didn’t matter.

“I’m…I’m sorry ma’m,” stuttered the cop, handing back their licenses. “I…I just…I thought — ”

“You thought I was engaging in sex with a minor,” said Sarah, grinning.

“I mean…yeah,” said the cop, shrugging his shoulders. He looked over at Jeff. “I’m sorry, man… I mean, no offense or anything.”

“Oh there’s none taken, I can assure you,” giggled Sarah, patting Jeff on the head with her big hand. “This little dude loves being tiny. D’ja hear that Jeff? Officer Hanson thought you were a minor. And I’ll bet he thought you were a lot younger than that, actually.” She turned back to the cop. “How old did ya think he was? Come on…be honest!”

“I…I don’t know, ma’m!” said the cop, shrugging his shoulders as he managed a laugh. “Maybe…uh…14? 15?” He was being generous — he had thought Jeff was 12 or 13, but it sounded so wrong to say out loud. Come to think of it…how the hell were these two dating!? This woman could get any man she wanted…easily. So why was she with this…this submissive little shrimp?! Somewhere in his head, Officer Hanson plumbed his brains, engaging the possibility that perhaps this enormous woman was sexually unsatisfied and required a real man to make her happy.

Sarah scoffed, taking Jeff’s chin and shaking it gently back and forth. “He’s being nice, you know,” she said down at Jeff. “I’m sure he thought you were younger.” She released him and looked back at the officer, making a point to travel slowly up and down his figure with her eyes. He certainly was well-built. Solid. Like a tank. And she could tell from the bulge in his pants that he was packing heat in more ways than one. Maybe just as big as Jeff’s…maybe even bigger… she felt the trickling floods of arousal spreading in her body. She needed to get a move-on. She looked blatantly at the bulge of his dick and flared her nostrils, breathing hard.

He had to do something…not just stand there…otherwise it was too obvious what he wanted.

“Umm…so….uh, anyway…ma’m…sorry for the mix-up there, but, uh…you know…you really shouldn’t be, uh…engaged in sexual activity with your boyfriend when you’re driving a — ”

“Boyfriend?!” interrupted Sarah. She laughed again as she put her hand directly on top of Jeff’s crotch. He sucked in his breath audibly, throwing his head back and closing his eyes at her touch. “No no no, officer Hanson — Jeff’s not my boyfriend.”

“Not…?” he stammered. He looked up into Sarah’s face. Her calm sea green looked back at him. What was she saying? Was this guy…

“H-husband?” ventured the cop.

Sarah continued to look at him steadily. “Now you’re just being ridiculous,” she said after a few seconds. Her tone was impossible for him to read…was she serious!? Irritated at him for suggesting…? He felt a wave of helplessness start to crash over him. But Sarah stepped in, rescuing him with a smile.

“No, Jeff is one of my play partners. You know…? Consensual sexual play? BDSM? One of my submissives? Any of this ringing any bells, officer?”

“Uh y-yeah…yeah, I mean, I’ve heard of all that stuff,” he said, taking a bit of a step back as he nodded. He felt his heart sink a little. So this woman was one of those sex freaks…the kind who did all that stuff with the whips and leather and gimps and candle wax and shit. He felt the hope of somehow hooking up with her vanishing almost as soon as it had burned the brightest.

“And I don’t mean to be forward,” said Sarah suddenly. “But are you busy tonight, Officer Hanson?”

The fire roared up again within him. “Uh…n-no. No, I’m…I’m getting off…off work, I mean, at… 8.”

“Well,” said Sarah with a sly grin, “I hope you don’t mind my saying, but I feel like the two of us have come to a sort of understanding during this brief but…revealing conversation. Would you be interested in coming over to my house later?”

The officer’s heart was thumping away. He had a girlfriend…or, more accurately, someone he was seeing. But he could hardly think of her right now.

“Wh-what…what are we…gonna do?” he asked. Without meaning to, his eyes moved to Jeff. This was some weird shit, for sure, and he didn’t…want to do anything that involved him and this guy…being intimate. He had no idea what Sarah had in mind, but at this point he knew that there was nothing really off the table. As excited as he was, it was tempered — he was nervous.

“Don’t worry about this munchkin right here,” said Sarah, spreading her hand wide and putting it over Jeff’s face. Her hand easily covered his entire face, and then some. The cop could hardly believe the size difference…she could have easily palmed this guy’s entire head if she wanted to. “He’s already had his fun for the day,” Sarah continued. “Anything that happens tonight… would be between the two of us.”

“Y-you mean…like…” said the cop breathlessly.

“Yes,” said Sarah smiling, nodding her head. But she stopped and cocked an eyebrow. “That is, I mean…assuming that you, uh, how should I say it…that you come in the mood, you know? I’m not gonna have a lot of patience for performance issues tonight. Think you can give me what I want, Officer Hanson?”

The cop could feel himself warming to the challenge in his chest and he unconsciously stood up taller and thrust himself out. He was used to getting with smaller girls, girls he had no problem manhandling, girls who lost it over his big dick. He had measured himself two nights before… 10.6 inches.

‘This giant girl might be something,’ he said to himself, ‘but she’s sure as hell not ready for what I’ve got.’ A smug smile came over his face.

“There it isss,” said Sarah in an enthusiastic, rallying voice, “that’s what I like to see. Take a look at that, Jeff — that’s some masculine confidence right there.”

“Why don’t you text me your address?” asked the officer, smiling pompously. “Here’s my number…”

A minute later, Officer Henson was walking back to his squad car as the blood pounded in his ears.

“Well!” laughed Sarah, turning her car back on and driving away, “that went just about as well as I could’ve hoped. I was totally gonna play that differently if he wasn’t some macho dude…but, turns out, lots of cops are macho dudes! Haha, who knew! I wish you could’ve seen the bulge in his pants, Jeff. He’s gotta be at least as big as you…no, actually, he looked even bigger.”

“Even…bigger?” asked Jeff. It still crushed him a little inside to think that his most prized asset was going to be upstaged…again…by another man.

“Yesss, even bigger. Bigger, bigger, bigger,” chanted Sarah as she drove. “Come on, Jeff, you can’t really blame me! I wanna keep challenging myself, you know?”

“I know,” he said quietly, bowing his head.

“And anyway, it’s not like you won’t be there,” she continued. “You’ll be watching the whole thing.”

“W-watching!?” he choked. He had assumed that Sarah would put him in the cage and stick him under her bed, just like last time.

“Yep!” she said happily. “Hearing is one thing, but watching…that’s something else. I want you to see me take this cop’s big dick all the way down into my throat. I want you to see him make me cum over and over. I want you to see me drive this big, muscly, hunky, macho guy absolutely crazy. And I want you to watch it all silently…as you remember that, only a few weeks ago, you assumed that we were dating.” Sarah laughed sweetly as she out her arm up next to his leg. It was as his thigh…her forearm was as big as his thigh…no…bigger.

“You,” repeated Sarah, pointing to his thigh,” thought you were dating,” and she flexed her forearm next to his leg, “me.”

They drove along in silence for another minute or so. “But thats only later tonight,” said Sarah presently. “There are some things we need to get to before that.”

“Like…like what?” asked Jeff. He felt numb.

“Like measuring you, of course!” she said. “Measuring us both! Oh boyyyy…we’re almost home! Can’t waiiitttt!”

A few minutes later, Sarah had pulled into her driveway and Jeff had grabbed his crutches, pivoting himself to step out of the car.

“Oh you won’t be needing those anymore,” said Sarah, pointing to the crutches.

“What? But I…I, uh — ”

“Jeff,” said Sarah, bending down and peering at him closely, “I said you don’t need them anymore. I don’t want to hear “but” come out of your mouth ever again, ok?”

“O-ok,” he said quickly, feeling afraid.

“There are new rules for my house,” breathed Sarah down on him. “And the first is that you will not stand up unless I tell you to. Understand?”

“Y-yes,” said Jeff, feeling crushed by the weight of this new rule. No standing? What did Sarah expect him to do? Crawl everywhere?

“Here,” she said, coming around to the side of the car and spreading her big arm out wide, “let me carry you inside.” Jeff hesitated a moment, and then leaned into her big body as she wrapped her arm around him easily, cradling him seemingly without effort as she grabbed his suitcase with her free hand. Jeff’s head leaned over her shoulder as he felt his little legs dangling around her waist. He felt like a baby…and Sarah’s arm that held him felt startlingly powerful, almost like a tree trunk. It flashed through his mind again that her forearms were bigger than his thighs. He felt the force of her blood pulsing through her body, through her shoulder, her back, her breasts, everywhere…as his head rested into her shoulder he could hear her heartbeat; it was louder than his own, and the power of her pulse overwhelmed the comparatively paltry force of his. Everything about her was just huge…and dwarfed him.

Sarah opened the door and placed Jeff gently down on the floor, on his hands and knees.

“You know where the scale is,” she said. “Go.”

He hesitated for a moment, and then started to crawl across the floor towards the kitchen pantry. Sarah watched him go and orgasmed, her knees buckling slightly under the epicentric pressure in her loins. A minute later she stood before him with her hands on her hips, looking down on his submissive pose. He was eager to see…just to see how small he had become… and how big she was now.

“Up!” she said, and he stood up. She helped him against the wall, took out her measuring tape, and lined it up carefully with his body.

“Yep! 4’11!” she chirped happily. “God, do you know how tiny that is? Ok, now me!” Sarah stood up tall and started the measuring tape at the top of her head, letting it fall all the way down to the ground.

“Pull it tight down there at the bottom,” she told Jeff. He did. “So what’s it say, little guy?” she asked.

“79 inches,” he said slowly. “Uh…like a little more…79 point, uh 3 inches or so.”

“79,” she whispered. “So I’m over 6’7.”

“H-how…uh…s-so…so you’re growing!?” managed Jeff, feeling his heart racing.

“It appears so, yes,” she said quietly.

“B-but…but how?” he spouted.

“How…?” she asked, looking down on him. Her shadow passed over his entire body, and he grew suddenly afraid. “How indeed?” She showed him her teeth as she smiled. “Ok, now up

again my little sub — I want to see how much weight you've lost." Jeff rose up on tottering legs and stepped onto the cool, smooth scale. The familiar blue garble of numbers again…

84.6

Sarah let out a gasp and put her hands over her mouth. Jeff felt like the bottom had dropped out of his stomach. 84 pounds!?!

"I…I…" he stammered, but Sarah was silently shooing him off the scale. She had taken off her shoes before she measured her height, and her bare feet covered up most of the scale's surface area as she stepped on. With the added boost of another inch of the scale, her abdominal muscles rose even higher up in Jeff's vision. If he looked straight ahead he would now be looking directly at her third set of abs. But he wasn't looking at her stomach — like Sarah, he was looking at the blue garble of the numbers on the scale. Both of them didn't breathe.

246.7

"Y-you gained ten pounds," he croaked. His words were answered by a slight hissing sound not too far from his ears. He glanced over, and slightly downward, and saw the dark wet spot in Sarah's crotch getting darker, and growing rapidly.

"It…seems like I did," she said with difficulty, stepping off the scale. She stood in front of Jeff, the top of his head not even reaching the underside of her boobs. He looked down and watched as her ejaculate started to run down her legs. She folded her arms. He immediately got down on his knees.

"So," she said, making a titanic effort to hold her voice steady, "these new rules…"

Chapter 29: New Rules

Jeff was standing in front of Sarah with his head slightly inclined, his shoulders hunched, and his jaw slackened as he watched the clear cum run down her big leg. Her leg alone had to weigh almost as much as his entire body. Jeff couldn't form distinct thoughts at the moment — he was still struggling to wrap his mind around the ridiculous size difference between the two of them. Was this even real? It all seemed like some kind of bizarre dream…some kind of horrible nightmare where he was one step behind everything that was happening, where he was perpetually reacting, and where he possessed enough cognition to appreciate his total lack of control, but not enough to do anything about it. Surely this was a nightmare…and yet he was so overtaken with arousal that he could barely stand. He just couldn't help himself, standing in front of her, with her huge body filling his vision, her massive hips parked cheekily up by his shoulders, and her huge sharp-nailed hands adorning either side. She made a slight movement and Jeff could feel the floor creak beneath them. The bracelets on her wrists jingled softly, gossiping.

After a few seconds Jeff realized that Sarah's silence had extended further than he expected, and he ventured to look up into her face. From his vantage point he couldn't even see her chin or mouth, since her breasts got in the way. But he could see her eyes, and he could see that they were wide, and that their brows were raised at him. He suddenly remembered the first rule and immediately collapsed down onto the floor in front of her, sinking down on his knees and leaning towards her with his palms flat on the floor.

"Goooood, little guy!" he heard her chuckling from high above. "I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell you." Jeff heard her bracelets singing softly again into the air. He glanced up and saw that Sarah was walking towards the living room. Prostrate on the floor as he was, she looked even huger. It was like her ass was moving in the sky. Her thighs were like columns of a Greek temple. It was ridiculous.

"Come on!" called Sarah sweetly to him, snapping her fingers and gesturing with a long beckoning finger. "Come on, follow me, little pet. Come on, come on. That's it." She was speaking to him like he was a dog. There was an iota of pride still left in Jeff's psyche that resisted her tone, but this tiny part of him was completely drowned out by his overwhelming urge to obey her. He crawled after her huge form as she led him into the living room. Once there, she turned and lowered herself comfortably down onto the red sofa. From his prone position, Jeff could appreciate the the muscles in her lower legs and thighs as they swelled and tightened briefly, supporting her bulk as she sat. She shuffled her big ass up to the edge of the sofa, spread her legs, and leaned forward, putting her elbows on her knees. Jeff took her casual body language as his cue to stop crawling towards her, but he remained on all fours about five feet away, craning his neck to look up at her.

"Oh my god," Sarah whispered, mostly to herself, as she leaned forward on her elbows. Jeff could tell that she was pleased with whatever it was she was seeing in him, and he felt the accompanying heat of pride flare up. This pride, unlike the tiny flickering flame deep in his subconscious threatening to go out forever, was not intrinsically derived. Rather, it came only from Sarah. She controlled it completely, and could make it flare up or die down as she saw fit.

Sarah blinked and shook her head slowly as a slight smile softened her plush lips; she seemed to be genuinely struggling to hold herself together. But Jeff's didn't realize any of this — he just felt the warmth of her smile.

"Little guy," she said softly, still smiling down at him, "I'm having a hard time keeping my cool right now. If we didn't have a lot of things to do before tonight, I would eat you up right now." Jeff blinked up at her and she nodded down at him seriously. "I would devour you." In that moment, Jeff wasn't actually sure if she was just speaking figuratively. It sure felt like she could eat him whole. His mind shot back to weeks before, and the pile of bones on her plate, and her sliding one of those thick, juicy pork ribs completely into her mouth and then drawing out the bone completely clean. Something of a cold sweat broke out on his cheeks and forehead. He knew he should be afraid of her, but his arousal far outweighed everything else.

"But alas," she sighed, leaning back into the sofa and crossing her legs, "we have some important things to cover before Savannah gets here."

Jeff's eyes widened. Someone else was coming over? Another girl? Sarah laughed down at him, folding her arms underneath her massive breasts. "Haha! What, you thought I didn't have any other friends?"

"N-no! No, I —"

"You thought I only hung out with huge men with horse cocks?"

"N-no! I…I — "

"Quiet," said Sarah simply, holding up her hand as her bracelets jingled. She was still smiling, but there was gravity in her eyes. "As much fun as we're both having right now, this is serious business, Jeff. Yes, my friend Savannah is coming over in about an hour."

Even from his prone position, Jeff felt the need to keep the conversation going. Sarah's ominous indication that "serious business" was afoot was making him nervous, and he wanted to distract himself from his fears by continuing to casually talk with Sarah.

"Is…is Savannah a friend from, uh…from college?"

"Aww look at him," said Sarah, shaking her head as she pouted her lips down at him, "he's getting nervous. He thinks he can just keep on talking to me…he thinks he can control the conversation by asking me questions. Oh no little guy, it's not gonna work."

"I—I was just —" began Jeff, but Sarah once again held up her hand, and he fell silent.

"Savannah is an old friend from high school," said Sarah quietly. "She didn't go to college because she's an amazing artist and decided to start working in a tattoo parlor instead." Sarah looked past Jeff and grinned, thinking of her friend. "And I'm actually a little bit jealous of her. I always wanted to be able to make art like that, but I just never had the talent." She shook her head, clearing the regret as she shrugged her big shoulders. "Oh well, we do what we can with what we've got."

Jeff found himself, in his prone position, struggling with this new information. Someone else was coming over? Another woman?! Sarah's friend!? His mind started making hosts of free associations — was she as big as Sarah? As tall?? Or maybe even bigger!? No, that was impossible. She was definitely hot. She was Sarah's friend, after all! What was she coming over for!? Sarah had planned all this out…what was going on?? Was Savannah part of Sarah's domination over him?? Did she know what had happened between the two of them before? Did she know about his surgery? If she wasn't as big as Sarah then how big was she?! What was she going to do when she came over? All of these thoughts swirled and flashed and banged through his brain in a matter of seconds until they alighted on one single point, and he broke out in a fresh cold sweat. She was a tattoo artist. Was she…was she going to…

"Jeff," giggled Sarah, suddenly almost girl-like despite her huge body as it shook with her soft laughter, "I can literally feel your little brain turning in on itself. Relax, little thing, relax! Look up here at me." Jeff did, and Sarah took a deep breath, expanding her enormous diaphragm, and let it out, encouraging him to do the same. After a couple breaths, she leaned in towards him again.

"Ok," she said gently, "now that we've calmed down we can get to our business. Savannah gets here in one hour, and by the time she arrives I want us to be able to be fully rehearsed."

"R-rehearsed?" Jeff's uneasiness grew — he didn't want to perform in front of other people.

"Yes," breathed Sarah. "You're staying with me now, Jeff. You're back here in my home. And I want to make sure that you're properly house-trained before I have any guests over."

Sarah's words grated against Jeff's brain like sandpaper; he had expected her to treat him like the inferior he was, like the tiny admirer of her body he had become, but the language she was using…it just sounded so blatant, like she was talking about him as if he were actually subhuman, like a dog.

"So," continued Sarah, bringing her hands together in between her spread legs and rubbing them slowly, "we've got the first point down. Which is?"

"Umm…I c-can't…I can't stand up."

Sarah clicked her tongue, nodding. "Unless?"

"Un…unless you say so."

"Exactly, Jeff. Good! I'm gonna want for you to stand up next to me sometimes, just to remind us both where we stand. I think we both enjoy that, right?"

Jeff bowed his head. "Y-yes."

"Mmmm, yesss. Ok, now the next point! I think it's pretty simple. Look up at me Jeff. When I snap my fingers like this" — and she raised her arm, bracelets singing again, and snapped her fingers smartly — "I want you to sit up on your knees. So — " And she snapped her fingers again, and Jeff dutifully rose up into a sitting position on his knees. Without even meaning to, he

held his arms slightly up, his skinny wrists limp, with his hands hanging down. He looked like a dog begging.

“Woah woah!” burst out Sarah, trying to hold her laughter back but failing, so that it came busting out of her louder than she intended. “No need for the arms up like that, Jeff! Hahaha, oh my god! Did you do that on purpose!?"

“N-no, no, I just…I…I don’t know why I did it,” said Jeff, his face coloring a deep shade of red as he let his arms down.

“I mean, I appreciate the instinct to be in character and all,” laughed Sarah, shaking her head incredulously, “but I’m not particularly into animal play, at least to that extent. If I was into that stuff I’d already have you collared and potty-trained and you’d be playing fetch and barking instead of speaking. Haha, woowwww…” Sarah continued to laugh to herself for a moment or two longer, allowing herself to recover from her unexpected mirth. She certainly did appreciate Jeff’s enthusiasm, but she didn’t want it to get too far out of hand. She had experimented with more intensive role-playing before, and even though the idea was undeniably hot, she ultimately found that the roles themselves distracted from the power dynamic at play. The exchange became more centered on faithfulness to the “role,” rather than on the dynamic itself.

“So,” she said, collecting herself, “you understand, Jeff?” Whenever I snap my fingers, what do you do?”

“I…I sit up like this,” he said.

She smiled warmly down on him. “Perfect. And you will stay like that until I say otherwise. Simple enough, right?”

“Yes,” said Jeff, nodding his head from his hunched position on his knees.

“Ok, now next one,” said Sarah. “Whenever I do this” — and she audibly smooched the air with her full lips — “I want you to crawl to me. Let’s practice.” She pursed her lips and kissed the air. Jeff hesitated for a moment, and then got on all fours and crawled towards her, stopping at her white sneakers. “Oh, and I almost forgot,” continued Sarah, “when I make that noise, you crawl to me and then, once you get here, you are to assume the same sitting position as when I snap my fingers. Understand?”

“Yes,” said Jeff, rising up into the sitting position once more. He looked up at Sarah and she looked back down at him, smiling with wide eyes, as if to say, ‘We’re doing this — oh yeah, we’re really doing it!’ Sarah felt her heart going on like a freight engine between her breasts. Her nostrils flared and she took several deep breaths. This was getting her hotter than she had felt in a long time, even hotter than when she had been standing up next to Jeff and his parents earlier that day. But she had to keep going — there was a lot more to get to.

“Ok, those two are easy enough to remember, right? But it’ll get a little harder, the more things you have to hold in your memory, ok? So pay close attention. When I clap my hands like this,” and she clapped, “I want you to go get me a bottle of water from the fridge.” Jeff waited for her to clap, eager to carry out this new task, but she didn’t clap. Instead, she kept talking. “And

when I whistle, I want you to take off all your clothes. Still with me so far?" Jeff nodded. Four commands weren't that hard…he could remember them.

"When I tap my foot like this," continued Sarah, tapping her foot twice on the floor, "I want you to start rubbing my feet. It doesn't matter if I'm at my desk working, or on the sofa, or in my bed, or wherever. And it doesn't matter if my shoes are on or not. If I tap my foot and I'm in my bare feet, you can get right to it. But if my shoes are on, I want you to take them off first, and then start rubbing. Does that make sense, Jeff?" He nodded. Sarah smiled down at him and tapped her foot twice. Right away, Jeff crawled over, pausing for a moment as he saw just how big Sarah's shoes were. He couldn't believe it — her feet must have been more than half as long as his torso. With shaking hands, he reached down and started to undo the laces of her white sneakers.

"That's it," Sarah purred down at him from above, "nice and slow. No need to rush it. Good…" About half a minute later Jeff had her first shoe off. The slight musk of sweat from her feet filled his nostrils — it was almost sweet. He happened to glance down into her shoe as he put it to the side and saw "13.5 US" before he put it down. He didn't really know what that meant, but it sounded big to him. After a minute he had taken both her shoes off and was rubbing away at her feet, marveling at their size. Her toes flexed and relaxed with a kind of lazy joy as he dug his tiny hands into the meat of her feet, trying as hard as he could to please her.

"Mmmm, good," she purred again, "and you keep doing that until I tell you to stop, or give you another command. Now, as you're doing that, we can cover a few more. When I look at you and swallow, it means that I'm thirsty. Can you guess what I want you to do then?"

Jeff looked up in between Sarah's legs in the midst of his foot rub.

"You…you want me to get you some water?" he asked uncertainly.

"No, silly," chuckled Sarah. "Remember, there's already a command for that." Jeff felt himself go a little cold, even as his hands worked her feet. He had forgotten what command that was. But he didn't have time to worry, because Sarah was still talking.

"When I look at you and I swallow," said Sarah carefully, "it means that I want a drink…of your cum. In your cage, you'll find a nice little collection of those shot glasses. Remember those? When I look at you and swallow, I want you to crawl to your cage and stroke yourself until you cum into one of the glasses. Then I want you to crawl back and give it to me. Sound doable?"

Jeff nodded, feeling increasing anxiety. The commands had seemed simple enough initially, but they were beginning to pile up. "You'll notice, I'm sure," continued Sarah, "that some of these commands might not be so obvious. Snapping my fingers and clapping my hands is clear enough" — and here Jeff felt relief wash over him…clapping hands meant going to get her a bottle of water, he remembered — "but it might not be so clear if I tap my bare foot on the floor, or if I swallow at you. You're going to have to be paying close attention to my feet, and to my throat. It's going to be a challenge Jeff, and you're going to mess up a lot at first. But I believe in you. Now, one last command for now." She leaned over Jeff to the coffee table and picked up a little bell that he hand't seen. "When I ring this," she said, "it means that it's time for your dinner. You will crawl over to your cage and wait on your knees to be fed. Easy peasy, right?"

Jeff nodded. Suddenly, Sarah clapped her hands. He immediately crawled off to the fridge, but paused in front of it, unsure of how to open it from his hands and knees.

“You can stand up to open the fridge, silly!” laughed Sarah from the living room. He did, and found about a dozen water bottles waiting on the bottom shelf, just at his level. Had she…had she known…how…how short he was going to be…? Jeff felt himself going cold yet again, but he pushed it down into himself, fetched a bottle, closed the fridge, and crawled back to her. She accepted it with a warm smile and took a drink. Then she stood up and walked past him to her desk, rummaging around some papers for a minute. Jeff watched her, unmoving. She turned around and straightened up, looking at him. She smooched the air. He crawled up to her and sat up on his knees. She looked down at him and her nostrils flared, her eyes going wide with pleasure. He saw a bulge in her neck moving slightly. He didn’t register it for a second, but then he suddenly realized it: she had swallowed. He crawled off towards the bedroom.

Sarah watched him go, and checked the time. This was all going according to plan. She couldn’t wait for Savannah to get there.

Jeff found that he didn’t have to tug at his dick for long before he was squirting rope after rope of milky white cum straight into one of the shot glasses that Sarah had provided. The sandalwood smell of her bedroom, combined with actually crawling back into his cage, was enough to push him over the edge in under a minute. He made sure to aim his long thick dick straight into the shot glass, and he was pleased with how much he shot out, especially considering how Sarah had sucked him off less than an hour before.

His mind was blank with pleasure as he pivoted on his hands and knees back toward the living room. He was eager to present Sarah with her drink. With perhaps even stronger feeling, he was eager to see what she was going to do with it, and how she was going to drink it. One of the things that made Jeff feel the weakest, the smallest, and therefore the most awash in searing, helpless pleasure, was watching Sarah enjoy herself as she consumed his seed. She was taking his precious ejaculation, hard come by with torrid effort, and swallowing it down into her belly in one gulp like it was nothing, forever claiming it as her own. As he turned around, Jeff had a flash of curiosity — how many times had Sarah eaten his cum now? He had lost track… he had no idea. And even if he had been keeping count, his number would have been lowballing it. Unbeknownst to him, she had slurped out a few powerful ejaculations after he had passed out after the first time she had swallowed him.

The sharp feel of her carpet against his knees and palms brought him back to his four-legged task, which was complicated by the shot glass now grasped precariously in his meager hand. He started to crawl a couple paces, moving his hands first and then his knees, his hands, and then his knees. He found the whole process quite slow, and it made him feel ridiculous. Did she seriously expect him to just crawl everywhere he went, even when he had things in his hands? She would be getting her drink a lot quicker if he was just allowed to stand up and bring it to her. In his impatience, and also because of that tiny little hint of something like pride still left within him, Jeff considered standing up and at least walking to the entrance to her bedroom, in order to speed up the process. But almost as soon as this thought entered his brain he dismissed it. There was no way he was going to chance Sarah catching him standing up on his own two feet…and in her bedroom, no less. He had forgotten, at least in his conscious brain, what she was capable of, but his subconscious had not allowed him to forget. He was, in the core of his body, quite afraid of her. And he did not yet know what more she could do to him.

But even as he brushed away recalcitrant thoughts from his mind, he placed his admittedly paltry weight in an unbalanced manner on the carpet, and his hand holding the shot glass jerked sideways, immediately spilling about a third of the contents. Jeff panicked as he gasped and dove for the shot glass, righting it before any more of his seed could leak out. He stared in horror at the dark cumstain that smeared the carpet's fibers like an amoeba — his brain exploded into a series of potential solutions. He could eat it; he could clean it up with toilet paper and flush it; he would rub it out of the carpet until it wasn't there anymore; he could scoop it back into the shot glass…he quickly chose the last option and began desperately shoveling what he could of the sticky cum back into the glass with his cupped hand. He got some of it back in, but the rest just stubbornly glistened up from the carpet, mocking him. He could feel his little heart beating as he suddenly heard Sarah's voice in his head: 'You're going to mess up a lot at first,' she had said.

And just like that, Jeff realized what he would do: he would tell her. He would be honest with her. And if Sarah punished him, so be it. But he was not going to try and outthink her or hide things from her or lie to her — she would find out eventually, he knew she would. She was too smart, too cunning, too much for him. He carefully, slowly, made his way out of the bedroom toward Sarah, whose back was turned to him as he approached. She seemed to be working at her desk, writing with a pencil and occasionally consulting some charts on her computer. God she was huge...from his prostrate position on the floor, even though he was all the way across the room, she looked absolutely gigantic. The way that she filled her chair completely, and rose up tall above it, was nothing short of fearsome. The closer Jeff got, the more nervous he became. Her long blond hair that spilled down her back was starting to look sinister. Would she be mad? What was she going to do!? His eager anticipation to see her eat his cum had totally evaporated; now he was more nervous, anxious, and scared than anything else.

Just like had happened weeks before, except this time on his hands and knees, when Jeff reached Sarah at her desk, she didn't notice him at first. At least, she didn't appear to notice him. Jeff thought about sitting up on his knees, but he realized that he probably shouldn't do that, since Sarah hadn't given him the command yet. After a couple minutes of agonized waiting, his hands and knees were getting sore. In a crazy eruption of courage, he spoke up.

"I-I'm back," he said weakly out into the air, immediately regretting his words, because Sarah did not turn to acknowledge him. He waited longer. Had she heard him? Surely she had — she didn't have her headphones on or anything. After two more minutes of waiting, Jeff's anxiety had grown such that he could not wait anymore. He simply had to speak again. He opened his mouth, but right then his wide gape was met with the jingling of bracelets as Sarah, still without looking at him, raised her big arm up and snapped her fingers. Without delay, and eager to show that he could obey, Jeff propped himself up into a sitting position on his knees. He held the shot glass of his cum in two hands, waiting for her to turn to him so that he could then present it to her.

But she didn't turn, not for ten whole minutes. And during these ten minutes, fueled by confusion, hurt, and general anxiety, Jeff went on such a warped and labyrinthine mental journey that by the end of it he was beginning to wonder whether Sarah was still interested in having him around at all. He was terribly afraid that she had decided to turn him out, and was only waiting for a break in her work to inform him of her decision. But none of this happened. Sarah turned to him suddenly, but casually, and bent down, plucking the shot glass out of his

shaking hands. She brought it up to her eyes and examined the glass, turning it round and round in front of her face. Looking down at Jeff on his knees, she winked at him and smiled as she closed her eyes gently and tipped the glass back, pouring its entire contents down into her wide smile. Jeff felt immeasurable relief, so much so that he forgot to mention the cumstain on the carpet.

“Mmmm I’ff misstthhd thaaa, lilll whaan,” she purred down at him in a deep voice with the cum in her mouth. Her eyes were still closed even though she was facing down in his direction. She seemed to be concentrating all her sensory power in her taste buds as she savored his seed. Her nostrils suddenly widened and expanded and, eyes still closed, she suddenly shook her head back and forth rapidly a few times like an animal, her blond hair flying crazily in her face, as she gulped his juices down. She was breathing hard as she opened her eyes — from behind her frenzied hair, their sea green almost seemed deepened in color and intensity as she looked hard down at him.

“Mmm delicious little Jeff,” she murmured down at him, “my delicious little man…was that all of it? Was that all you have…hmmmm? Is there any more? Should I make you cum again?”

Jeff suddenly remembered the cumstain on the carpet, and he had opened his mouth the inform her about it when the doorbell rang. Sarah’s mouth opened excitedly as her eyebrows shot up.

“Oooo guess who’s here, little guy!” she sang.

Chapter 30: The Marking

From his knees, Jeff watched Sarah's swaying ass as she bounded over happily to her front door. There was no question that she had gotten bigger…much bigger, actually. Jeff found himself blinking in disbelief at how huge her ass had become. It bounced and shook and caromed about like it had a mind of its own. He wondered whether Sarah's ass alone weighed almost as much as he did…surely it didn't…but as he watched it jerk up and down with each stride of her long powerful thighs, he knew that it had to weigh at least half as much as he did. His mind shot forward in the future — would they be having sex ever? A vague leftover of his previous self wanted this, but he felt a cloud of fear pass over him…she would certainly crush him under her weight, under that huge, meaty ass of hers. Weeks before, a lifetime ago, Jeff had assumed from Sarah's behavior that she wanted to actually have penetrative sex with him…"good old fashioned banging," as he had once described it to one of his roommates.

But now he had no clue what Sarah wanted from him. She sure seemed to like tasting his cum. And she definitely was enjoying making all these new rules and commands for him to follow. She had spoken before of his "training," and he guessed that all of this was probably what she had been talking about. But Jeff didn't really think much beyond these basic facts; he couldn't. If someone were to have asked him why Sarah was doing all of these things to him, Jeff would have had no answer. He couldn't think beyond the primary reality of his situation. It was all he could do to give Sarah what she wanted from him. Anything beyond her desires lay in a realm exiled from his consciousness. He was so completely submissive to her that he wasn't even aware of it anymore.

"Hey giirrllll!" he heard Sarah say excitedly as she opened her front door.

"Woowww you weren't kidding!" a new voice chuckled. It was deep and soft, almost velvety. "You are taller — so it's actually working, huh?"

"Told ya!' chirped Sarah as Jeff heard the front door close. For a moment, the thought squatted in his mind like a toad — what was working with Sarah? What was the new woman talking about? But the thought sprang away from his mind as he heard their voices getting closer. He craned his head, trying to get a glimpse of this new person, but as the two women emerged from the foyer, he quickly, instinctively, put his head back down. He didn't want Sarah to feel like he was trying to spy on them or anything.

"Mmmm I know I've said it before, but I love your feng shui," said the new voice. It almost seemed to caress the air with its calm, deep softness — it was like a heavy velvet blanket.

"Aw thanks," said Sarah happily. "I like deeper shades, you know? Natural dark colors."

"Mmmhmm," said the voice, and Jeff could tell by her assenting tone that she was probably nodding. There was silence for a few moments. They had both come into the room, and Jeff could feel them both staring down at him. His pulse accelerated. He was still in his oversized shorts and t-shirt, but he felt completely naked in the silence. It felt like their eyes were burning into his skin.

"Sarah," came the new voice in a whisper. The single word was simple but powerful, incredulously spoken, by someone who was deeply impressed. Jeff heard Sarah's bracelets

jingling on her wrists, sprinkling the pregnant silence with soft silvery pangs. She was making some kind of movement with her arms. More seconds passed by. The tension in Jeff's chest tightened. He could heard the suggestion of movement from their direction…they must have been looking at each other, gesturing, communicating silently. Jeff heard the slightest hint of a whisper. He wanted so badly to look up, but he kept his head down, terrified of the consequences if he didn't.

The sudden sound of a single kiss cut through the air, and Jeff's head snapped up. He was vaguely aware of the figure of the new woman, who appeared as an indistinct blur of color to his left, but he was totally focused on ensuring that he had heard correctly, that Sarah had kissed the air. His eyes looked up to her face, and yes! Her full red lips were indeed pursed in his direction, in the indication of the kiss. Jeff immediately collapsed forward onto his hands and knees and began crawling towards Sarah, reaching her several seconds later. He rose up in the sitting position on his knees and looked first to Sarah, and then to the other woman. Sarah was smiling widely, and she turned to the new woman, her eyebrows going up.

Jeff could now get a full-on look at this new person. She was definitely pretty — not the bombshell that Sarah was, but good-looking nonetheless — with high, full cheeks and big eyes, which were strikingly dark, almost black. Her lips were fat and plush, and were slightly opened in what was quite clearly aroused amazement. She was wearing a form-fitting dark black dress that went down to her mid-thighs. Jeff felt his loins seize as he became conscious of her body. She wasn't nearly as tall as Sarah…her head only came up to Sarah's shoulders…but her body was almost as curvaceous and solid. Her forearms were covered in dozens of elaborate, stunningly intricate sleeve tattoos which twisted in and out of each other. Jeff could vaguely make out random details — a serpent…a forked tongue…a skull…feathers — but he could by no means take them all in at once. Her black dress clung to her shapely figure, showing off her thick wide hips, her slightly chunky stomach, and her full breasts. She was supported by solid thighs and bulbous calfs which grew out noticeably from her lower legs, and she was wearing black leather boots which gave a couple-inch boost to her height. Her heart-shaped face was framed by dark red hair, professionally dyed, and finished off with black coloring on the ends. She was carrying what looked like a black briefcase in her left hand.

"Jeff," said Sarah slowly and carefully, betraying her excitement, "this is Savannah." Jeff looked blankly up at Savannah's face for a few moments, having absolutely no idea what he should do. Savannah just kept staring down at him with her pretty lips half-open, studying him silently with her dark eyes. Without knowing why, Jeff suddenly lifted up his skinny right arm, holding it up towards Savannah from his position on his knees, in the offering of a handshake. Savannah's thin eyebrows went up and curled towards each other as she uttered a little moan.

"Oh! Sarah, look at him! He wants to shake my hand!" Jeff was once more struck by the cool depth of her voice. It radiated smoothly into the air, setting everything alive and vibrating with its timbre. She looked over to Sarah, who chuckled and bent her head down, indicating that she should go on and shake his hand if she wanted to. Savannah stepped forward and bent down, peering her face straight down into his as she wrapped her hand around his and squeezed it pleasantly. Her hand was warm and strong, and a little coarse…he looked down and saw how completely her hand enveloped his own. Her long sturdy fingers were adorned with innumerable rings…more skulls…and more snakes…curling their silver around her fingers…she had a black hair tie on her wrist which hugged her flesh tightly. Jeff felt his stomach churning; it was just like the hair tie that Sarah had let him keep all those weeks ago. Was it the same one? No, it

couldn't be — it was at his parents' house! He saw how Savannah's wrist filled and expanded it. He knew that he wouldn't have even been able to get his bicep to fill it in the same way. This girl was thick.

"Oh my god, Sarah!" said Savannah, laughing in hushed excitement as she squeezed Jeff's hand and then stood back up. "This is sooo hot! You've actually done it this time, huh?"

"Wellll," said Sarah, smiling with a strange kind of mystery as she inclined her head down to look at Jeff. "That remains to be seen. But you'll see, Savannah. You'll see what I was talking about."

"I can't wait," said Savannah, gripping her black briefcase with two hands. "You wanna do this now or you wanna just hang out and chill a little first?"

"Oh," said Sarah, her green eyes regarding Jeff with calm intensity, "let's do it now."

A slow smile spread over Savannah's face as she looked up at Sarah, locking eyes with her for a moment. Then she turned to look back down at Jeff, regarding him with slow gravity from the depths of her dark eyes. Jeff suddenly found breathing difficult, and his eyes shot downward, unable to hold Savannah's profound gaze. He was looking at her impressively rounded calves, and how her lower legs filled the wide opening mouths of her black boots. Not even counting her big calves, her lower legs were undoubtedly thicker than his thighs…and, with two of them combined together, they may have even approached the thickness of Jeff's waist.

But he wasn't really thinking about all that right now — his mind was rushing in on itself in a blank kind of panic. What were the two of them talking about? What were they going to do to him?! And what was in Savannah's briefcase? Jeff averted his eyes slightly upward to look at the briefcase that Savannah held effortlessly in her left hand — it was large, black, and completely unadorned. It was a work briefcase.

"Why don't you go on a set up by the sofa there?" said Sarah to Savannah. "Anything special you need me to do?"

"Nope!" said Savannah as she moved towards the red sofa. Jeff was now able to see the huge swell of her backside in her black dress — her ass was just as thick as the rest of her. He felt a momentary pang of disbelief…was this actually reality?! Was it really possible that all these women were so much bigger than him?! He didn't know Savannah's age, but he estimated that she was probably only a few years older than he was. How on earth had these women grown to be so huge?? He caught himself in his own thinking as he watched Sarah turn and pivot in place. Savannah's sure was a curvaceous figure, but Sarah was in a league of her own. The way that her high-cut jean shorts just strained against her incredible ass and her thick luscious thighs…the way that her solid upper body and enormous boobs just pushed and filled her tight white t-shirt…it was nothing short of breathtaking. He looked down and saw Sarah's bare toes wiggling and flexing happily on the carpet as she walked into the living room. There was a jingling of bracelets from above; she had put up her big creamy arm and was curling her sharp-nailed, manicured finger for him to follow.

"Come on Jeff!" she said pleasantly, "over here…that's it…that's it…kneel next to Savannah there…goooddddd." Jeff knelt up on his knees next to Savannah's lower legs — she had taken a

seat on the sofa and had put her briefcase on her lap, about to open it. Sarah collapsed eagerly into her armchair, which faced the sofa, and leaned forward, with her elbows on her knees.

“Jeff was getting a little too into my commands earlier,” laughed Sarah to Savannah. “I don’t think he really meant to, but he really took off with the submissive role. He started behaving like a little puppy, with his hands held up like this — ” and here Sarah held up her own forearms, with her hands falling forward limp-wristed. It was odd for Jeff to see Sarah even mime such a submissive posture.

“Haha, well, I know you’re not too into all that animal play,” chuckled Savannah.

“Yeah, he knows now,” giggled Sarah, looking down at Jeff and winking. “Although I really did appreciate the enthusiasm. What got me was how naturally he just fell into it.”

“Well, he certainly seems very passive, very submissive,” said Savannah calmly, adjusting the briefcase on her lap as her hands reached for the latches. “Not to mention absolutely tiny. Oh my gosh, Sarah, where on earth do you find them?”

“This one found me,” said Sarah, making eye contact with Jeff as her wide green eyes sparkled. “He was actually a neighbor of mine years ago. Guess how old he is.”

“Well, I assume, contrary to appearances, that he’s at least 18, right?” laughed Savannah. “And knowing you, he’s probably a little older than that, even, since you like to play with people older than you. The power rush of subjugating someone who’s been alive longer than you, right?”

“You know me too well!” laughed Sarah, her stomach jiggling through her tight white t-shirt.

“Ummm…he’s 22,” guessed Savannah. “One year older than you.”

“Uh-uh, girlfriend,” said Sarah impressively, shaking her head. “Little Jeff here’s 28.”

“Holy fuck, are you for real!?” gasped Savannah, looking down at Jeff over her briefcase. “He’s 4 years older than me!?”

“Yep!” nodded Sarah. “And get this — on the way here I lassoed me another cop, and I’m pretty sure he thought Jeff was my child or something.”

“Can you blame him, though?” asked Savannah, cocking her head. “I mean, come on, Sarah. His legs are smaller than your arms.”

“Much smaller!” giggled Sarah. “And it probably didn’t help that I had his cum smeared all over my face.”

“What!? You blew the cop right there at the traffic stop!?” cried Savannah, her eyes widening in excitement.

“No, no!” Sarah laughed, shaking her head. “Jeff’s cum! I sucked his dick right before I made the cop pull me over, and then I smeared it all over. You know, just for the whole power trip of it.”

Fuuccckk, Sarah!" whispered Savannah, wide-eyed as she shook her head back and forth in admiration. "You've got way more gumption than me." She paused, her hands still on the briefcase latches. "So…are we on for tonight?"

Sarah didn't say anything, but just smiled and raised her eyebrows at Savannah.

"Yesss," breathed Savannah. "It's…well…" She seemed to be struggling with how to express herself. "It's just been too long, Sarah," she said finally.

"I know," agreed Sarah. "But I had to take a little time, you know…after what happened last time."

"Totally understandable," nodded Savannah, "And…and you know I stood by you that whole time. But I started getting the itch again."

"I felt it!" laughed Sarah. "We're synched up, girl." She looked down at Jeff. There was a brief silence in the room. He could tell they were both looking at him again. He felt himself harden despite his recent orgasm.

"You know the cop was about to arrest me for statutory," said Sarah, not taking her eyes off Jeff.

"Again, can you blame him?" laughed Savannah. "Does he know what's gonna happen tonight?"

"He knows that he's gonna come over, all juiced up to show me what his big dick can do," said Sarah, licking her lips. "I got a pretty good look at it. 10 inches at least."

"Ooooo Sarah," cooed Savannah. "You just attract all the big-dick energy, don't you?"

"Yep!" Sarah answered. She gestured down to Jeff. "Including this guy here."

"What, he's packing?!" asked Savannah. "No way!"

"Mmhmm!' said Sarah, closing her eyes and smiling as she nodded her head up and down slowly. "It's delicious! It's long…it's thick…it's suuuper tasty." She flicked her tongue back and forth at Jeff, making eyes at him. "Yes ma'm, Jeff's got one of the best meat poles I've ever put down my throat." Jeff beamed up at Sarah, feeling overjoyed at her praise.

"Show me!" said Savannah eagerly. Sarah raised her eyebrow at Savannah and then looked back down to Jeff. She pursed her lips, and Jeff prepared himself to crawl to her so that she could undress him. But Sarah did not kiss the air. Rather, she whistled. It began as a single note that quickly slurred up into higher registers. Jeff felt his heart stop. She was giving him a command, but he had no idea what it meant. He had completely forgotten this one! He looked helplessly up at Sarah, who had not taken her eyes from his face. She could tell that he had forgotten — she had prepared for this. She cocked her head down at him, her eyes unblinking. His little chest started to heave, and she saw his eyes dart around the room in panic as she felt him racking his brains. She felt a stab of immense pity in her heart as she watched him struggle. What a helpless little man he was…but he had to learn.

More seconds passed, and not once did Sarah look away from him. He was going to have to say it…he was going to have to admit out loud that he had forgotten. His desperate eyes silently begged her for help, but it wasn't coming. After about twenty seconds (and what felt like several agonizing minutes), he surrendered and bowed his head in shame.

"I…I f-forgot what that one means," he said quietly.

"That's ok Jeff," said Sarah quietly, though without too much warmth in her voice. "Like I said, you're going to mess up a lot in the beginning. As long as there's improvement, I can live with your mistakes, you understand?"

"Yes," he said miserably. He felt terrible.

"Jeff," said Sarah in the same soft voice, but this time with some added warmth. He looked up at her. She was bending in towards him, her elbows on her knees. "I'm not angry with you. I just want you to remember this one from now on, ok?"

"O-ok," said Jeff, heartened by the affection in her tone.

"When I whistle like that," said Sarah carefully. "You are to remove all your clothes. Let's try again." Sarah whistled in exactly the same way, and Jeff hurriedly took off his socks and shoes, his oversize shorts and t-shirt, and his underwear.

"Easy, easy," giggled Sarah. "You don't have to rush." A few seconds later he was kneeling there at Savannah's feet, totally naked. His partially-erect cock was resting in his lap, clearly thicker than his arms.

"Good lord, look at that thing!" said Savannah, peering down over her briefcase.

Jeff felt a swell of pride go through him. He opened his mouth to tell Savannah how long he was. "It's about — " but Sarah immediately cut in calmly.

"No talking, Jeff," she said, seamlessly transitioning back to Savannah. "Yeah, I had a little trouble with it at first, but I eventually got it all down. You know me, when I'm determined…"

"You're not lying!" laughed Savannah. She looked back down at Jeff's cock and licked her lips with her big tongue. "I wouldn't mind trying it myself."

