

The college library sat in mostly peaceful tranquility. It was underfunded—And understaffed, mostly composed of adjunct professors and part-time students—But the afternoon sunlight sifting through the dusty blinds was like a second home to many struggling scholars.

From the front desk, Annie Maraschino peered over her glasses at the dozens of students diligently studying and leaned back in her seat, satisfied. With Finals season upon them, this was how the library should be. No disruptive horseplay, no girlish giggling or raucous tabletop board games, just the quiet simplicity of—

"PENIS!"

Annie groaned as a series of cackles eked out from a destitute corner of the library. She took a long, slow sip from her mini water bottle, swirling it in her hand as she rose from her seat. Her chunky sneakers squeaked noisily as she stomped over in a dismal huff.

Her scowl tightened as she made out two buzzing dots on the surface of a desk.

Maxine Watkins & Melissa Whelk. A pair of teeny, tiny troublemakers who just kept popping up all over campus; Crashing club meetings, invading frat houses and getting kicked from dorm to dorm for hosting gross *"Panty raids"* of their giant roommates. For such little nuisances they certainly knew how to make their presence known.

They even had an insipid little nickname for themselves. Though Annie hardly considered two girls a whole *"Rat Pack,"* (*Melissa looked more like a horse anyway*), they were an infestation all the same.

One Annie would see to snuffing out herself.

The looming librarian towered over them, the curve of her stomach hiding her scowl.

Cast in the shadow of the overweight woman's underbelly, Mel practically had to wrap her arms around Max to keep her from blurting out something stupid. Her friend had already *rapidly* escalated The Penis Game, she didn't need her getting them into MORE trouble with her big fat mouth.

Especially with someone who could squish them like bugs...

"OI, RE-LAX!!" Max snapped, throwing the other girl's long, lanky arms off her. *"She's just a librarian, what's she gonna do? Sit on us??"*

"Yes," Mel hissed, eyeing the hefty woman warily as she put her hands on her hips and shifted her weight.

"Nah, see I meant it as a joke. 'Cuz she's FAT—"

Mel smacked the back of her head.

Annie slowly began to lean forward, her burning blood-blister of a face roiling into view. She adjusted a pair of crimson reading glasses teetering on the bridge of a lumpy nose. The wrinkles around her eyes crinkled unkindly as she sized up the ½-Inch-tall girls and scoffed derisively.

The light gust blew them off their feet and sent them into a tangle of limbs and elbows. It was slowly dawning on Max just how powerful a measly old librarian could really be...

Pushing her friend aside, Mel neatly brushed off her spider-web dress and waved up at the monumental woman. *"Hellooo~"* She lilted, dipping into a dainty curtsy.

"MM." A deep, volcanic grumble of judgment from the back of the titan's throat as she pursed her lips thoughtfully, double-chin dimpling.

"S-Sorry about that!" Mel called out. *"Just having a little fun, it won't happen again, we swear!"* Microscopic beads of sweat dotted her forehead as she gazed up the woman's nose.

After a harrowing half-minute, the librarian relented with a grumbling **"HMPH,"** And accepted the puny punks' apology.

Mel wiped the rain of sweat from her forehead as the librarian rose to her full, towering height. She gave Max a thumbs-up and a wheedling grin.

Max punched her in the shoulder. *"Kiss-ass."*

With that business taken care of, Annie spun around—Too quickly. Her hip accidentally swiped at the table, knocking over a pencil holder and spilling several pens and pencils across the floor.

"Dammit," She huffed. She bent over to clean up the mess she'd made, treating Max & Mel to a jaw-dropping sight.

The BIGGEST butt either of them had even seen filled a pair of tight yoga pants, threatening to burst out and spill over them. It stretched the whole horizon, taking up the entirety of their vision. The word **BOOTYLICIOUS** leapt out at the girls in dazzling sequins, ballooned across the woman's dumptruck ass as it jutted out over the edge of the desk. Like a pair of full moons wrapped in skintight leggings that accentuated every curve and crevice of each colossal cheek.

Mel squawked and stumbled backwards, jumpscared by the sheer size of that wiggling rump. The Rat Pack had dealt with their fair share of big butts before (*No thanks to Max*), but this was easily the *closest* they'd come to an ass of this magnitude. She looked to her partner, dread welling up inside her. *"M-Max, I know what you're thinking..."*

A grin had slowly curled around the edges of Max's face, cheeks flush with mischief as she took in that *fat fucking ass* practically BEGGING for her to destroy it. *This was too good of an opportunity to pass up...* She took a deep breath, cupped her hands around her mouth, bent into a full-bellied crouch...

"Max, don't—"

"GUH-GUH-GUH-GYYYYAAAAAATTTTTT!!!" She bellowed.

Her words echoed throughout the library like a bunker-buster of sound chewing through the silence. Despite their size, Max's voice still carried *extremely* well, managing to ricochet around every corner. And Annie had heard every raking syllable.

"Maaaaxxxx..." Mel whinnied.

"WHAT!?" Max replied defensively. *"You gotta put your whole pussy into that shit!!"*

A massive finger rocketed down, smearing the shrunken pair against the table. The girls were quickly swiped up, stuck to the pad of a whorled fingerprint. A throbbing, bloodshot eye glared at them over the rim of the librarian's hellish glasses before they were lowered before a pair of wrinkled old-lady lips.