"Plenty of time for that tonight," said Sarah. "But first…"

"Right!" said Savannah, tearing her gaze away from Jeff's crotch. "Let's get to it!" She popped open her briefcase and took out what looked like a rectangular silver box. It looked almost like a radio, with metal dials and knobs. She reached over and placed it on the coffee table. Next she drew forth a long coil of black tubing, which she then plugged into the metal box. Jeff had no idea what this was, but he was definitely beginning to feel nervous. What the hell was all of this!? A dark thought cast itself over his mind…was Savannah going to torture him? Was this some kind of initiation back into Sarah's house?! But there was no way she could let something like that happen to him, right!?

He was not at all encouraged, though, by what Savannah took out next…it definitely looked like some kind of torture device. It was a strange metal contraption that had several small bottles rubber-banded inside its structure. Savannah's thick arms worked slowly as she attached this contraption to the black tubing. What truly scared Jeff was the sharp, pen-like end of this evil-looking metal appliance. Savannah then snapped on a pair of black gloves. Jeff turned in terror to Sarah, who was watching him from her crouched position on the armchair, leaning forward, elbows on her knees. Her mouth was closed, her nostrils were flared, and her eyes were intensely unblinking. Something serious was about to happen. Jeff pleaded with her silently, but all she provided was a slow a silent smile.

"Ok, little guy, now hold still," said Savannah. Jeff pivoted his attention back to Savannah, and she was bending down towards him. He felt her large, warm hand weigh itself down on his back, holding him firmly in place. In her other hand, she held a small spray bottle of some kind of green liquid. She suddenly spritzed the back of Jeff's neck, making him start. He heard Savannah chuckle over him as she produced a paper towel and slowly, carefully wiped the liquid away.

"Jeff, it's ok," said Sarah calmly. She suddenly rose up out of her chair and came over, collapsing back down into a sitting, cross-legged position next to Jeff on the floor. She reached her huge hands under his armpits and pulled him effortlessly towards her and into her lap, so that he was facing directly into the underside of her breasts. She pulled him in still closer, so that his entire face squished up against her boobs. She could feel his naked body shaking, and she squeezed him reassuringly, feeling her clit pulsating beneath his trembling form.

"It's ok, it's ok," she breathed down at him, petting his back with her huge hand. "I've got you." Jeff immediately felt safe. He still had no idea what was going on, but he knew that Sarah was right…it was going to be ok.

"All set?" Jeff heard Savannah say. "All disinfected with the green soap, and now we shave him."

"Oh I don't think you need to do that," laughed Sarah. Jeff felt her jiggling flesh shake his entire body. "Jeff doesn't really have any body hair to speak of."

"Well alright then!" chuckled Savannah. "Well…here we go then."

"Thank you Savannah," Jeff heard (and felt) Sarah say, even though her voice was a little muffled by her boob flesh. He felt her squeeze him tightly as she reached down and extracted his face from her breasts so that she could look straight down at him. Her face was serious, excited…and strangely animated. "Jeff," she said soothingly, after she had taken a few deep breaths. "This is going to hurt a little, but you need to stay still, ok? I've got you. I've got you the whole time, ok?"

"O-ok," said Jeff, blinking his eyes blankly up at her. She smiled and nodded down to him sweetly and then pulled his face back into her breasts. The aggressive sound of buzzing suddenly filled the air. Jeff started shaking again and Sarah squeezed him tightly once more. It sounded like there was an enormous, angry hornet in the room.

“Ok, here we go!” he heard Savannah say. And a few seconds later, he felt a searing sting on the back of his neck. He would’ve squirmed away, but Sarah held him tightly. For a moment he still didn’t know what was going on, but as he felt the sting penetrate his skin further, he suddenly knew. It was a tattoo. Savannah was tattooing the back of his neck. Permanently. Sarah was marking him as her own.

Chapter 31: Small Talk

Savannah didn't take long tattooing the back of Jeff's neck — it was clear that she was very good at this kind of thing, and she made short work of the design. Jeff had no idea what word or image or symbol had been etched into his skin, but he was too afraid of inviting Sarah's ire to ask. His skin was undoubtedly sore, but the cooling balm that Savannah had applied worked wonders, and calmed down any irritation.

"All done!" said Savannah, clapping her hands. The sound resounded with a metallic bite, from the metal of Savannah's innumerable rings clinking together. It had only been about 20 minutes after she had begun.

"Thank you so much Savannah," Jeff heard Sarah say. His face was enmeshed in the firm softness of her breasts, so he was only able to hear her words through the vibrations of her body. Even so, he could hear the earnestness and the seriousness in Sarah's voice…he felt chills. He didn't have any idea what had just happened, but he could tell from her tone that it was something important, something that was a big deal. A ritual had just been performed on his body, and not being privy to the hushed and weighty meaning behind it was enough to send Jeff into fresh waves of panic and anxiety.

"Of course, Sarah!" came Savannah's voice, earnest in kind. "You know I love you, girl. And besides, you inspire me in so much that you do, that the least I can do is provide my services sometimes."

"Well, just know that I never take them for granted," said Sarah. And almost immediately after, as if sensing Jeff's panic, Sarah hooked her large hands under his shoulders and lifted him up and away from her body. The coolness of the fresh living room air washed over his face as he blinked in the light. Sarah was smiling up at him as she held him out in front of her, her arms completely extended — just looking at her warm smiling face was enough to make Jeff relax a little. Sarah glanced down at his feet and smirked a little, averting her eyes back up to his as they danced with pleasure. Only then did Jeff realize that his feet were completely off the ground. Sarah was sitting on the sofa, and she was holding up his entire body, elevating it completely off the ground, seemingly without any hint of effort on her part. Jeff's cock, which had grown soft through the pain and surprise of the tattooing process, now slowly started rising to attention once more.

"You did soooo well Jeff!" said Sarah up at him as she smiled broadly. "I know that didn't feel too good, but you didn't even complain once. That's my boy!" As confused and disoriented as he was, Jeff couldn't help but smile at Sarah's compliment.

"Awww look at his little face light up when you compliment him!" giggled Savannah, having just put her tattooing equipment away. "There's…there's just no way this guy is 28! I mean…how on earth!? He looks like a little boy!"

"Haha, well he's not just any little boy!" laughed Sarah as she made wide eyes up at Jeff as she continued to hold him off the ground at arm's length. "He's my little boy now!" Jeff's cock twinged and kept rising, prompting another hoot from Savannah.

"Oooo! Look how quickly he responds to you! I'd say he's as good as trained already, Sarah!"

“Ohhhh no,” laughed Sarah, not taking her eyes away from Jeff’s face as she smiled wider and shook her head back and forth. “He’s got plenty of training left, I’m afraid. It’s not enough to just to get him to do things — I want him to think things…to feel things…” Sarah suddenly sat up straighter on the sofa and brought Jeff’s face up close to her own, so that there were only a few inches of separation between them. She was still holding him completely off the ground, with her strong hands in his armpits, almost completely wrapping around his shoulders from behind. Her hands felt so incredibly huge on him; Jeff looked down and saw how the red claws of her thumbs were almost touching in the middle of his chest. As if in response to his eyes, Sarah’s thumbs massaged into his bony chest, showing off their strength and pressure. He managed to bring his eyes up again, and their eyes locked. Even sitting down on the sofa, and holding him out in front of her like this, Sarah was taller. Jeff could smell her sweet breath as her full lips opened languidly in front of him.

“Do you know that, Jeff?” she asked him calmly, the sea green of her eyes silently raging. “Your training has only just begun. Everything before this has been a kind of introduction, a way to ease you in as someone I play with. But now you bear my mark, Jeff. My permanent mark. Do you know what means, Jeff?”

Jeff didn’t even know what the mark was, much less what it stood for — he shook his head. He couldn’t believe how easily Sarah was just holding him there in midair. Her strength was mind-boggling…his cock kept rising up, up, up in the air, until it was pointed at her chin.

“It means that you belong to me. It means that you’re totally and completely mine Jeff, body and soul. And your training will reflect that. Right now, we’re just covering the basics of obedience, and I can tell that will take some time to sink in. But just imagine, Jeff — just imagine what you’ll look like months from now, years from now, when I’ve been able to work on you for thousands and thousands of hours.” Sarah blinked, and Jeff could see that her eyes had started to sparkle a little with…tears? He didn’t understand. What could Sarah be crying about? Her expression betrayed an almost fierce happiness, so the tears in her eyes threw Jeff for a loop. It didn’t slow the hardening of his cock, however.

“Oh my god, just think of it!” continued Sarah, blinking some of the tears out of her eyes. “You’ll be so thoroughly trained as mine that you won’t even remember a time before me. You will live every moment, Jeff, every moment, according to my desires. You’ll bow your head immediately whenever I enter the room — you won’t even dream of walking past pictures of me without bowing. You’ll forget what it was like to have thoughts of your own — I’m going to eat the heart out of you, Jeff. I’m going to suck your soul right out through your cock and gargle it in my mouth and swallow it, over and over and over again, until there’s nothing left of you but what I put there.”

Jeff was panting hard now from Sarah’s words; he was so locked into the intensity of her eyes that he didn’t even notice that Savannah had put her hand under her dress and was masturbating herself.

“It will change you Jeff,” continued Sarah in that same slow, merciless calmness, “It will change you completely. Your skin will change, your hair will change, your eyes will look different…your legs will atrophy even more from not walking…and you’ll just keep getting smaller and smaller

and smaller, the more I suck out of you. You won't even be able to escape when you're unconscious — I will dominate your dreams."

And people who see you will recoil in disgust, because you'll be such a tiny husk of a man. But really, they'll recoil because they won't be able to handle seeing someone submit so totally to another. It will eat at their minds, just seeing you, Jeff. It will disturb them. But it won't matter — we can let them stare. Because by then you'll know….you'll truly understand, how completely you belong to me."

A sharp exhalation signaled that Savannah had just orgasmed, but neither Jeff nor Sarah broke their eyes away from each other. Jeff's face was burning hot — he felt like he was going to burst at any moment. But even now, in the nascent stages of his training, he knew that he was not to cum, especially since he would have shot himself all over Sarah's breasts. She had not given him permission. He gritted his teeth and bit his upper lip, determined not to fail her. Sarah regarded him with that same silent serenity that somehow managed to burn with quiet, insistent intensity. She cocked her head and pursed her lips, evidently enjoying the difficulty Jeff was having in keeping himself from cumming.

After a few seconds Sarah glanced down at Jeff's engorged purple cock. He felt her hands squeeze and unsqueeze his soulders from underneath his armpits as her plush lips broadened into a smile.

"Ohhh little Jeff," she breathed, her eyes feasting on his cock, "How I'd just loovvveee to take you in my mouth right now. You know I can deepthroat that whole thing. You've seen me do it, haha! How long do you think you'd last in my mouth right now, hmmm? How long do you think you could last if I shoved the whole thing down my biigggg throat? A second, maybe? Two seconds? Haha, probably not much more than that, I'm sure. You couldn't take it, Jeff. I'd swallow down on your cock again and again, and my throat muscles would just milk every last bit of cum from that monster cock of yours. And I'd swallow it all. Straight down into my belly."

"P-pleasee…" croaked Jeff, surprising himself with how strange his voice sounded. He almost didn't sound human at all.

Sarah blinked slowly as she smiled and shook her head. "Oh no, little one, not now," she said. Promptly, she deposited Jeff lightly on the floor, onto his hands and knees. She had realized that if she kept at him like this, he would blow his wad right then and there, no matter if she touched his cock or not.

"You have to wait until tonight!" she said excitedly, lounging back into the sofa. She looked over at Savannah, who was fanning herself in the afterglow of her orgasm. The two women raised their eyebrows at each other.

"T-tonight?" asked Jeff, his little heart still hammering away as he lifted himself up to his knees, assuming the sitting position.

"Yes, tonight!" said Sarah, her eyes flashing. "You're gonna be the grand finale, mister! That is, as long as you can follow directions. Think you can do that, Jeff?"

“Uh, yes. Yeah!” he said. He had no idea what Sarah had planned with Savannah and the cop, but until this moment he had not realized that he himself was going to play a major role in the operation. He started to feel anxious…a strange kind of precursor to stage fright.

“And don’t you worry your little head,” said Sarah. “I can see it, Jeff — I can see it in your face. You’re nervous! Hahaha, so cute! But there’s nothing to be nervous about.”

Sarah suddenly clapped her hands and sprang off the sofa. “Ok!” she said, her tone suddenly business-like. “I’ve gotta get some work done in the next few hours. Wanna play with him some, Savannah?”

“Suurreee!” she said, smiling through the lazy haze of her post-orgasmic pleasure.

“Just make sure you don’t make him cum, ok?” asked Sarah.

“Of course,” nodded Savannah, as if Sarah had been making an observation about the weather.

“Ok, great — you two have fun!” said Sarah. She looked down at Jeff — sitting on his knees like this, his head only came up to the middle of her thick creamy thighs. Sarah bent down and gently grabbed the back tuft of his hair, lifting it for a moment. Jeff didn’t know what she was doing for a second, but he quickly realized that she was looking at his new tattoo. She held him like that for a few seconds, and then let him go. A satisfied, triumphant smile shined forth from her face as she rose back up, until Jeff couldn’t even see her face anymore. Her boobs were in the way.

Sarah walked over to her desk, collapsed down into the chair, and put her headphones in. She grabbed a stack of papers, and within a few seconds she was cut off from Jeff, and from the rest of the room. Jeff gawked at her back in the chair — he couldn’t understand how Sarah could switch gears so quickly.

“Hey Jeff,” came Savannah’s voice from they sofa. His head snapped over to her. She was patting the cushion next to her lazily. “Why don’t you crawl on up here and sit next to me?”

Jeff did, even though he was embarrassed. He was still totally naked, and his erection had not totally gone away. Savannah suddenly reached out a hand and started fondling his balls. Jeff didn’t know what to do, and just sat there, with his cock getting hard again.

“Hmmm,” thought Savannah out loud. Her hands switched to his upper thigh. She massaged him and squeezed him, testing his legs for size.

“Gosh where does she find all you tiny men?” she asked in a hushed whisper. For the next several minutes, Savannah continued to explore Jeff’s body casually with her hand, rubbing and squeezing here and there with no apparent pattern or intention. Jeff was completely hard right now — the impersonal way that Savannah was touching him was making him feel utterly objectified, which only served to pump more blood to his nether regions.

“So Sarah tells me,” said Savannah, pinching the tiny ball of his shoulder in her fingers, “that you like size comparisons, hmm?”

“Uh…s-size comparisons?” Jeff asked, confused. His proximity to this new, ravishing young woman was throwing him off, especially now that she was nonchalantly playing with his body like he was a little doll or pet.

“Yeah, size comparisons!” said Savannah, smiling down at him as she shook his shoulder a little with her hand, causing the whole half of his body to jolt and tremble. Jeff felt the obvious power in her grip, and as he looked at her tattooed forearms and the swell of her bare lower legs, he had no doubt that Savannah could do anything she wanted with his body.

“Like…how about this, Jeff?” asked Savannah, suddenly chipper. She sat up a little straighter on the sofa, and Jeff could feel the cushions moving under him from Savannah’s posture adjustment. She straightened out her back and thrust her big boobs forward proudly. “Look at how much taller I am than you when we’re both sitting!”

There was no arguing with her — sitting down in this way, Jeff’s head only came up to the top of her breasts. He was staring straight into them, and he could therefore clearly see how her breasts’ size and girth strained the chest of her black dress. Jeff felt Savannah’s big hand on the top of his head, and she drew an invisible line from the top of his head to her breasts.

“See? Wow, look at that! You only come up to my chest! How does that make you feel, Jeff?”

He brought his eyes up to hers. Her eyes were big, penetrating, and intense…almost black. But what truly made Jeff nervous was the way that Savannah was looking at him — there was nothing mean or spiteful in her eyes, and yet to Jeff it was absolutely clear that Savannah was speaking to an inferior. It wasn’t like she was talking to a child or to a pet…it was different. It was just like…she was talking to another person who was beneath her, lesser, submissive to her. Realizing this reality in her eyes was startlingly arousing for Jeff, and his cock kept rising up and up toward her protruding breasts.

“Uh…s-small,” he said in a tiny voice. “It…it makes me feel small.”

“Mmhmm,” said Savannah, nodding her head deliberately down at him. “Yeah I bet it makes you feel small, Jeff.” She suddenly reached down one of her hands and started feeling Jeff’s shriveled forearm up and down.

“It’s just…it’s almost so ridiculous that it’s not even believable!” breathed Savannah in an almost-hushed whisper. “I mean, just…just look at this, Jeff!” Savannah’s long fingers effortlessly encircled Jeff’s skinny wrist and kept going, all the way up his forearm, until she had her whole hand wrapped around his bicep. There was more than enough finger space to spare.

“I can wrap my hand around your freaking bicep, Jeff! Like it’s nothing!” said Savannah softly down at him. She wasn’t even mocking him — she was just speaking in pure and unadulterated amazement at the reality of their size difference.

“Like…oh my god. Hold out your arm next to mine,” she said, making a fist as she held up her forearm. Jeff was almost shaking from arousal now as he brought his arm up to hers. He could already tell it was going to be a lopsided comparison, but nothing could have prepared him for actually seeing their forearms side by side. Jeff’s mouth went dry as he beheld the size

difference. It looked like a scrawny child was holding up his arm next to his mother's, his mother whose limbs had grown firm and strong from years of physical activity.

"Unbelievable!" whispered Savannah down at him, her mouth open in astonishment. She turned to look down at him, and her eyes were wide in genuine bewilderment. "Like, Jeff…how on earth did you get this small?? Have you always been this way?!"

"Uh…n-no, no!" he said, trying an failing to keep his voice form shaking. "I j-just…the past few years I've, uh…I haven't been as, uh…active and everything."

"You think!?" giggled Savannah, shaking Jeff's body with her own laughter. "Jesus, it looks like you do nothing but stay inside and play video games all day, while eating no protein and never exercising." Jeff was silent, and Savannah nodded her head down at him.

"Hmm, yeah, that's about right, huh? And genes must explain it too." Savannah slowly started moving her forearm back and forth against Jeff's. As she did so, she flexed and unflexed her hand, which caused the tattoos on her arm to curve and undulate impressively. Savannah's arms were fleshy and feminine, but it was undeniable that there was firm, strong muscle underneath their fleshy exterior. "You got tiny parents, Jeff?"

"Uh, n-no, not really," he said. His mind shot back to how huge Sarah had looked when she had stood next to his parents earlier that day. Even though that was only hours ago, it already seemed ages away in the past.

"Aha, so you just kinda got screwed in the genetic lottery, huh?" chuckled Savannah.

"Uh…m-maybe so, yeah," said Jeff, not knowing what else to say. Savannah suddenly reached down and put her hands around his waist on either side, extending her fingers around his front and her thumbs around his back as she checked the size of his hips. Since Savannah had larger-than-average hands, she could nearly get her fingers to touch. Jeff shuddered a little, both from exhilaration at being touched in this way, and because he could feel the cold metal of her many rings on his naked skin.

"But, like…wow," she continued, shaking her head as she marveled at his bony frame. "You have to be kidding me! Look at this! I can, like, just about get my hands around your entire waist!" Savannah's dark eyes went wide again in amazement as her full lips broke apart in a smile. "Sarah told me that you were tiny, but I guess I just didn't realize that…that you were like this! Hahaha oh my god, where does she find you little things?"

"S-so…so Sarah has uh…has done this b-before?" ventured Jeff. He was surprised at his ability to actually verbalize this question, especially since he was almost overtaken by arousal.

"Haha, what, did you really think you were her first?" laughed Savannah, squeezing his hips with her hands as her dark eyes danced down at him.

"Uh, no…no I guess I…uh…I don't know what I thought," stumbled Jeff.

"Yeah, she told me that she's already blown you a few times," laughed Savannah, arching her eyebrows down at him. "You know all that crazy stuff she does with her tongue?"

“Y-yes…” panted Jeff.

“Well, you can’t really get to be that good at something without…lots of practice,” said Savannah wryly through her grin.

Jeff badly wanted to ask how many other men Sarah had…practiced on…how many she had made her submissives, but his throat was too dry for it to come out. He swallowed a few times and tried to ask the question again, but Savannah was already speaking.

“Hey, why don’t you try on one of my rings, Jeff?” she asked excitedly. She reached down and took off one of her rings from her pinkie finger, which was in the shape of a skull, and brought it up to Jeff’s hand. Cupping his small hand in hers, she slid the ring down onto his forefinger, and then descended into giggles. There was so much extra room in the ring’s circumference that Jeff realized that it probably would have easily fit two of his fingers.

“Haha, wooowww!” chuckled Savannah. She took the ring off his forefinger and slid it onto his middle finger — the result was essentially the same. “Here, move your hand around normally!” said Savannah. Jeff did, and the ring came sliding straight off his finger.

“Woah, you’re just tiny all around, aren’t you?” giggled Savannah, fetching her ring from the sofa cushion and putting it back on her pinkie finger. She flexed her fingers several times, showing Jeff how it stayed on. “Tiny arms, tiny waist, tiny hands, tiny little fingers…” Savannah extended out her hand and scratched his bare chest lightly with her black fingernails. “Tiny, tiny, tiny,” she chanted. “And the best part is, you love it, don’t you, Jeff?”

Jeff bowed his head and nodded, feeling absolutely minuscule in the presence of this curvy, buxom woman.

“Yeah, Sarah’s told me all about how naturally submissive you are,” said Savannah, drawing her big fingers all over Jeff’s chest, down into his crotch, and back up his neck to his hair. “She said you tried to fight it at first, but that all she needed to do was show you what you actually looked like next to her.”

Jeff nodded again. He thought back to that night when she had made them stand side by side in the mirror. That was the night she had crushed his spirit, consumed his soul…Jeff wanted to feel bad about it, but all he could feel was the overpowering pangs of lust that the memory inspired. He glanced over at Sarah’s big back, her long blond hair hunched forward, poring over the papers on her desk.

“And awww, look at that,” purred Savannah. She reached down and grasped his chin in her strong hand, pulling Jeff’s face up to meet her own. “Even now, after she’s destroyed your ego, you look at her like that…like she’s a goddess.” Savannah looked up past Jeff’s face for a moment, at Sarah’s back, before she returned her eyes to his.

“I mean, she is, isn’t she?” she said down at Jeff. “Just look at the girl. When I first met her, I could hardly believe she was real.”

“Wh-when…when did you meet her?” asked Jeff. Through all of his helpless arousal, he wanted to piece together the puzzle of Savannah’s and Sarah’s connection. He wanted to see how deep this whole thing went.

“Oh a couple years ago,” said Savannah, winking at him. “Haha, look at you, little guy. Trying to carry on a normal conversation.”

Jeff opened his mouth to ask about their first meeting, but Savannah effortlessly talked over him. “I can just tell by the way you look at her, Jeff. She’s gotten inside you. She’s totally taken hold of your mind.” Savannah peered down closer at him, still holding his chin up to her. “I’ve seen her do it before, but Jeff, I have to say, I’ve never seen any one of Sarah’s little men so… so totally overwhelmed, so completely consumed by her. And you know what the crazy part is, Jeff? It’s just beginning. It’s just starting. Did you hear what Sarah was saying a few minutes ago? About what you’ll look like in a few months…in a few years?! How your mind will be so overtaken with her that…that she’ll even dominate your dreams?!”

“Y-yes,” croaked Jeff. His cock meat was straining through his skin, threatening to burst straight up at Savannah’s chin.

“That’s real, Jeff. I’ve seen her do it before,” breathed Savannah down at him. “I’ve seen what she can do. All that stuff you’ve already seen…her tongue tricks and all that…that’s nothing, nothing compared to what she will do to you later. She’s going to make you scream in ecstasy, little one, she’s going to drive you absolutely mad…mad…She’s going to do things to you that you didn’t think were possible. And lucky me, I get to watch sometimes! I get to see you transform.”

Jeff shut his eyes and grit his teeth. He somehow found it in himself to keep from cumming, even as Savannah kept at him.

“What’s crazy to me, though, is that you’re actually older than me, Jeff. Older. By 4 years!” She let go of his chin and looked over to Sarah, gesturing in her direction with her thumb. “Older than her by 7 years! Haha, like, Sarah was 11 years old when you went off to college! And look at you two now. Hot damn.”

As if she had a sixth sense, Sarah suddenly turned around. Jeff’s heart went into his mouth as he saw her huge form swivel around in her chair. She looked at the pair on the sofa and chuckled as she took one of her headphones out of her ear.

“Haha, I thought I smelled cum bubbling in those big balls!” she laughed, winking over at them. “Ease up on him, Savannah — if you keep at it he’s not gonna be able to help himself.”

“Haha, ok Sarah — sorry!” laughed Savannah. “I guess I was just getting a little carried away. I just…wow, yeah, I can’t believe how small and submissive this one is…and he’s 28 years old!”

“Blows my mind too,” chuckled Sarah. “How about this — how about you go over the plan for tonight with our little guy? I was gonna do it myself, but I need to keep working here. You think you can do that?”

“Oh, totally!” said Savannah excitedly.

“And you, Jeff — ” said Sarah slowly. “You think you can keep your balls full for me tonight?”

Jeff nodded his head. Sarah smiled at him warmly, put her headphones back in, and turned around.

“Ok!” said Savannah, smiling broadly as she covered a large portion of Jeff’s upper back with her big hand and started rubbing. “So, tonight…”

A few hours later, Officer Hanson rang Sarah’s doorbell.

Chapter 32: Foreplay

Sarah slowly opened her front door. Officer Hanson's mouth dropped open.

"Oh…my god," he said, completely dumbfounded. He had been smugly confidant when he rang the doorbell, but just seeing Sarah standing before him like this was enough to make him almost tremble with arousal. He had never seen Sarah actually standing up before, since their only interaction had been with him standing and her sitting in her driver's seat. Now, however, the police officer was able to see how huge Sarah truly was. She loomed up high above him in a thin white night robe that went down in graceful, gossamer flows to her knees. Her robe left little to the imagination, and the officer could see the erect points of her nipples sticking out from her massive breasts.

"Heeyyy there, officer," purred Sarah sexily, standing up to her full height as she brought her hands up to cup her breasts. Hanson couldn't believe this woman's figure…it was almost unreal. On top of her huge breasts, her entire figure was just a knockout combination of one bombshell feature after the other. He couldn't help it as his eyes scanned up and down her colossal body, as if he were searching for some kind of answer as to how this could all be possible, how some woman could actually have a body like this. Her legs were long and womanly, with impressive thickness around her calves and up through her enormous thighs…her wide hips seemed to stretch her black skimpy panties almost to their breaking point. Besides her see-through white night robe, this lingerie was the only clothing that Sarah had on.

Up and up Hanson continued to look, past her solid stomach, where he could see some definite muscle tone underneath her robust flesh, and past her nipples, which were even with his chin. At 6'1, Hanson was not accustomed to looking up at most people, especially women. But for Sarah, he had to crane his head up to even have a chance of looking her in the eye. his eyes were even with the top of her breasts, and his head barely reached the wide expanse of her solid shoulders. Her long white neck was craned down at him, and she had a sultry smile on her face as her sea green eyes sparkled in the mellow porch light. Hanson averted his eyes down from hers almost as soon as they had locked together…she was just so stunningly gorgeous that he could hardly bear to hold eye contact. His eyes shot down to her feet, and he saw that she had tall, sexy black heels on, which showed off the impressive flex of her big calves. He was suddenly aware of low, soft, and flickering lights behind Sarah's massive form, and a sweet-smelling, musky wave of sandalwood hit his nostrils.

"Well, aren't you happy to see me?" Sarah giggled, reaching her hand up to scratch her chin. Her blood-red lipstick matched her fingernail polish, and in that moment Hanson remembered how she had scratched the head of that…that small guy with her sharp talons. He straightened himself up.

"Oh…y-yes…yes of course I am!" he said earnestly, feeling like his voice sounded meager next to her deep, rich tones. "I just had to…uh…you know, catch my breath there for a minute." He smiled and shook his head. "Man oh man, you are…you are absolutely breathtaking! You know that, right?"

"Oh you're too sweet!" laughed Sarah. "And…oh look at that! You brought me flowers!"

“You can’t go to a lady’s house without bringing her flowers!” said Hanson, confidently reaching up to hand Sarah the bouquet of roses he had been holding. Sarah bent down and graciously accepted them, sticking her nose in them and inhaling sweetly with closed eyes.

“Mmmm, they smell lovely,” she breathed, blinking down at him slowly.

“Gotta know where to get the best kind,” said Hanson, cocking his head confidently to the side. “There’s a real nice store down on Abernathy Road that…sells…uh…” He trailed off, because Sarah had yawned her mouth open and slowly engulfed one of the big roses in her mouth. This was not an easy task, since the roses were so big, but Sarah managed to do it, with her eyes locked down on him the whole time. It was a show of sexual power, and of how horny she was feeling. Hanson, whose dick was already pretty hard just from looking at Sarah, hardened further at her blatant sexual display.

“Aaaaaa….ahahaha!” laughed Sarah, opening her mouth again as she came up off the rose. “That turn you on, officer? I’ve been practicing, you know. I got a good look at that heat you were packing in your pants earlier today, and I’d hate to disappoint you tonight.” She looked down at Hanson’s crotch, and saw his thick cock straining through his pants. She licked her lips and purred again. Hanson could hardly believe this girl…god she looked horny.

“How big is it, officer?” asked Sarah as she continued to stare at his crotch.

“Over ten and a half inches, baby,” said Hanson proudly.

“Oh my,” said Sarah, arching her eyebrows. “That’s quite impressive, sir. Anyone ever deepthroated you before?”

“Haha, you kiddin’?” chuckled Hanson. “I’ve had some girls get about halfway down, but no, never actually deepthroating it…I’m pretty thick too, you know.”

“Mmmm I like thick,” said Sarah deliciously, putting her free hand on her hip as she rolled it lusciously forward. Hanson’s eyes got wider — Jesus this girl was curvy…and totally stacked too.

“Well tonight you’re gonna feel what it’s like to have your whole cock down my throat,” said Sarah as she winked down at him.

“Uh…haha, I mean…whatever you say!” laughed Hanson skeptically. “I won’t fault you for trying, but — ”

“Oh just you wait, mister,” said Sarah, licking her lips. She stepped aside and gestured that he should come inside. He did, and Sarah closed the door behind him. Hanson could hardly believe that someone as young as Sarah actually owned a house as nice as this one…he reasoned that she probably had some rich parents or something. But deeper down in his psyche, he somehow knew that Sarah had attained all of this for herself. Her obvious intelligence, and the confident way that she handled herself, combined with her unquestionable erotic appeal, told him that she had to power to get whatever she wanted.

“What’s your first name, Mr. Hanson?” asked Sarah as she strode past him, leading him deeper into her house, which seemed to be only lit by the flickering reds and oranges of candlelight.

“Uh, Jack,” he said, following her large frame without thinking. Jack Hanson’s initial confidence had wavered a bit on Sarah’s front doorstep, but now that he was actually inside her house, he could feel himself regaining some of his mental control. Plus, it didn’t appear like he was going to have to do anything to impress her for things to get started — he could see that Sarah was leading him into the living room, which looked primed for sexual activity. A stylish red sofa was sitting there in the center of an array of flickering candles, and their soft, low light and fragrant scents gave the room a decidedly erotic and sensual air. Jack looked around for a moment, and for some reason was not surprised to see that Sarah kept quite a clean house. There was no clutter around, and the hardwood floors appeared spotless; the furniture was all neat and orderly situated. The sofa was a comfortable distance away from the dark wood of an upscale coffee table, under which appeared to be a large sort of rectangular chest that was draped over with a blanket. Jack looked over and saw Sarah’s desk was over there on the other side of the room, and the myriads of neatly-staked paper on top of it. He could see farther into the house, into the kitchen, but that part of the house was still largely obscured from view because of the low light.

“So,” said Jack, turning from looking at Sarah’s desk back to the living room, as he saw her sit down gracefully on her sofa after depositing the roses on the coffee table, “what do you…um, do for a living, huh?”

“Oh, no small talk right now, please, Jack,” said Sarah deviously from her sitting position. She leaned back on the sofa and her breasts jutted out, freeing themselves from her gossamer nightgown. Jack couldn’t help but gawk at how rounded and perky her breasts looked, now totally exposed. He moved to sit down, but Sarah help up a cautionary hand, indicating that he was to remain standing.

“I want you,” she said, slowly and deliberately, “to strip for me, Jack. I want you to show me what you’ve got. And don’t rush it. Can you do that? Can you do that for me, Jack?”

“Uhh, sure, haha!” he said, laughing a little that he was being ordered to do things. Generally, Jack Hanson was not the one who was following other women’s orders, in both public an private life…but this was different. The person who was ordering him was Sarah Helleger, and she spoke in such a calm, measured, and confidant way that Jack didn’t really even think to disobey her. He bent down and slowly started unlacing his shoes, smiling up awkwardly at Sarah as he did so. Sarah watched him silently, smirking down at his undressing.

Jack removed his shoes, then took off his socks. He stood up as tall as he could in front of this bombshell amazon, appreciating that at least with her sitting he was looking down at her. But it wasn’t by much — even sitting all the way down on the sofa, the top of Sarah’s head came all the way up to his chin.

“Ooo yes, come closer,” cooed Sarah softly, producing a long, taloned finger and curling it upward over and over toward him. As she spoke, she leaned back farther on the sofa and spread her huge legs, creating a large inverted “V” space directly in front of her. She pointed down with her finger, indicating that she wanted him to stand right in between her legs. Jack hesitated a moment, and then obeyed. He was feeling a little weird about all of this; even though

he wasn't actually aware of his current thought process, the truth was that he was finding it odd inhabiting an unfamiliar position in a sexual exchange. He was always the one instigating things with his girlfriend, or with other women he had been with. And he was the one who usually had his sexual partners do stuff for him, as he sat back and watched them perform for him smugly, a proud and vainglorious patriarch. Blowjobs, sexy dancing, ass shaking, and so on…Jack was used to watching these things happening for him. But now, it felt like the roles were switched. And yet still he obeyed, and with a smile at that. He could hardly believe that he was about to fuck someone so hot.

Once Jack was standing directly in between Sarah's legs, she spoke again.

"Ok, now your shirt first, please, Mr. Jack," she breathed deeply up at him. "Show me that chest of yours, stud. Show me those sexxxy abs."

Jack smiled proudly as he moved to pull off his shirt. He knew that he was ripped, and looked forward to seeing Sarah's impressed reaction to his physique. As he reached up to remove his shirt, Sarah raised her hand lazily and twirled her finger in the air, in the universal motion that said: "Start it up!" Almost instantly, low, sexy, bass-heavy music started gently thudding through the room. The music startled Jack, and he took a step back, looking around in alarm.

"What?" he asked anxiously, glancing around. "What's that? Where did that come from?"

"It's music, silly man," laughed Sarah gently. "And who told you you could back up away from me? Come on, get yourself back here!" She suddenly shot her big body forward and tightened one of her huge hands around Jack's wrist. She leaned back calmly again, bringing the cop forward with her. He stumbled forward a couple paces, and back into the large maw in between her legs. He was momentarily shocked by Sarah's brazenness, and by her strength. She had just tugged him forward like he was nothing! He looked down on her, and for the first time, something like worry emanated out from his face.

"Aww, what's the matter, big boy?" Sarah asked in mock concern, pouting her plush, blood-red lips at him. "You don't like my mood music?"

"N-no…I mean…I mean, yes I do," said Jack. He wanted to look around more for the source of the music, and how Sarah had managed to start it with a little wave of her finger. Did they have technology like that now? Jack didn't know why his mind was racing through all these trivial things…and one good look down at Sarah, complete with her jabbing her tongue into the side of her cheek repeatedly, was enough to chase all the excess thoughts from his mind. His eyes traveled quickly over her incredible body again…her legs looked absolutely huge on either side of him, great creamy slabs of solid flesh that were even bigger and longer than he had realized initially. With her heels on, and her legs spread apart like this on either side of him, her knees came all the way up to his waist. He had never felt so small in his life.

"Well go on," chuckled Sarah, raising her eyebrows up at him. "Lose the shirt, mister. And do it slowly. Move your body sexily for me as you take it off. Can you make yourself move sexy, Jack?"

"Umm…uh, yeah," he said, looking confused and out of his element.

“You’re giving me a strip-tease, Jack,” she said up to him softly, as if patiently explaining something to someone who did not understand. “You’re getting me going. I need to be warmed up, you understand, right? And…mmmm…nothing gets me going more than seeing a big, sexy, muscled man slowly stripping in front of me as he dances and undulates his biigggg body in between my legs.”

“Uh…ok,” said Jack. Was she mocking him? Was she making fun of the fact that she was so much bigger than him? Jack didn’t really know. The bass music kept driving steadily through the air, and he looked down at Sarah, trying to see where she was coming from. She was just sitting there, calmly looking up at him. She was waiting. And, somewhere in his mind, Jack knew that he didn’t want to see what would happen if he didn’t obey her. He dutifully reached up and slowly started to unbutton his shirt as he started rolling his hips around in a circle, to the beat of the music. Sarah’s smile widened, and her eyes got bigger. Clearly she was enjoying this. Jack felt emboldened by her reaction, and kept unbuttoning himself, taking the liberty to gyrate and undulate his hips back and forth as he slowly removed his shirt.

Sarah reached a hand up to her mouth and appeared to stifle something. Was it a laugh? Jack couldn’t tell. He wasn’t going to torture himself playing mind games with himself, though. Besides, what did he have to worry about, after all? He was ripped! Sarah would start drooling when she saw him without a shirt on! After another minute or so, he had fully removed his shirt, and stood there with his hands on his hips, momentarily paused in his dancing.

“Why’d you stop?” asked Sarah quietly. Her question immediately caused him to resume his movements. He felt something like frustration welling up inside him. Wasn’t she impressed with his upper body? As he continued to roll land undulate his form between her legs, he felt Sarah’s eyes traveling across his chest, down to his abs, and over and across his chiseled arms.

“Hmm, well, it’s clear that you work out a lot — that’s for sure,” chuckled Sarah. “Still, though…” She paused, and Jack felt his anxiety spike.

“Still? Still what?” he blurted out, sounding more insecure than he wanted to.

“Oh. Haha, don’t worry, it’s nothing, really,” said Sarah, grinning. “I should be used to this kind of thing by now.”

“What…what kind of thing?” he persisted, still dancing for her.

Sarah grinned and gave a little huff of a laugh, as if acknowledging her own silliness. “It’s just that I keep getting surprised by how…small all you men look to me.”

“Haha, uh…small?!” exclaimed Jack, abruptly stopping his dancing again. This girl might have been huge, but there was no way she could just start talking down to him like this…and with that little smile on her face too!

“You stopped dancing again,” Sarah almost whispered, and her eyebrows went up expectantly. Jack paused in between her legs for a couple moments. Was he really just going to let her lord this power play over him? He needed to get a few things understood…he needed to set her straight about a few things here. Jack Hanson was not someone who was accustomed to being ordered around by the women he fucked. And yet, the longer the silence in between them

progressed, and the longer he stood motionless in between her legs, the more anxious he felt, and the more powerful he felt she became. She didn't do what he expected and try and backpedal or change her tactics or anything like that. No — she just kept staring silently up at him, with her eyebrows raised. He suddenly began to fear what might happen if he didn't give into her strange whims. And, in that moment, he also realized that he had stood there silently for too long. Either he was going to start dancing again or not; he couldn't just hang out here on the fence like this.

With a little forced chuckle, he started moving and swaying his body again. He would show her. He would let her have this one and show her who was the boss when they were actually fucking. This was just the foreplay, after all!

'Ok, you big bitch — you win the foreplay,' he thought, smiling down at her. 'I'm gonna win the rest of the night.'

"Haha therrrre we go…good to see the little man smile," breathed Sarah up at him, with a chuckle of her own.

"You call this small?" asked Jack, still dancing and swaying around as he pumped up his arms in a double-bicep pose.

"Oooo, nice mussscleeess," giggled Sarah appreciatively. "Here, bring me one of those arms over here. And keep dancing, big boy."

Jack lowered one of his arms, and Sarah sat up on the sofa and leaned forward, reaching out to take it in her hand. The cop's arm was definitely muscled and sizable, but it was to scale, and he was only 6'1. Sarah cooed and hummed as she raked her sharp fingernails lightly over his forearm. Jack's cock jumped to attention in his pants, awakening from the slight droopage of the past minute or so.

"Hmmm, let's see," said Sarah curiously, and before Jack knew it, she had wrapped her long fingers completely around his wrist. "Ha! Look at that. Eeasssily around the whole thing," she informed him with a bright smile. "Let's see how far I can go, huh?" She started slowly making her way up his arm. At first Jack had no clue what she was doing, but after a few seconds he realized: she was measuring his arm with her hand, to see how far she could wrap her fingers around his entire limb. He kept moving his body, but his feelings of strangeness increased. What was in this girl's head?!

As she pleasantly hummed and clicked her tongue to the beat of the bass music, Sarah languidly made her fingers just over halfway up Jack's muscled forearm before she had reached her limit.

"Wow!" she said, her huge form shaking slightly with her soft laughter. "I can totally just wrap my hand all the way around your arm…all the way up to…there! Haha, damn!" She suddenly gave a quick little tug with her hand, and Jack stumbled forward even more, almost colliding with her seated body.

"Keep those hips moving, cowboy, I liked that last move you pulled," moaned Sarah deliciously as she looked up into Jack's face. Her praise had a strange effect on him; normally he wasn't so

emotionally pliable, but even that tiny little compliment that she gave him made him want to give her more. He suddenly didn't even care that she was measuring his body and teasing him about his size. He threw his hips into a windmill motion, inviting another soft laugh from Sarah.

"Haha, woah, easy there. Take it easy…finesse…finesse those hips. Haha, yeah!" She had tugged him forward because she wanted to see how far she could wrap her hand around his upper arm. Jack had impressive 17-inch biceps, but for some reason they suddenly looked markedly smaller when Sarah wrapped her hand around their lower, 12-inch area, closer to the elbow. It looked like there was only a few inches to spare…maybe 3 inches at the very most.

"Hmm, well look at that," said Sarah out loud, but as if she was speaking only to herself, "I can almost get my whole hand around his bicep…haha, Jesus." Jack didn't know what to make of all of this, but Sarah was moving too quickly for him to process anything. It was suddenly apparent to him that she had lined up her own arm next to his, comparing their sizes.

"Mmm oh yeah, oh yeah, shimmy those hips," groaned Sarah appreciatively. She looked up at Jack and made sexy eyes at him, issuing her tongue and flicking it back and forth with inhuman speed. Jack's eyes nearly bugged out of his head at this abnormal and perverse display of power. Sarah laughed openly at his shocked reaction.

"Haha! Oooo you like my tongue Jack?" she teased. "Good. You're gonna see what it can do tonight." She turned back to their arm comparison and uttered a delighted cry as she held his arm still next to hers. "Look at that, Jack! Look at our arms next to each other! Ooo, nice hip roll there….haha, what do you think? Who's got the bigger arm?"

"Y-you do," he said through the undulations of his movements. What else was he supposed to say? The results were plain to see. There was no question at all that Sarah's forearm was longer and bigger than his, and by a fairly sizable margin too. The comparison was not as absurdly ridiculous as it was when Jeff and Sarah compared arms, but there was still no question at all who was bigger.

"Mmhm, yesss, I do," intoned Sarah deeply up at him. She released him and leaned back again into the sofa, her eyes dancing over the semi-naked man still dancing in between her legs. As she leaned back, she struck her own double-biceps pose. "And I got bigger upper arms too. Maybe not as big in terms of pure muscle, but I've got that womanly thickness everywhere, I think." Jack didn't say anything; there wasn't anything to say. She was right.

"You know what?" said Sarah suddenly, "I have an idea." She jingled a few of the bracelets off her wrist, taking care not to damage them as she carefully removed them by pulling them over the vast expanse on her big hand. When they were free, she held them up to the identical bracelets on her other wrist. "Let's go twinsies tonight, huh, Jack?" she giggled, and reached out, handing him the bracelets. He took them, still dancing, and looked down at them with a puzzled expression.

"Put them on your arm, silly man!" laughed Sarah. Jack hesitated a moment, and then just did as he was told. This night was getting weirder, but he had already decided to go along with whatever this amazon wanted. That tongue of hers…whatever she was having him do in exchange for feeling that on his cock, was worth it.

“There you go, now put your arms up in the air and show me that move again that you just busted a minute ago…yeah…yeeeaaahhh…there! Mmmm, that’s nice.” As Sarah practically purred these words, she put her own arms up in the air. Jack was startled to see that, even from a sitting position, her arms rose above his own head, and were not too far from the height of his own raised arms from his standing position. Sarah looked at her arms, and then at Jack’s, and then back to hers again. Jack didn’t know what she was doing, but that didn’t matter to Sarah — she was looking to see how far her bracelets went down his arm. She was heartened and even more turned on than she had previously been when she saw the comparison. Her bracelets went about two-thirds down his forearm; she smiled as she looked back to her own raised arms, delighting in seeing how her bracelets only went down her forearm about a quarter of the way.

Green fire seemed to flare up in her eyes as she suddenly stood up, with her hands on her hips, looming imposingly over the comparatively tiny man in all of her startling glory. Jack didn’t know what to do; she looked so aggressive. Her vigorous hips reached his chest. He felt instantly small, weak, and submissive.

“Sit down,” snarled Sarah, pointing to where she had been sitting on the sofa a moment before. Jack obeyed without question, feeling a touch of fear as he did so. But his cock was nearly at full mast now, straining to be released out of his blue jeans. Moments later, Sarah obliged. Right after Jack sat down, she had collapsed down to her knees, and with two quick motions of her hand plied his legs open, as easily as if he weighed nothing at all. Sarah’s eyes were burning into his as she glowered sexily at him, and her tongue came dancing out of her mouth again, flickering insanely for a second before disappearing again. Jack blinked and became aware that he was starting to hyperventilate. He tried to calm himself down by taking deep breaths, but what Sarah did next did nothing to assuage his breathing. Her eyes still smoldering, she unbuckled his belt and unthreaded it from his waistband in the span of a couple sharp seconds, discarding it behind her. What she did next stunned the officer. She reached both of her her huge hands into the front of his jeans and, with a single deft motion, tore them all the way down to the crotch as if they were made of tissue paper.

Jack’s long thick cock sprang into the dark, flickering room, overeager and purple from arousal. A long vein ran up and down Jack’s cock, and his head was impressively wide and bulbous, a real challenge for any normal girl. But Sarah wasted no time in taking Jack’s cock into her mouth and shut her eyes tightly as she shook and shimmied her head left and right, screwing her neck down onto the entirety of his erect length. Jack couldn’t believe it. She had taken the whole thing! He was over 10 and a half inches!

“Wh-what…what the f-f-fuucckkk!?” he stuttered out into the room. His incredulous and weak-spirited voice was drowned out by the bass music, and by Sarah’s aggressive moans as she shook the great mane of her blond hair carnally, with astonishing speed and vigor. After a few searing seconds of deepthroating, Sarah came back off his length, releasing him until she was just sucking on his head. Her cheeks puckered from her suction as her eyes held his with a blistering power. Jack couldn’t see what she was doing to his head, but he already knew how fast her tongue could move. He was losing control of every aspect of his body — his arms spasmed, his legs, flailed, his eyes rolled back into his head, and an inhuman, wailing kind of cry issued forth from his sagging mouth. It felt like his cock was being tormented by a hundred greedy tongues at once. If Jack could have seen Sarah’s face at the time, he would have seen the rapid impressions of her busy tongue on the inside of her cheeks, indicating her tongue’s incredible speed and power. But he didn’t need to see — he felt it.

There was no holding back from this kind of treatment — there was only one outcome. Within twenty seconds, Jack was yelling out in that same alarming high-pitched squeal as he shot his cum into Sarah's mouth. Sarah deepthroated him up and down rapidly a couple times through his first couple spurts, and then resumed sucking intently on his huge purpling head with her plush red lips. Jack saw stars. After a few more seconds, Sarah's moans, coupled by her incessant sucking and the sound of her throat swallowing his load over and over, were inviting black spots into his already-patchy vision. He didn't have time to rationalize what was happening; he was starting to pass out.

But suddenly, his cock was free, and he felt Sarah's strong hands reach under his armpits and hoist his ragdoll-like body up and off the sofa. Jack's consciousness was starting to return as Sarah set him down on his two feet. His legs felt weak, and he tottered in place, but remained standing.

"Ok, back to dancing!" came Sarah's voice from the sofa. Jack managed to look up and saw that she had resumed her seat, her legs spread wide, and a delighted smile on her face. Jack blinked and Sarah opened her mouth wide.

"Aaaaaa, all gone Jack!" she giggled. "Mmmm, that was a tasty appetizer. Well go on! Do as you're told!"

Jack was vaguely aware that his torn jeans were gathered around his ankles as he mechanically started dancing again. In the span of a single minute, he had just received the most intense sexual stimulation of his life and exploded in his most intense orgasm…and this girl was just…back to normal!? It was like nothing to her. And…and she had called it an "appetizer!?" Did that mean…what…what did that mean!? Jack's mind was going haywire right now, but even through his bewilderment, he knew to do what this girl said.

Sarah watched Jack dancing in front of her for a minute or so, a smug and sexy look of appreciation on her face. This was about to really get good. She could feel her pussy starting to churn down below. The song died down into silence, but Jack kept dancing. In between songs, her eyes widening in anticipation, and Sarah puckered her lips. Very clearly, and with a pronounced sound, she kissed at the air. Jack felt a bolt of fear shoot through him and he stumbled backward…something was moving under the coffee table.

Chapter 33: All According to Plan

A few hours before, Savannah had gone over the night's plan with Jeff, if it could really be called a "plan" in the proper sense. A lot was up in the air — they didn't know how the police officer would respond, but they did know that, thanks to Sarah's strength and overwhelming physical power, they would never be in danger.

"You…you mean, like, Sarah's gonna, uh…actually, you know…force the cop to do stuff?" Jeff had asked Savannah uncertainly.

"I don't know,' she responded airily. "It depends on how she's feeling tonight."

"B-but…but I saw that cop. And…uh…he's pretty big," said Jeff.

"Hmm yes but then again everyone must seem big to you, sweetheart," said Savannah warmly, scrunching up her nose at him. They had been sitting on the big sofa, while Sarah focused on her work, with her headphones in, and her back turned.

"Yeah, but…but still, though," said Jeff, reddening at Savannah's little tease. "I could still tell that this guy is…like…like pretty muscular and…and tall."

Savannah chuckled lightly in response to Jeff's concerns, and Jeff felt a cold fear start to creep through him. He looked over to Sarah, working diligently away, her huge back turned their way. What was she capable of? Savannah seemed utterly unconcerned with the prospect of Sarah having to physically overpower a large and powerful man. An additional thing suddenly occurred to Jeff, and he spoke it aloud. It was somehow easier to speak with Savannah, even though his voice still shook a little.

"And…and, uh…w-wouldn't a police officer be…be trained in, uh…hand to hand combat and…and stuff like that?" he asked. Savannah glanced down at him with laughing eyes.

"Haha, golly, little guy! You sure are worried about our little Sarah, aren't you?" Her voice was gentle and humorous.

"Y-yes!" Jeff managed to say, hating that his voice sounded squeaky and high-pitched. It was hard not to sound shrill when speaking to Savannah, whose voice was deep and velvety.

"Jeff,' said Savannah good-naturedly, peering closer down at him as she took his much smaller hands in hers. "Relax. Look over there. Look at her. Look how big she looks, just sitting down. You know how huge she is, how strong she is. Do you really think some cop with a little combat training is gonna be able to hang with her?"

"I…I don't know!" said Jeff honestly. He had no point of reference for all of this. He knew that Sarah was certainly incredibly strong…like, a hundred times stronger than he was, but by this point, it had been thoroughly stamped into Jeff's mind how small and puny he was, and how effortlessly Sarah could overpower him, both mentally and physically. Jeff didn't know about other people…especially a big, muscly, masculine-type man like this cop. Jeff found himself in the odd and unfamiliar position of worrying about Sarah, of actually considering the possibility that she didn't know what she was doing, or that she had bitten off more than she could chew.

But Savannah knew what was going on, and she smiled softly as she shook her head down at him.

“Oh man Jeff,” she murmured, her voice quite gentle despite its deep intensity. “You better be glad she’s got her headphones in right now, because I don’t think she’d take too kindly to you second-guessing her like this.”

“Wh-what!? N-no! No, I…i j-just — ” he stammered, but Savannah put her hand up to stop him, the innumerable silver rings on her fingers flashing slightly.

“Shhhh, no need to protest, Jeff,” she whispered. “But that’s what you’re doing. You’re not trusting Sarah; you’re not putting your complete faith in her; you’re thinking that maybe she doesn’t know what she’s doing.” Savannah smiled kindly down at him as she shook her head again. “This is one thing that you’ll need to learn. Let me just give you this advice to remember, Jeff, and you’ll do well not to forget it. You ready?”

“Yes,” said Jeff, his cheeks flushed. He was already regretting speaking up.

“As far as you’re concerned,” said Savannah in the same soft voice, but clearly and carefully, “Sarah knows best. There’s no room for your own thoughts and opinions, you understand? Unless Sarah asks for them, they’re a waste of time. Do you know why?”

“W-why?” asked Jeff in a small voice. He was beginning to feel overwhelmed again, and he glanced down into Savannah’s lap. Her skin-tight black dress curved and arched over her thick hips and enormous ass, which, combined with the the big meaty pillars of her upper thighs, formed a kind of huge, fleshy throne upon which Savannah sat. Her big shapely forearms were resting in her lap. Jeff saw how her slightly chunky stomach spilled over a little into her own lap. She was just so huge…so much bigger than he was in every conceivable way. And compared to Sarah, she looked tiny. Jeff’s breathing pace increased. Why, in moments like these, when he was in the midst of being utterly humiliated, did he become that much more aware of the size difference between him and the women around him? Why in these moments did he seem to gain an almost-savant-like hyperawareness of the puniness of his own body?

“Because,” said Savannah slowly, lusciously, but still kindly, “Sarah’s smarter than you, Jeff. Right?”

“Y-yes,” said Jeff, nodding his head as he spoke. Why were these moments the ones that felt the most searing? His cock was almost fully erect.

“Her brain just…works better than yours. It’s nothing against you, I hope you realize, Jeff. But it’s just true. She’s told me about your interactions, and even in this short amount of time that I’ve been over here, I can see it clearly. She thinks faster than you, she knows more than you, she’s able to process information better than you, and she just…um…how to say it…her mind is just more…dynamic…adventurous…curious, you know?”

“Yeah,” croaked Jeff. He was just about ready to burst inside his pants if Savannah kept this up.

“Yeah,” repeated Savannah, still in the same soft, kind voice. She wasn’t trying to be mean or put him down unreasonably. She was just speaking the truth in order to remind Jeff that

everything was going to be ok. “It’s kind of striking, really, to see the difference. But again, Jeff, I’m not saying this to make you feel bad, ok? I’m just saying it to reassure you, you know? And to remind you why things are the way they are.” She laughed out loud. “I mean, you’re the one who sleeps in the cage, right? Haha, and you’re the one who signed that contract with her. You’re the submissive one, Jeff…and I gotta say, in all the years I’ve known Sarah, I’ve never seen a clearer or more obvious power dynamic than the one she has with you. It’s so intense and real it’s almost scary.”

“I…I…uhhhh…uuhhhhgggh,” moaned Jeff, shutting his eyes and gritting his teeth. He was putting all possible energy into not shooting his load right then and there. He knew that he was under Sarah’s orders not to cum until later that night, and he knew that she would not be thrilled to learn that he had disobeyed her.

“Jeff…are you…uhh?” said Savannah uncertainly, but then she realized what was going on. Her eyes got wide and her smile broadened. “Oh my god,” she whispered. “You’re…you’re about to cum, aren’t you? Haha!!” She burst into laughter, leaning back into the sofa, showing Jeff the upside-down “U” of her upper teeth. “Hahaha!! Oh geeezzz! You really are the perfect sub!! Like…holyyyyyyy shit dude!” She looked incredulously down at Jeff, as if she could hardly believe that he was real.

“Did you come like this?” she blurted out in fascination. “Or did Sarah make you like this?”

“I…I d-don’t know!” said Jeff desperately. The effort not to cum was proving to be almost too much, and his face was now almost purple as the veins bulged in his neck and forehead.

“Ok…ok,” said Savannah soothingly, reaching out her big hand to pet Jeff gently up and down his back. She seemed to have realized that if she kept on, Jeff would inevitably not be able to hold himself back. She would have to explain to Sarah that she had been responsible for it, and the last thing Savannah wanted to do was disappoint Sarah.

“All right…there we go…let's just relax a minute,” purred Savannah. In the next few minutes, she managed to calm Jeff down so that he wasn’t at his boiling point. Privately, she was marveling at how submissive and…just…how ”sub-y” Jeff was. She had seen a few like him in years past, but no one quite approaching the helpless intensity of Jeff’s own mental and physical submission. His incredibly short and puny body was the ultimate icing on the cake.

“Ok,” said Savannah a few minutes later, after everything had calmed down. “So the plan’s pretty simple, right?”

“Right,” said Jeff, now breathing normally again.

“Why don’t you repeat it back to me, just so I can be sure you’ve got it, huh?” said Savannah, cracking a grin. Clearly, she was excited about what was about to happen that night, and Jeff was trying to follow Savannah’s advice and just trust that Sarah had everything under control. He found that the more he trusted her, the easier it was to relax, and the easier it was to actually even get excited himself.

“Uhhh…so…so you’ll be sitting in the kitchen,” he began.

“Mmmmhmmm, with the lights off,” said Savannah, smiling as she nodded her head up and down. “In a chair with my legs crossed, watching the whole thing go down.”

“And…and he won’t be able to see you…because…because it’ll be too dark,” said Jeff.

“Yesss,” she hummed. “And what’ll I have in my hand?”

“Uhhh, the remote control for the music,” said Jeff. “And…and when Sarah g-gives you the sign, you’ll…you’ll turn it on.”

“Exactly,” she purred. “And you?”

“I’ll be in the cage,” said Jeff flatly. “Under the coffee table. And it’ll be covered with a sheet or something. I won’t be able to see out of it. But…but I won’t need to see anything, because… because all I’ve gotta do is…is wait for the sound of Sarah kissing the air in between songs. The cage won’t be locked. That’s when I’ll come out.”

“Wow, good, Jeff — you’ve got it one hundred percent!” said Savannah, engulfing his little shoulders in her big hands as she massaged them. “And then what’ll you do after you come out of the cage and kneel at her side?”

“Uhh…whatever Sarah wants,” said Jeff.

“Yep!” lauded Savannah. “That’s it! That’s the plan! You just have to remember, Jeff, to be listening verrry carefully for the sound of her lips on the air. I assume that you don’t want to know what happens if you miss that signal?”

“I…I don’t need to know, b-because I…I won’t miss it!” said Jeff, trying his best to sound confident.

“That’s it! That’s the spirit!” encouraged Savannah. “I can’t wait, Jeff! This is gonna be one hell of a fun time. And also remember this: when you’re in the cage, waiting to come out, you’re gonna be scared. I know that you will be. You’ll be totally naked, with none of your tiny little body to hide (except that big cock of yours!), and you’ll be stepping into a very intense sexual situation between two very big, powerful people. You just have to remember to go straight to Sarah and kneel at her side. Once you do that, you’re safe. You understand? This is gonna be a big test of your faith in her, Jeff. Just remember my advice, when you’re in the cage there, waiting. Just trust Sarah. Trust her….trust her…”

‘Trust her…trust her…trust her…’

Hours later, Jeff was replaying Savannah’s deep, velvety words over and over again in his brain as he crouched there in the cage on all fours, comfortably nestled under the coffee table with a blanket overhead, listening to Sarah and Jack Hanson interact. It was all quite strange for Jeff — whenever Sarah was involved, things seemed to move like a whirlwind. Less than 24 hours before, he had been tossing and turning in his bed at his parents’ house, nervously keeping himself up with conflicting thoughts of how he felt about Sarah, and his mysterious surgery, and his loss of height, and what she had done to him, and what she was planning on doing to him, and on and on and on.

So much had happened in between then and now that Jeff could scarcely believe it…but there it was. Whenever Sarah entered back into his life, everything changed. Any focus that had previously been directed elsewhere was suddenly and powerfully directed onto Sarah. He had been struck by this same thought weeks previously: that Sarah was like the North Star…all direction started and ended with her. At least, that's how Jeff felt. And the longer he remained within her fold, in her home, under her nose, the less he felt like an actual individual, and the more he felt like a subset of Sarah Helleger…an extension that existed to be molded and shaped as she saw fit. Her power, both in pure physicality and in her intelligence, was simply too strong to resist.

Despite the straightforwardness of his submission to her, however, Jeff was still struggling with all kinds of odd, competing feelings and emotions. The week he had spent with his parents had allowed him to at least try his hand at thinking autonomously again, and the results were anything but clear. He didn't know what to think about his own feelings. His old hopes of dating Sarah, or being in some kind of conventional relationship, had been totally shattered. And yet, at the same time, Jeff still felt pings of jealousy whenever he thought of Sarah doing things with other guys…or girls, even. He didn't realize it, but these little bites and snips of jealousy were the remnants, the leftovers, of his old mentality, a mentality that wanted to own Sarah, to possess her, as a result of his profound attraction to her.

Sarah could recognize the origins of these feelings, and she had been making it a point to burn them out of him, to purge them from his psyche. Feelings like that didn't belong in the brains of her subs, most especially Jeff. Tonight was going to serve as a further purging session, among many other things.

Jeff had to admit that Savannah had absolutely been right about him being afraid about the whole situation. It hadn't started off so bad. About half an hour before the police officer showed up, Sarah had put Jeff in his cage, with a gentle squeeze of his shriveled bicep and a loving kiss on his forehead with her plush lips. She had closed the cage door and promptly thrown the blanket over it, and Jeff was left in almost total darkness. For the next half hour, Sarah and Savannah chatted pleasantly on the sofa about all kinds of unrelated topics…just shooting the shit…and the whole time, it was like Jeff wasn't even there. Jeff couldn't believe how either woman could be so calm before such a scene.

And then when the doorbell rang, Jeff's heart leapt up into the back of his throat and started beating like mad. He was incredibly nervous and anxious. It was actually happening! The cop had actually come to the house! It was almost surreal. Jeff was straining his ears against the cage bars, trying to hear their interaction on the doorstep. He couldn't make out any words, thought he could definitely perceive Sarah's sultry tone, and Officer Hanson's masculine timbre. Their words became clearer a little bit later as they came into the living room.

"So," Jeff heard the cop say, ""what do you…um, do for a living, huh?" The cop's voice was coming from somewhere very close by. Jeff made sure he was breathing as softly as possible as his heart continued to beat away like a hammer in his chest. He couldn't believe how close everything sounded.

"Oh, no small talk right now, please, Jack," came Sarah's playful voice. She was apparently sitting on the sofa…so this cop's name was "Jack"…Jeff suddenly felt a warm wave pour

soothingly over his anxiety-riddled insides. Sarah sounded so confident, so in control. And as Jeff continued to listen to their interaction as it proceeded along, he found himself smiling out into the darkness of his cage. This guy was totally overmatched. Any time he tried to get a leg up on Sarah, she easily smacked him back down. It was a useful, valuable lesson for Jeff, to auditorily witness Sarah dominating someone else. She was masterful, effortless…powerful. Their interaction was completely guided by her words. Jack had nothing, no power whatsoever in the exchange. Even Jeff could tell. The music came on, and Jeff felt a further wave of warmth. Savannah was there in the darkness of the kitchen, watching all of this happen. Jeff liked her. She was caring, gentle…kind. A wonderful resource for getting to know Sarah better. Plus just… insanely attractive. Her gentle power and dark eyes were extremely alluring to Jeff, but it was all in the overarching context of Sarah. And that's how it had been planned.

When Sarah started mocking Jack's size, and comparing parts of their bodies, Jeff smile got broader. He wished that he could see what was going on, but even though he couldn't, hearing the scene was enough to make him almost completely erect. Sarah had spared him the sound in his cock tonight, as she had said that he needed to be eased back into that role. But even still, his erection was swelling impressively in the darkness. This cop was just putty in her hands! It didn't matter that he was a big, tall muscly masculine guy — next to Sarah, he was tiny! Jeff had to remind himself over and over not to get too distracted by Sarah's teasing, and every time the music got quiet during the transition from song to song, he strained to hear the sound of her kiss.

When Sarah started blowing the cop, Jeff had to clasp his hands together to keep them from going straight to his own cock. The loud, lewd sounds of Sarah slobbering and squelching up and down Jack's dick were almost too much to resist. But Jeff held firm, and was rewarded mere moments later, after the Jack had cum and was again standing before her. The music faded away in between songs, and Jeff strained his ear against the cage bars.

Smack

Sarah kissed the air, and Jeff's heart paused for a moment, his stomach dropping to his feet. That was it! Now was the time! His fear whipped up inside him like a hurricane, but his limbs seemed to move on their own accord. He pushed the cage door forward as he emerged from behind the blanket. His nude skin felt cold in the normal air of the living room, since he had gotten nice and toasty inside his covered cage. He was vaguely aware of the nearly-naked form of the cop stumbling backwards, away from him, but Jeff wasn't focused on that now. He crawled straight over to Sarah, who was lounging on the sofa with her legs spread wide, and knelt in a sitting position on his knees right next to her left calf.

"Wh-what the!? What the fuck!?!" yelled Jack, almost tripping backward over the torn jeans that had collected around his ankles. "Wh-what's that!?"

"Haha, "what"….nice!" chuckled Sarah. She leaned forward from her sitting position and started to scratch Jeff lovingly behind the ears. He closed his eyes briefly as he felt Sarah's long strong fingers pet him. He was safe.

"Now come on, Jack, don't act like you haven't met this guy before," chided Sarah, clicking her tongue as she shook her head. "You were introduced to this little man just a few hours ago,

remember? And I do believe you ascertained that he is indeed old enough to participate in these…adult activities."

"I don't…I…" stammered Jack. His mouth had gone dry, and he was finding it difficult to form actual words.

"No need to talk, Jack," said Sarah, as the bass-heavy music started up again. "You know what to do." Sarah made her hands into fists in front of her and bobbed her huge body up and down on the sofa, swaying and jostling herself sexily to the beat. Jack just stood there, not moving. Sarah suddenly stopped her seated dancing and stood up. Jack gawked and took a couple steps back. As Sarah had stood up, she had shed her see-through white nightrobe. Now all she was wearing was that tight black lingerie and her tall black heels. Her huge bare breasts jutted out as she put her hands on her hips. Jeff looked up from his kneeling position in awe. Jack's 6'1 looked positively puny…because in her heels, Sarah loomed more than an entire foot over him, at 7'1 and a half.

"Get dancing, cowboy," said Sarah softly. "Or get out."

Jack instantly did as he was told, awkwardly swaying his body back and forth. Sarah smiled and strode over to him, standing behind him as he continued to dance.

"Well Jeff, whaddya think?" Sarah asked brightly. She put her hands on Jack's shoulders as he kept dancing. It was incredible. His head barely came up to the bottom of her shoulders. Her massive breasts hung over both of his shoulders, each of them completely dwarfing his head. Her thick hips extended out well beyond either side of him, almost at the level of his nipples.

"He…he looks small next to you," said Jeff, marveling that he didn't actually stutter.

"He does, doesn't he?" said Sarah, nodding. "Come over here, Jeff." Jeff obligingly crawled over. In the midst of his dance, Jack shrank back, as if in fear of Jeff's approaching form. Sarah grasped him even tighter by the shoulders, preventing him from retreating.

"Aww Jeff, look at this! The big bad police officer is afraid of you!" laughed Sarah. Jeff had crawled up to her, and once again rose to a kneeling position on his knees next to Sarah's calf. Inwardly, he wondered whether Sarah's calf alone was as thick as his torso.

"Ok Jeff, I give you special permission to stand now," said Sarah. Jeff rose up, not taking long to reach his full height of 4'11. He had seen how tiny Jack looked next to Sarah, but now that Jeff was standing next to both of them, he realized how completely he was dwarfed. Sarah's massive hips curved and rose above his shoulders, and he saw that he was staring straight into the lowest group of her abdominal muscles, gently defined under her feminine bulk. The top of his head didn't even reach the underside of her breasts. The black line of her lingerie was right at his nose, an inch or two beneath his eyes. Jeff didn't even look at Jack — he was too absorbed by Sarah's enormity.

"Hmmm, wow, this is nice!" hummed Sarah from far above. She wrapped her hand around Jeff's neck, her fingers going just over three quarters around it, and massaged it softly.

“I don’t want — ” came Jack’s halted, troubled voice, and Jeff felt a stab of anxiety. But Sarah immediately cut him off.

“Jack, if you speak out of turn again, I’m going to throw you out myself,” said Sarah. “And there won’t be any coming back. I don’t have the time. You understand?”

Jeff ventured a glance up at the naked cop, who looked huge enough to Jeff, since his eyes were even with the middle of Jack’s chest. Jack paused for a second and bowed his head slightly, nodding.

“Good,” said Sarah from above. “Now stop dancing for a moment, Jack. Turn toward the kitchen, ok? You too Jeff. All right, now everybody smiiillleeee!”

Three rapid flashes of light suddenly flared from the dark kitchen, and moments later Savannah had emerged from the black void. Jack was about to make an incredulous, choking noise, but silenced himself. Savannah was waving her phone back and forth, smiling broadly.

“Got at least one good one, Sarah!” she said, indicating to her phone that had just taken a few pictures. “And I just emailed them to both of us, just in case, you know.”

“Can’t wait to see them!’ said Sarah. She crouched down behind both Jeff and Jack, so that her head was still rising high above Jack’s, but so she could put one hand each comfortably around both their outer shoulders. She pulled them in towards her.

“Wow, Sarah, you’re bigger than both of them combined…easy!” said Savannah.

“Well, that’s not saying too much, when you’ve got a little half-person here!” laughed Sarah, jostling Jeff’s whole body playfully with her big hand. “Ok! Now that everyone’s here, the real fun begins!”

Chapter 34: Play Time

“Ooooo yessss — this is what I’ve been waiting for!” Savannah’s deep, rich voice cut through the persistent throb of the bass music as she sauntered and shimmied her big hips, putting one thick leg exaggeratedly in front of the other. Her dark red hair framed her heart-shaped face… luscious waves of dark crimson that blended seamlessly with the low flickering light of the candles. Her thick, curvy body seemed to be almost bursting from her tight, mid-thigh black dress as she slowly and flirtatiously approached the trio in the living room, as if she was walking on a catwalk. Even though Jeff could feel Sarah’s huge hand encompassing about half his upper back as she held him tightly by the shoulder, he was momentarily bewitched by Savannah’s form emerging from the kitchen. She was exquisitely curvy, and the sexy spring and jaunt in her bare feet made clear that she had been looking forward to this for a long time.

But even as Savannah approached, Jeff was immediately reminded who was behind him…who was running the show. He felt Sarah’s massive hand suddenly squeeze and knead his neck and upper back again, and his scrawny knees buckled a little under her pressure. She was bent down behind both him and Jack Hanson, the police officer who was now completely out of his element, and under strict orders not to speak out of turn, on pain of being thrown out of the house before all the “real fun” began. Jack and Jeff were both completely naked, and Sarah had them both in a vice-like grip as she crouched behind them, kneading her strong fingers into both of them as she watched Savannah approach.

“Mmmm, look at her, guys!” breathed Sarah from behind them. Her hands went a little faster, and a little deeper, into their shoulders, and now Jack too was buckling from the pressure. Despite standing at 6’1, he was totally dwarfed by Sarah’s towering 7’1-and-a-half frame in her heels. Even crouching down behind him like she was (so she could be low enough to squeeze and knead the hapless, 4’11 Jeff’s back as well), she still stood a good few inches taller than him, and, next to her, everything of his seemed small…his torso, his arms, his legs, even his head. It didn’t matter that he was a big, heavily-muscled police officer. Sarah was just too big and strong.

“Haha, looks like they can’t really take the pressure, Sarah,” laughed Savannah as she came up to them.

“What pressure?” asked Sarah. “I’m hardly even doing anything right now.”

“Well, maybe to you, you’re not,” chuckled Savannah. “But look at poor little Jeff over here. It looks like his little legs are gonna crumble.”

“Ooohh, I’m sorry little guy!” came Sarah’s gentle voice as she bent down even farther, speaking directly into Jeff’s ear as she eased up on him. Jeff felt her huge naked breast suddenly smush into his back and travel down slowly, eventually engulfing almost three-quarters of his back’s surface area. Her hard nipple felt like a small rounded fist that was pushing itself insistently down into his gaunt flesh, and Jeff even felt it move some of the bones in his shoulder as it passed over them. “I didn’t realize I was massaging so hard. Haha, just seeing Savannah strutting up to us like that…whooo! Yeah, that kind of got me going! What do you think about Savannah, Jeff? Do you think she’s hot?”

“Of…of course,” said Jeff, trying to sound as collected as possible with Sarah’s plush lips tickling his ear. He squeezed his eyes shut but then managed to open them and look up at Savannah. She was standing quite close to him now, just a couple feet away, with her hands on her big hips, as they cocked to one side. Savannah stood just around 5’10, and Jeff’s eyes were even with the nipples of her breasts, which he could see poking out from her tight black dress. With almost surreal attentiveness, since he was in the heart of an intense situation, Jeff suddenly became aware that Savannah was squeezing and un-squeezing her hands into her hips, almost like she was massaging them in preparation. The muscles in her forearms, under a plush layer of solid feminine bulk, flexed and un-flexed along with her hands, and Jeff could see the skull tattoos on her forearms expanding and contracting, and the snakes lengthening and shortening…it looked like the snakes were actually moving.

“Of course you do — look at her!” laughed Sarah. Jeff suddenly felt the firm pillow of Sarah’s mammoth breast slide up off his back (her hard nipple once again rearranging the bones in his shoulder) as she stood back up to her full height. His back had quickly warmed to the heat of Sarah’s huge breast, but now that it was gone he felt cold and empty. Sarah seemed to realize what was going on, and as she stood up, she wrapped her hand lovingly around the side of Jeff’s head and pulled him backward with a patient ease. It may have been a slight motion for Sarah, but Jeff actually stumbled backward a couple paces, right into the firm pillar of her thigh that rose up to his shoulders. Sarah’s hand easily engulfed the whole side of Jeff’s head, and she cupped her long fingers under his chin, urging him to lounge back into the plush cushion of her abdomen. Jeff took a deep breath as he felt the fleshy underside of her stomach against the back of his head, and opened his mouth slightly as he sighed into her, totally overtaken. His eyes were just about even with her belly button…no…wait…it was actually a bit higher. He was looking up slightly…at her belly button. Jeff immediately felt that crazy combination of hopeless weakness buzzing and pricking through his entire body, and yet with that same helplessness came an incredible lust that set his heart on fire. His cock was completely erect within moments.

“And what about you?” asked Sarah, turning to Jack as her strong hand continued to knead into his shoulder with assertive force. “What do you think of my friend here, Jack? Her name is Savannah. You can say hi to her.”

“H-hi…Savannah,” came Jack’s croaking voice. Even in the state of searing arousal he was in, Jeff could tell that Jack was in a state of immense confusion. He definitely seemed to be reconsidering what he had gotten himself into.

Sarah was determined to set everything up right, so that this police officer would do everything she wanted him to. It was a delicate, tricky business, and the scene had gotten close to breaking down a couple times already. This was the key part, she knew. This was when everything was going to be decided, and either come together, or come apart. And she was far too horny to lose one of her two sturdier pieces.

“Well, tell me what you think of her,” said Sarah, shifting from her intense kneading to gentle caressing on his neck.

“She’s…she’s very pretty,” said Jack truthfully. He didn’t know what the hell was going on…he felt like he was in some kind of surreal dream…but Sarah had bewitched him, and he was willing to put up with this bizarre, tiny, bony man-child if it meant that he could experience again what Sarah’s mouth had done to him. The entrance of this new, voluptuous, edgy, and alluring

woman was definitely not hurting, either. Jack chose to forget the sudden flashes from the darkness when Savannah had taken his picture. He wouldn't have minded so much being pictured naked with this amazonian goddess standing bare-breasted behind him in her lingerie and high heels, but he really, really didn't want to be associated with this Jeff figure, who unfortunately was also naked and in the picture. But Jack chased away those worries. It was easy to forget, with Sarah's red nails and big, soft fingers lightly scratching and caressing his neck.

"Yes?" asked Sarah, making it clear that she wanted him to elaborate. Her fingers went a little faster.

"She's…uh…" and suddenly Jack felt an injection of confidence, since Sarah was allowing him to speak, and his voice took on a more confident tone. "She's reaallyy nice and thick," he said, smiling at Savannah, whose eyebrows had gone up in response. She looked up at Sarah and grinned, and then lowered her eyes a little to look back at Jack. She turned and gyrated herself over a couple steps to him.

"And…and she's got great breasts," added Jack eagerly. "I mean, like…great."

"Oh yeah?" asked Savannah, giving Jack a toothy smile as she stared a few inches up into his eyes. "You like my breasts?"

"Yeah!" burst out Jack, starting to laugh. Sarah tightened her hand around his right shoulder, and his laughing immediately stopped.

"Easy there, little guy," she said, giving his shoulder a firm little shake. "Let's not get carried away, ok?"

"I like his cock, Sarah!" blurted out Savannah, pointing down at its nearly-erect length. Jack's thick ten-and-a-half inches definitely looked impressive, engorged as they were, pointing directly up at Savannah's face.

"Mmmm, yeah, it's a pretty good cock, I'll admit," chuckled Sarah. "Although, as you saw, not too much of a challenge."

"I wanna try it!" said Savannah, bouncing up and down on her bare toes, almost like a child, as she clasped her hands up at Sarah. "Can I try to deepthroat it Sarah? Can I? Can I??"

Sarah laughed genially as she suddenly released both Jeff and Jack, walking between them as she went to stand next to Savannah. Both men nearly fell over from the huge vacuum of space that Sarah created, and they both ended up stumbling directly into each other. Jeff's erect cock smacked into Jack's upper thigh, and Jack's engorged member slapped Jeff clean across the chest. Both men tried to right themselves immediately, and made a point of standing more than several feet away from each other. Jack's face was twisted with disgust at having made such contact with such a…a creature as Jeff, and he made an extra point to stand far away. Jeff didn't seem to mind as much, and he looked up at Sarah first, wondering what would happen next. Jack stood off a few feet, pretending to ignore what just happened, and he too looked up to Sarah in expectation.

“Well, I don’t know Savannah — Jack there is pretty big,” said Sarah, joining Savannah as they both stood regarding the two men. Sarah suddenly reached out her long index fingers from both hands and mimed them coming closer together. “Hey, you two — get closer,” she said. Jeff mechanically moved to his right a couple steps and stopped. Jack looked over and down at Jeff and took a side step closer, to his left. Clearly, he didn’t want to be anywhere near Jeff.

“Clossseerrr,” purred Sarah, raising her eyebrows. The two of them repeated the same motion; now they were all but touching shoulders. Their erections had started to droop, but all Sarah had to do was lick her lips and flick that tongue of hers a few times at them as she widened her eyes, and they were both back to full mast.

“See, I think you should start with Jeff,” said Sarah. “He’s a little smaller than Jack…but I think he’s just as thick.”

“Mmmm, ok,” said Savannah. “But I get to at least try the cop, right? I like making big muscly guys moan.”

“Oh I do too, girl!” laughed Sarah. “But you’re gonna have to wait!” Savannah made a mock-gesture of impatience as Sarah stood up straight and clapped her hands. “Ok!” she said, her voice rising like she was making an announcement. “I’m horny — Savannah’s horny — and I can clearly tell you too are horny — so let’s get started! In my house I like to be considerate when hosting little orgies like this. I know you’ve already cum once, Jack, but I not holding that one against you. It didn’t count — you didn’t know. Just see it as a kind of…warm-up, you know?”

Jack nodded his head, obviously puzzled.

“So! I have special rules for my little get-togethers,” continued Sarah, smiling as she looked back and forth at Jeff and Jack, enjoying their size difference, and enjoying the fact that both of them combined couldn’t get anywhere close to overpowering her. “And my first rule is this: everybody gets to try everyone else. I’ve been to too many so-called “fun times” when people get left out, and that just sucks. Don’t you agree?”

Jack and Jeff both nodded their heads, even though a cold pit was beginning to grow in their stomachs. Did this mean…was Sarah going to…? But they kept listening.

“Good!” chirped Sarah, clasping her big hands together. “Well, I’m glad you two both agree on that one…generally there’s some pushback, haha. And the other rule…and this one’s very simple…is the seniority rule. Can either of you two guess what that means?”

Both of them knew what “seniority” meant, but they couldn’t begin to wonder what Sarah meant in this context, and so they both shook their heads.

“It means,” said Sarah, smiling down as she took a step towards them, “that the oldest gets to cum first!” Jeff looked up at Sarah, his eyes searching her, and then he looked over at Jack. He knew that Sarah and Savannah were both younger…but what about Jack? How old was he?

“I like this rule a lot,” said Sarah, taking another step towards them (now she was looming over them both), “because isn’t it just sad to think of older men or women or whoever trying to

participate in an orgy with younger people and…you know…they just don't have it anymore?" She stopped for a moment, and let the silence build in the room. Savannah stood back, barely able to keep the grin off her face, as she snaked both tattooed arms around behind her back, clasping her hands above her ass as she bounced a little up and down on her toes.

Jack, for his part, hung his head as he stared straight down at Sarah's big (proportional) feet, looking beyond sexy in their black heels…heels that caused her already-impressive calves to bulge outward. Was Sarah saying that he wasn't enough for her? That he…that he "didn't have it" anymore? Jack's mind fogged and spun in on itself as it started to panic and strain…well, obviously she was too much for him. That much was beyond obvious at this point. But who on earth could she expect to keep up with her?? Was she actually suggesting that there were other men…younger men…who could satisfy her better? Jack's breath was coming out in ragged huffs as he shook his head. He was 31 years old, and he had spent the last decade-plus operating under the assumption that he was a hunky treat for any woman who was lucky enough to attract his eye. But that was before tonight. Now he was just standing there in front of these two women, his dick pointing stupidly in the air, figuratively rubbing shoulders with this grotesque, bony, tiny man…who seemed, for all intents and purposes in this exchange, his equal. Everything he had taken for granted was fast coming unravelled, and he had no way to stop it…barring walking out the door. But he couldn't leave — not after what Sarah had done to him.

"Jack…?" asked Sarah brightly, "Wouldn't it be sad if you were already finished? Like, after that one blowjob I gave you? You aren't all out of cum, are you Jack? You've got some more for me in there?" She extended her tongue out again and gave it a couple more lightning-fast flicks before quickly withdrawing it into her mouth and jamming it over and over into the side of her cheek suggestively as her eyebrows danced up and down.

"I…o-of..of course I do!" he said, trying to sound strong. But his voice came out more as a defiant and breathless retort that carried little weight. Sarah smiled down on him and her sea-green eyes flashed.

"Hmmm, we'll see," she hummed, nodding her head. She turned to Savannah, who looked up at Sarah expectantly, her dark eyes fixed steadily on Sarah's. Savannah's grin momentarily fell, as she tried to read what Sarah was thinking…Sarah was staring off past her, with her eyes lingering on the low light under her closed bedroom door. But then she blinked and looked back down at Savannah, smiling slowly. It was so hard for Jeff to imagine that Sarah was younger than Savannah…younger than everyone there. She absolutely held them all in the palm of her hand.

"Jack?" asked Sarah once more, turning to him again. She stepped forward and leaned down, putting her hands on her knees, so that she was peering closely into his face. "How old are you?"

"I'm…I'm 31," he said without looking up at her. Even bending down like this, Sarah's head still loomed over Jack's by a couple inches.

"Oooo so that means you're the oldest one here!" said Sarah impressively, nodding up and down. She reached out and took his chin in her enormous hand and pulled it upward to look at

her. “Buck up, trooper! That means you get to cum first! Aren’t you happy about that!? I mean… unless you…unless you’re spent…?”

“No!” he said as energetically as he could. “No! I’m…I’m not spent!”

Sarah smiled sweetly into his face as she studied it for a few moments and then let it go, standing back up to her full height. Being essentially naked, save for her black lingerie and her heels, Jeff could see how every bit of Sarah’s body moved as she rose up and down. She was just…so perfect. How had she gotten like this!?

“That’s good to hear,” said Sarah, putting her hands on her hips. “You wouldn’t wanna leave poor Jeff there with an empty stomach. I mean, look at him Jack. I think Jeff needs some nutrients in that little body, don’t you think?”

“I…I d-don’t…uhhhh,” said Jack, feeling the cold pit widen to a chasm in his stomach. Beads of sweat burst out through the pores on his forehead. She wouldn’t…she couldn’t…

“It’s only polite, Jack,” laughed Sarah, “that the two oldest people here get a shot with each other first. Wouldn't want Savannah and I to leave you two behind later, now, would you? You’re 31, Jeff’s 28…haha oh my god…you’re 28 Jeff…Savannah’s 25…hey! No fair! All you guys can legally rent cars without a surcharge and I can’t!”

“You can barely buy a legal drink! You’re a little baby!” teased Savannah. The absurdity of Savannah’s words, and the incongruence between Sarah’s age and the size of her body, and the power she held, was hard to overstate. It was ridiculous.

Sarah stuck out her tongue at Savannah and stared hard down at Jack, who had begun to tremble.

“Sit down in front of Jeff there,” Sarah said simply, pointing with her long finger. “And give him a blowjob, Jack. I wanna see how your skills measure up to mine.”

Jack stood there, not moving. Savannah watched the whole scene unfold, the excitement growing in her eyes. Jeff just stood there — he didn’t particularly want to get blown by the cop, but whatever Sarah wanted, he would go along with. He didn’t doubt that she could make him cum easily, even when she was using some man’s mouth to do it.

Sarah didn’t move or say a word. She just kept standing there, pointing with her finger, as she stared down intently at Jack with an expressionless face. The expectation was clear. Ten seconds passed by. Then…

“I’m…I’m not gonna blow that guy,” said Jack in a small but determined voice.

“Oh yes you are,” said Sarah quietly. “You’re gonna blow him good…you’re gonna try and get as far down that pole as you can, until he shoots his load down your throat. And you’re gonna swallow it all.”

“I…I want to leave,” said Jack in a dead voice. Sarah had teased and tormented him with the promise of more unimaginable pleasure, but this was too much. He had to leave this freak show. Now.

“I’m…I’m gonna leave,” said Jack tentatively a couple moments later, upon seeing that Sarah still had not changed her position.

“It’s too late Jack,” murmured Sarah, shaking her head back and forth slowly. “You’re in this for the long haul.”

“Y-you can’t…you c-can’t make me,” he panted, and he started to back away.

“Yes I can,” she said, stepping towards him authoritatively. Jeff’s heart had started racing…he had never seen Sarah have to actually…subdue someone. Someone who wasn’t tiny like he was. Jack was 6’1, and big…and ripped. He thought back to Savannah’s words ‘trust her…trust her…’ and he turned to look at her. It looked like Savannah was just getting to the good part of a movie. She was biting her lip in anticipation.

“B-bullshit!” cried Jack, feeling the spirit of resistance start to pump through his veins. He backed up a couple more paces and then stood sideways, bending his body into a defensive position. Both fists were raised up and around his chin, and he started bobbing on the balls of his feet, hopping around the living room, getting himself psyched up to take this amazon freak out. “You may be big, you crazy bitch,” he snarled, feeling more and more confident with every second that went by, “But you ain’t shit compared to me in strength. Come on, girl! Try and stop me! C’mon! Take a go!”

Sarah watched Jack hopping around in his boxing stance for a few seconds, her eyes following him closely. A little smirk played on her face, like she was watching a hamster trying to fight its way out of a cage.

“What the fuck are you doing?” she giggled after a few seconds had passed. “C’mon Jack, drop the act and get on your knees.”

“This isn’t an act, you insane freak!” he retorted, continuing to bounce around. When his motions earned more laughter from Sarah, he felt white-hot rage go through him and he looked around for something to break. He saw Sarah’s computer standing at her desk in the corner, but something kept him from going there. He looked around for something else…there was a large-ish vase on the coffee table…perfect. With a sudden lash of his leg, Jack kicked the vase off the table, shattering it on the floor into a hundred pieces.

“There! Things serious enough for you now, bitch?” he spat. But he didn’t have time to react any further, because Sarah had already taken three quick strides over and was directly in front of him when he turned back to her. She had seen him looking around, and knew that he was trying to show her that he meant business, and when she saw his eyes fall on the vase, she had reacted almost before he began to swing his leg.

Jack was able to get one little glimpse of Sarah’s huge naked breasts in his face before he felt a crumpling rush go through his head. He saw stars as the already-dark room went darker still… he was flying backwards, and his open hands grasped and clutched fruitlessly at the air. He

suddenly felt his lower organs jolt and jostle painfully as he connected with something, falling over it...he felt sick. He realized that it was an armchair…he had fallen over the back of it. He moved to stand up; he suddenly realized that the whole left side of his face was on fire. He brought his hand up to the stinging flesh as he struggled to stand up behind the armchair. And there was Sarah, fifteen feet away, standing exactly where she had been a moment before. She had literally smacked him across the room.

“O-ok!!” choked Jack with a burning rage. “Ok…s-so, so that’s what we’re doing, huh? We’re… we’re fighting dirty, are we?” His voice was shaking.

“Haha, that wasn’t fighting dirty,” laughed Sarah, putting her hand on her hip. “That was just me bitch-slapping you across my living room.” She stood there, hand on her hip, tongue in cheek, as she watched him stand up. “What, you’ve never been bitch-slapped before in the line of duty, officer?” she chided. “A little much for the cop here? Oh wow I feel so very safe with men like you on the force.” As she spoke these mocking words, Sarah took three confident strides toward Jack, and he staggered back a pace before realizing what he was doing. He then stood up as tall as he could and faced her.

“You’re gonna regret that,” he hissed, and he moved in to land a punch on Sarah’s exposed stomach. At the last moment, though, she simply stepped out of the way, grabbed ahold of Jack’s swinging arm, and held it fast. Her hand wrapped easily all the way around his upper forearm, and he grunted and strained to free himself from her grasp. He may as well have been trying to extricate himself from the tight clutches of a marble statue. He moved his free arm to hit at Sarah’s torso, but she was too fast for him and grabbed his other hand with hers, interlacing her fingers with his. Jack felt like he was moving in slow motion; Sarah seemed to predict everything he tried to do.

“If I was to fight dirty with you,” whispered Sarah down at him with energy, “I would just — ” and with incredible speed, she swung her leg up, her huge foot aimed squarely at Jack’s exposed cock and balls. Totally trapped in Sarah’s hold, Jack shut his eyes and ground his teeth, bracing for impact, as his breath came in short jerks. But she chose to spare him.

“Now,” breathed Sarah quietly, as she abruptly took his other hand and repeated her action of interlacing her fingers with his. “Let’s at least try to make this a marginally fair fight. You’re clearly too slow for me, but how about we just make it about strength? Pure strength. Your hands and arms versus mine. C’mon little man, show me what you got.” She turned and faced him down, both of their hands and fingers interlocked. Jack had big hands, but they were nothing compared to Sarah’s. Her palms and fingers dwarfed his so much so that her interlaced fingers went all the way down the back of his hands, to where his wrist began.

Jack growled and tried to force Sarah’s hands down with his own, but again, it was like trying to fight a marble statue. Or a tree. She was immovable. For all his muscles, and all his bench presses and deadlifts and bicep curls, he could not move this girl’s hands a single inch. All the while Sarah just stood there, arms outstretched, with that same smirk on her face.

“Having trouble?” she quipped after about twenty seconds. Her mocking tone refueled Jack’s rage, and he swung back his leg to kick out in between her legs. But he didn’t even have time to bring his leg forward, because he was already crumpling to the ground, screaming out in pain.

Sarah had tightened her hands around his, and was slowly bearing down on him. Jack was completely powerless to stop her…his strength was like a child's compared to hers.

"You disobey my orders," said Sarah quietly, "You break my vase…and now you try to kick my pussy." She tightened her hands even more as Jack sank to his knees. But Sarah was still holding onto his hands, keeping his arms outstretched, so now it looked like he was begging… or praying to her…on his knees.

"I ought to just break both of your hands," she remarked down to him in that rich, quiet voice.

"N-no!" cried Jack, shaking his head. "No! P-please!! Please d-don't!! I'll…I'll do what you say!!"

"Oh you will?" asked Sarah brightly. "Well isn't that nice, Jack." She suddenly let him go and he collapsed on the ground, breathing hard and nursing his slightly-crushed hands. Sarah turned her back on him and smiled at Jeff and Savannah, who were watching transfixed as the whole scene went down.

"See?" said Sarah, jabbing her thumb behind her at Jack's buckled form. "It doesn't take much to convince a "tough guy" to submit. Isn't that right, Jack?" She turned around, and saw that the cop had jumped at the chance when she turned her back, and had made a sprint for Sarah's front door. He wasn't even bothering about his clothes anymore. He just had to get out of here… to escape. He'd bring the whole weight of the department down on this crazy bitch. He'd have her locked away forever. He just needed to get out…he clutched at the doorknob desperately, trying to turn it. But it wouldn't turn. It was completely locked. Jack irrationally unlocked the deadbolt on the door and tried the knob again, but of course, it was still locked. Sarah had made sure of that a while ago.

She smiled at Jack's panicked fumbling at her front door. She had expected all this too…she had turned her back hoping that he would seize his "chance." And he had. Now she could make an example of him. Without speaking, she slowly began her long, elegant strides towards the door. Jack was trapped — he had nowhere to go, except through Sarah. This was all too crazy…too much…he had to burst his way out of it somehow. He set his jaw, brought up his sore fists again, and ran at Sarah yelling. Maybe if he had momentum...

But Sarah's arms were longer, larger, faster, stronger. And she anticipated his every move. She bent down a little and swung her right hand palm-up, in the threat of another devastating slap. Jack turned to focus all his attention on parrying her hand, which was unfortunate for him because simultaneously, Sarah was swinging her elbow hard towards his chest. He parried her right hand, but almost immediately found himself flying backward again, completely winded from Sarah's elbow shot to his chest. He felt his soles and toes leave the floor, and he flew back 8 feet, his back crashing into the front door as he whimpered pitifully into a crumpled heap once more. But this time, he didn't get up. He just remained there, on his hands and knees, his body shaking, as he started to cry.

Sarah swiftly bent down, seized a great handful of Jack's hair, and started to drag him back into the living room across her polished hardwood floors.

“Aaaauugghhh!!” cried Jack, his body hurting everywhere, but now most specifically his scalp. He clutched desperately at Sarah’s hand, trying to hold onto it with both of his hands to lessen to pull on his hair.

“Well what do you think, Savannah?” asked Sarah pleasantly as she flung the cop’s body onto the floor in between them. Jeff looked on in awe. All of this was making him even harder than he had been before.

“What part of him should I break?” asked Sarah, tipping her lip thoughtfully with her finger.

“Break his ankles!” said Savannah enthusiastically, her dark eyes flashing down at him. “That way he can’t even dream of escaping!”

“Hmmmm, yeah I could do that,” mused Sarah, continuing to tap her lip with a long finger as she pondered. Jeff felt his heart racing again. Was this…was this actually about to happen? Was Sarah really going to do something like that? For almost a minute, the only sound in the house was of Jack gently weeping and whimpering on his hands and knees, with his head bowed, at Sarah’s feet.

“You know what?” said Sarah suddenly. “I don’t think we need to break anything. Not yet, at least. I think little Jack here gets the message.”

Jack nodded his head wordlessly up and down as he continued to whimper and stare at the floor.

“No punishment, huh?” said Savannah, raising her eyebrows.

“Haha, well come on, I did kinda lay into him there,” chuckled Sarah. “He’s got them big muscles alright, but he’s a little softie at heart. No real aggression or manliness to speak of. Once again, just the veneer.” She sighed wistfully and then winked down at Jeff.

“Ok tiger,” she said to Jeff, getting down on her knees as she sidled up next to him. Jeff was stunned to see that, even on her knees, the top of Sarah’s head rose a couple inches above his. Her head began a couple inches lower than his, but she was so big compared to him in every way that even her head and face dwarfed his. Jeff found his breath catching in his throat at the proximity of Sarah’s huge, beautiful, shining face. Her nostrils were dilated — she was excited… high off her domination, but she wasn't sweating a pinch. “I think our little police officer here is ready to follow orders. Let’s go back to where we left off, shall we?”

A few seconds of silence passed before Jack suddenly crawled over to where Jeff was standing.

“Mmmmmm,” Sarah purred encouragingly. She had a little orgasm watching this shaking, naked, muscly cop crawl shamefully up to her little Jeff, and she started dripping down onto the floor. Savannah saw it and swooped down in between Sarah’s thighs, catching the thick droplets of ejaculate in her mouth. Sarah shuddered at Savannah’s move and came again, this time a little harder, and Savannah was there to catch it all.

“Glllarrrrrghglllarrrglglglaarrrrrrrglglgggllglllarrrrrrghh!” Savannah had started gargling Sarah’s ejaculate in her mouth, and once it was full, she swallowed loudly and opened her mouth for

more. Jack sat up, his head still down, and took Jeff's long thick cock in his hand. He didn't dare look up at anyone. He had become the least powerful person in the room.

"O-ok…Jeff," whispered Sarah in his ear, having difficulty composing her words at first because of how hot Savannah was. "I don't want you to make it too easy for our little cop here, ok? I want you to…ohhh…I want you to…mmmmrgh…make him work for it, ok? Enjoy these few moments on your feet, ok?"

[Guy on Guy starts here]

Jeff closed his eyes at Sarah's words, and almost immediately, he felt the cold slimy mouth of the cop's lips around his engorged head. He went a little soft for a few moments, drooping down a couple inches. He just…wasn't into getting blown by other men. And the cop's mouth was cold and he had thin lips and he wasn't good at what he was doing and…Jeff had lots of reasons to dislike what was going on, but he suddenly felt the prod and playful tickle of Sarah's quick tongue against his ear. Almost instantly, he was fully hard again.

Puah *Phua* *Phua* Phua*

Sarah made little kisses on his earlobe over and over as she flicked her tongue out periodically, pitter-pattering for a second or two with her impossible speed, before she resumed her soft kisses at his ear. Her big plush lips seemed to engulf all his hearing and, with his eyes closed, it was easy for Jeff to forget what was happening and focus on the sounds and sensations Sarah was giving him. After a minute or so, Jeff was about to cum. Sarah's treatment, combined with the lewd sounds of Savannah gargling Sarah's cum, was more than enough to push him over the edge.

Sniff *Sniff* *Sniff*

Sarah's nose scrunched up at his ear. "I smell it, Jeff. I smell that sweet cum of yours bubbling in those biiigggg balls." Jeff felt her hand reach down and seize both his testicles. "But he hasn't earned it yet." Her lips went away from his ear for a moment and became more aggressive and impersonal.

"Come on Jack, you can do better! You've only gone down a couple inches! Take the full thing! Take him aaaallll!" Jeff winced as Jack clumsily tried to stuff Jeff's cock down his throat. He was able to get it about halfway before he gagged, with the back of his teeth scraping Jeff's cock flesh.

Jeff heard a little commotion, and in particular he heard Jack utter a sharp little cry of pain…but he kept his eyes shut. And when Sarah spoke again, her voice cut the room like a dagger of ice.

"If you hurt my little Jeff," he heard her say, without emotion, "Then I'll kill you." Jeff had never heard Sarah speak like that before, and it drove him to an even more searing height of lust for her. She was…deadly. And she was protecting him. She cared for him. And right then he felt her big lips again at his ear as she fluttered her tongue across his lobe.

“He’s not gonna be able to do it, Jeff,” she whispered. “He can’t deepthroat you like I can. But no matter — it’s time to shoot it Jeff. It’s time to squirt squirt squirt right down the cop’s throat! Go Jeff! Do it! Do it now!”

At “now,” Sarah had thrust her tongue completely into Jeff’s ear, wriggling and writhing it down into his ear canal, and at the same time felt her huge fingers fluttering over his nipples. It was all over — he felt himself go over the edge as he leaned back into Sarah’s neck, exclaiming in wordless pleasure as he shot a fat load straight into the cops’ mouth.

“Throat him!” moaned Sarah as Jeff continued to orgasm. “Oh yyeeahhh!” Savannah was gargling yet another mouthful of her cum, and it was easy for Jeff to forget that he was literally cumming in the mouth of some random cop.

“Take it all — don’t waste a single drop!” came Sarah’s voice again. “Good…show it to me. Aaaaaa! Haha, there you go. Mmmmm, all rich and creamy…nice load, Jeff! Ok, now swallow it. All of it….mmmm…yeah, that’s nice. Show me your empty mouth…Aaaaaaaa! Hahaha! There we are! You can open your eyes now Jeff.”

Jeff did and saw a very dejected Jack looking pale and defeated, sitting at his feet, with Sarah coming around behind him. She got down on her hands and knees next to Jack, making him look tiny in comparison. She wasted no time and took Jeff's still-full-mast cock in her mouth and aggressively throated him all the way down, easily taking his entire length. Jeff gritted his teeth from the overstimulation, and Sarah laughed up at him through his cock meat. She slurped her way off him with a loud pop. Jeff could tell that she had been…practicing or something. It was like his almost 10-inch-long, thick cock was nothing to her anymore.

“See Jack?” she laughed over at him, “That’s how you deepthroat a cock like that. Pretty pathetic attempt on your part, I'll say. Oh well…maybe Jeff will do better.” Jeff blinked at her for a moment, and then dutifully got on his hands and knees and crawled over to Jack’s sitting form. He was going to try and impress Sarah. He was going to try and get as much of this cop’s thick length down his throat, even if he went totally hoarse from doing it. The cop looked at Jeff with horror, but one glance from Sarah and he laid himself out on the floor, totally submissive. Savannah came up behind him and almost caught his upper body, and he essentially fell backwards into her lap.

“Mmmm I gotta cop in my lap!” cooed Savannah, brushing his sweaty hair to the side with her fleshy hand. She reached out and started fluttering her fingers over his nipples. Despite the insane situation, Jack felt himself get hard.

“Hard to resist Savannah when she’s got you in her lap,” chuckled Sarah, laying herself out and propping her chin up on her elbows. With her big forearms in such close proximity, Jeff noticed with a thrilled shudder that they were indeed thicker than his legs. “Ok, now Jeff, let’s see if you can do any better than Mr. ShallowThroat here. I don’t think he got more than 5 inches down on you. You can beat him, right?”

“Yeah, I can beat him,” said Jeff determinedly, and he looked straight into Jack’s eyes as he took the cop’s massive 10-and-a-half-inch cock in both hands. Savannah squealed in delight upon seeing the fire in Jeff’s eyes, and Sarah felt a puddle start to leak out past her hips as she orgasmed yet again.

Jeff wet the area around the cop's huge head with his mouth, taking care to moisten every inch of the head before he gave it a shot. And Jeff enjoyed it too. He enjoyed looking straight into the cop's eyes as he gave him this treatment. He felt like an extension of Sarah…doing her bidding against this interloper who had had the audacity to come into their lives. Jeff was going to show him. He was going to show him what a real submissive was like.

He opened his mouth as wide as he could and pushed the tip of the cop's head into his mouth. It tasted salty and…just…fleshy…and he inwardly recoiled for a moment, but right then, he remembered that this same cock had been deep in Sarah's throat not too long before. That made it easier…he struggled and pushed, and his teeth raked the edge of the cop's engorged head a little, causing him to cry out a little in protest.

"Oh shut up," said Sarah, waving away his protests. "Are you seriously whining about Jeff's little mouth hurting that big bad cock of yours? Pleeease." Sarah was enjoying herself. Jeff strained more and within half a minute had managed to get the entirety of the cop's huge head in his mouth. But that's as far as he was going to go…there was no going past it. It was just too big. And Jeff's mouth was far too small. He pushed and pushed, straining to the point that his face turned beet-red, his eyes bulged out, and the veins in his neck were threatened to burst.

[Guy on Guy ends here]

"Ok…o-ok! Ok!!" laughed Sarah, struggling to pull Jeff off Jack's cock with one hand. Jeff kept trying to go back at it, but Sarah wouldn't let him. "Haha, valiant attempt, Jeff, but that's the best you can do, I'm afraid." Jeff hung his head dejectedly, his shoulders slumping. He had really wanted to do it. He had really wanted to show her. Sarah's laughter interrupted his shame, though, and she placed her hand gently on his chest.

"I knew you couldn't do it, Jeff," she laughed good-naturedly. "I knew you didn't have what it takes. I mean…how could your little mouth swallow a thing like that?? How could your throat possibly hope to hold it?? It couldn't! It'd rupture! Now me on the other hand…"

And Sarah lugged herself forward on her elbows, right up to Jack's erect cock. Savannah's nipple treatment, as well as the feel of her huge soft breasts against his back, had been enough to keep Jack hard. Sarah yawned her huge mouth open at Jeff, and then impaled herself on Jack's length, taking it without a hitch. Jeff could tell now that any effort Sarah had mimed earlier had been faked. She took Jack's cock with the same ease that she took his own — like it was nothing. Once again, Jeff felt himself harden at this show of power from Sarah. Jack's cock would rupture his throat, but Sarah took it like she was breathing air.

"Mmmmrrrrrgh!" she moaned, shaking her head back and forth a little at the base, before slurping back off it once more, shaking her head down at Jack. "Mm-mm! Nope! Not a challenge! Not even close! God, I wish there was some way I could, you know…spice all this up. I mean, I could make you cum and then Savannah could eat Jeff's ass as I make him cum again, and I could ride you till you pass out and yadda yadda yadda…but tonight I want… something a little more interesting…challenging."

"I know, Sarah!" said Savannah, pinching Jack's nipples. "Try em' both at the same time!"

“Huh? Both their cocks at once…?” A smile crept onto Sarah’s face. Jeff didn’t know if this whole thing was rehearsed or not. But there was no way…no way that even Sarah could throat both him and Jack at the same time.

“Well? You’ve been practicing all that mouth-stretching, haven’t you?” said Savannah.

“Haha, yeahhhh…yeah I have,” said Sarah thoughtfully, looking from cock to cock. “Still though…”

“Well what’s the harm in trying, huh?” asked Savannah enthusiastically.

“You know what, girl, you’re right,” laughed Sarah. “Worst case I can’t do it, right?”

“And then, just so you can save face, you can whip out all your toys and get to work on them both!” cackled Savannah.

“Well, on Jack, at least,” laughed Sarah. “He’s the one who really needs breaking in. For Jeff, though, I’ve saved a special something for him…a little bit later.”

“Lucy guy,” said Savannah. “Ok now try it, try it! I wanna get a shot at the cop before he runs out of juice!”

“Such a greedy little thing,” laughed Sarah, reaching out to pet Savannah’s cheek. Savannah closed her eyes at Sarah’s contact, as if she had been touched by an angel.

“Ok Jeff,” said Sarah, smiling despite her business-like tone. “Lie next to Mr. Officer here so that your dicks are right next to each other. Hmmmm…you’re so tiny…gonna need something to prop you up so you’re both on a level playing field. Toss me that blanket, will you, Savannah? I’ll just fold it up like this…yeaaahhh…yeah, ok, good!”

Sarah rose to her knees as she spread her hands out at the two cocks standing up before her, as if she was gesturing to a huge Thanksgiving plate piled high with all the tasty foods. Savannah had stopped her finger-work on Jack’s nipples and simply sat there, watching with bated breath as she waited with her phone held up, recording.

“Only half-hard,” Sarah muttered. Then she spoke louder as she giggled. “Come on, you two! I’m about to attempt something that I’m sure no one has ever ever done, and that’s all you can give me? How about it, huh? How bout it?” As she spoke these last words, she bent down and wrapped her lips around their cock heads, one by one, sucking on them powerfully for a second and then letting them go with a loud *Pop!* She kept it up, going back and forth between their heads, for a full minute, without speeding up or slowing down.

Pop! *Pop!*

They were completely hard within the minute. Sarah took several deep breaths and brought her head up to the two enormous, engorged erections, Jeff’s rising a full 10 inches now (due to his unprecedented arousal) and Jack’s rising almost an inch higher, both of them with huge, purpling heads, and both of them well over six inches in circumference at their base. Sarah

poked her nose in between both cocks at around their halfway point, giggling like a schoolgirl as her face reddened a little from the self-consciousness at the fun she was having. She felt like she was on a playground.

“Got a couple nice shots of you there, Sarah,” laughed Savannah, “and we’re still rolling. Go for it, girl!”

Sarah extended her tongue in between the two cocks and lashed it back and forth a few times. Then she lifted her head up and stuck the tip of her tongue an inch or so into each urethra, swirling it around as each man moaned in intense arousal. Sarah just wanted to make sure that they were both fully erect before she tried this…

She yawned her mouth open and took the head of Jack’s cock first, her lips expanding lewdly as they took his head. With Jack’s head completely in her mouth, Sarah opened her mouth again and dragged her lips across Jeff’s head as well, taking special care to go slowly and purposefully so she didn’t hurt him. A little more…a little more…her lips stretched and stretched…and…Yes!! She had managed to get both of the huge heads in her mouth at the same time! Her mouth was expanded lewdly, unnaturally, giving Sarah’s face a completely different appearance. She had transformed into a huge, powerful, voluptuous creature that sucked down semen.

“Ohh wooowwww, girrlll!!” squealed Savannah, having to remind herself to keep the camera steady. “This is so hot this is so hot oh my god oh my god I’m getting it all, Sarah! I’m getting it all right here! Keep going girl keep going!!”

“Uuuuulllrrgghhttt,” came Sarah’s distorted voice through her open mouth, and then Savannah saw the stretched corners of Sarah’s mouth turn up in a smile, finding humor in how funny she sounded.

After laughing for a few seconds, Sarah focused herself, and her eyes stared down at the base of both cocks. She was going to do it. She was going to make it happen. It was going to be crazy. Slowly, gently, but with a firm and insistent determination, Sarah began to descend on both cocks. Both men began twisting and writhing a little on the floor, but there was nowhere for them to go. Sarah literally had them by their dicks. Little by little, Sarah inched down, taking care not to go back up at all, but instead taking periodic breaks to allow her mouth to stretch out. One minute passed, and she had gone down three whole inches.

“Go Sarah!” whispered Savannah in hushed awe. “Go! Go! Go!”

Another minute passed, and Sarah was over halfway down. She had begun to drool out of her mouth onto their laps. Both cock heads had entered her throat. Now was the time to push. She looked lustfully into the camera and growled, shaking her head back and forth a little as her blond hair trembled with exertion. And then she pushed. Hard. She had already allowed the back of her throat to relax and take the cock heads, and now all that was left was to let gravity do the rest and swallow what was left. Jeff and Jack both cried out, not from pain, but from the incredible stimulation they both felt as their cocks slid all the way into Sarah’s throat. The first half of their lengths had taken Sarah a couple minutes, but now, suddenly, they both saw their cocks fully disappear into Sarah’s gigantic maw. She mashed her lips down into their laps, groaning out from the freakish lasciviousness of what she had just done. Her throat was finally

at capacity…she couldn't have taken any more…but she had taken them both…fully deepthroated at the same time.

A hissing sound joined in with Sarah's lustful groans and Jeff and Jack's cries of overwhelmed arousal. Savannah was ejaculating straight onto the hardwood floor, and she had to hold her phone with two hands to keep it steady. Her body was a furnace and her voice was shaking.

"Ohhh m-my…oh myyy godddddd!" she whispered as she came and came. "She did it…she… she actually did it. S-sarah…I…I…"

"Rrrrrggghhhhhhh!!!!" growled Sarah into the air, feeling herself cum as she mashed her lips down over and over again, emphasizing her achievement. Her throat and esophagus were opened so wide that she hardly felt the helpless bursts of cum from both cocks as they shot their fat loads straight down into her hungry belly. But she could feel them both spasming, erupting, and she knew what was happening. She swallowed over and over, squeezing their cocks even more tightly, wringing out every last bit of cum from their bodies.

When Sarah came up off both cocks a minute later with a vigorous joint *Pop!* *Pop!*, Savannah was crawling over toward her. Jack and Jeff had both fainted dead away from the overstimulation.

"S-sarah," said Savannah weakly, pawing up to Sarah's huge form as she sat up straight, beaming down at her older friend.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to do a rain check on our police friend here," chuckled Sarah, mouthing the words a little strangely as her mouth settled back into its normal position.

"N-no…I…I d-don't c-care about that," panted Savannah, beginning to feel up Sarah like a goddess. "I…I j-just…I just w-wanna — "

"I know, Savannah," whispered Sarah gently, taking Savannah's hand, forming it into a fist, and rubbing it around the smaller woman's own drooling pussy. "Me too."

Chapter 35: Down the Hatch

Jeff came to, flat on his back on the carpet of Sarah's living room. The lights were still soft and dim, and even though the candles had burned lower, they were still flickering away playfully off the walls. Jeff heard the sound of wet, hardy sloshing, mixed with something else…it sounded almost meaty. His groggy eyes cleared up a bit and he managed to turn his head towards the red sofa. As his eyes readjusted to the low light, he could tell that Savannah was sitting down on the sofa, or, more accurately, she was lying down, with her legs wide open. Even in the obscured light, Jeff could make out her thick white thighs.

Kneeling in front of Savannah on the floor was a huge shape, a massive form, that seemed to be vibrating a little, shaking just barely with smooth persistent energy…Sarah. Even on her knees, she looked absolutely enormous. Jeff tried to get up, but his body was too drained to move at the moment. So he contented himself with just watching what was taking place. Sarah was fisting Savannah, going at a steady, fixed pace, as she stared down into her friend's face, which was contorted up in rapture. Sarah's fist was quite large, and Savannah was only barely able to take it in her pussy without crying out in pain. But the intensity of the vaginal stimulation was what she wanted, and she was quickly and vigorously rubbing her clit at the same time, desperate for another blistering orgasm.

"Mmmm you take it so well," Sarah was saying softly. Jeff heard her, and felt that it was almost wrong for him to be listening to this private, intimate exchange. He felt almost like he was watching two rare mythological beasts having a secret, visceral encounter in a forbidden, clandestine clearing deep in a forest somewhere…but what could he do? He was conscious now, and he would relish the opportunity of watching Sarah dom another woman. He watched with fascination as Sarah continued to steadily fist Savannah, and Jeff could see the wavy spills of Sarah's long blond hair shaking slightly from her efforts.

"You've…you've traiiinnned me to takkkeee itttt," panted Savannah, just barely able to get her words out.

"Mmhmm!" laughed Sarah softly, going at that same persistent pace. "Yes I have. Rub your clit harder, girl. I wanna see you cum again. I wanna make sure you don't have any more to squirt."

Savannah rubbed herself harder, and she opened her mouth; she seemed to be trying to say something, but whatever it was, it wasn't coming out. Sarah laughed again softly and started to go a little harder. Her huge fist disappeared in Savannah's pussy, and came out again, disappeared, and came out. Jeff had no idea how many times Savannah had cum that night, but whatever the number, her body was still responding to Sarah's touch — her pussy lips had become almost unnaturally thick and swollen, and lubrication continued to ooze and drool out, feeding the rivulets of fluid that pooled on the leather sofa and flowed silently down onto the hardwood floor below. Jeff suddenly realized that Savannah was lying in a massive puddle of her own cum, and that there was another huge puddle that had developed down on the hardwood floor. Sarah was kneeling in it. Was it Savannah's cum or Sarah's? Or both? Jeff had no idea. But it was clear to him, in any case, that Savannah had shot and sprayed and ejaculated just about all that she had inside her. The candles flickered up brightly for a moment, and Jeff could see Savannah's thick cum still dripping off Sarah's chin. Her face was covered with it…and so was her neck…and her huge breasts. How long had he been out?! And how had

he been able to sleep through all the thunderous climaxes that had obviously happened right next to him?!

“Yeah,” said Sarah softly.

“Ssssaarahhhhh,” whispered Savannah, looking up into Sarah’s eyes as her face twisted up in transported pleasure.

“That’s it, girl,” Sarah purred. “Right there. Cum for me. Cum for me again.”

Just as if Sarah had muttered an incantation, Savannah’s body seemed to respond to her words, and her thighs opened up even wider as she screwed her head to the side, and then back and forth, her auburn hair thrashing weakly side to side. Her mouth was open and contorted and her eyes were shut tightly. Jeff looked on, totally enraptured by the scene, and he couldn’t help but feel that Savannah looked like a little girl in the shadow of Sarah, a small, inexperienced person who is just being shown what it feels like to cum.

Savannah’s body spasm and lurched weakly, and her fat pussy gave a little audible sputter, glooping out one last little spurt of cum, before she went totally limp, her head collapsing to the side as her body continued to shake after Sarah had withdrawn her hand.

“Oooo, look at that — you gave me a little more!” chuckled Sarah. “See, I knew you had a little more in you!”

“Oh mmmm….ohhh…ohhhmmmmygod…ohmgod…Sssarahhhh…Jjjeeesssusss…”

“Yeah?” said Sarah, clearly pleased with Savannah’s output as she licked and slurped Savannah’s cum off her fist. “It had been a minute, hadn’t it? Haha, I guess we needed a little break…you know, after what happened last time.”

Savannah just lay there with her legs still open, breathing heavily for a few more moments with her eyes closed. After about half a minute, she opened them again, and she looked a little more put-together, like she had recovered adequately enough to at least partially carry on a conversation.

“But we’re not…whoooo, Jesus, got a little lightheaded there,” she said, laughing at herself.

“Take it easy,” said Sarah, petting and caressing Savannah’s thighs with her big hands. Jeff could not deny the crazy reality of the comparison — even though Savannah’s legs were big and thick, many, many times the size of Jeff’s, they looked quite small compared to Sarah’s hands.

“But we’re not…gonna make the same mistakes again,” panted Savannah, successfully finishing her sentence.

“No,” said Sarah quietly, turning suddenly to Jeff. “We’re not.” Too late, he realized that she had seen him with his eyes open. He felt a rush of anxiety — would she be mad at him? Angry that he had been eavesdropping? But his fears were assuaged by a big, contented smile that Sarah gave him, her face brightening at seeing that he was awake.

“Welcome back, little guy,” she said, her tongue working sexily across her teeth for an instant. She held out her arm to him, beckoning him toward her. “Here, why don’t you come over here? That is, if you can stand.”

Jeff rolled over and pivoted his body, trying to get up. After a few seconds of effort and excruciating soreness, he was indeed able to stand up. But right as he managed to stand, he almost fell back down again ins surprise. The cop…Jack…was gone. They had been lying right next to each other before Sarah deepthroated them both, forcing them both down into unconsciousness, both from the freakishness of her accomplishment and the crazy intensity of their stimulation. It had all just been too overwhelming. But the cop was nowhere to be seen. Had he been allowed to leave?! What had happened.

Sarah could read his thoughts, and simply beckoned him over once more with her hand. Jeff walked over to her on unsteady legs, and the closer he got to Sarah, the wetter and more slick the hardwood floor became. Just around 5 feet away from Sarah, the floor was so slick that Jeff actually slipped, and if Sarah hadn’t reached out her big arm to catch him one-handed, he would have had a nasty spill on the floor.

“Haha, caution, wet floor!” laughed Sarah, curling her arm toward her, and Jeff’s whole body with it. She hugged him to her, and the scent of sandalwood once again graced his nostrils. This time, though, it was mixed with the intensely spicy saltiness of Savannah’s cum. Sarah laughed softly as she hugged Jeff to her, and actually kissed him tenderly on the cheek with her big lips. Jeff couldn’t remember when Sarah had kissed him last…it seemed like such a long time ago…sometime in the distant past, in a different life. And this kiss was different. It wasn’t forcefully dominant or aggressive…it was soft, tender, luscious…Jeff felt the thick, plush contours and interspersed wrinkles of Sarah’s lips as she slowly, deliciously kissed him. It was a “thank you” kiss…a “job well done” kiss. Jeff’s face flushed red with pleasure, and with pride.

“Oh my god,” Sarah breathed down at him. “You are soooo cuuutte. Has anyone ever told you that?”

“N-not like you,” said Jeff, shaking his head. It was like he was talking to a goddess. Sarah was on her knees…and she was looking down at him. Her huge head rose up several inches above his, and her big, broad shoulders extended out on either side of him. Being this close to Sarah’s upper body (which Jeff didn’t usually get to see this close up) really hit home how huge she was. Even though he was standing up as straight as he could, Jeff couldn’t hope to reach her height…even on his tiptoes, he would have been shorter. And the way that her massive upper body broadened out on either side of him…Jeff couldn’t help but think that Sarah had to be at least three times wider than him…maybe even four.

“Yeah, Sarah, you’ve got yourself a good one there,” said Savannah from the sofa, her voice clearly exhausted.

“Well, he sure did prove it tonight,” said Sarah, nodding down at Jeff as she smiled happily. Jeff suddenly realized, with an odd little stab of emotion, that Sarah sounded tired too. That she looked tired. The two of them must have had quite the night together when Jeff had been out…or…or was it really just the two of them?! What if — and Jeff’s heart started beating faster here — what if they had…used the cop more? What if they had woken him up and…and done all

kinds of things with him?? Was that why Sarah looked so tired!? And where was the cop?? What had they done with him?!

“Shhhh,” said Sarah softly down to Jeff, drawing her huge fingers across his face as she sensed his thoughts. “It’s ok Jeff…everything’s ok. Let’s go to my bedroom, alright? I have one last little thing to show my little man before we go to sleep.”

Sarah suddenly stood up, sighing a little from the effort.

‘Wow,’ thought Jeff, ‘She really is tired.’ It was strange, realizing this little human glimpse into Sarah. But she was already speaking to Savannah, who remained in the same position on the sofa, her head lazily lolled to the side.

“You’re good?” asked Sarah.

“Yeah,” said Savannah. “I might need…oh I don’t know…a day or two to decompress after all that.”

“Yeah,” laughed Sarah softly. “You can decompress right here.”

“And…?” Savannah asked expectantly.

“Ha! Of course,” said Sarah, and she strode into the dark kitchen, her steps vibrating the floor beneath Jeff’s knees. She reached up on top of the fridge and grabbed something, and came back into the living room, holding it out to Savannah. Jeff caught the silver metallic reflection of the candles on it…a key.

“Better give him a day or two, huh?” said Sarah, her head pivoting slightly towards a door in the corner. A door that Jeff had never noticed before. His heart rate increased and he felt little pinpricks of anxiety. What was going on? What was behind that door?

“At least, yeah,” agreed Savannah, nodding. “And…I can…?”

Sarah nodded, closing her eyes momentarily and then opening them again, smiling at Savannah. “He’s all yours. At least, you know, until I…”

“Get the itch again?” offered Savannah.

“Yeah,” smiled Sarah. “But right now, and for the foreseeable future, I wanna focus on — ” and she bent down and ruffled Jeff’s hair lovingly with her huge hand, palming his skull “— this guy right here. Sleep tight, girl! You know where the blankets are.” And Sarah was already on her way to her bedroom. Jeff crawled after her, taking one final glimpse of Savannah looking at the silver key in her hand.

A minute later, Jeff and Sarah were in her bed, under the soft, orange glow of her overhead light, and Sarah was lying on her side, a veritable cliff of flesh next to Jeff, as she softly pet his skinny chest with her enormous hand. Jeff was exhausted himself, but Sarah’s touch was enough to get him breathing hard. Her hand was so big…it almost covered his entire chest.

“You did sooo well tonight, Jeff,” purred Sarah, her eyes heavy with impending sleep. “I can’t tell you how proud I am of you. I thought that you wouldn’t be up to it…that you would break, or freak out…but you didn’t. You did exactly what I wanted you to.”

Lying on his back in the bed, Jeff beamed up at Sarah’s face. He felt proud…and it was all because she felt proud of him.

“I can’t tell you how proud I am,” said Sarah softly, leaning in a little closer. “So I’m going to show you, Jeff. I’m going to show you how much you mean to me…I’m going to show you how much I feel that you are…a part of me. That we are a part of each other. Do you understand that, Jeff?”

He nodded.

“I’m glad you do,” she breathed softly, now even closer to him. “And, just so you never forget, I’m going to show you.”

Sarah took Jeff's right hand in her own, marveling at the lopsided size comparison. She held his palm up against hers, exhaling a little in laughter at how his fingers only came up to the first joint of her fingers…how her palm alone was almost as big as his entire hand. She turned her eyes on him and they narrowed in exhausted affection as she brought his hand up to her lips. She started kissing his fingers, one by one, in the same tender way that she had kissed his cheek earlier. Jeff’s face twisted up a little in emotion. She was his goddess…and she was showing him this kind of affection…this kind of intimacy.

Sarah continued softly kissing Jeff’s fingers for several minutes, eventually moving on to his hand, and then to his wrist, and then all down his arm, until she reached the joint of his shoulder. She had been kissing Jeff nonstop with the same persistent, soft, tender kisses, and then, after planting one last smooch right on his shoulder, she came back to his hand. Ever so slowly, deliberately, and with delicious eye contact the entire time, Sarah began feeding Jeff’s fingers into her mouth. Her lips immediately closed over them, and Jeff felt the huge organ of her tongue moving slowly underneath his fingers. He shuddered in pleasure. Sarah kept going, her lips swallowing wider, and after ten seconds she had put his entire hand in her mouth. Her cheeks bulged slightly, and she hummed pleasantly, gently down into Jeff’s hand, the vibrations of her vocal cords traveling all the way down Jeff’s arm. He was panting in pleasure now, and a new, thin sheen of sweat had developed on his chest.

But Sarah didn’t stop — she kept going. Her lips opened a little wider, and she took the first few inches of Jeff’s arm. He gasped out into the bedroom, in disbelief at what was happening. Sarah kept her sea green eyes gently on his, smoothly holding them, and not letting them go. She ate more of his arm…her plush lips closed solidly around his limb, and she hummed out again softly into his flesh. She had taken his entire forearm into her mouth. Her lips were closed around the joint of his elbow…and from the way that they were softly and smoothly writhing around his joint, Jeff could tell that they weren’t done swallowing him yet. He could feel his hand squeezed by the top part of Sarah’s esophagus, and she swallowed several times on purpose, squeezing his hand in an embrace of warm tightness.

Deeper and deeper she fed him into her mouth…her lips inched forward slowly, gaining territory with each gentle push. The start of his bicep…the middle…Sarah kept going. Jeff’s cock

spasmed in orgasm, but there was nothing left to come out. Her eyes bore into his with a soft, loving insistence, unblinking, not wanting to miss a moment of his reaction. Now his upper bicep…and then…Sarah's lips closed around his shoulder, and came to a stop. Sarah's huge head was right there, in his face, her eyes staring deeply into his. She had swallowed up his entire arm. His entire arm was inside her…down her throat. Sarah hummed deeply down into his arm and jostled her huge body a little in the bed. Jeff felt a bit of a stinging sensation in his fingers, and he realized that it was Sarah's stomach acid. It was burning his hand.

Sarah seemed to sense Jeff's sensation, and she suddenly bared her teeth at him, showing her two rows of teeth clamped down over his shoulder. There was absolutely no doubt that, if Sarah had wanted to, she could have bitten his entire arm off. But her gentle eyes and her soft hums reassured Jeff, and a moment later she had come up off his arm with a loud, luscious slurp. Immediately, she kissed Jeff hard, passionately, on the mouth.

A few seconds later, she released him.

"Felt a little burn on your hand there?" she asked.

Jeff nodded, too breathless to speak.

"Hmmm, we don't want a hydrochloric acid burn, now, do we?" asked Sarah, and she carefully but quickly whisked Jeff off the bed. A moment later, she was running cold water over his hand, and she made him keep it there while she brushed her teeth, put on her nighttime lotion, and performed all the other little tasks she did before bed.

"Does it hurt now?" she asked Jeff, after about ten minutes.

"No," he said, shaking his head. "It was…it was just a little touch of it, I think."

"Well, I can't be too careful, dude" said Sarah, her mouth curving in pleasure for a moment, and then wavering for an instant with emotion. A quick energy seemed to emerge from her breast, and she barely stifled a little guffaw as tiny tears gathered in her eyes. Her emotional snort puffed her cheeks for a brief exhale, and then stretched itself out under her tired, merry eyes. She blinked as she exhaled, pulling his body into her warmth, her open eyes first staring at something beyond him. But then she looked down, and took in the sight, and the scent, of what was in her arms.

Ten minutes later, they were both asleep. Jeff had never felt so cozy in his entire life.

Chapter 36: A Dinner Date

Three months later, the hostess of one of the fanciest restaurants in town was chatting up a reservation customer on the phone.

“Oh yes sir!” she said animatedly, scanning the already-busy dining room as she nodded her head. “We’re almost at capacity now, but we should just be able to squeeze your party in at 8:30…yes sir…haha yessss it’s definitely one of the busiest times of the year…well I guess you got lucky tonight…hahaha…haha yes sir…ok…o-ok sir…see you at 8:30! Bye now.”

“Just stuffing those reso’s in like sardines, huh, Tara?” teased a waiter who had been listening.

“Hey, you should be thanking me, Ben,” Tara returned, as she looked down to mark the recent call in the reservation book. “More customers equals more money for you…unless, well, you suck ass at service and they decide not to tip you.”

“That would never happen!” said Ben, feigning an affronted reaction as his eyes widened in shock. “I’m one of the best waiters we have.”

“God help us,” responded Tara.

“And,” smiled Ben, ignoring her comment, “It goes without saying that I’m certainly one of the most courteous and attentive.”

“So attentive that Table 31 hasn’t had a water refill in ten minutes?” quipped Tara.

“Oh shit!” exclaimed Ben, gliding quickly over to assist his customers. Tara chuckled and shook her head, watching after him affectionately. Ben refilled the water glasses and then appeared back at the hostess stand a minute later.

“Anyway, as I was saying,” he continued, sarcasm infusing his voice as he smirked pompously, “the most professional, knowledgeable, skillful waiter around.”

“Uh-huh,” said Tara, looking at him humorously. She certainly enjoyed bantering with Ben; she was 21 and he was 34, so he was quite a bit older than her. That age gap, coupled with the fact that, in her 4-inch heels, Tara stood right at 6 feet (5 inches taller than Ben), somehow prevented there from being any possibility of a serious sexual dynamic between the two. It was understood that the pretty, young hostess would want someone taller, bigger, more attractive. So of course, the lack of real sexual energy between the two of them opened up the possibility of baggage-free bantering and flirtation.

“My parents are so proud,” continued Ben, putting his arm on the hostess stand and leaning on it. “They thought I was gonna go to med school to be a surgeon, but after I broke the news that I was gonna be a gourmet waiter, they couldn’t believe their ears. Their wildest dreams had been surpassed.”

“Oh my god, shut up,” laughed Tara. “Don’t you have shit to do?”

“Yeah probably,” said Ben, scanning the dining room. “Pretty busy Friday, huh? But hey, I just wanted to check…how’s my section looking tonight? Was that reso at 8:30 for me?”

“Uhhh…nope. Not for you,” said Tara, checking the seating chart. “Your next table should be coming in…umm…yeah, any minute now. It’s a reso for two…name is Stintum.”

“Stintum…huh, ok. Husband and wife, I’m guessing.”

“No idea,” said Tara. “I took the call a few hours ago. Guy seemed really nervous, like he had never made a reservation before in his life.”

“Oh god, I hope it’s not one of those high school couples,” moaned Ben. “They have their parents’ money, but they’ve never worked a day in their lives and have zero tipping etiquette.”

“Hmmm yeah, the crushing sorrows of the waiter’s life,” laughed Tara. “How do you stay sane, Ben?”

“By flirting with the hostess, duh!” he replied with a grin. Tara narrowed her eyes playfully and cocked her head, and was about to respond with something needling and witty when she saw that Ben’s eyes, looking past her towards the door, had averted upward and grown wide. His grin immediately fell, but his mouth remained partially opened, frozen in shock. Tara brought her eyebrows together in puzzlement and turned around…and her eyes went wide too, her lips unwittingly parted in astonishment at what she was seeing.

Two people…a couple…had just walked into the restaurant. Tara had to blink a few times to convince herself that she wasn’t imagining what was actually before her. It was the most lopsided pair she had ever seen…and they were definitely a couple…dressed up to a t, and holding hands. But Tara could not help but gape for a few moments. The man…if he could be called that…was wearing a suit with a little black bow tie. His head was completely bald, giving Tara the odd impression of a q-ball shining in the low dining room light. But it was this man’s stature that was so eye-catching: he was incredible short…so short that Tara, in her heels, could tell that the top of his head barely came up to the middle of her boobs. She was looking down at him, as she would a young adolescent child, but she could tell from the contours of his face that he was an adult. But she had never seen an adult man so short and so…just…tiny. Even though he was wearing a fashionable suit, Tara could tell, from his scrawny neck, and frail, weak-looking hands and wrists, that this man was incredibly shrimpy. He was holding his left hand up, so that it was even with his shoulders…he had to hold his hand this way in order to grasp the hand of his partner…his partner, who held her arm completely extended by her side, engulfing his hand in hers…Tara had registered the tiny man’s features in an instant, but her attention quickly shifted to his partner.

She was the tallest, and the largest, woman that Tara had ever seen. It was impossible for Tara to feel like a giantess around this tiny man, because such a colossal female behemoth was standing next to him. Tara wore heels to give herself confidence in her job, but this woman made her feel smaller than she could have ever believed possible. Even as she stood at 6 feet in her heels, Tara could tell that her head didn’t even come up to this woman’s shoulders. She was looking straight forward into a pair of absolutely gargantuan breasts that seemed to be stretching her tight red dress to its limits. Her dress…its blood-red length hugged this woman’s body tightly, all the way down her strong torso, round the voluptuous and undulating curve of her

huge hips, and back around in curving appreciation of her thick thighs. Right around mid-thigh, the dress split down the woman's left leg, giving Tara a clear view of a good portion of the woman's left leg. This woman clearly worked out — her leg was impressively thick and bulging with firm, taut, feminine muscle. Tara was shocked to realize that this woman's leg alone probably weighed as much as, if not more than, the man holding her hand. Her lower legs were tied up in a complicated arrangement of black lacings that hugged her flesh tightly, further accentuating her size. These lacings were part of her heels…tall, imposing, black gladiator-style platform heels that contrasted sexily with her red toenail polish. Tara looked back up at this woman's face. Cascades of flowing, wavy, golden hair spilled over her shoulders, all the way to her breasts, and Tara felt her breath catch somewhere in her upper chest as she looked up into the woman's face. She was absolutely…fiercely, gorgeous. Her sea green eyes sparkled out from her dark eye shadow make-up, reflecting the candlelight of the dining room tables, and her full cheeks beamed with an exuberant energy. Her plush red lips were curled upward in a knowing smile, and Tara could not help but think that this woman was so beautiful that she looked…almost dangerous…like…like some kind of vampire.

The amazon blond woman appeared to squeeze the little man's hand, shaking it a little, and her slight movement vibrated through his entire body. He stepped forward a little, still holding her hand, and spoke:

"Um, r-reservation for Stintum?"

"Uhhh…y-yes…yes!" said Tara, blinking a few times and consulting the seating chart mechanically. "You all are…right on time!"

"Well," came the voice of the amazonian woman, smiling down at Tara, "It's rude to be late for a reservation. Especially at a place like this."

"Uh, haha, yes ma'm, you're right," agreed Tara, trying to seem as collected as she could. But the woman's voice exactly matched her appearance — it was deep, rich, and resonant, and, even though the woman had not spoken loudly, her voice commanded attention. Already, conversations in the restaurant were stopping, and people were turning around to stare at the newly-arrived couple.

"Uh…ok!" said Tara, managing to break herself out of her enthralled trance. "W-well, uh ok Mr. and…uh Mr…I mean, Mr. Stintum…if you c-could, uh, just follow me please to uh…to your table."

And she turned and made her way robotically down the narrow rows of white-clothed tables. Sarah squeezed Jeff's hand gently, cracking the joints in his hand.

"I think she wants us to follow her, dear."

Jeff jumped a little at Sarah's words and stepped out in front, leading the way, still holding her hand. Sarah smiled warmly and allowed herself to be led, making a point to let Jeff get a few steps ahead of her before she started walking herself. In a single stride, she caught completely up with Jeff, and so she had to wait a few extra seconds each time before she took another step. Each time she waited, Jeff's little steps extended her arm out, since they were still holding hands. It was a ridiculous sight for all of the other customers, who shamelessly stared and

whispered at this tiny, slight little man leading this buxom goddess behind him…the very notion of someone his size leading someone her size was laughable. A number of the patrons started chuckling amongst themselves. This had to be a joke…there was no way this was a real date… they were coming from some show or something, surely…

A couple times, Jeff looked back at Sarah, and each time he did she reassured him with another gentle squeeze of her hand and a cheerful, acknowledging incline of her head that shook and trembled her wavy blond hair. One time she even murmured:

“We’re almost there Jeff…almost there. You can do it…c’mon…turn around.”

Tara seated the outlandish couple, watching in something like awe as this tiny wisp of a man had to hop a couple times to get himself in his chair. Once he had, his feet dangled off the chair, not even close to the floor. Tara then gawked as she saw Sarah hunch herself down and appear to absorb the chair with her body. Whereas the little man’s chair was prominent compared to him, the woman’s chair became invisible when she sat in it. Every aspect and feature of the chair was swallowed up by her enormously curvy body; her colossal ass hung amply over both sides of the chair, actually poking through the lower-to-middle designs of the backboard. Tara could barely believe it — sitting down, the woman’s ass came up to the same spot on the chair as her date’s stomach. Her huge feet straddled each side of her date’s chair, and her boobs hung over half the table; her head was held high and proud, climbing far above the chair’s headboard and looming imperiously over every other head in the restaurant. Tara noticed with a shudder that, even sitting down, this woman nearly matched her in height.

“Your…uh..your server will be Ben tonight,” said Tara. “He’ll be right with you.”

Sarah smiled at Tara and then glanced over to Jeff, raising her eyebrow.

“Uhh…y-yes. Yes, thank you,” said Jeff, looking to Tara from Sarah, and back at Tara again. The hostess smiled back and then got out of there, turning back to stare at them once she had reached the hostess stand. Too soon, Ben immediately bounded up to them, brandishing his notepad and pen.

“All right then how’re we doing tonight folks, I’m Ben and I’ll be taking care of you let me know if you have any questions about the menu I know please…haha, I know that some of the ingredients might not be so, uh…familiar to you guys, but hey maybe you know all about them and I’m just rambling on here for no reason like an idiot hahaha, in which case you guys don’t hesitate to tell me to go away, alright?!”

Sarah giggled again and looked at Jeff, raising both her eyebrows this time as her laughing, plush lips bared her sharp white teeth.

“Uh, alright,” said Jeff to the waiter.

“Can I start you two off with anything besides water?” asked Ben, lowering his head to his pad as he felt his cheeks burning.

“Umm,” came Jeff’s timid voice.

“What was that?” asked Ben, leaning his head in closer. “I’m sorry sir, it’s just a little loud in here, haha!”

“Speak up for him, Jeff,” said Sarah genially, putting her elbows on the table and lacing her fingers together as she leaned in on her shapely forearms.

“I’d like a…umm…a glass of your…your 2015 Joseph Ph-Philips Isignia,” said Jeff into the waiter’s ear.

“Ooooh, the Philips Insig? A wonderful choice, sir.” Ben’s mind raced as he sized up the choice. This tiny dude wasn’t playing around — without even looking at the menu, he had just ordered a glass of one of the most expensive wines on the menu — the Joseph Philips went for $275 a bottle. This guy must have been some kind of investment banker or…or computer scientist or something…it all made sense, anyway, having enough money to land someone like the bombshell who was sitting across from him. But even as his mind shot through these thoughts in a split second, Ben was already talking again.

“And, I might add, with its rich blackberry cassis flavors, with hints of cocoa, graphite, and cedar, a perfect drinking pair with our famous filet or our pepper-encrusted ahi tuna.”

“Y-yes…yes, I know,” said Jeff, and he cracked something like a smile up at the waiter.

“Oh…oh! Hahaha, I, uh…haha, I don’t mean to presume that you didn’t already know all that,” laughed Ben, feeling the heat intensify under his collar. “It’s just that, haha, you know…a lot of customers need a little guidance through the drink menu to start off with everything…haha, but not you, I see!”

“We, uh…we looked over the menu b-before, uh…before we came,” said Jeff.

“Haha, alrighty, excellent!” said Ben, having only caught the tail end of what Jeff had said. But he understood the gist. He turned to Sarah, who actually rose up a few inches taller than him, even though she was sitting down. “And…for you, ma’m?” Ben had never felt so surreal in his life. He could hardly believe that this woman was real, and yet she was more vibrant and alive than anyone he had ever seen.

“I will be having a glass of the Jarvis 2017 Finch Hollow,” said Sarah brightly, leaning back in her chair and looking steadily at the waiter.

“Finch Hollow…yep, yep,” said Ben, thankful for the opportunity to look down and away from this incredible woman. He felt like he was already making it too obvious how attractive he found her. “Another stellar choice…haha, I was just about to go into my spiel about all the food pairings, but…haha, I assume you know all that already…uh…r-right?”

“Right,” said Sarah, smiling broadly as she nodded her huge head. The green of her eyes sparkled in the candlelight that flickered ever so slightly in the middle of the table. Ben couldn’t help looking down, as his eyes caught some movement on the table, and noticing Sarah’s huge hand stretched out, with her big fingers drumming her sharp, long, red fingernails lightly on the white tablecloth. He had stayed too long; she wanted him to leave.

“Well great! Excellent!” said Ben, looking down helplessly at Sarah’s enormous ass. “I’ll just… just get your drink orders and be r-right back!”

The stunned waiter turned and mechanically walked away. Sarah watched after him for a moment, following him with her eyes. Then she giggled and leaned back in on her forearms toward Jeff, her posture burgeoning the apparent size of her arms and breasts.

“I think we spooked him, Jeff,” she said, just above a whisper. “What do you think?”

“He, uh…he seemed a little n-nervous, yes,” said Jeff, watching after the waiter himself.

“Any idea why such a fancy waiter at such a fancy restaurant might be nervous around us?” asked Sarah, sticking her tongue into the side of her cheek.

“Uh…I mean,” said Jeff, raising his eyes to Sarah’s face across the table. She was wearing big, golden hoop earrings that made her look even more ravishing…Jeff wasn’t able to avoid smiling a little. “A lot of people get that way around you.”

“Awww, my sweet little munchkin,” whispered Sarah, peering down at him closer. Even with the two of them sitting down, the top of Jeff’s head was a few inches shorter than her shoulders. “I know I am an unusual sight to most people. But you know what’s even more unusual to people than seeing someone like me?”

“Uhh…seeing someone l-like you…w-with someone…like me?” ventured Jeff. He knew this was the answer Sarah was looking for, but even after all these weeks…and months…he was still nervous speaking to her. The things she had done to him…that he had seen her do to other people…it was easy for his mind to wander, but he focused himself back. He had been looking forward to this night for a long time.

“Yes, Jeff, exactly,” came Sarah’s deep, dulcet voice, as she bared her teeth in an exquisite smile. She reached across the table and took his hand in hers, squeezing and kneading it softly. Jeff shuddered in pleasure as he felt himself get hard under the table.

“By myself I turn heads,” continued Sarah. “But when I’m with you —” and here she glanced up and indicated to the tables around them. “—We turn heads…and they stay turned. Haha, look at them, Jeff. They don’t even have the decency to look away from us.” Jeff turned around and saw that almost all of the tables in the restaurant were staring at them, totally absorbed in fascination at the new couple, forgetting their manners entirely.

“Why are they looking at us like that?” asked Sarah sweetly.

“B-because…because you’re so much bigger and taller than I am,” said Jeff flatly, turning back around and looking up at her again.

“Mmmhmm,” agreed Sarah, nodding her head slowly. “Any other reasons?”

“Well…y-you’re just gorgeous,” said Jeff, his heart beating quickly as he spoke. He usually wasn’t allowed to talk to Sarah like this. “And…and I’m j-just…uh, ordinary-looking.”

“Jeff!” laughed Sarah, releasing his hand and putting hers to her breast as she looked at him earnestly. “I appreciate the compliment — really, I do — but don’t short-change yourself! You’re a handsome young man!”

“W-well…not…not too young anymore, huh?” asked Jeff, with another slight smile.

“Aww, look at that!” cackled Sarah softly, scrunching up her nose. “Look at that little smile! Soooo cuuuuute…but come on Jeff — your birthday dinner is no time to get down in the doldrums about your age.”

“E-easy for you to say,” said Jeff suddenly, shocked at his own bravery. “Y-you’re still only 21!”

Sarah’s eyes widened as her mouth opened slightly. For a split second, an icy terror seized Jeff’s heart; he thought he had gone too far. But the terror quickly melted as he saw the corners of her plush lips upturn and quiver in a laughing smile. Her wide eyes danced with the candlelight as she inhaled and exhaled several times in quick succession through her nose, her tongue suddenly bulging her lower lip as it frolicked and undulated in front of her lower teeth.

“You’ve got some fucking nerve,” she grinned, her eyebrows rising up playfully. “Talking to me like that. Don’t think I’m gonna forget that one, you old little man.”

“I’ll…uh…I’ll take whatever punishment you…you, uh, see fit to give me,” said Jeff, feeling the warmth of the exchange bathe his insides.

“Hmm, yes you will,” chuckled Sarah, winking at him. “Oh look, it’s our waiter coming back to us again. He totally forgot to card us.” She leaned in closer to Jeff playfully, until her visage was nearly all he could see. “But I’m pretty sure it’s you he’s worried about. Ha! Boy is he in for a surprise, huh?”

“To…to card us?” asked Jeff, puzzled. “What do you, uh — ”

But he was interrupted by Ben’s breathless and apologetic voice. “Oh wow you two, I got so caught up in your excellent wine choices that I totally forgot to check your IDs! Haha, it’s just protocol, I know, but we have to do it in order to — ”

“No worries,” came Sarah’s cheery voice as she dug into her purse. “We understand!”

A few moments later, Ben was checking the two ID cards with a special pinpoint flashlight that he carried around (and quite enjoyed using), and he was doing his best not to lose his composure even further. The IDs were new…brand new, in fact. They had the watermark that the state now required — they couldn’t have been more than a couple weeks old. But it was what he was reading that was shocking. This woman was…13 years younger than him?? She was…21 years old!? Barely able to drink!? Ben looked up briefly from her ID, and Sarah blinked her eyes slowly at him, waiting patiently. He had to look at her stats…6’8…250 pounds…good lord…and that wasn’t even counting those monster heels she was wearing…she had to be over 7 feet…but he had to keep his cool…he had to make sure this guy was…Ben looked up at Jeff over his ID. This guy was 29 years old!?! There was just no way…but there it was…the ID was legit…and…and his birthday was today! But quickly, before he said anything, Ben, checked the guy’s numbers. He just had to, out of morbid curiosity…4’8…80 pounds…this girl was over 3

times his weight…and 2 entire feet taller…but Ben knew he had already looked too long. He handed them back their ID cards, and he did his best to laugh and smile as he spread his arms out wide.

“Well, look at me — I almost missed some vital information — happy birthday, sir!”

“Thank you,” said Jeff quietly, smiling and inclining his head.

“And, uh…” said Ben, having to catch up with his own mouth, “I, uh…your drinks are coming, but since you two have already looked through the menu, do you know what you’d like to eat tonight?”

“Yes,” said Jeff, doing his best to sit up straight in his chair. “I will be having the filet tonight, and the, uh…the l-lady will be having the swordfish.”

“Ah yes, excellent, excellent, can’t go wrong with those two,” said Ben, writing down the orders as he marveled at how traditional this couple was behaving. This guy was actually ordering for this woman!?! It was crazy.

“And how would you like your steak, sir?” he asked.

Jeff looked across at Sarah, who narrowed her eyes at him affectionately. Jeff cracked his first real smile of the night.

“Medium rare.”

Chapter 37: A Little Foot Rub

After the waiter took down their orders and walked away, Sarah dug into her purse again, keeping her eyes on Jeff as she blushed and smiled. Her eyes were sparkling in the candlelight.

“You know,” she said warmly, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone look quite so good in a suit as you are right now.”

“Oh…really?” asked Jeff, taking his own turn to blush as he looked up at Sarah from across the table.

“Yes, really,” she said. She was still fishing around in her purse. “Suits make most men look aggressive…and that bores me. But not you, Jeff. That suit doesn’t make you look aggressive at all — it just makes you look cute!”

“Well…thanks,” said Jeff, smiling. Even the smallest compliment from Sarah was enough to get his engine going, but he took a couple of deep breaths. If he came in his pants right now, it was going to be a long night.

“Aha! Here it is,” said Sarah, and she pulled out a small little bell with a tiny wooden holder on the end, setting it down carefully on the table next to her water glass. Jeff knew immediately what it was: it was the bell that Sarah rang every night for his dinner. 90 times she had rung this bell, and each time, its meaning was exactly the same. Just seeing the bell on the table was enough to make Jeff’s stomach growl. The chatter in the dining room was quiet enough that Sarah actually heard his stomach.

“Mmhmm,” she giggled, winking down at him. “Someone’s getting hungry, no?”

Jeff blushed again and laughed a little bit at himself, nodding. He had been hungry before, but Sarah had thoroughly conditioned his body to respond to the bell’s sound. Seeing the actual bell on the table, poised to make a sound whenever Sarah chose, was all his little stomach needed to respond. Privately, Jeff hadn’t even been sure that Sarah would allow him to eat out at all — there had still been something inside him that maintained that she was going to eat both of their orders in front of him. But when she brought out the bell, he knew that it was really true. He knew that this really was his birthday dinner.

“Aww, did you think I wasn’t going to let you eat?” asked Sarah, giving a little pout at him with her lips.

“I…I wasn’t sure,” admitted Jeff. “I know th-that…that you told me that you would, but — ”

“But what?” asked Sarah genuinely as Jeff trailed off.

“B-but…I guess I…I j-just don’t know,” he finished. He hoped that Sarah wouldn’t mind that he was just being honest — over the past few months, Jeff had learned that he couldn’t take anything for granted. He had been shocked and surprised too many times to have any firm mental ground to stand on. At this point, he really did believe that, when he was with Sarah, anything and everything was possible.

“Oh, but you’ve been sooooo good recently,” said Sarah, putting her elbows on the table and leaning forward into the candlelight. “You deserve a night out, Jeff — you really do! It’s like I said a few days ago: I think we’re really getting to a point where we can go out in public and behave…you know…semi-normally.”

Jeff felt a spring of emotion start to well up in him. This is what he had wanted for so long: to just be with Sarah, to exist with her in the world. He knew that they were as far from equals as two people could be, but that was why he had begged her to come back and live with her. That was why, despite all the humiliation she had put him through, he wanted more. It was where he belonged…under her foot. Under her, in every way. Sarah’s strict house rules turned him on to no end, and even more importantly, they were Jeff’s ticket to a life with her. He knew that, to be with her, he would have to submit to her training.

And train him she had. The past few months had been an absolute whirlwind of orders and obedience, a cyclone of edging and cumming, a vortex of domination and submission. She had already completely altered his stature with that surgery…and Jeff still didn’t know what had actually happened. Sarah had never told him. But during the ensuing months, Sarah had made Jeff’s cock do things that he could never have believed possible, and she had shaped and molded his mind to the extent where sometimes, in rare moments of surreal introspection, he did not even recognize himself. It was the strangest, most bizarre thing in the world for him to realize that it had not even been half a year since he responded to Sarah’s voice in that waiting room, and looked up to see her radiant face beaming down on him. That had been the moment…the most important moment in his life…when everything had changed.

He had been living in that awful, run-down house with…what was her name? Cassie! And his friend Dave! Gosh, he hadn’t thought about Dave at all for the past few months. And that other guy’s name…John…the one who was all tripped out on acid all the time. That had been Jeff’s life: smoking and drinking and reading his conspiracy theory books and going out and trying to get girls to sleep with him. A sordid cycle of addiction and skeezy attempts at having sex. When Jeff had the mental strength to look back to that faraway time, he had burned with shame. He had been such an asshole. Such a measly little pipsqueak, a little punk, who had no idea about anything in the world, with no objectives, no direction, no future, no nothing.

And now here he was, less than 6 months later…or maybe even 5 months…he couldn’t keep track…sitting across from the smartest, hottest, most beautiful woman on the planet, at least as far as he was concerned. And they were on a date…a dinner date. Sarah had forced him to quit smoking, and she only allowed him to drink when it was with her. But even more than that, Sarah had transformed him into her most loyal submissive. While it was true that Sarah had other men and women who she saw (and sometimes even brought over to the house), Jeff was the one who got to sleep in her bedroom. It didn’t matter that it was usually in his little cage. He had become accustomed to it now. What mattered to him was that Sarah could count on him to be obedient, and to be helplessly hard whenever she felt like dominating him. He had truly come a long way, and, now that he looked at himself, Jeff felt like he really was a completely different person. He had been altered, reconstructed, transformed…transfigured.

“Oh, thanks!” chirped Sarah as Ben brought them their drinks. The nervous waiter had seemed like he wanted to say something, but one curious glance from Sarah was enough to send him on his way.

“Mmmm alright!” said Sarah, picking up her wine glass. “Let’s toast the birthday boy! 29 years old! To my sweet little Jeff!”

“Haha…o-ok,” said Jeff, blushing again as he picked up his own wine glass. They clinked them together and they both drank, staring at each other the whole time. They took one sip, now two…Sarah made wide eyes at Jeff and kept drinking. He did the same. After a couple more slow exquisite seconds, Sarah put her wine glass down, coughing a little as she laughed playfully.

“*Coughcough* Haha…oh my god…*cough*…you’re too cute!” laughed Sarah. “You’re gonna make me choke!”

“Haha, sorry,” smiled Jeff. He felt his body immediately warm to the rich red wine he had just gulped down. His glass was already about half empty. The pleasantly acrid bite of the alcohol brought back memories of the last time that Sarah had allowed him to drink — it had been a few weeks ago. She had brought the big whiskey bottle down from the top of the fridge and poured shots…Savannah had been there that night. They had all gotten drunk, and Jeff had some vague recollection of Sarah holding him upside down by his ankles as bass-heavy techno music played, raising and lowering his turgid member into her mouth over and over in time to the steady beat. What had Savannah been doing…? Oh that’s right — she’d been playing with Billy…the cop…or, former cop, at least. Savannah had renamed him. Jeff shuddered a little. He couldn’t believe what had happened to that man, and the fact that Sarah and Savannah had managed to get away with it all this time. But that wasn’t for him to worry about. That was something in Sarah’s charge — or, more specifically, Savannah’s, since Sarah had allowed her to keep him. Jeff came back to the restaurant setting, and he couldn’t stifle a little laugh as he shook his head. It was a crazy life he was living, that was for sure. But it was the best life: the best life he could possibly ask for.

“What’re you giggling about?” asked Sarah with a sly grin on her face, turning her head to the side.

“Oh…just…just thinking back and, uh…and remembering some stuff,” said Jeff.

“Well let’s hear it then,” said Sarah amicably, taking another sip of her wine. Jeff was momentarily mesmerized by the enormous lipstick stain on Sarah’s glass; even thought the glass itself was quite large, Sarah’s lips had easily spanned a third of the glass, and also went a couple inches down…and that was with her only opening her mouth slightly to sip. Jeff looked at his own glass, and he saw the faint white imprint of his lips…it looked like nothing more than a little white blotch on an otherwise clean glass that barely spanned an inch, either across or down. The difference was striking.

“Just, uh, just remembering the last time I drank,” said Jeff, still staring at their wine glasses.

“Ha! I remember that night,” said Sarah happily. She leaned back in her chair and put her big arms behind her head. Jeff loved it when she posed like this. It gave him a striking view of her biceps, which were firm and strong under the plush exterior of her feminine bulk. And she was playing through the hair at the back of her head with her fingers; Jeff could tell, because he could see the tendons working in the undersides of her wrists and forearms. And, of course, whenever Sarah leaned back, anyone in front of her was treated to an exquisite view of her

ridiculous rack. Jeff's breath caught in his throat as he stared at her across the table, marveling how, with both of them seated, the top of his head only came up to around the middle of those enormous breasts of hers.

"We had our own little dance party that night, didn't we?" continued Sarah. Her eyes looked up as she thought back fondly. "I'm pretty sure I proved that "whiskey dick" isn't a real thing, didn't I?"

"Uh, y-yes…yes you did," nodded Jeff appreciatively.

"Hmm…how many times did I suck you off that night? Hmmm…six times? Maybe seven? Oh hell, I can't remember, haha. It got a little fuzzy there at the end."

"Y-yeah, I uh…I can't remember either."

"Well, we know that little Billy got his fair share of play that night, didn't he?" reminisced Sarah, looking back down at Jeff and winking. "I seem to recall him begging at one point for it all to stop, but, well…I don't think Savannah was in the stopping mood that night, do you?"

"Uh, no I don't think she was," said Jeff, shaking his head. He still got nervous whenever they talked about Billy, especially when it was out in public — he still harbored some fear, however unfounded, that the wrong person would be listening and would catch Sarah redhanded.

"Aww, look at you — you're nervous again," chuckled Sarah. She reached her huge hand across the table, her golden bracelets rattling around on her wrist, and pinched Jeff's cheek affectionately with her big fingers, giving his face sympathetic little shake before she withdrew again.

"You trust me, don't you Jeff?"

"Of…of course I do," he said as he looked up at her earnestly. "I just…I still have to, uh…get used to everything that's…that's happened. I know that…that it's been months now, but, it's, uh…it's j-just all so crazy."

"I know, sweet pea, I know," breathed Sarah down at him, blinking her eyes slowly, lusciously, at him. "And you've done so well…so well…ever since that first night that Billy came to join us." Sarah turned her head a little to the side as she kept her gaze fixed down on Jeff's face.

"You know," she continued, "That was really the night that set the tone, I think. It was your first night back with me after your surgery…after you spent that week at your parents'. I wasn't sure how you were gonna do, Jeff. I really wasn't. But I knew that "easing" you into it all wasn't going to work. I had to just jump right into it all with you, and you were either going to sink or swim. And you swam, Jeff."

The red color in Jeff's cheeks deepened further at Sarah's compliment. Recently, she had been complimenting him more, since by this time he had a firm grasp on all of her commands. But even more than that, Sarah had been impressed by how attentive Jeff had been to little things around the house. When she had been away at a medical conference the previous week, Jeff had taken it upon himself to clean Sarah's entire house. It had already been pretty clean, but he

had actually taken the trouble to search out all the dust in the nooks and crannies that usually went uncleaned. He had even emptied out the entire pantry, cleaned the shelves, and then put everything back…not an easy task for a weak little man who was 4'8. It had taken him two whole days to complete, but he had done it, and Sarah had noticed it within minutes of returning home. She had only needed to give Jeff one single glance to ascertain that he hadn't done all the cleaning in the hopes of any reward — there had been no ulterior motive to his unprompted labor, other than pleasing Sarah.

That was what she wanted: a submissive who truly embraced his place, and enthusiastically searched for ways to fulfill his role. So many other subs in the past had, quite clearly, just been interested in getting off. But at this point, Sarah could smell a selfish sub a mile away. Jeff had become, in many ways, a measuring stick for the other submissive males in her life. She had told Jeff as much just a few days ago, and the way that he had beamed with pride was enough to ratchet her pussy up almost into full gear. She had gathered him up in her arms and sucked his huge cock down her throat right then and there, and she didn't stop until he gave her two loads of his creamy cum. Everything in Jeff's body, from his body odor, to his energy levels, and down to the flavor and consistency of his cum, was the result of Sarah's purposeful designs. She fed him a specific diet that was devised to create rich, luscious, almost velvety cum — she was using him as a kind of vintage cum casket, and Jeff couldn't have been prouder.

It had not been lost on him, however, that he had not cum in 3 whole days. This was far longer than he was accustomed to waiting, and Jeff couldn't help but think that Sarah had something big planned for him tonight. He also noticed that she had been feeding him more fruits (specifically pineapples, oranges, and papayas) than usual, and that she had added parsley, wheatgrass, peppermint, cinnamon, and nutmeg supplements to his meals. Jeff had been curious as to the purpose of these additions, but he knew not to ask any questions about it. It was what Sarah had decided to feed him, and he would ingest it, simply because she said so. But again, Jeff couldn't shake the thought that the new diet had something to do with Sarah's plans for him tonight. At this point, though, Jeff was trained enough to know that he should never deign to expect any specific sexual favors from Sarah. Anything she did to him, she did because she wanted to do it, not because he wanted it.

Recently, though, that line seemed to have become a bit blurred. A couple nights before, Sarah had granted Jeff the privilege of masturbating into his face as he lay tied on the floor in one of her favorite hogties. Sarah, of course, had an unusually moist and succulent pussy, and by the time she was finished, Jeff's face was completely drenched in her juices, with another substantial amount having been swallowed down into his stomach, independent of his intent. Jeff rarely got to actually see Sarah masturbate, let alone have a front-seat view for more than an hour. It hardly mattered to him that she had been streaming the whole thing online…all of that was more of an afterthought than anything else. Jeff was aware enough of the whole enterprise to know that Sarah racked in a good amount of money on her camming account, but he didn't really bother too much about all that. It just wasn't that important to him. What was important was that, with each passing day, he was proving to Sarah how well he could function as her most trusted submissive.

"Mmmm, look at that couple over there," chuckled Sarah, leaning over the candle and pointing straight at a young man and woman who were a few tables away. Jeff turned and looked. They looked like they were in their mid-twenties, dressed up just as much as they were, and obviously having no idea what to make of Sarah and Jeff. They both looked to be tall, a couple inches

over 6 feet by the look of them, and both looked almost over-stylish, like they were attempting to show off their obvious wealth. The man had on a large, expensive watch, and the woman was wearing gold jewelry and a diamond-encrusted bracelet.

“They haven’t stopped staring at us ever since we walked over here,” said Sarah as she stared straight back. Her pointing finger and eye contact seemed to force them to at least temporarily look away. Jeff could tell that they were laughing and chuckling amongst themselves to cover up their awkwardness.

“Haha, they’re uncomfortable now,” laughed Sarah, her great breasts jiggling mightily in her tight red dress. “Imagine how they would react if I — ” And here, she suddenly pursed her big lips and made like she was about to kiss the air. Jeff’s heart stopped. He knew what it meant when Sarah kissed the air. He was to immediately take off all his clothes. Surely she wouldn’t do it in here…they’d get kicked out! Or would she do it? Just to make a point? Jeff didn’t know…all he did know was that if Sarah kissed the air, then he would take off his clothes, all the way down to his underwear, right then and there. Unquestionably, he would follow her command. At this point, he knew that he had nothing to be afraid of, except her disappointment, her ire, and her anger.

Sarah kept her lips pursed for a few long moments, and then broke off into a large smile. “Haha, aww, you were a little worried there for a second, weren’t you?” she laughed.

“N-no,” said Jeff, smiling and laughing himself. “Just, uh…just wasn’t sure if you were gonna go there or not.”

“But you were ready, weren’t you?” Her eyes were shining.

Jeff smiled and nodded his head, looking up at her genuinely. “Yes.”

Sarah uttered a short little sigh as she sat up to her full height, looking around like she was antsy. “Hah…god I don’t know how I’m gonna last all through dinner, with you looking up at me like that. You know what that does to me, don’t you?” Jeff nodded again.

“You know you better watch yourself, little mister,” she warned playfully. “If you keep on going like this, I’m gonna have to switch gears and move my plans for later up to right now.”

Jeff breathed out as his cock harden to about three quarters of its full length. “Wh-Whatever you feel like doing,” was all he could manage to say.

“Hmmm, yes,” said Sarah thoughtfully, pretending to ponder as she narrowed her eyes at him. Suddenly, quite clearly, she tapped her right foot on the floor. Both her heeled feet were visible on either side of the table, and Jeff had been keeping a close eye on them as soon as they had sat down. Immediately, Jeff slid out of his chair, walked over to Sarah’s right leg, and knelt down beside it. He began to unstrap her huge gladiator-style heel, which was no easy task, since it was all done up on Sarah’s leg in an elaborate series of ties and knots. Jeff worked diligently, though, and within a couple minutes, he had succeeded in untying the whole heel. Delicately, he removed it from her foot and set it under the table. Still kneeling beside her in his fancy suit, Jeff proceeded to rub Sarah’s bare foot, starting with the meaty part of the sole right beneath her big toe.

Now the diners were really looking at them. Whisperings abounded in the restaurant as people turned their heads, laughed awkwardly, frowned, giggled, or just stared without expression. Jeff didn't care what anyone was doing — he was just happy to get this chance to rub Sarah's huge foot. He situated it in his lap, happily digging his small fingers into the ample flesh of her sole. Her foot was absolutely gargantuan compared to him — it was two thirds as long as his entire torso, and almost half as wide. She had bathed her feet in rosewater before they had left to go to the restaurant, and now Jeff knew why. It was her special treat to him.

For her part, Sarah was taking deep, measured breaths, trying as hard as she could to control herself. She leaned back in her chair and wiggled her big toes playfully in Jeff's face as she sighed in pleasure. Her pussy was really starting to get wet now. She wondered whether her precum was starting to bleed through her dress. She glanced down…hard to tell…the light in the stylish restaurant was so dim.

'Oh who cares anyway?' she thought to herself, feeling almost high with delight as she looked around at the other customers, making it a point to meet their glances and hold them until they looked away. The past few weeks, she had been…more than pleased with Jeff. She could never have predicted, months before, that he was going to grow into the submissive who was now at her foot, shamelessly rubbing it, in a roomful of elegant, astounded people, in the best restaurant in town. Ever since that crucial night with Billy…oh Billy…Sarah's mind meandered to Savannah. She wondered what new things that girl was cooking up for that man…

But Sarah's mind quickly came back to Jeff. Ever since that night, three months before, Jeff had seemed different, changed. She was glad that she had decided to have Jeff spend that extra week with his parents after his surgery. Apparently, his absence from her had conveyed all that he needed to beg her to come back and live with her. And that night she had tested him, and he had passed. All the old masculine ideals seemed to have completely disappeared. She had crushed them, burned them out, destroyed them, and in their place, a new and fervent submission arose. Sarah had been afraid that Jeff would be too afraid, or too weak, to handle it all. But, during the past 3 months, he had proved her fears unfounded, time and time again.

He hadn't even minded it when she started camming some of her scenes with him. She knew that Jeff didn't really care about the whole audience aspect of it, but she did. It got Sarah off even more to know that she was dominating Jeff so publicly, in front of hundreds, and sometimes even thousands of people at once. They now performed live several times a week, and Sarah had really started racking in the cash. Their cam scenes had become highly anticipated, to the point where each night was guaranteed to make her a few thousand bucks, easily. One particularly lucrative night, she had made over $10,000. Their popularity only further proved Sarah's suspicion that she had harbored for years and years: that more men and women were into the inverted, female-on-male, size-based power dynamic than anyone would have imagined. Within two months, they had become one of the most popular streaming couples on the internet. They were so popular that a number of skilled video compilers had even made 10, 15, and even 20-minute long videos of their compiled scenes together, complete with sexy, fast-paced music, fast cuts, and special effects. One of the longer compilation videos just focused on Sarah's vigorous, aggressive blowjobs. It was all so incredible for Sarah, and she had to admit that Jeff, a hopeless lost cause when she had reencountered him, had actually shown himself to be the most capable, sexy sub she had ever had.

Ben came over to check on them.

“Uh, ex-excuse me?” he said awkwardly, turning a deep shade of red as Sarah turned to him and smiled. “Are, uh…is everything alright here?”

“Oh yes!” said Sarah happily, blinking her cheerful eyes. Without taking her eyes from the waiter, she bent down slightly and slid her large hand over Jeff’s bald head, covering it completely with her palm as she began to lovingly scratch his scalp with her long, sharp, red fingernails. “We’re all good here, thanks!”

“O-k…umm, I…uh,” stammered Ben, looking down helplessly at Jeff, who remained totally focused on his task. “Well, um…y-your food should be, uh, should be arriving momentarily. Just…uh, just letting you know!”

“Thanks — looking forward to it!” said Sarah genially. Ben nodded once, paused a second to look down at Jeff, and then shuffled off. Sarah chuckled down to Jeff, still scratching his head.

“These people are so uptight, aren’t they?” she giggled. “Don’t know how to make heads and tails of a little foot rub.”

“Mmhmm,” said Jeff, still overly focused on getting the really juicy parts of flesh right beneath Sarah’s toes.

“Haha, ok, I think that’ll be enough for now,” said Sarah, giving him a final, affectionate scratch with her fingers before she took her hand away. “Apparently our food’s about to get here. Tie up my heel again and hop back into your chair, birthday boy.”

Jeff looked up at her, almost in disappointment, and Sarah melted a little more inside.

‘Oh yes,’ she told herself as her nostrils widened and her pupils dilated, and her clit twitched in intense arousal. ‘Tonight’s the night.’

Chapter 38: The Main Course

A few minutes later, Ben brought out their food, making an even bigger show out of the presentation than he usually did. He had no idea how to behave around this couple, and so he compensated for his bewilderment by acting as grandiose and dramatic as possible.

“The swordfish for the lovely lady — sorry, sir, even though this is your birthday dinner, it’s ladies first, am I right? Hahaha!”

“Yes, more right than you know,” said Jeff, feeling pleasantly odd and surreal carrying on a conversation like this with…just some normal person. The past three months, he had barely spoken to anyone outside of Sarah’s house, where an utterly different power dynamic reigned. But now, out in the world, he was finding that the dynamic in Sarah’s house could be bent and extended to his other interactions. Plus, the fact that she was grinning at him from across the table seemed to infuse him and energize him. Even just weeks before, Jeff had been having trouble saying anything without a stutter. And now he was cracking ironic jokes?!

“And…” said Ben, with a bit of a searching look down at Jeff, “For the birthday boy…oho! I’m sorry, sir — the birthday man — our famous filet! Now then, can I get you two anything else, or would you like me to just beat it so you can dig in?”

Sarah looked at Jeff and raised her eyebrows. Jeff smiled and looked up at Ben.

“I…I think we’re all set here.”

“All right! Haha, then I’ll get out of your hair and leave you all to it!”

The waiter floated away, and Jeff and Sarah shared a little humorous moment with each other, appreciating the awkwardness of the previous encounter.

“Mmmm my my, look at this!” said Sarah studying her swordfish. “This looks delicious! But first, a little toast to the birthday boy — our little waiter got it right the first time, didn’t he?”

“Haha, ok, cheers,” said Jeff, holding up his wine glass to Sarah’s. They clinked them together, and drank, both of them feeling the pleasant bite of the alcohol singe their throats as their eyes stayed locked.

“Well let’s eat, then!” said Sarah. She cut up her swordfish, paired it with some of the intricately-arranged vegetables on her fork, and brought it to her mouth, eying Jeff. He sat there simply, unmoving as he watched her slowly insert the food into her mouth and withdraw the clean fork a moment later. She kept her eyes locked onto his as she chewed thoughtfully. She loved this part of every meal — his eyes watching her, waiting.

After she swallowed the first bite, Sarah scrunched up her eyes affectionately at Jeff. Even after all these months, that look of hers had the power to almost stop his heart. It was the look she had been giving him more and more recently…the look before she cuddled him around bedtime, or before she was about to call attention to a size comparison. Jeff knew that Sarah thought he was cute, and when she looked at him like that, he sometimes thought that…that it meant more than that. A lot more.

A silvery jingling filled the air, and as Jeff glanced down, he saw that Sarah was extending her hand over to the bell that rested on the table, her bracelets tinkling against each other with her arm's movement. His mouth started to water. He looked down at his steaming, delicious-smelling steak, and then back across the table at her incoming hand. Sarah grasped the top of the bell handle with her fingers, and slowly caressed it. Jeff couldn't watch her do this without getting hard…his stomach growled, and he sucked up the extra saliva in his mouth and swallowed it, looking up expectantly at Sarah.

'Jesus Christ,' she thought as goosebumps popped up across her arms and all down her back. 'He's perfect.'

She picked the bell up, winked at him, and very clearly rang it, shaking it back and forth rapidly for no more than a second, before putting it back down on the table. The bell wasn't loud by any means; it had a light, silvery sound, and cut the air with a pleasantly chill tintinnabulation. But it was loud enough to make a lot of people in the restaurant turn their heads. A number of conversations were once again put on hold thanks to this particular couple…people stared curiously, a few of them puzzled, at the lopsided pair. After a few seconds, they turned back around, since nothing more appeared to be happening.

Jeff didn't notice their stares at all, and even if he had, he wouldn't have cared. This was a big moment for him. He was eating his very own steak…out in public…across from Sarah…on an actual date. He was even allowed to cut it up for himself. The next few minutes were spent in a kind of food bliss, as both Sarah and Jeff enjoyed their meals, making occasional eyes at each other from across the table.

"Mmm, my goodness this is delicious," said Sarah after a few more bites. "How's your steak, Jeff?"

"It's…it's just, so good," he said. "But I don't think I'm gonna…uh, be able to finish the whole thing."

"Haha, well we knew that coming in, now, didn't we?" laughed Sarah. She casually reached over with her fork, her bracelets jingling, and stabbed one of the pieces of meat Jeff had cut. She brought it up to her mouth and ate it, nodding her head down at Jeff as she chewed.

"Oh yeah," she agreed. "Mmmm, oh…yeah, that's good. Medium rare is always the way to go at places like this."

"Didn't you…uh…used to be a waiter or something too?" asked Jeff, feeling his cock twinge a little as he watched Sarah chew the big piece. He had barely managed to wrap his mouth around what he had cut, but she had just eaten that piece like it was nothing.

"Oh god, yeah…a few years ago," said Sarah, chuckling a little as went back to her swordfish. "Before I went to college and landed a job in my field. I have to say, I don't really miss much of it. You have to put up with people no matter what you do, but there aren't a lot of jobs where you literally depend on strangers' goodwill to survive."

“And how is everything tasting?” asked Ben, who had apparently slid back towards their table, seemingly from nowhere.

“It’s sooo delicious, thank you!” said Sarah happily. “Jeff? You enjoying your steak?”

“Oh yes,” he said with his mouth full, nodding his head as a little juice started to run down his chin.

“Aww, look at you…cutie,” giggled Sarah. Once again she reached across the table, bracelets jingling, but this time she held her napkin in her hand, and lightly dabbed Jeff’s chin. He looked up at her sheepishly.

“He’s clearly enjoying it, I think,” laughed Sarah, turning towards the waiter as she continued to swab Jeff’s chin. “It’s just been so long since he’s had a full meal of solid food, you know? When was the last time, Jeff?”

“Uh…” he said uncertainly. He wasn’t sure. Months, at least. Sarah had been keeping him on a strict diet of specially-selected foods that were generally limited to fruits and vegetables. The protein he ate was generally mixed up in shakes that Sarah prepared for him.

“I can’t even remember,” he laughed, as Sarah withdrew her napkin.

“Oh! Haha! Well alright then!” said Ben, rubbing his hands together, clearly having no idea what to make of all this.

“Since it’s his birthday, he’s enjoying this tasty treat,” explained Sarah, “But I generally don’t like him eating red meat too often.” Sarah gestured lightly with her fingers for Ben to step a little closer to her, and he immediately moved forward, automatically obeying. Jeff loved it when other men stood close to Sarah, especially when she was sitting down. Almost invariably, she totally dwarfed them, and Ben was no exception. Seated in her chair, Sarah was at least a few inches taller than the 5’7 waiter, but it was just…the size of her compared to him that was more noticeable than anything else. Sarah’s head, her neck, her breasts, her arms…just… everything…made Ben’s body seem absolutely tiny in comparison. He was clearly an adult, but next to Sarah, as she arched her neck down and spoke into his ear…well, he looked like a kid.

“It makes his cum taste too metallic, you know?” she said into Ben’s ear, loud enough so that Jeff could hear too. “I like it best when it’s sweet and creamy…but one steak’s not gonna spoil it, I don’t think…not after days of yummy fruits and special supplements, right Jeff?”

“Haha,” said Jeff, blushing at Sarah’s outwardly lewd language. “Right.” She sure was brave… Jeff would never dream of talking like that to other people, but, then again, no one in the world could match Sarah’s confidence.

“Aha!” laughed Ben, also blushing as he took a step back away from Sarah and looked at Jeff. “F-fascinating!”

“Mmmm yes,” said Sarah sultrily, licking her lips with her incredible tongue as she leaned into the candlelight, looking across to Jeff, “I’ve made him save up for days and days…oh god I can’t wait till later tonight.” She extended her tongue out and pointed to it. Jeff knew what was coming

and he tightened his sphincter, absolutely determined not to let even a droplet of cum loose. The waiter watched in mesmerized apoplexy as Sarah's tongue started flickering back and forth with blazing speed. He had never seen anyone move their tongue like that before — it didn't seem possible! It was going so fast that it was a blur in the dancing light. Ben felt the blood drain down instantly into his dick, and he backed up another step.

"I'm gonna flick this thing over his head," said Sarah, in between flaps, still pointing at her tongue as she bent down towards Jeff. "I'm gonna stick it down that big, wide urethra. As far as I can go. Oooo yeah…mmmmm…and then I'm gonna wrap it around his thick, meaty shaft and I'm gonna huuuuggg and squeeeeeze that cum right out of him."

At the words "hug" and "squeeze," Sarah made her tongue perform several long, skilled rolls, that went from back to front, back to front.

"And that's just the beginning," she breathed down at him. She seemed to stop herself, nostrils flaring, and she took a deep breath, blinking her eyes once slowly. Jeff knew that she was reminding herself to take it easy. When Sarah got into one of her lustful moods, she could be fearsomely unstoppable. But she straightened back up, and smiled brightly at Jeff, proud that she could control herself. She arched an eyebrow down at him, wordlessly asking if he, too, had been able to control himself. Now it was Jeff's turn to feel proud, and he beamed a smile back up at her, shaking his head "no."

"Good!" said Sarah out loud, radiating a smile back at him. She had meant her little tongue tricks as a playful tease, but they had also been a test. And once more, Jeff had passed — he hadn't cum.

"Well haha excellent, just…fantastic…wonderful," said the untethered Ben. "Let me know if you all need anything ok?"

"Of course — thanks!" said Sarah kindly. Ben turned and walked away, utterly stunned. Sarah giggled a little as she watched him go, revisiting her swordfish, which was already over half gone.

"A little too graphic for him, maybe?" she asked Jeff with a wink, forking another big portion into her mouth.

"Uh…I think, yes…probably," laughed Jeff. He looked down at his steak, which he had managed to cut up into a number of irregular pieces. His stomach was already starting to feel full, and he had only eaten two of the pieces. He jabbed his fork into a third and started eating it, taking several bites from the chunk on his fork before it was gone. By the time he had finished with this piece, Sarah's plate was clear.

"So, are you excited for the club tonight?" she asked, reaching over and spearing another one of his steak pieces with her fork.

"Yes, excited, and…a little nervous," Jeff admitted. He reached over and grasped his wine glass with two hands and took another big sip. Sarah looked at him lovingly, chewing the steak.

"Aww, nervous?" she asked. "Don't worry — you'll be with me!"

“I know…b-but…uh, haha, well. It’s been a long time since I’ve…you know…”

“Had a night out?” finished Sarah, spearing another piece of steak. She glanced up and grinned. “Haha, look behind you, Jeff. We’re an attraction.”

Jeff turned around in his chair. His head didn’t come close to clearing the chair’s back, but he was able to look around it — a large portion of the staff had gathered towards the back of the restaurant, waiters, essays…and from the looks of it, a number of the back-of-house staff too… line cooks with their bandanas, expos…even the dishwasher was there, in his apron. And all of them were staring straight at Sarah and Jeff, whispering to each other.

Jeff turned back around, feeling proud. “Wow,” he said simply.

“I wonder what they’re saying, huh?” chuckled Sarah, chewing her third piece of Jeff’s steak. “Good lord this steak is good…we should come here more often.”

“I…uh…haha, I can imagine a thing or two,” ventured Jeff, thinking that he would gladly come to this place with Sarah every night of the week.

“Oh?” asked Sarah, sipping down the rest of her wine. “What do you think they’re talking about?”

“Uh, hehe, they, uh, probably want to get a, um…a glimpse at the g-goddess who talks openly about…haha, about sucking cum out of her date!” laughed Jeff, blushing.

“Her date who is a lovely, tiny little skinny man who is two whole feet shorter than her…when she’s barefoot,” added Sarah.

“And more than three times heavier,” finished Jeff, returning her smile as she continued to eat his steak. She speared two whole pieces with her fork at once and dreamily inserted them into her mouth, effortlessly chewing and swallowing them both within seconds.

“Mmmmm, yeah, I think you’re probably right,” mused Sarah. “But back to what we were saying…when was the last time that you went out? Like, you know…had a night out? With drinks and music and everything?”

Jeff thought back, and it took some effort. It seemed like lifetimes in the past, centuries before. Everything was different — reality itself had changed for him. Looking back past when he had come back to Sarah’s house 3 months before was hard…but looking back months beyond that was nearly impossible.

“Uh…I — I really don’t know,” said Jeff truthfully. “But…uh…but I know it must have been before…before…”

“Before you came to stay with me the first time?” offered Sarah kindly. “Before your surgery?”

“Y-yeah,” said Jeff. A terrible temptation suddenly reared itself up in his brain.

‘Ask her,’ said a voice in his head. ‘Ask her what happened during that surgery. Ask her what she did to you. Now’s the perfect time — she’s so relaxed and happy.’

Jeff suddenly felt sick with himself…sometimes his mind would still do this to him. Sometimes it would betray him…and make him doubt Sarah, or her intentions. The voice had become fainter and fainter, and less and less frequent, but it still whispered its ugly thoughts through his brain from time to time. Jeff looked up into Sarah’s eyes, and she smiled at him. A loving smile. A truly loving smile. He felt warmth bleed into his organs…he felt life again. Channeling Sarah’s energy, he pushed the thought away.

“You used to go out a lot, didn’t you?” asked Sarah. She turned to Ben, who had suddenly emerged from the shadows, and spoke before he had a chance to say anything. “Oh no, I’m fine with just one glass of wine — thanks!”

“Yeah,” said Jeff, not particularly caring to remember what his life had been like before. It all seemed like a distant, drunken blur to him…and fraught with disappointment and resentment and…a lot of other negative emotions.

“Aww, I don’t mean to drudge up unhappy memories,” said Sarah genuinely. And really, she didn’t. “I just…it just feels kind of neat to compare where you were then...to where you are now.”

“It’s…it’s, uh — ” said Jeff, uncertainly. Even contradicting Sarah a tiny bit seemed uncomfortable to him.

“It’s what, silly?” laughed Sarah. “Come on Jeff, it’s like I’ve been telling you — it’s ok to speak your mind.”

“It’s more that just neat,” said Jeff, nodding as he watched Sarah fork the second-to-last bit of steak. “It’s…like…almost unbelievable. Unreal…like…like something out of a dream.”

“Mmmm, it does seem like that sometimes, doesn’t it?” agreed Sarah through her chewing. “But it’s all real, partner.”

Jeff loved it when Sarah called him that, even if she did it with a silly little “cowboy” accent. She glanced down at the last piece of steak on Jeff’s plate and then eyed him suggestively. Jeff couldn’t stifle a little smile as he shook his head and pointed to her. Sarah let out a little huff of a laugh and reached over with her fingers, picking up the last piece and popping it in her mouth, revolving it slowly around and around in her mouth as she turned her face sideways, chewing suggestively, keeping her eyes on him the whole time.

“Well,” she said a few moments later, “If people can’t handle us here, I wonder what they’ll think of us in the club? This is a big place we’re going to, you know. Big…loud…lots of lights…smoke machines…the whole get-up.”

“Lots of guys are going to try to…to dance with you,” said Jeff. “I know that’s going to happen.”

“Oh sure…they can try to dance with me,” laughed Sarah. “But I’m only going home with one little guy tonight.”

“Save any room for dessert?” asked Ben, emerging from nowhere once again. Sarah giggled a little — this guy was trying to be smooth, but he was essentially just jumping out from the darkness each time. He was well-meaning, but silly. Sarah looked at Jeff and made big eyes at him — it was his choice.

“Uh, I’m ok, actually,” he said. “But…Sarah? Would you like any dessert?”

“Oh no, my dessert comes later,” she said, nodding and poking the inside of her cheek with her tongue.

“Uh…just the check, then, I think,” said Jeff, once more tightening himself up down in his nether regions. He really had a soft spot for Sarah’s tongue, and she knew it.

“Of course,” said Ben. “Together or separate? Haha! Just kidding! Be right back!”

“Our waiter is funny,” chuckled Jeff a few moments later.

“Yes…he’s very cute. Awkward and cute,” said Sarah. “Plus a little on the small side.”

“Well he looks pretty big to me,” said Jeff.

“Everyone looks big to you, honey,” said Sarah tenderly.

Five minutes later, they were walking down the sidewalk, both pleasantly full, with Sarah’s huge hand completely enveloping Jeff’s shoulder as she held his body to her…her massive thigh moving in tandem next to his torso, and her vigorous hip bumping flirtatiously into his ear with each step they took. Jeff’s arm was wrapped as far as it could go around Sarah’s upper thighs, managing about three-quarters of the way. His little heart was beating in excitement, and Sarah’s bigger organ matched his anticipation, though at half the speed. They were on their way to the club.

Chapter 39: In the Club

The club was already hopping by the time Sarah and Jeff came in through the door. It was a weekend night, and dozens upon dozens of lavishly-dressed young people were throwing caution to the wind, breaking it down on the dance floor as they laughed and whooped and sweated through their fancy clothes. This was a high-end club, one that was frequented by a host of young professionals who had been working hard all week in their jobs as doctors, lawyers, financial advisors, and other varieties of high-paying occupations. The clientele needed to be loaded to afford a place like this — the cover charge alone was $30 per person, and the elaborate drinks sold inside weren't cheap either.

But Sarah and Jeff weren't worried about money — with Sarah rising up in the ranks of the medical profession, and their new and immensely lucrative cam show, they were more than well-off. Two months before, Sarah had even managed to pay off her mortgage. And it was all just the beginning. According to the standards of 99 percent of people, they were rich. Or, at least, Sarah was…aside from passively participating in the cam shows (by getting effortlessly and perversely dominated), Jeff hadn't earned a cent since his last restaurant job, years before.

They certainly looked rich when they stepped into the club. Jeff's smart-looking suit fit him as perfectly as any suit could be expected to fit someone who was 4'8 and weighed 80 pounds. But of course, as ever, the real focus was on Sarah. The way that her body seemed to lusciously strain the blood-red fabric of her dress, the slow confident stride of her massive thighs, the easy, hefty bounce of her H-cup breasts, and the grinding, impossible sway of her 56-inch hips turned every head in the club in their direction, including the DJ, who had stopped in the middle of an announcement to helplessly gape.

Sarah smiled down at Jeff, lightly bumping into him with her gigantic hips. She had measured them earlier that day, just for fun, by wrapping Jeff's body around her. With his entire body wrapped around her hips, he had barely been able to touch his toes with his fingertips. It was official — her hips were as wide as he was tall. Jeff looked up at Sarah, smiling back as she reminded him of this fact by the gentle bump of her hips. The leisurely sweep of her right arm at her side sent her bracelets tinkling, and even in this loud, dark, intimidating club environment, Jeff found himself utterly at ease. Sarah's inside jokes reminded him that he had nothing to worry about from other people — wherever they went, she was in charge of the situation, no matter what.

"And introducing newest couple!" laughed the DJ into the microphone, recovering himself as he gestured over to Sarah and Jeff. "We accept all shapes and sizes here, ladies and gentlemen, especially when they're paired together like so! Haha, welcome, welcome!"

Sarah squeezed Jeff's hand as she smiled around at the incredulous club goers. She wondered how many of these people recognized them from their cam show. In a few short months, their show had become enormously popular online, so it was not at all a stretch to imagine that some of these people secretly got off to the couple standing before them.

'A few of them, no doubt,' thought Sarah to herself, feeling her arousal build as she took in all the smaller people around her. Nearly all the women were in tall platform heels, and a good number of the men were well over six feet tall, but it just didn't matter. Compared to Sarah's 7'2,

they were all tiny, even the athletic, cocky, 6'8 young man near the bar who gaped as the couple made their way over to order drinks.

"Hot damn, girl!" cried the tall guy as the bartender ignored the other patrons waiting to order and drifted automatically over to Sarah, spellbound. "Out here with your younger brother, haha!?"

"You hear that Jeff?" laughed Sarah over the music, squeezing his hand as she looked down at him. "This guy thinks we're related!"

"Well you're not…uh…haha! I mean, you're not together, are you?" laughed the young man. He stood up as tall as he could next to Sarah, but in her heels, she had him by half a foot — his eyes were staring straight into her bare shoulders.

"If by "together" you mean we fuck all the time, then yeah, I guess we are," chuckled Sarah, wetting her lips above the man's eyes. "But it's not the kind of fucking you're probably thinking of. Little Jeff's my number one submissive, you see. Oh, the things I've done to him…and will do to him — oh yes, two old fashions please, thanks (said Sarah aside to the bartender) — haha, I think it goes a little beyond your generic "fucking," but really, who am I to say?"

"Oh…s-so…so you're kinky, huh?" said the man, backpedalling from Sarah's bluntness. "W-well…well, I'm kinky too."

"Hmmm," said Sarah, looking straight down at the man's crotch, before looking back into his face. "How big is your dick?"

"H-how…uhhh," said the man, reddening, before recovering and laughing, indicating to his body with his hands. "Haha, I mean, just like me, it's pretty big!"

"Not likely," said Sarah, smirking down at him as she shook her head. "You don't look very big to me. I bet I outweigh you by 25 pounds, easy. And I bet that little Jeff's dick is bigger than yours."

She leaned in to the man's ear, arching her neck down so that her lips were just brushing his pinna as she mouthed distinctly over the noise: "His cock is over 12 inches long, so unless you're bigger than that, I'm not interested."

The man's eyes went wide as Sarah straightened back up and smiled down at him.

"I don't think he's bigger than you Jeff!" laughed Sarah, squeezing his hand and shaking his arm playfully. "Haha, look at his face!"

"N-no way that dude has a cock that big," stuttered the man.

"Wanna see it?" replied Sarah immediately. She bent down, snaked her huge hands under Jeff's armpits, and lifted him up, so that he was dangling in front of her. Sarah shook his body gently at the man, teasing him. Jeff was actually able to make eye contact with the guy — he was literally Sarah's puppet, and she was showing him off to this stranger, flaunting his tininess in the guy's face, while also, paradoxically, encouraging him to look down at the huge bulge in Jeff's pants. The man did, and his wide eyes became wider still.

“N-no…no, I don’t wanna see it,” said the man, turning away.

“Awwww!” said Sarah sarcastically, a tinge of mockery in her voice as she turned her head and spoke into Jeff’s ear. “He doesn’t wanna see it, Jeff! But don’t let it make you self-conscious — I think he’s just jealous!”

“I’m…I’m not jealous,” said the man irritatedly, turning back. “I just don’t wanna be involved with a couple of freaks like you two!”

“Ooooh now just because you’re jealous of my little man doesn’t mean you should be rude!” laughed Sarah as she sat down in the man’s vacated stool, her ass eating up the seat two times over. She set Jeff down on one of her massive thighs as the bartender delivered their drinks. “Now why don’t you beat it, Mr. Meany Pants, before you insult us again. I won’t be laughing next time.”

The man stood and stared for a couple moments, as if he was contemplating saying something else hurtful, but he stopped himself as his eyes went over Sarah’s exposed thigh that loomed up out of the long gash in her red dress, and her exposed arms. There wasn’t any doubt that this chick outweighed him…and she looked…strong. Stronger and bigger than any woman he had ever seen. And the way she held herself…her easy confidence, her blatant, dirty lewdness…he had never come across anything like it before. He looked up into her eyes, and her face suddenly hardened, her soft green eyes suddenly becoming like fiery emeralds as her nostrils flared. Her red-taloned, free hand, which had been sitting on the bar, slowly curled itself into a fist. The man grew afraid and backed away, turning and disappearing into the dancing crowd.

Sarah chuckled as she cheers-d Jeff with their drinks, clinking the glasses together.

“Same as the rest of them,” giggled Sarah down at Jeff, who, even though he was sitting in her lap, only came up to her chin.

“It’s always the biggest ones who go for your first,” said Jeff.

“What was that?” asked Sarah, bending her head down. “Speak up, little guy — it’s loud in here.”

“I said, it’s always the biggest guys who go for you first,” said Jeff louder.

“And why do you think that is?” mused Sarah.

“Because…uh…they’re the most confident, I guess,” answered Jeff.

“Psssh, confidence has to be earned,” said Sarah. “That dude hasn’t ever been tested in his life. I’d squash him like a bug, while I held you in my other arm.”

“I…don’t doubt that for a second,” said Jeff. the things he had seen Sarah do to other men…strong men…powerful men. Yes, there wasn’t a doubt in his mind.

“Hey, I’m gonna go dance!” chirped Sarah, suddenly downing the rest of her drink and wrapping her hands easily around Jeff’s shoulders. “Wanna come dance with me?”

“I’d…rather not,” said Jeff. He had barely even started sipping his drink, and what’s more, he didn’t really enjoy the thought of having to navigate the dark, intimidating forest of legs and bodies on the dance floor. He would much rather just watch Sarah dance in the middle of everyone, watch as she towered and dwarfed all those around her, as she swayed and twerked and shimmied to the music. There were few things that were hotter to Jeff than watching Sarah dance — she knew how to move.

“Suit yourself!” said Sarah happily, standing up and plopping Jeff back down on the stool. His butt didn’t even fill a third of the stool’s surface area.

“Although I’m a little anxious about leaving you alone,” she added, peering down at him as she stretched her limbs, preparing to dance. “Will you promise to stay right here, so I can look over at you and know that you’e ok?”

Jeff nodded, his heart already starting to beat faster just from watching Sarah stretch her huge limbs.

“I don’t want anyone stealing you,” she giggled down at him. “I would never forgive myself.”

“D-don’t worry — I’m, uh…I’m not going anywhere,” said Jeff with a smile.

“Ok birthday boy,” winked Sarah. “And just so that no one in this club ha any doubt — ”

She bent down, seized him by the top of his fancy shirt, and pulled up up to her incoming lips, engulfing his entire mouth, chin, and part of his nose in a gargantuan kiss. Sarah shut her eyes passionately as she moaned deeply into the kiss, her tongue filling his mouth and venturing deep down into his throat. For a full twenty seconds, she gently mauled his face, moaning into him with her eyes shut, and when she pulled away, Jeff was seeing stars.

“See ya in a bit!” laughed Sarah, and promptly turned and strutted onto the dance floor, her massive ass bounding after her.

Jeff sat back in the stool and took his drink in hand, sipping it slowly. He knew that people were staring at him, were whispering about him. He couldn’t have cared less. he felt incredibly privileged to have been marked by Sarah like that, to have been tagged as her property. He looked up and saw her in the middle of the dance floor, rising high up above everyone else, her golden hair seeming to glow white under the black lights. She reached her arms up behind her head and looked straight at him, smiling at him and giving him a thumb’s-up.

“Oooo ok, everyone!” shouted the DJ excitedly into his microphone. “She’s come onto the dance floor, everyone! Let’s turn this up a notch!” He immediately put on a currently-popular, bass-heavy rap beat, and everyone on the dance floor started whooping and hollering as they gyrated to the suggestive beats and lyrics. But Sarah, on top of being literally head and shoulders above everyone else, put them all to shame. The way that she moved her body was impossibly alluring. It was like she knew exactly what every twitch and sway, what every bounce and fluctuation entailed….it was clear to everyone that she had control of every aspect of her

movements. Everyone started naturally congregating around her, men, women, and everyone in between. They all wanted to get as close to her as they could, to feel her body heat, to smell her scent, and to gawk at the rolling rhythms of her curves.

Sarah closed her eyes as she raised her arms over her head, losing herself in the dance. And Jeff looked on from his stool, hard as a rock, gaping at how Sarah seemed to be effortlessly leading the dance. It wasn't like some ordinary person taking over the dance floor — this was different. It looked like Sarah was a goddess incarnate, and was leading some wild fertility dance of worshippers as they congregated around her through the purple fog. No guys dared to grind up on her…no one dared to try and impress her. She had already made her allegiances clear. But for a solid hour, everyone bobbed and swayed around her, almost in a trance, as she led them in the dance, and Jeff concentrated hard on his stool, determined not to cum.

Later on that night, back at Sarah's house, she stood before him, hands on her hips, still in her heels, but totally naked otherwise. Her oiled body glistened in the dancing candlelight of her bedroom. Jeff lay on his back, naked on her bed, staring up at her, his huge cock pointed straight up in the air. She rolled her stomach muscles at him sexily, and he saw a couple drops of her precum fall from her hungry pussy.

"It's time," purred Sarah.

Chapter 40: The Deepthroat

A hot liquid thrill began slowly churning at the base of Jeff's erect cock. He could almost feel the eager sperm impinging the inside of scrotum as they vibrated like mad, eager to be released after three agonizing days of teasing and waiting. Jeff was already sweating and nearly stinging from anticipation, but until Sarah had spoken, he had not allowed himself to expect, or even to hope, that this was about to happen. But now, her intentions were unmistakable. She had made him strip and lie back on her huge king-sized bed…she had removed the black rubber sound from his urethra, which she almost never did. The sound had almost become a part of Jeff's cock, and Sarah had carefully and relentlessly utilized it, inflating it a little more every day over the past three months, to grow his cock to hitherto unheard-of proportions. When he was extremely hard, he was just over 12 inches long now, and thick and meaty to boot. And when Sarah decided to break out her penis pump…well, Jeff didn't know how big he got. She had never measured him when he was that big. Not yet, at least. Whenever she had pumped up his cock (most of the time on camera in front of hundreds, or even thousands of horny subscribers), Sarah had been distracted trying to get the whole thing down her throat. She hadn't quite managed it…again, not yet.

But right now, as Sarah's oiled, colossal curves rose up above him in glistening statuesque proportions, Jeff knew that something else was about to happen. Something that he had been wanting and waiting for ever since he had laid eyes on her again in that hospital waiting room. They were about to have sex. Or, more precisely, Sarah was about to fuck him. And from the way she was smirking down at him with her arched eyebrows, and slowly licking her lush lips with her magical tongue, Jeff knew that he would have to muster every waifish muscle in his tiny body to last more than a couple seconds inside her. Sarah had trained him to last for at least a respectable amount of time in her mouth (a couple minutes, at best), but even then, once she broke his resistance with her impossibly-flitting tongue, and the relentless, searing vacuum suckle of her determined lips, he could not stop himself from cumming again and again, sometimes as much as three or four times a minute, down her throat.

Jeff didn't know what Sarah was putting in the nutrition shakes she was giving him every day, but at this point he was certain that she had found (or invented) a supplement that dramatically decreased the time frame of his refractory period, and that overproduced semen as well. His balls were literally bulging from how full they were right now. But Jeff thought it best not to think too hard about it all — Sarah was a genius, that much was certain, and it was certainly no stretch to suppose that she could invent or discover such things. More importantly, she was always in charge, and Jeff had long ago learned to trust her and not think too hard for himself.

Sarah spread her arms before him like a goddess, her oiled skin looking almost unearthly in the low, flickering candlelight of her bedroom. She palmed the ceiling easily with both hands. Jeff let out an astonished exhale, and his 12-plus inches twitched…but he remained strong. Sarah winked down at him, wordlessly conveying her appreciation that he had managed not to cum yet. It hadn't been easy — between serving her so publicly in the restaurant, to watching her dance and twerk for over an hour in the club, to seeing her standing above him at 7'2 in her 6-inch gladiator heels, all 250 pounds of her curves gleaming lustily in the low light, as she palmed the ceiling……

'Yeah, he's ready,' thought Sarah as her loins rumbled hungrily. She had been waiting for this moment too, but unlike Jeff, she was the one who had the power to make it happen. And she

had decided that it was happening now, because she was thrilled with his progress. He had grown from a petulant child of a man into her favorite submissive…all in a matter of a few months. She couldn't have been more proud of him, and so now, on his birthday, she was going to give him a present he would never forget.

Slowly, with deliberately slow, voluptuous motion, Sarah took her palms off the ceiling and extended them out in front of her as she leaned down, crawling onto the bed. Lying on his back, Jeff hardly even made an indentation in the mattress, but as Sarah prowled towards his supine form, he felt the mattress sigh and sag as it accepted her weight. Her full arms lined up against his twiggy legs, and Sarah had to pause a moment to admire the comparison, which was one of her favorites. By this point, her arms were much, much bigger than his legs. No one would witnessing such a lopsided comparison would have been in any doubt that Sarah weighed more than three times as much as he did.

Now she was completely crouched over him, straddling his little body with her massive thighs as she hovered her pussy lips in teasing little circles above the purpled mushroom head of his glutted cock. A few drops of her syrupy precum dripped down directly onto Jeff's cockhead and he gasped through gritted teeth. His dick had never before come into contact with any aspect of Sarah's vagina, and once more he had to muster a herculean effort not to cum prematurely. He knew that Sarah's teasing was also a kind of test as well. She was permitting him to have sex with her, but only if he possessed the self-control and discipline to hold himself back. Jeff furrowed his brow, watching her hot fluids slowly ooze down his veiny, throbbing member. If he was going to cum too early, now was going to be the time…but he held fast.

Suddenly, Sarah mustered the strength of her lower diaphragm and vaginal muscles, causing her pussy to kiss at the air just above Jeff's cock.

Thhhwop *Thwwwwop* *Thhhhhhhwop*

"Mmmmm, you hear that Jeff?" moaned Sarah above him, staring down into his eyes as she smooched the air above his dickhole. "I'm hungry for you. I'm going to eat your cock with my cooch." She laughed a little at her alliteration, sticking her tongue out at Jeff playfully as she widened her eyes at him.

"Eat your cock with my cooch…cock with my cooch…haha!"

Jeff twisted up his face with effort…Sarah was just…too hot for words, obviously, but it was her quirky little sense of humor that could really push him over the edge sometimes. Even in a fateful moment like this, she was still able to be a little silly.

And then, quite suddenly, as she was still giggling a little, Sarah wiggled her mighty hips and slivered her wet pussy slips down over Jeff's cockhead. She didn't stop until she had taken the entire thing inside herself.

"Uuuuuunghhh!" gasped Jeff in a high-pitched yelp. He hadn't been ready for Sarah to take his whole cock inside her — he had thought that she was going to keep teasing him all the way down. But she had swallowed him up in one dripping, gyrating thrust, and now, it felt like his entire length was submerged in a hot gooey ocean of gently ribbling flesh. And it was — with him now totally inside her, Sarah was squeezing his cock up and down with her vaginal

muscles, kneading it, pulling it, letting it go, and then compressing it yet again…over and over. For the first few seconds, Jeff didn't cum because his whole body had gone rigid, almost in shock. His vision swam before him. No, he couldn't pass out — not now! From above, he heard Sarah's soft laughter as she continued to stroke and squeeze his cock with her pussy.

"Haha, stay with me little guy, stay with me," she giggled gently, bringing a massive hand up to his cheek and giving him a playful, tender little smack, as if to revive him. "Don't pass out…I wanna see your little face when you lose control."

Jeff's eyes were able to focus again as the bedroom and Sarah's gently riding form materialized once more in his vision. She had brought him back from the brink, and now he just had to last as long as he could.

"Unnngh!" he cried softly, almost squealing in agonized pleasure as he screwed up his face. "Unnngh! Uuuuuuuug! Uuuuuuunnngh!!"

"Mmmmm that's it…that's my cute little baby," moaned Sarah softly as she kept riding him. She loved seeing him in this kind of ecstasy, the kind where it felt so overwhelmingly good that he was almost in pain.

She ratcheted it up a notch. She reached down and put both hands on his chest; her palms were easily able to cover his entire chest, her sharp red nails tantalizing the flesh of his upper neck. With an audible slurp, Sarah rose up off Jeff's cock, making sure to squeeze him with her vaginal lips all the way up. When she had reached the head of his cock, she came back down. Then she came back up again, and went down. She was riding him…she was actually…riding his cock. Jeff's mouth was lolled open in shocked arousal at how expertly her loins were milking him. Where on earth had she learned all this!? Where had she learned any of what she knew?? Her tongue tricks…her deepthroating…where had she learned it?!?! Jeff looked up into her calm sea green eyes, and her nostrils flared at him as she gave him a fierce smile and rode him faster. He felt himself starting to hyperventilate as the magma core at the base of his cock began to bubble and froth with new and portentous energy. It wasn't going to be long now…

But Sarah reasserted her authority and impaled herself fully with his length, clamping down firmly as she held him there. Somehow, her muscles were able to paralyze his cock, preventing him from cumming.

"Yyyyyyyyyyuuuhhh!!!" whined Jeff out into the bedroom. He had lost all sense of intrinsic dignity long ago — any dignity he had left was external, and derived directly from belonging to Sarah. He didn't care anymore how he sounded when she sexually tormented him.

"Aww haha, you sound like a farm animal!" she giggled down at him, crinkling her eyes affectionately at his little face, which, along with the rest of his body, had gone a deep shade of red. She held him there for a few more seconds, trying to help him not cum too quickly. But the feel of his thick, footlong-plus length in her was starting to drive her a little wild as well.

'I made this cock,' thought Sarah lustfully to herself. 'I made him…and he's all mine.'

She couldn't hold herself back any longer. She placed her hands beside Jeff's knees and leaned back, giving him a full-on view of her stuffed vagina. Slowly, and with deliberate voluptuousness

once more, she started gently undulating and gyrating her hips back and forth, keeping a firm hold on Jeff's cock all the time, so that she effectively began to trace lewd figure-8's in the air with his member. The gentle squelching sounds of her pussy teasing and tormenting and twirling his cock filled the air, until they were drowned out by more uncontrolled, aroused squeals from Jeff.

"Uuuuuuuunnnnn!!!!! Uuuuu!!! Unnnghhhhh!!! Ungggghhhhh!!! Ssssssaraaahhhh!!!"

"Mmmmmm!" she replied in a deep, pleased moan, her body shaking a little from her soft laughter. He sounded like he was losing his mind…maybe he was. Sarah felt his cock swell even more within her, and she suddenly had a desire to measure it.

'Or maybe now is a good time to bring out the pump,' she thought devilishly. But, as she clamped her pussy down once more on his length, preventing him from cumming, Sarah decided against it. This was his birthday present, after all. He deserved to have more time to… to…

And then Sarah looked down and saw that Jeff had passed out completely. His mouth was hanging open and his eyes were rolled back into his head, his body totally limp underneath her bulk. And yet, because of her powerful vaginal muscles, and because of the extent of his dedication to pleasing her, he still hadn't cum.

"Aww, what a perfect little sub," murmured Sarah as she peered down at him. "Still hasn't cum yet…what a trooper."

She reverted straight back to her plan as she felt his cock still swelling within her. Now it was Sarah's turn to feel the dangerous magma of lust beginning to boil within her. She wanted to see how big he had gotten…and how big he could get. And then…she wanted to swallow every drop of semen in his body.

She climbed up off him, and his purpled cock bounced crazily in the candlelight.

"Holy shit," breathed Sarah as she admired it. "It's bigger than I've ever seen him…without the pump at least."

A few moments later she had fetched her special penis pump from her chest of drawers. This pump was special because it was unusually wide and 20 inches long. She had had it specially made and delivered months before.

Her heart was drumming away in her chest as she approached Jeff with the pump and slowly brought it down over his length. She was holding her breath…

"Thirteen," she breathed, staring at the measurement on the clear cylinder of the pump. "He's… thirteen inches long right now. And…and I haven't even started pumping yet."

She reached over to Jeff and lovingly started to caress his cheek with a huge finger. She wanted him awake for this…he had to see it. He had to see how big she had made him…he had to see himself grow.

“Jeff,” she whispered gently over to him as she pet his cheek. “Jeff! Wake up! You’ve gotta see this!”

“Wh-whaaaa…!?” muttered Jeff indistinctly as he came up out of his brief unconsciousness. “S…Sarah?!”

“Mmmm yes my little man, I’m right here,” she moaned. “And you still haven’t cum! I’m soooo impressed. Look at this Jeff! Look at your cock!”

A few seconds passed by as Jeff got his bearings, but then his vision cleared and he saw what was going on. And he saw Sarah’s red nail pointing to the measurement on the pump that now encompassed his dick.

“Th-thirteen!?” he said weakly.

“Thirteen,” replied Sarah warmly, wrapping her free hand around him as she nuzzled up to him, crowding his face with her massive boobs. “And I haven’t even pumped it once.”

She held up the pumping handle in front of his face. She pivoted around, and her full lips pulled back a little as she bared her teeth sexily at him. Slowly, she pumped his dick once. Jeff shivered, feeling the pressure start to build. But he knew that he was not to cum inside the pump…and even though she hadn’t told him, he somehow knew that he would be coming down Sarah’s throat tonight. When she bared her teeth at him like that, it meant that she was about to eat him, about to make him cum down her throat. The only question was…how far down?

Sarah slowly but relentlessly continued pumping and pumping and pumping, urging more and more blood to stuff and fill the swelling, muscular length that was literally lengthening and thickening before their eyes. Sarah’s heart beat faster and faster…even she hadn’t expected this. A minute later, Jeff’s cock had reached fourteen inches…she pumped it again, and it grew a little past…

“Oh my god,” she breathed, and she realized that her throat had gone dry. She turned to Jeff, and her eyes searched him as her nostrils widened lustfully.

“Jeff,” she whispered carefully and deliberately, “You’re over fourteen inches now…do you…do you wanna see if I can get it to fifteen?”

“Y-yes,” said Jeff immediately. Passing out had given him some strange, almost-mystical kind of “second wind.” He was not going to allow himself to cum…not until Sarah wrapped her mouth around him. And he knew that she was going to try and take him all the way.

Sarah exhaled in a pant of passion and turned back to the pump, and got to work. She couldn’t believe it…not in her wildest dreams…but the evidence was right in front of her. Just a few more pumps…she checked with Jeff to make sure he was ok…she pumped it again…and again. He was almost there…he was almost at fifteen inches. But Sarah didn’t want to hurt his cock by pumping too much. She suddenly put the pump down on the bed. She’d have to do the rest…she’d have to convince his cock to swell to the brink.

“You’re almost there, tiny boy,” she whispered down at him. She brought both of her hands over behind his bald head and began to softly scratch him with her nails, right where his tattoo was.

“You’re mine,” she whispered as her huge face filled the panorama of his sight. “You’re mine, and I’m going to make your cock grow. I’m going to make it get there.”

She extended her long red tongue in between her teeth, and Jeff braced himself again, knowing what was coming next. He was almost in a zen-like state now.

Sarah’s tongue began to flutter back and forth, becoming a blur between her teeth as she leaned down over his little chest and began to torment his nipples. Jeff took a deep breath as he focused all of his being on keeping his cum at bay…no easy task, given what Sarah could do with her tongue. He knew that she practiced her tricks, but nothing explained her seemingly-inhuman ability to flick and flutter it with such breathtaking speed.

flipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflipflip

Sarah’s tongue went back and forth between his left and right nipple, turning up the heat. The magma was just about boiling over now. Her huge fingers scratching behind his head as her tongue went after him. He wasn’t sure, but he thought he felt his cock lengthen even more. It was pushing up against the sides of the pump now.

After two minutes, Jeff could stand it no longer.

“Ssssarah,” he whispered.

She knew what he meant. Abruptly, she stopped licking him and turned to look at his cock. Her heart skipped a beat.

“Jeff,” she whispered. “You’re…you’re longer…you’re…you’re just over fifteen inches. Look…”

And he did look. His cock was a deep shade of red-purple now, and there it was…it had swelled past the “15-inch” mark.

Sarah had never felt so aroused in her life.

“RRRRRRRAAAAAUUGGGHHHH!!!” she growled, effortlessly releasing Jeff’s cock from the pump with one powerful grasp of her hand. There it was, a fifteen-inch cock, Jeff’s cock…the cock of her favorite submissive, twitching in her face.

“I’m gonna eat it Jeff!!” she cried, reaching out and seizing it in her strong hand. Her hand was massive, but she was barely able to go around the whole thing.

“I’M GONNA SWALLOW IT WHOLE!!!!!” she bellowed, and a split second later she had impaled her face down upon Jeff’s length. Even though he was very thick, it only took her half a second to swallow half of his length, before she met any resistance. She looked at Jeff with fiery eyes, her lips lewdly swollen with his thickness, and then she looked down again, focusing. She

relaxed her throat a little, and two more inches of him slid down her throat…then two more…and then two more!!

Still, Jeff had somehow managed not to cum. He was driven…driven by a desire to see if Sarah could manage the impossible. He had seen her do so many things that he could never have dreamt of in his wildest imagination. He had seen her deepthroat himself and Billy, back when Billy was a normal-sized, muscly cop. But neither of them had been over eleven inches…this…this was different.

Sarah looked at Jeff again. She had already had a series of mini-orgasms, but she could feel the big one building and building up in her loins. She too was waiting to see if she could do it. She was twelve-and-a-half-inches down. She pushed and met resistance in her esophagus…pushed again, and met resistance again. Maybe she couldn't do it…

'No,' she thought to herself. 'This is happening. I am doing this…I am doing this…RIGHT NOW.'

"RRRRRRRRAAAAAUUUUUGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" snarled Sarah aggressively, and she started shaking her head back and forth violently, like a wild beast. She could feel her forceful movements start to loosen her esophagus, and so she only shook her head back and forth faster.

"MMMMRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAUUGGHHHHHH!!!!" she roared, her animalistic snarls sending intense vibrations all the way down Jeff's length.
"MMMMMMRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!!"

It was working…IT WAS WORKING.

She could feel it!!! Her throat loosened further, and with a final titanic thrust and screw of her powerful neck, Sarah swallowed the last two-and-a-half inches of Jeff's cock. She had DONE IT. She looked straight at him as her eyes went wider than they had ever gone before, almost like she couldn't believe she had accomplished it.

"Sssssssaaarrraahhhhhh!!!!!" squealed Jeff at the top of his lungs. He couldn't hold back anymore. What felt like a rushing onslaught of lava was shooting up from the base of his cock, aimed straight into Sarah's tummy.

"RRRRRRRR!!!! RRRRRRRR!!!!! RRRRRRRRRAAAAUUUUUUGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" she growled back at him, shaking her head back and forth with even more aggressive speed as she suckled her lips tightly around the pulsating base of his shaft. She was going to suck it all out of him…straight down into her belly.

Sarah actually felt Jeff's cum hit the sides of her stomach. It was a striking testament to the power of his orgasm, and to how far down her throat she had swallowed him. And she was coming too. Over and over and over again.

GULPGALUMGLURPGLOMPGLURPGALUMGULPGULPGALUMGALUMGLORMMM

For a solid minute, the only sounds in the bedroom came from Sarah's throat as she loudly swallowed every drop of Jeff's cum down into her belly. And even when she knew he was empty

(and unconscious again, of course), Sarah kept sucking at him, not wanting to feel him leave her throat. Finally, though, after five more minutes, she relented, sighing as she felt his python slide limply out of her throat. She leaned in and gave Jeff a loving kiss on the forehead.

“Well done,” she whispered down to him as she smacked her lips softly for any lingering taste of his cum. Then she walked over to the live camera she had hidden on her dresser. She glanced down at her subscriber list…over three thousand people had just watched the live scene.

“That good enough for ya’ll?” Sarah purred into the camera, and switched it off.

Chapter 41: A Nasty Discovery

A couple months later, Carl Stintum was easing back into a couple of pillows that he had stacked against the headboard of his bed. His wife, Jen, was away for the weekend on a short little cabin trip with a few of her girlfriends, and Carl had the house to himself. He had spent most of the early evening browsing around Netflix, but gradually, he began to realize that he was…a little horny. The sensation was strange for Carl, since he was not really accustomed to feeling aroused much anymore. He and Jen rarely had sex these days, and he was not at all in the habit of masturbating. He and his wife had just…never been terribly comfortable around the idea of sex in general, and although they had both found each other very attractive in their younger days, they had never really enjoyed a full-blown sex life. After Jeff was born, they really started tapering off, until now, with both of them approaching 60, they had sex maybe just a few times a year.

But it was situations like these, when Carl had the house all to himself, that he would actually glance at some porn if he was feeling in the mood. And tonight, he certainly was — maybe it was that hot young actress in the spy thriller show he had been checking out.

'Or maybe,' thought Carl as he opened up his laptop on his bare chest, 'I just need to release some tension…there's nothing wrong with that! Occasionally jerking off is healthy.'

Even as Carl opened the internet and pulled up Porntub, he had to mentally make these excuses for himself to masturbate. He and Jen had both been brought up in extremely conservative households, where anything having to do with sex in any form was a forbidden topic. There was still something…something very small, but still there…that made Carl feel guilty whenever he masturbated. He certainly would have felt embarrassed if Jen had walked into the room at this moment. But she didn't need to know — this was his own personal time, and he could use it however he wanted to.

As soon as the black and gold webpage materialized in his face, Carl forgot about making excuses for himself. An almost frantic thrill pooled in the middle of his spine and scattered throughout his body as he was bombarded with still-frame shots of huge tits, big, rounded asses, and the wild, hungry eyes of dozens of gorgeous young women covered in cum.

"Oh my god," Carl whispered to himself, almost moaning in pain at how instantly erect he had become. He was definitely not used to all this, and the website seemed to have changed since he had last visited, months before. Everything seemed brighter, flashier, dirtier…the videos were crisper, and the pornstars looked even more vigorous and debauched. Had they always been like this!? Surely not…surely everyone was just getting more and more debased.

'Or it could be that I'm just getting older,' Carl thought to himself. It was truly surprising, how affected he was just by looking at all these crazy young people doing unspeakable things to each other. Baseball bats stuck up their asses, double, triple, even quadruple-penetrated, lots of asslicking, enormous oiled boobs bouncing impossibly up and down, asses gyrating, tanned thick hips rolling on huge, veiny cocks…it was all almost too much for poor Carl Stintum. But he wasn't about to turn away now. The more he looked, the more he was drawn in. He was in for the long haul on this one, and by god, he was going to enjoy it.

Gradually, he found his way onto a playlist of amateur videos — the professionally-made pornos from the big companies were a little too “produced” for his liking. He realized that he much preferred the intense intimacy of amateur couples who filmed themselves in their own home. Their reactions were so much more genuine and real — and the creativity of these people! Even in the increasingly-hot confines of his brain as he stroked his cock, Carl had to admit that he was impressed with these amateurs, many of them not much older than 18. These couples would provide their own artsy backlighting, come up with crazy new games or scenarios, or don elaborate, sexy costumes as they fucked each other in elaborate new positions. Some of them even went so far as to edit their videos, to make them look more professional. The ingenuity was truly endless.

Carl was on a blowjob kick within ten minutes — he had forgotten how hot blowjobs were in general. There was something about the innate dirtiness and lewdness of a woman putting a man’s penis in her mouth and sucking on it, swallowing it deep down into her throat, that really just got Carl going. He hadn’t really thought much about why they were hot — they were blowjobs! Of course they were hot! He clicked through several videos, watching them in bits and pieces. In a lot of them the guy was talking too much — he wasn’t watching these videos to hear other guys moaning — it was all about the girl! A couple of the videos had guys with average-sized cocks…Carl’s own cock was actually larger than average. A lot larger. But he really never thought too much about it. But what he did know was that he really, really liked to see women try and fit huge dicks in their mouths, and try hard to swallow them down their throats. It was just… so hot, watching the fierce effort and determination of the girl to get it all the way down.

‘Oh hell, there’s a search bar!’ thought Carl, chastising himself for being technologically slow. ‘I’ll just search for what I want!’

In the search bar, he typed: “Huge dick deepthroat record” and pressed “enter.” The first few videos looked disappointing — the penis in the still-frame certainly didn’t look huge. He browsed over a couple videos of women deepthroating dildos, which was not really what he was after. He wanted to see the real thing…and then, on the fifth row of videos on the first page, he found what he was looking for. A still frame of an incredibly buxom and curvy blond woman, with the top half of her face out of frame…her luscious mouth was wide open, and a long, powerful-looking red tongue was issuing forth from the cavern of her mouth, licking the hugest, thickest cock that Carl had ever seen.

He felt his heart start pitter-pattering faster as he began stroking his dick more earnestly.

‘Ohhhh yeah,’ he thought. ‘Now this is what I’m talking about.’

He glanced down at the title of the video, which only made his heart thump faster: “Amazon Dom Swallows All 15 Inches of Slave’s Horse Cock.”

Carl ignored the "dom" and "slave" in the title. If people wanted to roleplay that was all well and good, but he had always thought it was just a little silly. He was far more concentrated on the video's promise.

“No way,” breathed Carl out loud as he clicked on the video, his nostrils flaring. “No way she swallowed that whole thing.”

The video itself was rather long…just over fifteen minutes. The video began with a jaw-dropping view of the huge, buxom woman from the back. She was rubbing oil all over her naked body; she was so tall that she rose up a good ways out of the frame. Her ass was unbelievable, jiggling and swaying with every little movement this woman made as she arched her back sexily for the camera. Candles flickered all around the bedside in the video, darkly illuminating where the camera was zoomed in, right to a certain spot on the bed. Carl suddenly realized, as the woman pivoted a little, that someone was lying on the bed, with their face and much of their body shrouded in the flickering shadows. But Carl could tell, by the guy's little feet and his skinny legs, that he was quite a small person.

The woman approached the bed, and it became clear that she absolutely dwarfed her reclining partner. Carl had an odd moment of thought briefly interrupt his jerking.

'How did a little guy like that get a girl like her?'

But he quickly shook it off — what did it matter how they were together? And besides, maybe they were…maybe they weren't actually together…

'Who knows with young people these days,' thought Carl. But these peripheral little thoughts were quickly engulfed and submerged in the pure lust of what he was watching. This skinny little guy had an absolutely massive erection that was pointing straight up at the ceiling. The woman stood at the head of the bed, saying something to the tiny man that Carl couldn't understand. But it was clear that she was talking dirty to him, and his body squirmed a little on the bed. It was clear he was rearing to go.

'Haha oh my god, I bet you are,' chuckled Carl to himself as his face grew red with lust. 'I bet you are…just look at her! Good god, what a bombshell!'

He quickly realized that he was going to cum way too quickly if he watched the whole video, and, as hot as it was just watching this woman move around, Carl wanted to get to the really good stuff…to when she would allegedly deepthroat that enormous cock. Carl fast-forwarded the video ahead a few minutes, to where the gigantic amazon was now on top of the tiny man, riding his huge cock. The man made a noise that sounded like a high-pitched whine, and the woman started giggling.

"Aww haha, you sound like a farm animal!" she teased.

Carl beat himself off faster, taking note of the deep shade of red that the small man's body had turned under the influence of this incredible, colossal woman. He definitely liked it when the girl would tease the guy she was having sex with. It was a sign of confidence. He wanted to keep watching what was going on, but he had to find where she deepthroated that cock. He just had to see if this woman could actually manage to do such a thing. He hovered the cursor around the 9-minute mark, and he felt another sexual thrill rocket through him. The woman was pumping up this guy's cock…with a penis pump!! She was making it even bigger!! Was it all in preparation for the deepthroat finale!? Carl slowed down his jerking a little, so that he wouldn't cum too soon. The woman remained with her back turned to the camera, the lovely waves of her blond hair spilling sexily down her back. The small man, whose body and face were more or less an afterthought in the shot (excepting of course, his cock), seemed to be in some anguish.

Carl could see his little chest rising and falling rapidly, although his face was still largely obscured in the shadows.

Then, all of a sudden, the amazon whisked off the penis pump with a loud growl, sending intense electrical stimulation all down Carl's cock. He could absolutely believe that this woman had pumped the guy's cock up to 15 inches — that's how huge it looked. She grabbed the insanely long and thick member with a slapping sound and bellowed, at the top of her lungs, "I'm gonna eat it Jeff!!! I'M GONNA SWALLOW IT WHOLE!!!!"

'Yes, this is it!! This is it!!!!' thought Carl feverishly, stroking himself faster and faster. In an eye-popping instant, the woman swallowed half of the huge, thick dick down her throat. Carl could feel himself start to cum…he tried to slow himself down, but what he was watching was just insane. The woman's hair fell over much of her face, but Carl could still see her mouth and jaw lewdly expanding and expanding, getting wider and wider and wider…to an almost unnatural extent, until her jaw looked like a snake's. She was doing it…she was actually doing it!!!

Carl felt himself shudder as he came over and over, spattering the back of his laptop screen with far more cum than he had shot in a long, long time. He closed his eyes tightly and moaned in ecstasy, feeling his eyeballs rolling up in his head from the pleasure. But after a few seconds, he quickly opened them up again, just to see if this incredible woman had actually swallowed the whole thing.

She had. And she was shaking her head violently back and forth as she growled out animalistically.

'Holy shit!' thought Carl as he watched, totally mesmerized. He usually logged straight out of the porn he had been watching after reaching climax, but this video was different. Everything about it, from the high-definition picture, the soft, low, flickering lighting, and, of course, the absolutely knockout body of this woman (not to mention the giant cock) put this video in a league of its own.

"Sssssssaaarrraahhhhhh!!!!!" cried the small man, in a kind of squeal.

"RRRRRRRR!!!! RRRRRRRR!!!!! RRRRRRRRRAAAAUUUUUUGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" she responded, and her throat began to loudly swallow what was surely a massive orgasm.

'Oh my god!' thought Carl. Something odd had started to tickle the back of his mind…when the small guy had squealed out, it had reminded Carl of something…but he was hardly aware of this little tickle of a thought as he watched open-mouthed as this gigantic amazon swallowed the entire load of cum from the gigantic cock. Carl just kept watched her from the back. Even after the little guy was done, she didn't let him go. She just kept sucking and sucking.

"Good lord, how long does this go on for!?" he asked out loud. He fast forwarded to the end, just out of fascinated curiosity. The huge woman seemed to be bending over the little guy, who looked totally passed out. Then she stood up and turned toward the camera for the first time, her face becoming crystal clear in between the elegant waves of her blond hair. Carl felt his heart stop.

“That good enough for ya’ll?” purred the woman directly into the camera. And the video was over.

Carl just stared at the screen, utterly stunned. There was no mistaking that face.

“S-S-Sarah Helleger!?!” he breathed in a trembling voice.

Chapter 42: "Sarah and her Cumslave"

For a few seconds, Carl Stintum was completely frozen, still lying on his back as he stared into the laptop screen perched on his chest. After he had spoken aloud, his mouth hadn't closed — it just hung open, a gaping testament to the shocked horror that had swiftly overtaken his body. He had just watched the hottest porn video that he had ever seen, and only at the very end of it had he realized who he had been jacking off to.

Carl's mind was spinning in a dizzying gyre of intense emotions. His first initial, coherent thought was to feel disgusted with himself. He had just orgasmed to someone who, for years and years, had been the adorable little child who was his neighbor…sweet little Sarah…who always tagged along after Jeff. Of course, a few months before, Carl had become aware of the stunning amazonian beauty that Sarah had grown into. That was how he had recognized her face so quickly — even thought it had been months since Sarah came to their house that day, to take Jeff away, she had made such an impression on Carl that it only took a few seconds of Sarah staring sultrily into the camera for him to recognize her.

This deep disgust quickly combined with another incredulous thought spinning through his head. It wasn't just the fact that Sarah had grown into an incredibly tall and buxom amazon — she had clearly grown into something more — some kind of sexual beast. Carl couldn't believe that anyone could throat a cock like that, much less do it with the mind-boggling aggression and animalism that he had seen in the video. Carl felt his entire body go helplessly weak as his brain jumped back to a few seconds before…the way that she was roaring and growling and shaking her head back and forth after she had impaled her mouth on that unbelievable cock…and how she had kept sucking and sucking and sucking even after she had swallowed all of the cum… until the tiny guy had completely passed out. She had literally swallowed him down to unconsciousness. It was the sexiest thing that Carl had ever seen. But it was also deeply unsettling and scary.

These first two thoughts were more animal in nature, and shot through Carl's brain in rapid succession. Very quickly, however, a third thought had reared up in the forefront of his mind, and the creeping horror of this thought quickly overwhelmed the others.

The tiny guy was Jeff. It had to be. There was just…there was no other way! Who else was that small!? Feeling disgusted again, but doing it anyway, Carl backed the video up again a few minutes, in an attempt to get a look at the small man's face. But it was no use — the face was in the shadows…and all Carl got by rewinding the video was an eye-popping shot of Sarah's tongue licking the guy's nipples with unbelievable speed. Carl instantly felt himself harden again. How was she doing that!?! How could anyone move their tongue like that!?!

Carl quickly shut the laptop and sat up in his bed, breathing hard. He knew that Jeff was staying in Sarah's house — months before, he and Jen had been beside themselves with gratitude when Sarah had agreed to take Jeff in on a more permanent basis. At that time, it was only a week after his surgery, and Carl and his wife had worried that Jeff would not have the mental strength to devote himself to his recovery and to…well, to being a productive adult. Jeff had just been floundering for so many years that Carl and Jen had almost lost hope. But then Sarah had suddenly appeared, and offered to take him in and….

Carl's stomach dropped as he remembered her words: "The most important thing that Jeff needs right now is discipline."

Discipline…discipline…

She had talked about having rules in her house…and how Jeff would be expected to obey them.

Carl suddenly remembered the moment when Jeff had blurted out his desire to go back to Sarah, and the pleading look in his eyes as he had looked up at her.

'Oh my god, Jeff's face was…right at the middle of her stomach,' he thought. His son had looked like a begging, pleading child next to her. It was all coming back to him now — he and Jen had shared an uneasy glance, and…and yes! Carl had even felt compelled to ask Sarah if she and Jeff were a couple!

'She had said they weren't,' he thought. 'But that was months ago.' Carl had felt sad to admit it at the time, but the notion that someone like Sarah would even consider dating someone like Jeff was so ridiculous that it was laughable. And yet…the video that Carl had just watched…

He stared at his closed laptop. The lines of his cumstain still spattered the back of the screen, but Carl wasn't even thinking about cleaning it up. He was thinking about his son. He swiftly opened up the laptop again. He had to confirm that it was Jeff — he just had to. He was holding out hope that maybe, just maybe, it was some other small guy. Maybe Sarah had a thing for tiny men…? Carl was desperate to see if he could somehow confirm that Jeff was not involved in any way with what he had just cum to. Carl's disgust in actually orgasming to a video of his son had not quite come to the front of his mind yet, but it was slowly, terribly growing.

Carl paused the video as quickly as he could and looked down at its information. His eyes grew wide. This particular video had been viewed over 23 million times…and had a 97% "like" rate — millions and millions had clicked the "thumb's up" button. Carl could have stared dumfounded at that piece of data alone, but his eyes quickly drifted to the right, to see the name of the uploader.

"Sarah and Her Cumslave"

Carl's heart started beating faster as he clicked the link to go to the homepage. She hadn't even bothered to hide her real name…

What Carl then saw was something that permanently, painfully, and erotically seared itself into his brain forever. The homepage was one of the most grotesque…and arousing…things that Carl had ever seen. There were five pictures that were staggered together on the Porntub model page's banner: the middle picture was the largest, and the most arresting. Sarah was standing there, totally naked, except for a pair of 7-inch black gladiator-style platform heels, whose black, complex lacings hugged tightly to Sarah's enormous, shapely calves. Her massive breasts somehow seemed to fit her body, which was just curve after delicious curve of staggering proportion. She was standing tall and proud, with her left hand on her hip, and her full, wavy, flowing mane of blond hair reaching down to her mid-back. She was staring back at Carl with such a confident, imperious smile on her face that, despite her unprecedented body, the expression she was making was somehow the most helplessly erotic aspect of her person.

But Carl was also looking at something else: standing next to Sarah, and also totally naked aside from a plain, tight black rubber gimp mask that completely covered his head, was the same tiny man..the slave. His arms and legs were incredibly skinny…to the point of concern… and his ribs stuck out from his hollow stomach. What was immediately striking was the height difference. Standing as they were, the tiny man's head only came up to the immense curve of Sarah's right hip…his head didn't even come up to Sarah's belly button, which was clearly an inch or two higher. Sarah's huge, luscious right leg looked like it weighed more than the man's entire body put together. Sarah was palming his head with her enormous right hand, easily engulfing his skull. Her sharp-clawed red-nailed fingers extended all the way down to the eye indentations in the gimp mask. The man's huge cock was totally erect and pointed straight at the camera…the only substantial element to his body. Carl couldn't believe it — he had never seen one adult dwarf another to such an extent. It looked plainly obvious that Sarah could have easily crushed this little man's skull…with one hand…if she had wanted to.

Feeling a mixture of horror, revulsion, and helpless arousal, Carl's eyes flitted over the other four pictures in the banner: The two immediately flanking the main picture were incredible — to the left was a picture of the tiny man's massive erect cock, and Sarah's huge open mouth, poised to swallow it. To the right was a shot of Sarah doing exactly that — swallowing the whole thing, her throat bulging as her jaws unhinged themselves and her lush, full red lips kissed the pale flesh of the man's lower stomach. The far left and right pictures were crazy in their own right — on the far right was a hand comparison between Sarah and her slave. Carl shook his head as his heart drummed faster; it was an absurd comparison. Sarah's huge hand completely overwhelmed the man's — his fingers didn't even come up to the second knuckle of Sarah's — her palm alone was nearly as big as his entire hand, fingers and all. Her long, sharp red fingernails only made her fingers look longer, and more ferocious. The far left picture was another comparison, and Carl had to stare at it for a second before he finally realized what it was. His stomach lurched. The little man's leg was in one half of the picture, and Sarah's arm was in the other half. Apparently, she had crouched down and planted her palm next to his foot, lining her arm up next to his leg deliberately to show the comparison…and what a comparison it was. Wrist to shoulder, her arm was as long as the man's entire leg, and much, much thicker. The strong, firm feminine shape of her arm contrasted astonishingly with the man's skinny, bony leg. Carl tried to take a gulp of air, but found that his mouth had gone dry.

It felt like his stomach was squirming and churning against his will, and sweat started to dot Carl's brow. He tore his eyes away from the pictures and looked over at the bio portion of the homepage: "About Sarah and her Cumslave." His heart thumped in his chest as he read, and the more he read, the harder and faster his heart hammered way.

"Hey everyone! I'm Sarah, and this is my cumslave Jeff!"

Carl only stopped and blinked for a few minutes before reading on. He had known…he had never really seriously doubted.

"I'm sure it's abundantly obvious to you all why things are the way they are in our relationship. Jeff is 4'8 (and who knows, maybe he's getting smaller), and weighs 79 pounds. He lives for me. He's my little bitch boy, my teeny house slut, my tiny little cumslave, and I wouldn't trade him for the world. He's verrrry well-trained, and responds instantly to any command I give him, most of which I don't even have to speak. When I ring the bell, his mouth starts watering, like a little

dog's. When I kiss the air, he crawls to me (since I don't allow him to stand in the house). And when I swallow in front of him, he knows to get to work feeding me with a huge, creamy load. And he can always cum.

I'm 6'8 (and who knows, maybe I'm getting bigger), 260 pounds, which makes me two whole feet taller, and more than three times heavier than my little pipsqueak. When I'm not working during the day as a scientist, I'm constantly thinking up new and exotic ways of making my little slut-munchkin cum. I CAN'T GET ENOUGH of my little slave's spunk. Every cumshot down my throat is a surrender to me. I feed him a strict diet of specific foods and supplements to maximize the volume, viscosity, and taste of his submissive cream. I like to experiment with a thing or two here and there, with supplements and body manipulation — just like Jeff's training, it's a never-ending process, and I will never, EVER get tired of it.

I calculated that I've swallowed over half a gallon of my cumslave's sub-juice, and that's just going to keep going up and up…every day. My goal is to eat my body weight in his semen. I know I can do it! Enjoy our videos, and watch me shoot for the stars! <3"

Carl was completely aghast as he finished reading. He had never felt so repulsed, so crushed, so disgusted, in his entire life. His own son…his only son…had been taken…kidnapped…by this…this demoness, this awful sort of…sex witch. That's what Sarah had become: a twisted, lewd, perverted monster!! And Jeff's little mind, always so impulsive and (Carl hated to admit it) weak, had been taken over by Sarah, by the horrible dark goddess. Carl thought back to that day that he and Jen had decided to let Jeff go back to live with her. They had actually thanked her!!! Little did they know that they were actually allowing Jeff to fall into the clutches of a complete psychopath who was planning to physically and mentally degrade and torture their son into being a docile slave to her debauched whims.

But even in the rising panic of his disgusted revulsion that was roiling his insides, Carl remembered something: Jeff was the one who had pleaded to go back. Carl thought back, and his stomach turned as he again remembered that pleading look in Jeff's face. Sarah hadn't forced him to go back to her…he wanted to. But Carl refused to think that Jeff could be on board for such an awful life — Sarah must have tricked him, surely!

Even though Carl was now thoroughly sweating and nearly panting from repugnance, he could not look away from the "Sarah and her Cumslave" homepage. There were 317 videos posted for the channel, and 72 photo albums. Carl's insides were raging at him to shut his laptop closed again, but something made him stop, stare, and then, very deliberately, click on one of the photo albums entitled "Tiny House Boy Compares with Amazon Mistress." There were hundreds of pictures in the album. Sarah standing next to Jeff with heels, with no heels, with Jeff standing on chairs, with Sarah rising over him as she stood on her knees, and on and on and on. Hand comparisons, foot comparisons, arm and leg comparisons…shots from the front, shots from the back, shots from the side, more and more and more. Sarah's palm essentially covering Jeff's chest…her hand dwarfing his foot…her fingers wrapping all the way around Jeff's thigh…it just went on…it never seemed to stop. In every shot, Jeff was completely naked, except for the tight black gimp mask over his head.

After a few minutes of stunned, unblinking scrolling, Carl closed out of the album. All of that had only been one album…there were 71 more. "Little Jeff Wrestles Big Savannah"…"Weak Cumslave No Match for Sarah's Mouth"…"Miniature Man Tries on Sarah's Clothes"…again, just

on and on and on. Carl's head was utterly spinning — he was untethered. It was almost like an out-of-body experience for him, scrolling through the pages of photos. His mind was screaming for him to shut it all down, to slam the laptop shut, but he just kept going. Something outside of himself seemed to compel him forward, getting deeper and deeper into the lewd pathology of his son's life with this insane dominatrix.

He soon saw that the photo albums corresponded to actual videos that had been posted. Evidently, other people had been there to record all of this. Carl's quivering hand hovered over his keyboard mouse pad. He couldn't watch the videos, surely. He couldn't expose himself to all of that…once had been too much for a lifetime. But it was like watching a flame burn — he just couldn't look away, and his eyes read more video titles: "5 Cumshots in a Row and She's Still Hungry!"…"Bitch Boy Passes out Under Sarah's Tongue"…"Long-Tongued Torment"…"Savannah and Sarah Tag-Team the Slave"…"Her WHOLE TONGUE Went up his Rectum!!"…"Slaveboy Cries as he Cums for the 7th Time in a Row"…"You Swallow His Cock, I'll Lick His Ass"…"Muscle MILF Katherine's Surprise Visit!"…"Size Comparison Galore With LOTS of Dirty Talk!!"…"Bet You Haven't Seen THIS Position Before!"…"Clara Helps Sarah Make Her Slutmidget Explode"…"Sarah's Mouth Exercises — She Can Almost Swallow Her Slave's Head!!"…

There were hundreds and hundreds of them. And all of them…all of them…were long. Carl's sense of surreality deepened. He had never even considered that such depravity could exist at all…much less at the expense of his son…and broadcast to millions and millions of viewers around the world. It was absolutely disgusting. It was sickening. It made him want to throw up. He gagged over and over. But still, he did not look away. He clicked the "Show More" icon on the homepage.

Gender: One big female and one itty bitty male

Born: Over 7 Years After My Little Slave

Birth Place: United States

Age: 21 and 29

Measurements: 26-22-23 and 40-42-57…guess which is which, lol!

Tattoos: Not me, but my slave has several now…and there are LOTS more to come

Relationship status: Open

Interested in: Guys and Girls

Interests and hobbies: Microbiology, Osteology, Body Modification, Hematology, Auxology

Turn Ons: Size Comparisons with my tiny boy, teaching him new commands, dreaming up new ways to dominate him, swallowing as much semen as his little balls can muster, talking dirty to him, licking him, sticking my tongue deep into his ears, using my tongue to probe the recesses of his rectum while I play "find the prostate," heels, tag-teaming Jeff with my friends, eating pussy, biting nipples, showering in my friends' cum, making out with Savannah (she's the best

kisser!), watching my slave try on my old middle school pants and laughing as they fall off, oh, and deepthroating. Was that not clear yet? LOL

Turn Offs: At this point, I'm not sure I have any. My appetite just keeps getting bigger and bigger, and there's nothing I feel like I can't conquer. My slave lives in a state of constant arousal.

Video Views: 892,438,688

Profile Views: 112,971,429

Videos Watched: 1,228

Joined: 6 months ago

Carl looked down at his lap. His own cock was completely erect. Nothing seemed real to him in this moment. He had been on the verge of throwing up, and to some degree, he still was. But something else was going on. His stomach and intestines were pitching and roiling inside of him, and his skin was standing to attention in hundreds of electrically-charged goosebumps that pricked at his nerves with every slight movement he made. His face burned red-hot, and his eyes were glowing with a crazed, maddening gleam. He was profoundly...profanely…aroused, and his hands and fingers seemed to work independently to satisfy this new and terrible lust. Carl didn't know why this was happening to him…why he felt this overwhelming and insatiable urge to indulge in the unholy profanities that were staring back at him from the screen. But he didn't need to know why to act on it.

As his right hand fastened around his hard cock, Carl's other hand navigated the cursor to the first video he laid eyes on: "PMV S3RL — BassSlut, Sarah Makes Him Scream" and clicked on it. His eyes were focused intently on the screen and his mouth was open — he had shut off all parts of his brain that were attempting to prevent what happened next.

For the next fifteen minutes, Carl Stintum jacked himself off to clip after clip of Sarah Helleger dominating his son in every conceivable way, as the driving beat of the fast-paced club song repeated over and over. It was a slick and well-edited PMV, clearly done by a professional, and the clips shifted and flashed so quickly that there was rarely one that lasted for more than five seconds…and none of the clips…none of them…were ever repeated. The sheer number of them was almost unimaginable.

Sarah was flicking her tongue at lightning-fast speed under the bottom of Jeff's engorged cockhead…She was shaking her huge ass against Jeff's chest as he stood on tiptoes on a chair next to her…She impaled her mouth down halfway on Jeff's monstrous cock…Sarah's bracelets fell completely down off Jeff's arms…The same bracelets fell down his legs…Sarah catching a huge eruption of cum in her mouth like it was a game…Her holding Jeff up to her face with one hand, wrapped completely around his neck…A tall, muscular, body-builder-type girl with pink hair putting Jeff in a headlock…Sarah drinking five shotglasses of cum in rapid succession and then fluttering her tongue in a blur right in Jeff's face and shaking her head back and forth like an animal…Sarah wrapping both hands completely around Jeff's waist and then turning him upside down in midair…Sarah deepthroating Jeff's cock to the base over and over…a curvy girl with lots of tattoos prying Jeff's buttocks open as she stuck out her tongue, while Sarah sword-swallowed his cock…Jeff walking around in a single leg of Sarah's jeans as she giggled…Sarah

gulping down one of Jeff's entire arms as she moaned and growled at him…Sarah gargling cum lewdly in Jeff's face…Sarah playing with strings of her cum right before Jeff's eyes…Sarah holding Jeff upside down by his ankles, raising him up and then lowering his engorged member into her mouth, raising and lifting her arms in time with the fast and steady beat of the music… Sarah and other girls swilling…Sarah gargling…Sarah roaring and growling in shocking carnality as she shook her head back and forth, with the entirety of Jeff's cock down her throat…More of Sarah's insane tongue flicking and fluttering…Now it was rolling and kneading…Now it was back to flicking at that inhuman pace…Her huge hand engulfing Jeff's entire face...Fountains of cum…Shrieks…Squeals…Growls…Moans…Howls…it was all coalescing together…all happening so fast…each clip building, building, building on top of the previous one, in rapid succession…and all propelled by the relentless drive of the background music and the deadpan, artificially-enhanced female voice delivering the spoken-word lyrics.

Carl didn't know how many times he came. His brain was burning in lakes of fire he had never dreamed existed. He finally just fell back on his bed, passing into a state of semi-consciousness. When he came to a bit later, his computer screen had gone dark. The back of the screen was covered in his partially-dried cum. Carl closed his laptop and felt a surge of terrible emotion. He put his head in his hands and wept.

But then, after a while, he got up, went to the bathroom, and got some toilet paper, cleaning his laptop off. He wouldn't call Jen right now. He would let her have her fun at the cabin with her friends. But when she came back the next day, she had to know.

Chapter 43: Hard Decisions

‘Whew! What a weekend with the girls! Heading back now! Let’s order in tonight, how about?’

Jen Stintum’s text message to her husband shone out in surreal pixels on his phone as he stared down at it, feeling his stomach clench and drop all at the same time. She had no idea, not the slightest inkling, of what he knew, of the horrible truth that he had discovered by impure avenues earlier that weekend. Carl Stintum had spent the last day or so in a daze, just sitting at home, aimlessly staring at random programs on TV as he steadily drank beer after beer. Carl was not a huge drinker, but it was definitely true to say that, on normal occasions, he enjoyed the pleasant crispness of a beer or two. But now, he was actually getting a little drunk. He had no other way to neutralize the abhorrent flames that steadily licked at his mind, traumatizing him with their licentious heat and energy.

A couple times, with abject disgust in himself, he even considered logging back onto Porntub and watching more of the grotesque videos of Sarah Helleger humiliating, degrading, squashing, and otherwise utterly dominating his son in the most lewd and unspeakable ways. Carl didn’t quite know why he felt drawn to watch more, but he succeeded in stifling any urges he had — his revulsion was too great, in the end, to watch any more.

If he had felt the inclination to analyze his thoughts, instead of running away from them by dulling his brain with alcohol, Carl might have realized that the reason why he was unconsciously drawn back to the pornography of his son was because it was something that he had never, ever encountered in his life thus far: a raw, uncompromising, stripped-down, and brutally authentic depiction of a human power dynamic for an unapologetically and expressly sexual purpose. He didn’t have the words, or the inclination, to delve this far into his own sordid thoughts, but even though he wasn’t aware of it, Carl felt the unassailable power of the dynamic in his bones, like something vital inside him that had always existed, and had just now been uncovered.

Instead of analyzing his own thoughts, though, he did what most people would do in the haze of their self-induced stupor: he blamed himself for logging on to watch porn in the first place, oddly rationalizing that none of this would be a problem if he just hadn’t done that. He blamed himself and Jen for getting so completely duped by Sarah that day, when she had convinced them to let Jeff stay with her again. He blamed Jeff for being such a pushover, such a weak-willed and aimless man, that he had allowed himself to be conned into this utterly humiliating and pathetic new existence. He once again blamed himself for not being a better parent to Jeff, for not bringing him up right, even though, deep down, Carl knew that he had really done the best he could.

And, of course, he blamed Sarah Helleger herself for ushering these odious things into the world. Somehow, even though Carl was shocked by how far Jeff had fallen, there was something in him that wasn’t all that surprised that this was where his son had finally ended up. Jeff had been so profligate, desultory, and apathetic for so many years that it seemed somehow fitting that he would have ended up in such a publicly humiliating spot. But in Carl Stintum’s mind, the truly shocking thing was how Sarah had ended up. Even though he had seen her in her grown-up form, in his head, she was still the shy, cute, outdoorsy little tomboy who tagged along after Jeff. To think that she could have grown into such an amazonian, monstrous beauty,

depraved beyond reckoning, was totally beyond his comprehension — it seemed otherworldly, almost demonic.

As he sat there on the sofa, staring at his wife's text, Carl felt such a bizarre and intolerable cocktail of emotions storming about in his brain that he began to question his own reality. Was all of this actually real!? Was he seriously being asked to deal with this insane new turn of events? As an upper-middle-class real estate lawyer who had married Jen fairly early, Carl had, for the most part, lived a quiet, nondescript life. There was nothing, in his experience or imagination, that had prepared him for this. He was so at a loss that he just sat there until his phone went dark, waiting for Jen to get back home.

He must have fallen asleep, because he suddenly found himself snapping awake at the sound of his wife shutting the front door and clacking up the stairs to the main room. Carl panicked for a moment, not quite knowing why, as he sat bolt upright on the sofa. He felt like he had been caught with something. But he did nothing, just continuing to sit there as Jen came up the stairs.

"Carl?" she called into the house, the concern already apparent in her voice. "You here?"

"Yeah…yeah I'm here Jen," he replied. The sound of his voice startled him with its exhausted calmness. Jen emerged up from the stairs, carrying her travel bag around her shoulder.

"Didn't you get my text?" she asked, unslinging her cargo and putting it down on the floor. "I know I already spent a lot on that boxed wine we all drank…and let me tell you, we drank it all, haha…but I just don't think I have the energy to cook tonight. I'm thinking maybe that new Cajun place down the street…uh, what's it called?"

"Yeah…that sounds good," said Carl. The hollowness in his voice had returned, and he knew that his tone would tip off his wife.

"It smells kinda musty in here," said Jen, looking around the kitchen and living room area. Then, for the first time, she actually fixed her eyes on her husband, and she saw a few empty beer bottles stacked on the coffee table in front of him. She got a good look at his face and felt an injection of alarm in her stomach — he looked pale, and his eyes were…somewhere else. Her brow knitted as she frowned. Something wasn't right here.

"Carl? Are you…are you ok?" she ventured, stepping closer to him. "Have you been drinking?"

"I'm…I'm not ok, Jen," he said, feeling his mouth sag a little as he spoke the words. He was going to have it all out with her here, and he was dreading how his wife was going to take it. If he was innocent-minded, then he didn't know what Jen was. She had always been a no-nonsense saint. It felt like eels were squirming around in his stomach.

"Honey…what's the matter?" asked Jen, extremely concerned as she rushed over and sat down next to him on the sofa. She felt his forehead, which was cool and clammy. "Are you sick? Have you been to the doctor!?"

"No…no, Jen…I'm…I'm not sick," said Carl. He blinked a few times, took a deep breath, and sat up straighter on the sofa. "This…uh…this isn't going to be easy for you to hear, Jen," he began. "And don't worry — it has nothing to do with our relationship." Carl had quickly realized that his

demeanor and his words might have suggested to his wife that he had been having some kind of an affair or something…totally unthinkable.

“What is it?!” she asked, now thoroughly alarmed.

“It’s…it’s about Jeff,” said Carl.

“Jeff!? Oh god, is he hurt?? What happened to him!?” cried Jen.

“It’s not that,” said Car, shaking his head. “It’s not like anything that you might be thinking, so just…bear with me here, ok?”

“Ok.”

Carl took another deep breath and continued. Even though it was awful what he was about to say, he had to admit that it was already easier having his wife there with him. He was no longer alone in his own head.

“So,” he started, “A couple nights ago, I was watching some TV, and then I just…well, I started to feel a little horny.”

“Horny?” asked Jen uncertainly, almost looking at him sideways. Talking openly about sex had never really been something the two of them were good at. “Carl…uh, what…what does this have to do with —”

“Like I said, just bear with me, ok?” he said, putting his palms out in a steadying motion. “So… and trust me, I don’t do this very often, but I was like, oh what the hell…so I logged onto one of the major porn sites.”

“Oh no,” breathed Jen, “And you saw something Jeff had searched for a while ago? It came up in the computer history?”

“Jen…no,” said Carl, almost beginning to get irritated. His wife wasn’t making this big reveal any easier. “So…I logged on…and searched around a little…you know, just for this and that…”

“I’m not sure I need the details,” said Jen uncomfortably. “Ok so anyway, you’re on some…some porn site…and then what?”

Carl looked at her seriously. He was quickly realizing what he could and couldn’t tell his wife. He could tell her about just “happening across” the video of Jeff and Sarah. But he could never tell her what had actually happened. And there was never any need to. He almost felt relieved internally, to have realized how he would proceed along in the conversation.

“And then…I came across something that was…almost too much to take,” he said.

“What, Carl!?” asked Jen with rising energy. “Just tell me!”

“It was a video of Jeff and…and Sarah,” said Carl, feeling like they were both suspended in some kind of strange ether as they sat together on the sofa.

“A porno? Of the two of them!?” asked Jen, her eyes going wide.

“Yes,” said Carl. He would just tell it to her all at once. “And…it was horrible Jen. They’re in some kind of…dominant-submissive relationship. Jeff had on this…this, like…gimp mask or something…and Sarah was…was just doing all this stuff to him.”

Jen just sat there for a few seconds, in stunned silence. But she recovered quickly.

“Wait,” she said, shaking her head. “Wait a minute. If this person had on…some kind of mask… then how do you know it was Jeff?”

“It was Jeff, trust me,” said Carl. “No one else I know of, who's an adult, anyway...is that…has a body like that. And it was absolutely Sarah, no question about it. No one else…”

“Has a body like hers,” finished Jen, nodding even though she still sounded unconvinced.

“And then, just to be sure, I went to the uploader’s profile,” said Carl. “It has all this information about the two of them. Sarah wrote it, and…she mentions Jeff by name over and over. It was him, Jen.”

Mrs. Stintum was silent for a few more moments, looking down at the floor as her chest rose and fell. Carl watched her closely.

“So…what kinds of things was Sarah doing to him?” asked Jen in a different kind of voice. It was smaller, softer, and terrified.

“I…I really don’t want to talk about it,” said Carl truthfully. “It was just all…so terrible…and knowing that it was Jeff under there…our Jeff…it made me sick, Jen.”

“So you actually watched the videos??” asked Jen, her voice incredulous.

“Well like I said I found the first one by accident!” exclaimed Carl defensively. “And then after that one I just…I felt so scared for our son that I just had to see what else was going on!”

“So you were searching for…for, uh…kinky dominant-submissive stuff on the internet!?” asked Jen, her voice starting to rise a little.

“N-no Jen!” replied Carl vociferously. This was all starting to get a little out of control. He had to reveal a little more, just to get his wife off his back. “Look…I…I was just searching for blowjob stuff, ok?”

“Oh Carl…” said Jen huffing out an exasperated sigh as she shook her head.

“I mean, you can get all over me about that later, Jen, ok?” retorted Carl, now clearly irritated. “But the point is that…that…” And here he stopped a moment — he had no idea how to bring up the fact that Jeff’s cock was unnaturally huge, let alone the fact that Sarah deepthroated it.

“And what?” asked Jen, her own irritation masking her horror, at least for the moment.

“And…I think Sarah’s done something to Jeff…to Jeff’s penis,” said Carl. “It…it was just… unnaturally huge.”

“Carl!! Oh my god, what on earth are you talking about!?” cried Jen, standing up and staring at him like she was seeing him for the first time.

“And…and I think it hasn’t stopped there!” persisted Carl, his own voice rising to match his wife’s. “Jen…I think…I think that Sarah had something to do with…with Jeff shrinking during his surgery. I don’t know how, but…but it’s all just starting to come together for me.”

“How…how do you know that, Carl!?” asked Jen, dumbfounded.

“I don’t know it!” he replied immediately. “I just…I have this feeling. Just reading down on the profile that Sarah wrote…she just keeps talking over and over about…about how small he is and how much bigger she is and…and how she dominates him and overpowers him. There are pictures, Jen…hundreds and hundreds of pictures…of…of Sarah comparing her body with Jeff’s…th-the whole time calling attention to…to, uh…how much bigger she is than him. It’s like a kind of fetish thing…or, o-or something, I don’t know.”

Carl had to admit that saying all of this out loud was relieving in a way. it didn't make it any easier for Jen to hear, though.

“Hundreds of pictures??” She was aghast.

“Thousands, probably,” returned Carl. “Of course I didn’t go through them all, or even most of them…but there were like…70 individual photo albums of them and…hundreds and hundreds of videos, Jen. It wasn’t just the one.”

“Oh my god!” she cried, putting her hands to her mouth. “And people are actually watching them!?”

It was Carl’s turn to be silent. He didn’t know if his wife could quite handle the truth of this next bit.

“Carl!?” she asked, grabbing his arm and shaking it.

“Millions of people,” he said in an empty voice, turning to her and looking her directly in the face. “Millions and millions of people, Jen. It had all the statistics listed. Their videos have over 800 million views.”

Jen just stood there stock still for long moments, staring at her husband as she gaped. She sat back down, completely dazed, staring straight forward into nothingness. Carl sat there next to her, still watching her closely, looking for any clues to her state of mind that he might be able to use to help her through this. A minute passed by. And then, Jen set her jaw hard and spoke.

“I’ve gotta see this for myself, Carl.”

“No…no you don’t Jen,” he said immediately, his heart speeding up even faster as he shook his head aggressively back and forth. “You do NOT want to see ANY of this, trust me. I’ll never be able to un-see it, Jen, and I don’t want the same for you.”

“If my son is living in…in captivity with some kind of twisted, horrible, sex-crazed version of Sarah Helleger…who could rip our poor son in half…I need to be able to see it for myself.”

“Jen…please…I’m begging you…don’t look at it,” pleaded Carl desperately.

“Stop it, Carl — just stop!” she yelled angrily. “I need to see what’s happening to our son!! Now show me how to find this…this website.”

Carl sighed and blinked rapidly, shaking his head, but he knew there was nothing he could do to sway his wife. Once she had made up her mind about something, there was no swaying her. Wordlessly, and feeling like he was moving in slow-motion, he got out his laptop, opened Porntub, and typed in “Sarah and Her Cumslave” into the search bar.

“Ugh…that’s what it’s called?!” cried Jen, thoroughly disgusted.

“I told you…you are insane to want to see any of this,” said Carl, handing her the laptop. “Don’t tell me I didn’t warn you, Jen.”

For the next few minutes, Carl sat there, feeling sick to his stomach, as he watched his wife dry-heave in front of the computer screen. A couple times it looked like she even had to close her mouth and cover it to keep from vomiting everywhere. But there had always been a kind of steely determination to Jen Stintum, and she saw what she had to see. She clicked on the expanded profile; she read Sarah’s whole description. She browsed a little through the photos; she hovered the mouse over some of the videos, but could not find it within herself to click on them. The thumbnails were graphic enough.

Finally, after several long minutes, she exited out of the browser, shut the laptop, and sat there with it closed on her lap, again staring straight ahead into the abyss. Carl was at least glad that she wasn’t crying, but this odd, silent dismay was almost worse. Suddenly, Jen spoke up again.

“We have to call the police.”

“What!?” exclaimed Carl, feeling like this had totally come out of left field. “What are you talking about, Jen??”

“Our son has been kidnapped!!” she shouted, “By a sick, twisted young woman who used to look up to him!! It’s clear that Sarah…if we can even call her that anymore…has…has harbored some kind of…grotesque obsession for Jeff, and now she’s got him!”

“But Jen!” said Carl, “She didn’t kidnap him! Remember, he WANTED to go back with her! He…he even BEGGED her, remember!?”

Jen sat there in silence for a few moments, clearly puzzled by the point her husband was making. He was right, it was true…but…surely something sinister was going on here.

“I just…maybe Sarah brainwashed him or something,” offered Jen. “The girl is clearly brilliant, and I don’t put anything past her now, after seeing all of what I just saw. Maybe…maybe she gave him some drugs or…or something. To make him…I don’t know! To make him want to be with her or something!”

“But if we call the police, we’re gonna need a lot more than ‘maybe this’ or ‘maybe that,’” said Carl. “As horrible as it is, Jen, they’re both adults.”

“I can just…I could never believe that Jeff would WANT this,” said Jen. Now her voice was beginning to get emotional. “How ANYONE would want this…it’s too much, Carl! Oh god, it’s too much!”

Carl went over and embraced her as she cried into his shoulder; he shed some tears of his own. For a minute or so, the parents wept. It was Jen Stintum who broke the embrace first.

“You’re right, Carl,” she said, wiping her eyes. “We shouldn’t call the police just yet. We need to get in touch with Jeff. When was the last time we talked to him?”

“It was…a couple weeks ago, wasn’t it?” said Carl. It had been a normal, humdrum kind of conversation — if anything, Jeff had sounded like he was in better spirits. His voice had been a little clearer on the other end of the phone. They had talked for five minutes, covering all the usual bases: he was doing well…mostly reading and doing physical therapy…Sarah was doing well, working hard in her pre-med program…everything was all just fine.

“And the whole time…he wasn’t saying anything about this,” muttered Jen. “We have to talk to him Carl…and somewhere we can get him alone, without Sarah being there. We have to make sure that he feels like he can speak his mind.”

They tried calling him on his cellphone, but it went to voicemail, which wasn’t even Jeff’s voice — it was just a robot, saying that the number was not available.

“Wait! I have Sarah’s number!” said Jen. “Both her numbers — her cell and her landline!”

“Sarah has a landline?” asked Carl.

“Yeah! She gave me the number back when Jeff was staying with her for the first time. She said to call it if she didn’t pick up her cell, if I needed to get in touch with her or Jeff.”

The Stintums sat there for a moment — a latent fear was growing in them. They didn’t want to arouse Sarah’s suspicions by calling around everywhere, asking for Jeff. They wanted to make everything seem normal, like they were just checking in on him. And so they decided not to call Sarah on her cell phone — although neither of them admitted it openly, both Carl and Jen knew somewhere in their subconscious that they didn’t want to speak to Sarah if they could avoid it. They were afraid of her. Their best shot was to call Sarah’s landline and hope that Jeff picked up…and if Sarah did, they would act normal and just ask to speak to Jeff.

Jen had butterflies in her stomach as the dial tone came through to Sarah’s house. It rang twice, until an unfamiliar female voice answered.

“Hello?” It was a deep, rich voice, almost like velvet.

“H-Hello,” said Jen, caught off-guard a little. “This is Jen Stintum, and…and I was just wondering if I could speak to Jeff? I’m his mother.”

“Oh! Mrs. Stintum! It’s nice to meet you!” said the female voice pleasantly. “My name’s Savannah, and I stay with Sarah and Jeff sometimes. Your son is…a lot of fun, I have to say.”

“That’s…good to hear,” said Jen, deeply unnerved. “Is…Is Jeff there now, Savannah? Could I speak to him?”

“I’m sorry, but Jeff’s not here at the moment,” said Savannah. “He and Sarah have gone on a… little vacation. They should be back sometime tomorrow, though.”

“Oh, ok…ok!” said Jen, her heart beating quickly. She suddenly had an idea. “Um, tell me, Savannah — and I hope this is not an inappropriate question — but…how well do you know Jeff and Sarah?”

“Oh it’s totally fine!” answered Savannah pleasantly. “I know them very well.”

“And…and are my son and Sarah…dating?”

There was silence for a second on the other end; for a moment, Jen felt like she had made a mistake. But then Savannah’s voice came through again, as richly mellifluous as ever.

“Well…no, Mrs. Stintum, I wouldn’t say they are dating,” said Savannah. “But they are in…a certain type of relationship, yes.”

“How…much can you talk about it with me? With me and his father?” asked Jen. She was beginning to feel like this young woman could help clear everything up for her.

“I can tell you anything you’d like to know,” said Savannah. “But I just have to caution you that you might not understand or enjoy what I have to say.”

“I…I don’t mind so much about that,” said Jen. “I’ve…I’ve just seen something that has caused me to worry about my son. And I want to know that he’s ok.”

“Certainly, Mrs. Stintum,” said Savannah. “In fact, I just got finished up with…some business of my own here at Sarah’s house. I’m free to chat right now, if you’d like. I certainly wouldn’t want Jeff’s parents to be worried about him.”

“So we can keep talking on the phone?” asked Jen, feeling an odd combination of relief and anxiety.

“Actually,” came Savannah’s velvety voice, “I think it’d be better if you both came over here.”

Chapter 44: Into the Lion's Den

“It’s not that I don’t want to get to the bottom of this, Jen,” said Carl as he drove down the street. “I mean…it’s just that it’s a little weird for…what was her name — Savannah…to want us to actually come over there.”

“I don’t think it’s weird at all,” said Jen, watching the trees pass by on the side of the road. “This is a serious conversation we’re going to be having with her, and she wanted to be able to make eye contact with us…she wanted it to be an actual conversation. I think it was a wonderful move on her part, to invite us over.”

“Yeah…” said Carl warily, as he ground to a stop in front of a red light. “But, I just…I mean, yeah, I see what you’re saying. I agree with you. I still just think it’s weird.”

“You keep saying “weird.” Why is it so “weird” to you?” asked Jen, with a touch of irritation in her voice. She was clearly on edge, even as she was fighting to remain as calm as possible.

“Well, it’s just…where they live and all,” said Carl, rotating his head a little on the axis of his neck as he searched for a reasonable explanation for his feelings. “It’s…kind of private, isn’t it? I mean, Sarah’s house is where…you know…they do all that stuff.”

“So what? They’re not there,” said Jen immediately. “Savannah told us they’re on, uh… vacation…and that they should be back sometime tomorrow. We’ll get a chance to kind of, you know…get a lay of the land. And most importantly, we’ll get to have an actual in-depth conversation with someone who knows, uh…who knows what’s going on.”

“Yeah…yeah you’re right,” said Carl, quietly conceding the point to his wife. The truth was, Carl Stintum, more than anything else, was afraid that somehow, during their meeting with Savannah, that Sarah and Jeff would come back from their vacation early. The prospect was terrifying to him on many levels, but by far the most poignant and scary was the prospect of coming face-to-face with Sarah, knowing who and what she was. It had already been intimidating enough, months before, being in the same room with her. She was just so enormous, and had an easy, confident way of carrying herself that was unnerving in its maturity. But now that he knew what she was, the idea of seeing her had become positively frightening. And, what’s more, if Sarah did come back early and “catch” them there, in her house, she would immediately know that “the game was up,” so to speak — she would become aware that he and Jen knew what was going on between her and Jeff. And Carl had no idea how Sarah would react to this new knowledge. But he kept silent, knowing that anything less would arouse his wife’s suspicions. She didn’t know that he had jerked off to the videos of Sarah dominating Jeff…she would never know. And there was no way he was going to betray even a hint of evidence to her.

Just a couple minutes later, they were pulling into the driveway of Sarah’s house.

“Jesus, she’s already paid this off?” asked Carl, staring up in disbelief at the sizable and tasteful home exterior, sunk into a well-manicured landscape of shrubs, flowers, and finely-cut grass.

“It’s really something isn’t it?” Jen muttered. She had already seen Sarah’s house, months previously, before Jeff’s surgery, when she had dropped off some of his things. Both of them sat

there in the car for a moment, staring uneasily up at Sarah's house. They didn't realize that Sarah had already paid the house off before Jeff had come back into her life…they were both thinking that it had been paid for by all the money she was making off her obscene videos with their son.

Jen took a deep breath, un-clicked her seatbelt, and swung herself out of the passenger seat. Carl did the same, following her lead. He had been heartened to see that there was only one other car in the driveway — a black Mercury Mountaineer — ostensibly Savannah's car. As he walked by it, he noticed several bumper stickers…one looked like a red emblem of a uterus against a black background…another was what looked like a female mouth, with purple lipstick and bared teeth, with a red tongue sticking out to the side, in between the teeth. Still another was an image of a green, overarching snake, encompassing a sort of insignia... a black cauldron..apparently bubbling, with a pink haze over the hot mixture, and the letters "KGD" inscribed in flowing, gothic letters underneath. Carl had no idea what any of these meant…but they made him more, and not less, anxious.

A few moments later, Jen had rung the doorbell, and the Stintums stood together on Sarah's doorstep, with Jen looking steely-faced, straight forward into the door, and Carl looking around behind them at the expanse of Sarah's yard, trying his hardest not to appear as nervous as he actually was. The fear had resurfaced again; he was afraid that Sarah was going to answer the door. He didn't know why he felt this way, but he sensed some kind of trap. Such thoughts, he knew, were crazy. A trap!? What trap? What was he even thinking?! But it didn't matter. His fears were starting to tumble in on themselves, and he was barely able to resist taking Jen by the hand and running back to the car.

'We should've told someone we were coming here,' he thought with a sudden, dart-like shot of gelid insight. 'Just to be safe.'

But just then, his eyes snapped back to the front door, because it was opening. His relief that the person opening the door was not Sarah was quickly subsumed by the striking appearance — and the size — of this other person. She was tall…a good deal taller than Jen's 5'5, and his 5'8. He realized that he was staring straight forward into the bottom of this woman's chin, which was scrunched up a bit as the supporting base to a slow, easy smile. Her voluminous, deep-red hair was done up in a stylish pixie cut, complimenting her heart-shaped face and dark, almost black eyes. A palpable sense of size and thickness hung in the air with each one of her movements — the short black dress she had on, which only went down to her mid-thighs, was completely filled out by her curvy, voluptuous body. Her arms and legs were well-shaped and quite solid and strong-looking, and the hint of an outline of her stomach muscles could be seen through her tight black dress, just underneath her large breasts. Her bare arms were both covered, from shoulder to wrist, in intricate and brightly-colored sleeve tattoos. Jen tried not to look too hard at them, but caught a couple of skulls and snakes before she looked back up at the woman's face. Jen's eyes were even with her shoulders, and she couldn't help but feel totally dwarfed. Carl felt the same way, even if he was a little bigger than his wife. His eyes met the woman's dark orbs, and he had to look away awkwardly, down to the floor. He saw that her feet were bare.

"Hello Mrs. Stintum…Mr. Stintum!" said the woman in a slow, deep voice that nonetheless seemed rather bright and cheery for its velvety timbre. She reached out and shook their hands individually, first Jen's and then Carl's, impressing upon both of them the latent reality of her

strength. Jeff's parents reacted to Savannah's handshake with silent shudders — her hand was warm and strong, and quite big, even for someone as big as she was already. Jen and Carl felt the slight steely smoothness of the woman's many rings as they shook her hand, and they inwardly drew back, feeling a bit overwhelmed.

"Are you…Savannah?" asked Jen in a voice that she wished had been a little steadier.

"That's me!" smiled Savannah. "Why don't you both come on inside here?"

She ushered them in with an outstretched arm, and they weren't able to avoid slightly brushing the protrusions of her breasts as they walked by — Jen felt them touch her neck, and Carl felt their plush firmness against his shoulder. They both moved automatically, like they were in a daze…the surreality of the whole situation now hung tangibly in the air, since they were actually meeting Savannah in the flesh. And everything about her — her size, her obvious erotic allure, her deep voice, her easy confidence, and the deliberate voluptuousness of her movements — seemed to convey to the bewildered Stintums that she was…a part of Sarah's world…a creature of the same realm, whatever that meant.

Jen had previously told herself that she would remain collected during this conversation, but she was already feeling herself beginning to crack. Just looking at the mammoth curves on this girl, and the way that her huge ass moved up and down as she closed and locked the door, made Jen feel overwhelmed and helplessness, mixed together with a surprising and strikingly clear sense of arousal. She didn't know why she was feeling this way, and hated herself for even feeling anything of the sort. Her brain quickly rushed to reason that these strange, tiny little glass bombs popping off couldn't...be that unreasonable...

...the nature of their meeting Savannah was already shot through with uncharted sexual energy. But Jen had not expected to feel the intense streaks of animal arousal that she was currently experiencing. Carl was much the same, to an even greater extent. He had already seen Savannah in action, albeit briefly, in that compilation video he had so shamefully consumed. He wasn't sure if Jen had seen her in any photos or not…he started to feel a little panicked. He had known it before, but now it was really beginning to hit home: this woman was part of Sarah's whole operation. And now, seeing her in person, Carl could already feel his neck and face getting hot. She looked huge.

"Why don't we all have a seat in the living room?" asked Savannah pleasantly after she had locked the door. "Can I get you all anything to drink? Water? Tea? Coffee? We've got some beer and wine too, if you'd like."

"I…I'm fine, thanks," said Jen, a little stonily.

"I'll have some ice water, actually, if you don't mind," said Carl, reasoning that it might help cool himself off from the inside out.

"Of course!" said Savannah. "You all go ahead and take a seat and I'll be right back."

Jen and Carl walked into the living room and lowered themselves onto a large red sofa. On top of the craziness of the situation as it already stood, they both couldn't help but marvel at the interior of Sarah's house. It was all so tastefully decorated, with dark oaken furniture

complimenting the deep red of the sofa, offset by the soft white of the living room walls. Through an open archway, they glimpsed the dining room, which had as its centerpiece an impressively thick dark wooden table overhung by a stylish golden chandelier, all accentuated by the deep red of the walls. A fine-looking candelabra sat in the middle of the dining room table, fitted with real candles that were apparently half-used, from the tumbled blobs of hardened wax that spilled in frozen motion down their sides. The air inside smelled…rich, almost…slightly spiced with some kind of exotic scent. Jen recognized it as sandalwood.

“Here you go, Mr. Stintum,” said Savannah, coming back in from the kitchen with a tall glass of ice water.

“Thanks,” he said with an awkward, appreciative smile. His hand brushed Savannah’s ever so slightly as he accepted the cold glass. He took one long sip, and felt the icy water infiltrate down into his stomach — for the moment, it brought a little relief. He reached over to the adjacent lamp table, and, seeing that there was a stack of porcelain coasters neatly stacked next to the lamp, he automatically took one and put his glass on top of it.

“So!” said Savannah, sinking down into an armchair and turning it slightly so that it directly faced the sofa, “Thanks so much for coming over here. I’m guessing you two aren’t too comfortable right now, but I just want to let you know that you can ask me anything you want, and I’ll do my best to answer and make you feel better. I can assure your son is doing just fine — better than he’s ever been, in fact. I have nothing to give you but good news…even though it might not appear that way at first.”

“O-ok Savannah,” said Jen leaning forward a bit on the sofa as she nervously adjusted herself. “We…we really appreciate you being willing to, uh…to talk with us about all this. I know it’s not…not normal for parents of someone who’s, um…as old as Jeff to take such an inter-…uh…to be as concerned as we are about his private life. Carl and I know that it’s not really any of our business and everything, but…but we’ve just seen something today…um…something, you know, like I said to you over the phone, that’s…that’s really made us feel concerned.”

“Mmm, yes,” said Savannah, nodding slowly as she leaned back slightly in the armchair and crossed her legs. “I think that’s probably a good place to start — tell me what it is you saw that made you feel this way.”

Jen turned to Carl and made expectant eyes at him. Carl knew that this moment had been coming, but he didn’t feel any less dread in having to go through it. But he knew that, in a way, all of this was his fault, since he had been the one who had happened upon that first video in the first place. Even still, he felt a little irritated at Jen for silently calling him out like this, even though he was pretty sure that wasn’t actually what she was doing…she just didn’t want to be the one to say the things out loud. He took a deep breath and sat forward a little on the sofa, facing Savannah — he was glad that they were all sitting down. Even though Savannah’s size and curves were more than obvious (as she filled the armchair with her bulk), this arrangement was far more manageable than having to stand directly next to her, in the midst of her looming shadow.

“Ok, so…” began Carl, feeling like his voice sounded too stupidly formal, “I was…uh…let’s just say I was on some…adult sites a couple days ago, just browsing, you know? I don’t generally go onto these kinds of sites, but…well, this time I did and…well, yeah.”

Savannah nodded kindly, slowly blinking her eyes as she did so. Out of the corner of his vision, Carl could see his wife's figure scrunching up uncomfortably.

"Anyway," he said, starting to sweat, "I ended up…happening upon a video of…of Jeff and Sarah…and, well, uhh…it kind of just went downhill from there. I looked at their profile on… on…"

"On Porntub?" offered Savannah.

"Yeah," said Carl, feeling ashamed to even utter the name in the presence of his wife. "And… well, Savannah…it was…it was just too much for me to handle. I showed it all to Jen. And…I'm sure you can understand that we're more than a little concerned about our son, especially considering his past history of…of not making the best choices for himself."

"We're afraid that he's been taken in by someone he can't handle…by someone who's smarter, bigger, and stronger than he is," said Jen, in a surprisingly clear voice. "Someone who's manipulating him to do things that he doesn't want to do."

"Well, Mrs. Stintum — " began Savannah, raising her eyebrows.

"Jen," interrupted Jeff's mother. "You can call me Jen."

"Ok Jen," said Savannah, smiling, "I completely understand your concerns. Really, I do. What's happening in this house, especially with Sarah and Jeff, is definitely far off the…shall we say… mainstream of relationship dynamics. I have to say, a lot of what you just said is true. There's just no way to avoid it — the fact is, your son has been taken in by someone he can't handle. At least, not on his terms. That's something that Jeff has had to figure out these past few months, but you'll be happy to hear that he's progressed beautifully."

"Progressed?" asked Jen in a strange voice. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you said that you saw Sarah's Porntub profile," said Savannah with natural grace. "You read it?"

"Yes," said Jen, shuddering visibly, "I read it."

"Well there you have it then," chuckled Savannah, spreading her hands out. "I mean, don't get me wrong — there are a ton of nuances and intricacies to their relationship that even I don't fully understand. But that's just between the two of them, you see. The basic gist of everything is right there, though, on Sarah's profile."

There were a few long moments of heavy, tense, pregnant silence. Savannah remained in her slightly reclined position in the armchair, having no problem at all waiting for the Stintums to answer. Privately, she was relishing every single moment of this interaction, like she was being fed one luscious grape after the other.

"But…that can't be real," said Jen in a hushed dry voice. "It…it just can't be! That's…that's no way to have a relationship!"

“What do you mean, Jen?” asked Savannah genially.

“I mean,” said Jeff’s mother, sitting up straighter and speaking with more energy, “That what I saw on that…that website…is NOT a real, adult, consenting relationship.” Her voice started shaking a little, but she pushed on through. “She…Sarah…she calls Jeff her…her “slave”… does…does that sound like a consenting relationship to you?”

“Yes!” laughed Savannah, her big breasts shaking a little with her natural levity. “In terms of Jeff and Sarah, absolutely.”

“But…but no one would want to be like that!” protested Carl, who felt like he should jump in to join Jen’s side. But even as he did, he felt, somewhere deep within his brain, that he already understood.

“Nope, that’s where you’re wrong,” replied Savannah amiably, shaking her head. “Jeff wanted to be with Sarah, you see. He wanted to be with her from the moment he laid eyes on her all those months ago in that waiting room. But — and it took some time for him to learn this — for someone like your son to be with someone like Sarah…well, there’s only one way that power dynamic is going to manifest. You understand?”

“With…Jeff being her…slave!?” asked Jen, clearly feeling like all of this was deranged. “How on earth is that…is that acceptable? How is it possible!?”

“Well think about it, Jen,” said Savannah in her velvety voice. “You’ve seen Sarah fairly recently, haven’t you? Interacted with her?”

“I…yes,” said Jen, reddening. She knew where Savannah was going with all of this, but she did not want to concede anything. It was just too unnatural and…grotesque.

“Well, what did you think of her?” asked Savannah.

“She…she seemed like a very impressive young woman,” said Jen.

“Is that all?” asked Savannah, grinning slightly.

“Well…what is it you want me to say, exactly?” asked Jen, letting her more aggressive feelings take the helm. “Sarah Helleger has grown into…an absolutely gorgeous amazon of a woman, who…who appears, at least, to be the most intelligent and mature young person I have ever met. I actually got jitters being in the same room with her. She’s absolutely enormous and brilliant…I don’t know how she’s grown into what she has. I didn’t think such a thing was possible.”

“Would you agree with that, Carl?” asked Savannah. He nodded wordlessly.

“And of course,” continued Savannah, “You are both intimately familiar with your son.”

“Look, Savannah,” said Carl, holding his hand up, “We know where you’re trying to say. We get it. Why would someone like Sarah possibly be involved with someone…like our son. But none of

that explains why Jeff would want to be in that…that messed-up kind of relationship that we were reading about. He couldn't…possibly want such a thing."

"No?" asked Savannah, arching her eyebrow. "But he does want it. He wants it more than anything in the world."

"Don't say that," said Jen, getting red in the face. "Don't talk like that about him!"

"I told you, Jen," said Savannah calmly, "That you might not enjoy hearing these things about Jeff. But I'm not going to tell you anything except the truth. And the truth is that your son is the most submissively-minded size slut that I've ever seen."

"Size…what!?" asked Carl with outraged energy, also getting red in the face. Both he and Jen were now sitting forward on the edge of the sofa.

"Size slut," Savannah repeated mildly. "Pardon the expression — I just don't see any other way to describe it. Your son is sexually aroused by the prospect of being smaller than other women. It took him a while to realize this, and boy, if Sarah didn't have to work her way through layer after layer of pathetic masculine bravado to get there, but she finally cracked into his core and let out his true nature. If you don't believe me, just watch some more of those videos — Sarah can make him cum just by standing next to him, at this point."

"C-Could you…could you please not speak like that, Savannah?" asked Jen, her voice now tinged with desperation.

"I'm not going to do you the disservice of deluding you, Jen," said Savannah simply. "You wanted to learn the truth, and I'm giving it to you. If you don't want to hear any of this, you're more than welcome to leave."

"I…I th-this is…this is just too much," Jen breathed, leaning back a little into the sofa.

"I'm sure it's a lot to take in," said Savannah, eyeing Carl as he comforted his wife. Savannah glanced down at her phone and then looked back up quickly, patiently waiting for Jen to steady herself.

"So…he's…into being smaller than other people?" ventured Carl a few moments later. He felt like he was just beginning to scratch some kind of itch at the back of his brain, something that had been there for a while without him realizing it. He felt a little queasy, but there was a kind of renewed focus in his eyes, as soon as Savannah had started talking more graphically.

"Oh yes," breathed Savannah. "And so, if you can imagine, when he's around Sarah, his…petite stature becomes all the more emphasized."

"Is it…I mean…why does he feel that way?" asked Jen, sitting back up and cupping her chin in her hands.

"Who can say?" said Savannah. "Sexuality is very complicated. It's probably a mixture of genetics —" and here she turned her head and looked at Carl straight in the face. He felt totally

exposed, even though he fought the feeling from the inside out. This woman didn't know anything about him!

"—and environmental factors," finished Savannah, turning back to Jen. "But ultimately, it's a type of submissive sexuality. You can understand that, right?"

Jen just sat there, processing everything. It was obvious that she wasn't anywhere close to accepting anything about the current situation. Carl sat there silently too, feeling more preoccupied with hiding his own vulnerabilities from Savannah than anything else. Paradoxically, however, the more he tried to hide himself, the bigger and stronger her thighs looked, all deliciously crossed up as they were. The more he tried not to notice, the more he was aware of the impressive and stolid feminine bulk of her arms, and how her sleeve tattoos almost seemed to accentuate and amplify their size. He felt himself getting hotter and hotter, but he had forgotten about his ice water. Savannah's dark eyes shifted once again to him, and it seemed to him like she was staring straight into his soul…her pixie-cut hair was such a dark, rich red…her lips were so full…her fingers looked so long and strong and adept…what was happening to him!? Good god her calves were huge, especially pressed up against her leg like that…that slightly spiced scent in the air seemed to grow stronger. A cold sweat had broken out on Carl's forehead as Savannah's dark orbs held him steadily captive. They needed to get out of there. Before something terrible happened to them.

"I…I need to take a minute to myself," said Jen suddenly. "Wash my face…freshen up a little bit. Could you tell me where the restroom is, Savannah?"

"Oh sure! Just go into the kitchen and it's the second-to-last door on your left," came the gentle reply.

Jen stood up and walked stiffly into the kitchen, back towards the far end. She hadn't really heard Savannah's instructions, though, and instead of stopping at the bathroom door, in her confusion, she passed it by and reached out for the door knob to the last room…the room in the corner.

"Oh not that one Jen!" called Savannah lightly. "The other door — that one's locked. Haha…not sure you wanna go in there."

Jen turned around and looked with genuine concern at Savannah across the kitchen; the cryptic comment was doing nothing to assuage her nerves. As she turned back towards the actual bathroom, there suddenly came, from behind the locked door, a quick and thumping series of beats…close to the floor…as if there was an animal behind the door. Jen heard what sounded like eager, vigorous sniffing…like a dog…but different.

"Oh don't mind the noise," chuckled Savannah mildly. "I keep my pet in that room."

Jen nodded uneasily and went into the bathroom, but Carl had noticed that despite her easy, natural tone, when the thumps behind the door began, Savannah's face had gone hard, and her eyes had become, momentarily, like dark, burning coals. He saw her produce a little black device from somewhere within her dress…it looked to Carl almost like a garage door opener. She pressed into it with her thumb, and the thumping immediately stopped. Savannah looked

over at Carl and smiled pleasantly. The seconds passed by, and still, she didn't take her finger off the device.

"So you were just…"surfing around" on Porntub, huh?" she asked, smiling crookedly at him.

"I…yes," he said defensively. "There's…there's nothing wrong with that."

"No, of course not," said Savannah, her thumb turning red from pressing the device. She waited a few seconds as she continued to stare at him steadily. She had to make sure…that she didn't overplay and make them leave too soon. They had to be getting close. But she was aching to toy with this man, and now was her chance to get him alone.

"So how many videos did you watch?" she asked. "Did you see any of the ones with me in them?"

Carl sat there dumbfounded. This woman was just like Sarah — she could appear normal and easy and natural and totally with it…and then, without warning, like a shark who smells blood in the water, she could strike. And there she was, just sitting there in the armchair, smiling at him like she had already won.

"A…a couple," he said, feeling like he was reeling. "I s-saw a compilation."

"Oooo, those are some of my favs," cooed Savannah. "The ones that just show the sheer extent of how much Sarah's done to Jeff…how much we've done, really."

Carl kept gaping, having no idea what to say to all this, and so Savannah kept on. Her pussy was truly warming to the occasion now.

"So what did it feel like, cumming to watching your own son get dominated by the little girl next door?" Savannah's voice had dropped an octave, and seemed smoother and softer than ever.

"I…didn't," Carl lied, feeling like there was nothing else he could say.

"Yes you did," said Savannah. "I can tell. I could tell as soon as I looked at you when I opened the door. Sarah's only 22 years old, Carl Stintum, but she's already taught me so much…more than I could ever have dreamt of learning before."

"How…what…what's going on!?" Carl asked, now fully sweating as his heart beat faster. Things were just getting too weird now. Everything looked so normal, so put-together…they had been speaking normal words…and yet…Carl was feeling his world darken as it seemed to collapse around him. There was something terribly wrong here.

"What are you talking about??" he cried. "What's…what did Sarah teach you? What is she!?"

"What indeed," laughed Savannah softly as her eyes flitted past Carl and up to Jen, who was returning from the bathroom. In his panic, Carl still managed to notice that only now did Savannah take her finger off the button of whatever the little contraption was, putting it away somewhere in the back of her dress.

“What’s going on out here?” asked Jen, sounding alarmed as she clasped her husband’s shaking hand. “What’s wrong, Carl?”

“We have to get out of here,” he said breathlessly.

“What? What do you mean?” asked Jen. “I want to ask her more questions.”

“I’m serious Jen!” shouted Carl fearfully. “Something’s going on! We need to leave now!!”

No sooner had the words left his mouth when the sound of the front door deadbolt pulling back cut through the air. Carl felt his heart stop as his body became like stone. They were caught…it was too late. Jen felt a shock at the sound as well, even though she was not as panicked as her husband. They clutched each other, with Carl squeezing her hands so tightly that they lost circulation. The front door started pushing open.

“You can keep asking your questions, Jen,” said Savannah pleasantly. “But now you can ask Sarah herself.”

Chapter 45

A long, smooth, and powerful leg issued forth from behind the opening door…Sarah's leg. Her huge, shapely calf and ankle were squeezed round by an elaborate lattice of black lacing, connected to an intimidating 6-inch black platform heel. To Carl and Jen Stintum, the leg seemed to descend for ages, in slow, deliberate, and voluptuous motion, so much so that when the heel finally came clunking down on the hardwood floor, they started back in surprise, holding each other even tighter than they had been before. Even though they were standing a good 20 feet away, they could feel the palpable vibrations ricocheting through the floor from the single emphatic footstep.

Then a massive, manicured hand, with long, sharp red fingernails, curled itself around the top corner of the door. The jingle of metal bracelets filled the air. Jeff's parents felt their breath catch in their chests as they saw the long, blond, wavy mane of Sarah's hair rise up above the door frame, up and up past it, until they became aware of the unmistakable sea green of her eyes staring straight down at them. The top of the door frame came just about up to the middle of her nose, so it was impossible to gauge what her expression was. But the look from those deep, penetrating eyes was enough to hold the Stintums in place, especially since they were so much higher up than expected.

Savannah chuckled in the background. She had risen to her feet, and was now standing directly behind Carl and Jen, looking up past them at Sarah.

"Welcome home!" came Savannah's deep, velvety voice, stained through with a hint of humor. "I was just entertaining your guests here before you arrived."

Sarah's eyes narrowed down at the Stintums, and then she pushed the door all the way open.

"Oh well isn't that sweet of you, Savannah," she intoned, the timbre of her deep, rich voice infusing the air with her power. "Mr. and Mrs. Stintum? It's been a minute, hasn't it? A few months at least."

Carl and Jen were both too stunned to answer. Standing before them was Sarah Helleger in all her glory, as they had never seen her before. In addition to the 6-inch gladiator-style platform heels, she was wearing a tight black leather miniskirt that only went a third of the way down her full, thick, creamy thighs. Her vigorous hips curved powerfully from the connection of her legs, and shook and jiggled slightly with each movement. Her lower stomach was bare, all the way up to the black leather top that was desperately straining to contain her mammoth breasts, which were pressed so hard into her top that the impinges of her erect nipples were conspicuous. Her fleshy, shapely, strong-looking arms were bare, except for the silver bracelets that rattled around, tinkling and jingling teasingly into the air. Her lips looked as full and plush as ever, with blood-red lipstick that matched the polish on her fingernails. She put her hands on her hips, cocking them slightly to the left, as she smiled warmly down on the Stintums. Even Jen knew enough to realize that Sarah was decked out as a dominatrix…and in her platform heels, she stood before them at a towering 7'3, looking absolutely fearsome.

"W-we…we're s-sorry, Sarah!" Jen's slightly high-pitched words sounded strikingly discordant — it was unusual for her to be so discombobulated, let alone by the mere sight of someone.

“Sorry?” asked Sarah, cocking her head slightly to the side as she blinked her eyes gently.

“W-we thought that you w-were…were going to be home t-tomorrow!” replied Jen desperately.

“Oh is that what Savannah told you?” Sarah inquired lightly, lifting her eyes above the Stintums’ heads, pursing those marvelous lips. “Sometimes she gets our schedules mixed up.”

“Yeah, gosh, my bad,” laughed Savannah, reaching a fist up to her head and giving herself a playful knock. “I don’t know what I was thinking.”

“I think I know,” Sarah replied, winking, “And isn’t it lovely that the result is an unexpected and welcome visit from my old neighbors! Have you guys spoken to my parents recently?”

“I…n-no…no we haven’t,” stammered Jen, obviously unprepared for such casual conversation.

“Well I’ll tell them that you said “hi” when I talk to them next,” chuckled Sarah, moving a step closer to the Stintums, clearing the entrance to the open door. Without realizing it, both of them took a step back, intimidated by the sheer size of Sarah’s person as she came even closer… because the closer she got, the bigger she appeared. There was now no more than 8 feet between them, and Carl Stintum, despite being 5’8, was desperate to realize that he was looking into the top of Sarah’s bare stomach, whose visible muscles inflated and undulated gently with each breath she took. He was a grown man, and he had to look UP at the breasts of this enormous girl who, a mere decade before, had been the skinny little tomboy next door.

In stepping back, however, both Jen and Carl unwittingly bumped into Savannah, whose prodigious bosom was suddenly pressing up against their necks. And Savannah wasn’t budging backward at all — in fact, as they had stumbled back into her, she had taken a small step forward, narrowing the gap between her and Sarah. And then Sarah took another step forward, so that the Stintums now could barely even see her face over the enormous protrusions of her breasts. Once again, it became impossible to read her expression, since her mouth was now hidden from view. But they could see her eyes, regarding them steadily over the gently heaving flesh of her bosom, and the stretched black leather of her top.

Jen could feel her husband shaking, and she turned to him in concern; she too was afraid, and terrifically intimidated, by this stunningly gorgeous and gargantuan entity in front of them, but she was still determined to keep herself under control, at least externally. Carl, on the other hand, seemed hopeless. When Jen turned to look inquiringly at him, she saw that his eyes were huge, wide, unblinking orbs that were staring up in desperate and unmistakable fear at the sizable impinges of Sarah’s nipples, which seemed to have grown larger in the time that she had moved closer.

Sarah just stood there, unmoving, for a long time…or was it only a few seconds? There was no way to be sure; her mere presence seemed to slow time itself. And all the while, those sea-green eyes remained steadily, inexorably fixed on the Stintums, going back and forth between the husband and wife, occasionally blinking in gentle, deliberate intervals. And then, she took a huge, deep breath, intentionally inflating her chest to hitherto-unseen proportions, and the sound of stretching leather cut through the air. Carl and Jen suddenly were met with the sharp, unmistakable scent of the expanding leather — Jen felt Carl try to pull away, but Savannah reached out a strong, resolute hand and fastened it firmly around his shoulder, holding him in

place. Sarah's chest was still expanding with her deep breath, and the Stintums had nowhere to go. Carl felt the hard nub of Sarah's right nipple tease the skin on his forehead, and then press steadily into it, as she filled her lungs. Likewise, Jen felt the pointed tickle of Sarah's left nipple grazing the top of her head. Both of them shuddered and tried to move away, but Savannah was holding onto both of them now, one steadying imprisoning hand on each of their outer shoulders. Jen was now undoubtedly in distress, and she turned back to her husband. But looking at Carl now only made her feel the true surreal desperation of the situation. He was on the verge of hyperventilating, with dots of cold sweat beginning to form and trickle down his face. He was paler than she had ever seen him, and the ragged shallow way he was breathing reminded her of something. Without thinking, she glanced down at his crotch, and her mind froze in a kind of lurid blank realization that he was sporting a massive erection that was pressing lewdly through his jeans, tenting the fabric obscenely.

And then, as if in a let-off, Sarah breathed out an exhale, and her breasts retreated, now no longer touching them. Jen was startled by the striking and unreservedly pleasing scent of Sarah's breath: a floral, rich…almost balsamic scent, with soft, sweet accents that immediately reminded her of sandalwood.

"So they saw the videos, huh?" asked Sarah to Savannah, her eyes rising up above the Stintums' heads.

"Well, Mr. Stintum did, in any case," chuckled Savannah. "And then I think he showed them to his wife here."

"Is that right, Mr. Stintum?" asked Sarah, taking a step back so they could see her entire face now. Jen couldn't believe how beautiful Sarah had become…how beautiful and confident…she hadn't been this cowed in someone's presence since…well, there was no reference point.

Carl simply nodded his head, unable to meet Sarah's eyes.

"And he came to them," came Savannah's enjoining voice, lighthearted and humorous despite its velvety depths. "Over and over."

"I…I did not!" choked Carl, as Jen turned to look at him in horror. But Sarah was already bending down towards him, and before he could say anything more, she had filled his vision with her huge steady face, and wrapped her big hand around the bulging tent of his cock. Carl immediately stopped shaking and looked utterly petrified, like he was on the verge of having a stroke.

"You did, Mr. Stintum," breathed Sarah gently into his face. "You did cum to my videos. There's no use trying to lie about it. I can smell the shame on you. You came, over and over and over again, to videos of me dominating and humiliating the tiny submissive little cum slut who is your son. Oh Mr. Stintum…the things I've done to that boy…and the things I will do…and it was just too much for you, wasn't it?"

Carl's mouth was open in an implication of a reply, but nothing came out. Sarah used the silence as an opportunity to reach her other hand down between his legs and cup his balls. Her hand could have comfortably accommodated three or four times the amount it was currently.

“Even now,” whispered Sarah, loud enough so that Jen could hear too, “I can smell the cum gurgling around in these little balls, Mr. Stintum. It wants to be let out. It’s desperate for release.”

She turned to Jen, who was now staring hard at her, away from her husband. Sarah blinked slowly and turned her head slightly to the side, like she was acknowledging something slightly surprising.

“Did you know that, Mrs. Stintum?” Sarah wasn’t mocking or teasing; she was being completely serious. “Did you know that your husband was this submissive?”

Jen blinked and wet her upper lip with her tongue. Sarah watched her steadily, still holding onto Carl Stintum’s cock and balls, gently squeezing both with her mammoth hands.

“I did, yeah,” said Jen suddenly.

Sarah’s eyebrows went up, and behind the Stintums, the vibrations of Savannah’s surprised “Hmmmmm!” went through them both.

“Did you, now?” asked Sarah, her beautiful eyes going wider with interest.

Jen nodded her head, still looking straight at Sarah. Even though the enormous girl was bent far down, she still towered over both of Jeff’s parents. Sarah blinked slowly, issuing forth her own tongue and licking her top lip, just as Jen had done seconds before. And then, with another glance at Carl, and another light little squeeze of his balls and tug of his cock, she let him go, rising far up again to her full height.

“Jen Stintum,” declared Sarah in a soft, yet imperiously authoritative voice, “I would love to hear more about this. Everything must be so confusing and upsetting right now, but that’s only because it’s all so unfamiliar. Everyone is happy here in my house — we’re all playing our little roles perfectly.”

“Y-yeah…yeah Savannah…said as much before,” said Jen, a little shakily, but still staring up at Sarah, maintaining eye contact. Carl, on the other hand, seemed to be finding it difficult to stand up, and a couple seconds later, he actually collapsed forward on one knee, his entire body shaking and shuddering.

“What’s wrong with him?” asked Jen, her eyes still fixed on Sarah.

“Nothing whatsoever,” replied Sarah, bringing an open hand elegantly up towards the ceiling, jingling her wide bracelets, which didn’t fall very far down her forearm. “He’s just having an orgasm.”

“An…an orgasm?” asked Jen, trying, and most succeeding, in keeping the alarm and confusion out of her voice. Somehow, she knew how important this was.

“Well yeah!” chuckled Sarah, inverting her upturned hand suddenly down at the shivering, kneeling man. “Did you see how hard he got as soon as I walked in? I mean, Savannah obviously buttered him up a bit — ”

“Just a bit,” chuckled Savannah from behind, taking her right bare foot and placing it in the middle of Carl’s bowed, shivering back, giving him a quick, playful little massage with her toes.

“And, then, well…someone getting so blatantly aroused in my house,” laughed Sarah, shaking her head down at Jen, eyes sparkling, “It would be awkward to just ignore it, wouldn’t you say?”

“B-but…but why, uh…why — ” Jen was trying hard.

“Why grab his cock and cup his balls in front of you, like I did?” offered Sarah. “Why make him cum in front of you? Why show my dominance over him, and by extension you?”

Jen just blinked up at Sarah; she opened her mouth a little, and then closed it again. So many emotions were gathered up behind her face that, combined, she just looked slightly confused.

Sarah gathered herself up again and inhaled impressively, once more expanding her enormous chest out to astounding proportions.

“Well Jen, please understand that I do respect you…very much…especially after what you’ve just told me.” Sarah’s voice was calm and measured, even as her nostrils expanded and dilated — she was terrifically excited, more excited than she had been in awhile, but she knew that she couldn’t let herself go just yet. She needed to keep playing it cool, until…

“But as to the dominance…well, isn’t that why you and your husband came over here?” Sarah’s words were simple, but profound.

“W-we…we came over here to…to speak to Savannah,” said Jen with difficulty. “About our s-son.”

“To learn about his life!” smiled Sarah warmly. “Because you were worried about him, as any loving parent would be.”

She turned towards the open front door, and a scratching sound suddenly issued forth from just beyond the doorway.

“Carl…Carl, stand up,” said Jen quickly, her eyes locked onto the open door as she bent down slightly, fumbling with the back of her husband’s shirt, trying to get him on his feet. Savannah’s foot, however, remained firmly positioned on Carl’s back. He wasn’t going anywhere.

“Your husband stays down, Jen,” declared Sarah softly. “And anyway, I doubt he’d want to meet his son’s eye right now. Let him be.”

Sarah then turned back towards the doorway, and Jen did the same, her heart quickening all of a sudden to a fever pace. A small shadow crossed over the threshold of the front door, and quickly following it was Jeff, completely laden with black gym bags around his shoulders. Jen inhaled audibly in a sharp, quick intake. He was wearing what looked like a full-body wetsuit, made for a child, except it hung loosely on his limbs and torso, moving around in strange rolls with every labored movement he took. Because of the suit, only the skin of his hands, bare feet, neck, and bald head was showing…but even this little offering of skin was alarming. Jeff’s head and neck were covered in an elaborate and labyrinthine series of black tattoos, expertly-done,

but shocking nonetheless, which wound their way up and around his scalp, down and around his neck, seeming to cover almost everything except the main parts of his face…and even then, Jen could see that the tattoos had begun to encroach a little upon his cheeks and forehead. She couldn't make out what the elaborate symbols and winding patterns were exactly — but they all looked purposeful, deliberate, and arcanely significant in some disturbing way. And it wasn't just Jeff's head…Jen noticed that the skin on his hands and feet also seemed to be marked up with little black dots of various tattoos, not as thickly as on his scalp, but noticeably nonetheless. More than anything, though…more even than the striking new tattoos on her son's head, Jen was struck by how short and tiny Jeff looked. He was even smaller now…she knew it.

A lively jingle filled the air, and Jen realized that Sarah had extended her arm out, pointing the long, sharp red fingernail of her right forefinger down to the floor. As soon as Jeff crossed the threshold of the house, he dropped the bags down, which clattered heavily when they made contact with the floor. Jen suddenly realized that Jeff had been struggling to carry the bags up to the door, bit by bit, for the last few minutes. As soon as the bags were down, Jeff knelt down deferentially on his knees, bowing his head forward…waiting. Sarah's lips curled into a smile, and she glanced sideways at Jen, making her eyebrows go up as she stuck her tongue into the inside of her cheek. Jen couldn't believe it — it was like Sarah was…showing off or something…or cruelly mocking her…or both.

Mmmmwwah!

Sarah kissed the air, and Jeff came crawling up to her. Jen staggered back a little in shock, and Carl, still shaking, either with post-orgasmic paroxysm or sobs or some combination of the two, stayed put, head down. Jeff reached Sarah and knelt up next to her feet. Jen could hardly wrap her mind around the size comparison she was experiencing right now. On his knees like this, Jeff's head barely even came up to Sarah's knees…and her calves! They seemed to be just about as thick and wide as his entire torso. To say nothing of her massive thighs, one of which far outweighed Jeff's entire body, beyond any shadow of a doubt.

Sarah clicked her tongue and Jeff immediately popped back up to his feet, standing directly next to Sarah now. She lifted her arm only slightly from its full-length position at her side and extended her huge palm over Jeff's head, drumming her sharp fingernails on the tattooed skin of his scalp for a few moments before giving him a few loving scratches…and then she palmed his head completely, her fingers going a good way down his forehead, and her red nails even extending down as far as his upper cheeks. With her single, palming hand, she turned his head to the left, and then to the right, showing Jen how effortlessly she manipulated him. But what was most striking, even aside from the sheer difference in mass between the two of them, was the difference in height.

"You see, Jen?" laughed Sarah softly. "He's 7 years older than me…but he's looking up at my belly button now. Isn't that crazy!?"

It was true. The top of Jeff's head barely even reached the second row of Sarah's abdominal muscles, each of which which were lightly defined in her impressively full and strong stomach. Sarah pointed to her exposed belly button with a long forefinger, and Jeff looked a couple inches up at it, as if responding to Sarah's unspoken command to demonstrate how short he was compared to her. Jen noticed that there was a tally mark under Jeff's right eye…with four parallel marks, a fifth that was struck diagonally through them, and then another two parallel

marks beside it, appearing to indicate the number “7.” He didn’t even seem to acknowledge that his parents were even there.

“I know you’ve both just arrived, Jen,” said Sarah, lightly scratching the top of Jeff’s tattooed scalp with her claws, “But please, stay awhile! If you don’t you’ll be worrying and agonizing over your son for the rest of your life. But if you stay, you might just come to understand what’s going on.”

“I’ll make some coffee!” announced Savannah brightly, taking her foot off Carl’s back and waltzing happily on her bare feet into the kitchen. Carl remained kneeling, head down, unmoving. Jen looked from Sarah to Jeff, and back to Sarah again. Something was washing over her on the inside, something warm, that seemed to smooth the grotesque fire of the situation. She didn’t know what she was doing, but somehow, she still felt like she was in control. Looking straight up at the voluptuous amazon in front of her, she nodded.

Sarah’s full, red lips curled into a broad smile, and her sea green eyes sparkled ferociously. She clapped her hands. Instantly, Jeff zipped down the wetsuit he was wearing, and stepped out of it. Jen’s eyes grew wide, and her heart seemed to stop, but she kept her mouth closed. Jeff was skinner and bonier than he had ever been, with the knobs of his knees and shoulders standing out conspicuously. More than anything, though, were two things that Jen noticed immediately. The first was Jeff’s enormous, erect cock, bigger than anything Jen believed possible, which seemed to jump out of the suit as soon as Jeff unzipped it. The second was the realization that Jeff’s entire body was covered, just like his head and neck, in strange, arcane, serpentine labyrinths of black tattoos that wound and wove elaborately all around him. It was exquisite work, all of it, but it was so shocking, and so striking, that Jen felt tears come to her eyes. But she held firm, determined not to give in to any one emotion in this moment. Noticeably, Jeff’s cock hadn’t been spared the encroachment of the tattoos, although it was less heavily inked than the rest of his body. Strange symbols, archaic runes, thorny vines…? Jen didn’t know what any of it meant.

“Why don’t you have a seat on the sofa, Jen?” asked Sarah pleasantly, going over to the easy chair and sinking down into it. She was so big that the easy chair itself seemed to disappear underneath her. She tapped her platform heel once, and Jef knelt down again, scurrying over on his hands and knees, and began the long and complicated process of untying the gladiator platforms. Carl sniffed in place, his head still down. Jen looked around left, then right, and then straight at Sarah, who smiled kindly at her, with an indicating hand towards the sofa.

Jen chewed her lip for a moment, and then walked over, and sat down.

Chapter 46

"You know, Jen," Sarah declared pleasantly as she watched Jeff's mother lower herself slowly onto her rich red sofa, "I have to admit that you've surprised me here."

"I've…surprised you?" Jen asked uncertainly, as she squeezed her thighs together, warily nestling into the voluminous cushions. She glanced over again at her husband, who was still prone, on his hands and knees, with his head down, shaking his way through the after-effects of a helpless orgasm. Jen was nowhere near in command of her own situation at present, but she was in charge of her faculties enough to compare herself to her husband…and to realize that he came up sorely lacking. He had simply dissolved into a pitiful heap in front of Sarah — all his typical confidence and poise was gone…and it had been gone ever since she had gotten back from that cabin trip with her friends. When she had seen him on the sofa there, with those empty beer cans all over, and that wild, haggard look on his face…something within him had snapped, she could tell. And as she looked down on his miserable, quivering form now, she knew somehow that whatever had snapped could not be remade, and that she could already not un-see what she had seen.

"Well of course you have," came Sarah's warm voice, effortlessly pulling Jen's attention back. Jen looked down at her naked son, with his back to her, diligently untying Sarah's complicated black heels. "Most parents in this situation would scream and try to run away…or cry…or faint…haha, but not you, Jen Stintum."

"I…just want to…to know what's going on with…my son," answered Jen, tensing up her stomach muscles as she felt her organs lurch a little inside her. She was experiencing waves of nausea, watching Jeff move in front of her. It was distressing enough for her to see how short and skinny he was. For years, thanks to his own poor choices, he had looked under-nourished and weak, but now…well, Jen knew that something was going on. He was WELL under five feet tall now, and his arms and legs looked like twigs. Jen couldn't help but think that she could easily overpower her son…let alone Sarah. Just seeing Jeff kneeling next to Sarah's huge calf was comparison enough. Jen knew that this girl could have snapped him in half if she wanted to. But she hadn't, and somehow, the reality of Jeff's survival was a comfort to Jen as she stared at him.

But those tattoos…those black, interlacing tattoos that covered most of his body…they were what made Jen more uneasy than anything else. This was saying something, as Jeff's huge erection hadn't gone down one bit. But as she stared across at the oozing, voluptuous curves of this ferociously-beautiful young woman, Jen could at least understand why her son was so enraptured. But Jen didn't understand the tattoos…and they made her feel more and more uneasy with each passing moment.

"And I'll let him tell you all about it," replied Sarah, smiling, "Just as soon as he's done with these heels here. Usually takes him a couple minutes, haha. A lotta long laces for my big legs."

Sarah flexed her calf as she spoke, and Jen saw Jeff's small hands widen and give way with the expanding muscle. Underneath, his big cock twitched, a movement Sarah saw and seemed to enjoy. Her eyebrow slowly went up as her eyes narrowed slightly in concentration as she stared down at him. Her tongue started playing in the side of her cheeks as Jeff finally managed to get her first heel off. But no sooner had that been accomplished, then Sarah had expanded her

toes, stretching them out like a fan as she put her foot up to Jeff's face. Her foot was so huge compared to him that her sole was just about as wide as his head…her manicured, red-painted toes spanning the entirety of his face.

Sarah gave her toes a little wiggle, and Jen was amazed to see a dot of milky-white suddenly appear at the head of his spasming cock, quickly growing to a fast-dripping cascade of cum that dripped down on the floor. Jen could see that Jeff's entire body was tensed, with the veins popping out of his neck, even as he busied himself untying Sarah's second heel. Sarah's soft, musical laughter filled the room.

"Hmmhmm….that was unfair of me, wasn't it?" she chuckled down at him, tilting her head slightly to the side. "Look at me little one…and be honest — was that fair of me, just now?"

Jen saw Jeff look up at Sarah from his kneeling position at her feet. She saw the two of them exchange a long stare, and for the life of her, Jen couldn't understand what was going on. She knew all the ways that she would be expected to react right now, as a mother, as any sane and rational person would. But all she could do was sit there and watch, a helpless voyeur of this insane dynamic unfolding before her.

And just then, she saw, from the side, her son breaking into a wide, sheepish grin as he blinked slowly up at Sarah. Jen felt her brow crease as her eyes darted up to Sarah, whose exquisite lips were likewise twisting into a knowing grin. It looked like Sarah was barely holding in her laughter, and…and it looked like Jeff was too. A moment later, he broke first, his body shaking as his lips finally parted in undisguised laughter. He was nodding, and now Sarah was laughing out loud too, a soft pitter-patter of mirth that didn't do justice to how much her curves were shaking. Jen could tell that they were both trying hard to keep themselves from bursting out with laughter, and their efforts were leaving them both red in the face.

Jeff nodded through his trembling chuckles.

"Oh yeah?" Sarah challenged him. Her eyes had widened and her two rows of parted teeth revealed the tongue playing her in her cheek. "You think I heaped it on a bit too much there?"

Jeff nodded again, blinking through his open-mouthed smile as he looked back down at Sarah's huge alabaster leg. Jen wasn't able to avoid thinking, in the craziness of the moment, that her son actually looked…genuinely happy. Of course, everything was so messed up, so grotesque, that she knew that her brain was just confused, but her subconscious had indeed registered that, far from being some kind of "prisoner," her son seemed to be willingly and openly on the same page with Sarah.

"How terribly rude of me," declared Sarah, shaking her head slowly, her sea-green eyes fixed on the little man at her feet. "And in front of such company! My goodness…but wouldn't it be even worse if I pulled something like…this?"

Sarah extended out her bare left foot and swiped it gently to the side, effortlessly knocking Jeff's kneeling form to the floor. His audible exhale in reaction to the blow quickly turned back into barely-contained laughter as he lay on his back, with Sarah's bare foot now planted squarely on top of his chest, holding him down. Jen could do nothing but watch the scene unfold; she was conscious of her other options that Sarah had mentioned — to flee, to scream, to cry — but

somehow, all she felt like doing was sitting and watching. Perhaps it was the sheer surreality of the scene that made her feel distanced from it, like she was watching it on a screen. But Jen didn't feel like a mere observer. Even at this point, she knew that she was participating.

Sarah's foot turned left and right on Jeff's bare chest, miming the act of grinding him into the floor. In reality, though, her touch was quite soft. Her foot, when turned sideways across his chest, completely spanned the width of his torso. It was stunning, just how huge she was compared to him…and that was just her foot. She seemed to be tickling Jeff now, wriggling her toes across his prone stomach as her foot ever-so-slowly made its way down towards his crotch.

"N-no…heheheh uh-uhhuhuhnnn-no!" he laughed weakly, his body squirming fruitlessly against the tender onslaught of Sarah's bare foot. Jen could see how her toes were digging into Jeff's sides, nesting themselves in between his exposed ribs.

"No?" Sarah's grin dropped, and her foot paused a moment. The inner corners of her eyebrows curved upwards with faux-concern. She leaned forward slightly, and Jen remembered that she was actually sitting in an easy chair. Leaning back, her body hid the chair almost completely. "No?"

Jeff's face silently screwed up, and his eyes widened in expectation in tandem with Sarah's. Her grin suddenly returned, except this time, her mouth was wide open, projecting the full laughter from her throat. She poised her big toe over Jeff's bottom rib, curving it like a cobra in an implication of attack. And then she was digging it into Jeff's side, right under the bone. Jeff's entire body seized up like a plank, and he squealed out piercingly as Sarah buried the top part of her toe into him. She shook and wriggled her foot around, digging it in as Jeff shrieked with laughter.

"Ohhhhh god, she's in a tickling mood," came the velvety timbre of Savannah's voice, quite close to Jen's ear, causing her to jump a little in surprise. It hadn't seemed possible, but Jen had momentarily forgotten about Savannah. But there she was, the red-haired, buxom amazon, holding out a cup of steaming hot coffee with a solid, exquisitely-tattooed arm. Jen accepted the cup automatically, even going so far as to take a little sip as she locked eyes with Savannah's dark orbs. Even their mysterious depths offered something of a respite to what Jen had been seeing.

"If she's really in the mood," continued Savannah, nodding over at Sarah, "She can keep playing with him like this for hours."

"Hours!?" asked Jen.

"Hours," repeated Savannah, blinking her eyes slowly and nodding, "I've seen it happen. But it's more of a punishment then, now, isn't it?"

"Well not necessarily," came Sarah's reply over the high-pitched sounds of Jeff yelping. "Are you hearing this!? Haha, sometimes I wanna hear my little guy just…SQUEAL, without all the… well, all the other stuff."

“Yeah, but…heh, you’re playing with him right now,” chuckled Savannah. “I was talking about… when you weren’t playing.”

“Oh that,” remarked Sarah airily, smirking as she rolled her eyes, returning them back down to Jeff.

“Yeah…that,” repeated Savannah, looking squarely at Jen. “It didn’t matter how many times he passed out under her toes. When he woke up, they were still wiggling. How long was that, Sarah? Like 9 hours straigh—”

“Oh you’d remember better than me,” Sarah cut in, her eyes fixed lovingly on Jeff as her foot crept down closer to his groin. Her heel was brushing his engorged cock now. “I lost count after 3 hours…went into a kind of trance, where I was hyper-focused and…and time just seemed to stand still.” She blinked slowly and sighed down at Jeff, shaking her head. “It was beautiful.”

“You’re telling me!” laughed Savannah, dropping herself unceremoniously onto the other end of the sofa. Even through the thick red cushions, Jen felt the impact of Savannah’s big body vibrating through her. “I was the one livestreaming the whole thing…twenty thousand watchers at a time…sixty thousand for the total marathon…haha, I don’t think there was any fluid left in my body after that scene.”

Savannah turned to look at Jen.

“Your son took quite a while to recover from that one,” she said softly. “If I recall, it was a whole 5 days before he could speak again…weeks before he could walk.”

“He’s never fully recovered, you know,” Sarah said softly, still not taking her eyes away from Jeff’s face. Her toes had stopped their tickling, and now, all twelve of them were moving, independently jockeying and vying for a prime spot on the meat of Jeff’s cock…and in tandem, Jeff’s squeals of laughter had been replaced by sharp, exhaled moans that burst forth in defenseless staccatos every few seconds, like a labored heartbeat. “How could anyone recover, after something like that?”

Sarah turned slowly to Jen as she proceeded to wrap her toes around Jeff’s massive erection. It was so big that, even with Sarah’s feet, the huge, purpling mushroom head of his member was sticking out, a few inches free of her toes. Jen could see the knuckles of Sarah’s toes whitening as she squeezed Jeff’s erection hard, forcing his body to go completely stiff on the floor. Seconds later, he started shaking.

“But that’s just the thing, Jen,” murmured Sarah, her voice, despite its softness, filling the room. “All these past months, there have been so many…SO so many times…like that. Where I’ve just lost myself in your son. Or, I think the more appropriate way to put it would be: I’ve FOUND myself in him, over and over and over again.”

“S-Sarah…” Jen tried to begin, clutching her coffee mug with both hands. She wasn’t sure she could take much more of this. A quick glance over at her husband, who still had his head down on all fours like a dog, made her feel a surge of outlasting energy, motivated by incredulous disgust at how he was behaving. What on earth was WRONG with him!? And yet, at the same time, Jen felt herself breaking too. She had resolved to be strong, to be stronger than him, to

follow through on the reason for their visit here. Sarah was right — that was why they had come over, after all: to learn about Jeff's life…to try and get to a point where they wouldn't be haunted by what they didn't know every night they tried to go to sleep. But even with this determination, Jen felt herself cracking. It was all beginning to be a bit too much.

"And little Jeff has found himself…in me," Sarah continued, talking over Jen like she hadn't even heard her. "His truest, deepest self, a self he had no idea existed. And that is why, Jen, that I say your son will never, ever "recover." To "recover" means to regain something that has been lost. But anything your son has lost with me, Jen, was never worth having in the first place. And what he has gained…well…it's impossible to put into words."

"Aaaaaaaiiiiggggguuuuuhhhh!" moaned Jeff in apparent erotic agony, twisting his head on the hardwood floor. Jen could see how Sarah was squeezing the base of Jeff's cock with her toes, preventing him from cumming again…and Jen didn't know why her eyes kept drifting down there…it was something about Sarah's feet that looked…"off" to her. They were huge, of course, but so was the rest of her…her feet seemed proportional. But why that funny little tick in her brain? Jen tried to blink and shake her head a little. Everything around her was insane, and yet, that warmth that had washed over her a few minutes before hadn't dissipated. If anything, it had soaked through deeper into her psyche. She wondered if it was her body's defense mechanism against active trauma. In any case, Jen was aware that an unimaginable nightmare was happening in front of her, and yet, simultaneously, she was completely calm.

"Aheheh, get ready, Ms. Stintum," intoned Savannah, bunching up her thick legs to her torso like a little girl, making for a strangely contrasting imagine, "I can see it on his little face — the floodgates are about to bust open."

"I'm n-not…I'm not watching what she does to my —"

"She IS watching," floated Sarah's voice, a sweet, heavy fog deepening over the proceedings. "And she WILL WATCH this."

Sarah gritted her teeth as her full lips curled into a snarl, and suddenly the sea green in her eyes was strikingly prominent as she widened her lids. She was now twisting Jeff's cock with her bare toes, her left foot squeezing clockwise, and her right foot squeezing the opposite.

"YAAAAH!!" screamed Jeff. Jen could not look away — his tiny, shriveled body spasmed under the overwhelming size and force of Sarah's feet, and yet, there was still something like intense focus on his face. He was looking straight at his cock, his eyes like saucers as he stared intently at his trembling cockhead. Sarah's head shook slightly with passion as she clamped down even harder on the base of his cock with her toes, and this time, she squeezed so hard that her toes cracked. Savannah leaned forward on the sofa, her mouth slightly open, like she was watching the best part of a show. Jen sat transfixed by the obscene and blatant horror happening right in front of her. Jeff's mouth opened in wordless agony, his eyes desperately crawling up to Sarah's. In a sudden, swift, and controlled movement, displaying remarkable flexibility and dexterity, she brought her face down close to his, so that her nose was barely a centimeter away form his. Her eyes opened even wider.

And then, her toes released him, and Jeff sent a geyser of white cum straight up in the air, without uttering so much as a peep. Jen heard Savannah's breath catch next to her, and she

herself felt like she wasn't breathing. It was an abnormal amount of semen to ejaculate out of a penis — Jen hadn't even thought that such a thing were possible…but now the milky-white rocket had reached its peak, four or five feet above Sarah, and it was arcing down, down, down, seemingly in slow motion towards…her open mouth.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaa!" cried Sarah eagerly, unfurling her long, massive tongue down past her chin she opened her mouth wide to accept the incoming fluid. Her feet were now rubbing themselves into remaining shots of cum, blocking them from spurting up, as the sounds of her sticky soles and toes began to pepper the air. But all the focus was on this incoming, initial spurt, and just like that, it was gone. It had landed completely in Sarah's mouth.

"Yaaaaaaaaaaayyyyy!!" cheered Savannah, clapping her hands rapidly, with great energy. The metallic sounds of her innumerable rings clanging together mixed with the sticky sounds of Sarah's feet. "You got it!! You DID it!!"

"Hah! Hh-hu—huhhh!" exclaimed Jeff, still in the throes of his orgasm as his bare chest bucked and heaved under the weight of Sarah's legs. But even still, a huge smile was plastered across his face as he looked up at her. Sarah's mouth was still open, and she was returning his look with an excited wag of her eyebrows.

"Sarah's been training him on that one for months!" clapped Savannah joyously. "Poor little guy always kept overshooting his mark, haha! Can't really blame him though, can you? I think this is actually the first time that they've performed it in front of a live —"

"Wahh naaaa, accccually," corrected Sarah, not moving her lips too much as her head remained tipped back, "weehhh di eh aaa uhhh couughhhenchen…connnnbensh—"

"Oh, you did? At the convention?" asked Savannah. "Oh well awesome then! Haha, guess you two were actually coming off some practice there."

"Aaahaha," laughed Sarah, rolling her eyes as she looked up to the ceiling and shook her head rapidly back and forth a few times, gargling Jeff's cum loudly.

Gloigloiglouglouiglurrrghlurrglurrglurrrlgurggglglurglurglurgluuurrrglurgh

Slowly, Sarah turned her eyes over sideways at Jen, and keeping her gaze fixed, her throat undulated powerfully as she swallowed the entire mouthful of cum. It was such a massive load that even Sarah had to focus and concentrate on getting it all down in one *GLLLUUUUUURP*

"Whoooooowee!" Sarah exhaled out into the air, as if she had just finished lifting a heavy weight, "That was a biggggg one, Jeff! I'm so proud of you! You got it "Aaaaaaaaaaa" right in there! And in front of such an audience…such a high-pressure situation…you know what? You get to curl up next to my feet tonight — on my BED."

"Ohhhh…oh THANK you!" moaned Jeff, his chest rising and falling like he had just ascended from deep underwater. The excitement and emotion infused in his voice were almost more notable to Jen than the raw act of orgasming from the footjob itself. She looked down and saw that Sarah was still gently smearing her toes over Jeff's spent cock…the sticky sounds still punctuated the air. And now Jen clearly saw what she had noticed subconsciously before:

Sarah had twelve toes…perfectly proportioned…and extra one on each foot. Jen couldn't understand this — she had seen Sarah as a girl, running around in her bare feet all the time. Jan and Chris had never said anything about it…because there was nothing to talk about. Her feet had been normal! So…so what…what was this!? What on earth was going on?? Jen blinked rapidly, trying to somehow jumpstart her outrage, or her tears, or whatever trauma response she knew was appropriate. But she just couldn't rev it up; her brain felt like it had short-circuited…or at least like it had undergone some kind of dramatic shift in temperament. She was simply observing what was going on, without any apparent emotional response.

"How's that coffee, Jen?" asked Savannah.

"Th-the…uhh, oh…oh! I —" stammered Jen softly, glancing over at Savannah and bringing the mug up quickly to her lips, sipping on it without thinking. In the moment, she was afraid that she had offended Savannah by not drinking it fast enough.

"Haha, no need to choke it down for my sake!" laughed Savannah, her curves quivering impressively as she readjusted herself on the sofa. "Just reminding you that you had it…and I will say, that recipe DOES taste better when it's hot."

"Recipe?" Jen's single-word question hung in the air, mixing with the sticky background noises. She looked at Savannah's gorgeous face, her dark eyes, with that dark auburn hair and dark, mysterious eyeliner. She looked like a vampire. And suddenly, Jen grew afraid and nearly dropped the mug from her hands. She had been drugged…poisoned.

"Well yeah!" smiled Savannah. "I've been trying to perfect my "Mayan hot coffee" recipe for a while now." Her long, strong fingers danced in the air as she gesticulated, her rings flashing in the light. "Dash of cacao, sprinkle of sugar, little nutmeg, little cinnamon, a pinch of cayenne, a splash of whole milk, whisked all together, and then mixed with three parts dark roast drip coffee…mmmmm!"

"It's…it is delicious," nodded Jen, the panic already subsiding. So was just beginning to inwardly chastise herself for freaking out when she noticed that Savannah's head had turned around, back to where her husband had been. Jen blinked. Carl was standing up now, his head still bent down, his erection more prominent than ever. In that moment, much to her surprise (which she felt like she registered at a surreal distance from herself), Jen felt more annoyed at her husband than anything else. Why couldn't he just hold his head up? What was his problem? So he was aroused by Sarah, by Savannah…at this point, Jen could understand that. She glanced back at Sarah, who was whispering something in Jeff's ear. Her head looked huge next to his….twice its size. She still had her cum-covered toes suspended and glistening in the air. Jeff nodded silently, and Sarah reached down and pet his face with her huge hand, rubbing her thumb lovingly under the zygomatic bone on his left eye, right where that "7-mark" tally was tattooed. Jen saw Sarah lean back, chuckling, as she proceeded to palm Jeff's entire face effortlessly, giving it a playful little shake that vibrated through the entire length of his body. The flesh of Sarah's strong, solid forearm rippled a little in tandem, and Jen realized that she was getting wet. Ordinarily, such a realization would have made her sick. But right now, she was simply noticing the reality.

"I n— I n-need…huhhh..huhhh…huh…" came Carl's panting voice. Once again, Jen couldn't help but look over at him incredulously. It was like he had regressed 40 years.

“What do you need, Mr. Stintum?” asked Savannah pleasantly. A smacking sound now filled the air, and Jen looked back to see that Jeff was walking toward her, a little sheepishly. Behind him, she could see that Sarah, in another impressive display of flexibility, had brought the toes of her left foot up to her mouth. She was licking them clean.

“Hey mom,” Jeff muttered, smiling a little awkwardly at her. “I…I wanted to say hi before, but…I wasn’t supposed to say anything until she —”

“It’s ok Jeff,” Jen heard herself saying. “I understand. Really, it’s ok.”

“Ok good,” replied Jeff, making eye contact with her. Jen could see it — something had changed in his face. She had never seen it before…she had never thought that she WOULD see it. He looked like he had woken up.

“B-bathrrrroom,” panted Carl with extreme difficulty, staggering uneasily on his feet. He seemed to be struggling with his erection.

“Mmmm, bathroom, ok-kay,” said Savannah warmly as she pointed. “It’s the door that’s unlocked over there.”

Carl immediately staggered over towards the two doors, in the direction that Jen had gone when she had used the restroom before. And just like she had done before, Carl staggered up to the first door and started to turn the handle.

“Not that one Carl,” Jen heard herself calling out to him. “It’s the other o—”

But the door was opening, and Carl was already walking inside. Jen felt herself seize as she felt the pressure change in the sofa. Savannah had gotten up and had made silent but rapid strides towards the door. Jen caught a sparkle of silver dangling from Savannah’s hand that flashed, grinning in the light: a key. The auburn-haired amazon arrived at the door right as Carl was all the way inside. They were on opposite sides of the door now, and Carl’s reaction to what he saw barely escaped before Savannah had smartly slammed the door shut and turned the key, locking the door from the outside.

“Oh my g-goddd!! Th-there’s…there’s a—” Jen heard him yell out, before his voice was quickly muffled by the closed door.

“But that’s…that’s not the bathroom,” said Jen bluntly, not understanding.

“No,” said Savannah, her hips wobbling back and forth as she walked back towards the living room, “But it’s the room your husband was really trying to get into…so I made it easy for him.”

Jen stared blankly at Savannah as the amazon sat back down, and then she turned to Sarah, who now had her entire big toe in her mouth, sucking on it so hard that her cheeks were denting. Jen felt herself exhale a little…she was still wet, and getting wetter, just watching this gargantuan bombshell in front of her. Somehow, the knowledge that this was Sarah Helleger made Jen even more aroused. Jeff was nowhere to be seen. In the midst of her cum dessert,

Sarah arched her eyebrow expectantly at Jen…and Jen knew that she needed to ask the question to get it started. So she did.

“Wh-what’s…what’s in there?” she asked, her voice shaking a little…not in fear, but rather in anticipation…in excitement. “What’s in that room?”