"YOU PESTS..." Annie seethed, just above a whisper, **"ARE COMING WITH ME."** She unscrewed the cap of her water bottle and put it to her lips, draining a small sea's worth of water in a matter of seconds and a few menacing bobs of her Adam's Apple. When it was empty, she clumsily scraped the girls off her fingertip and funneled them inside.

Mel splatted in a puddle of murky backwash before Max came tumbling after, knocking the wind out of her as she landed on the girl's back. Rolling over, she found Annie's varicose eye squinting down at them from the mouth of the bottle.

"I'll deal with you *later*," She deigned, plugging the entrance with a fat finger.

The little plastic bottle swung at Annie's side as she stomped back to her desk, bristling against her hearty hips. With each churn of her thighs it bumped against the woman's waist, jostling its two Tiny inhabitants.

Even Max could pick up on the tension inside the bottle as the walls began to fog up. Or maybe that was just the rising humidity. *"Okayyy..."* She eventually relented, *"So I PROBABLY shouldn't'a done that."*

Mel coughed.

"But LOOK, sometimes when—when you see an ASS that's THAT big an' fat n' in-your-face, you just gotta—" She gestured emptily and slumped her shoulders. *"Okay but you GOTTA admit, whatever she does to us, it was WORTH IT."* She grinned sleazily.

"Max..." Her friend sighed, steadying herself, *"I love hanging, but sometimes you bite off more than you can chew. And sometimes that leads to BOTH of us getting chewed out..."* Her eyes anxiously took in the sheer size of the single buttock they'd been bouncing against with each booty-bumping step.

Or chewed up... She solemnly pressed a hand against the wall and buried her head in her arms.

Max's smile slowly melted into a frown. She tried to put some kind of an apology into words, but it just wasn't happening.

Annie set the bottle on her desk and uncorked her finger. She massaged her temple, analyzing her puny prisoners. *SO many ways to rid herself of the little pests...* Her thick fingers drummed against the desk as she mulled over her options.

Her eyes glanced at the clock. *Well, it'd be hard to think of a fitting punishment on an empty stomach.* Rummaging around in her purse, Annie pulled out a block of lacquered tupperware and placed it on the desk. ***"I'll be taking my lunch,"*** She announced, side-eyeing the specks. ***"When I get back, I'll decide what to do with you two."***

Before leaving, she paused and glanced over her shoulder. ***"And by-the-by, if you even THINK about trying to escape..."*** She winked and wiggled her tush.

The girls gulped.

"Toodle-loo~" Annie sang, stomping off with a bump in her rump.

The second she was out of sight, Max went to work. Rearing back, she threw herself against the wall as hard as she could. She slammed against the ridged plastic and slid to the floor in a wet, wheezing heap.

"What're you doing?" Mel sighed, not even bothering to look up.

"Sorry, I ain't good at apologizin' for stuff I don't feel that bad about. So to make it up to ya I'm bustin' us outta here!!"

"Why bother?" Mel moaned like a wet blanket. *"You heard what she said."*

"Would you just—" Max took a second to stop hurling herself against the wall. *"Y'know, you can just sit there n' mope n' whine n' shit OR you can help me out here 'cuz I can guaran-fucking-tee the second that old bitch gets back we're goin' RIGHT up her ass."*

Mel thought about it.

With the combined force of the two Tinies throwing themselves against the bottle, they were getting somewhere. Each thump rattled their plastic prison, inching them closer to the edge of the desk. With one final lurch, the miniature bottle finally toppled over, sending the girls into freefall.

"I KNEW WE COULD DO IT!" Max cackled battily as they tumbled through the air.
*"NOTHING CAN CONTAIN THE RAT PACK!! **NOTHING—**"*

The bottle landed softly on the vast cushion of the librarian's chair, perfectly upright. It was one of those extra-wide office chairs with the two sets of wheel banks supporting a padded cushion at least two football field-lengths wide. And they'd landed smack-dab in the middle of it, between a pair of still-warm craters.

Mel blew her tangled cobweb of hair out of her face, crawling out from underneath her portly partner. *"Hey! We... ALMOST did it, Max! Now we just gotta..."*

The ground shook with the telltale rhythm of approaching footsteps and the air filled with the click-clack of heels. *Someone was coming...*

Whoever it was, they HAD to be better than that pain-in-the-ass librarian...

She'd come wilting into the library in a dreary daze, on the brink of exhaustion. Her heavy, half-lidded eyes were lined with dark rings, bags under bags. Her voluminous, swirl-curved hair was swept into a sopping heap that swayed with each step, a brimmed raspberry beret unsteadily teetering on top of her head.

Scurrying from class to club meeting with barely enough sleep to get by had left her beyond exhaustion. Her class schedule was packed with a whopping 6 classes, and any free time was crammed with TA tutorings, study sessions, sports practice, sorority meetings and a litany of part-time jobs across campus.

She was a familiar face, but her face wasn't what everyone was looking at.

Strong genetics had cursed the girl with a distant hairline, heavy eyelids and long, churlish hair. She wasn't a petite girl by any means; Broad-shouldered, barrel-chested, knock-kneed and slouching, but that wasn't the worst of it.

A middling waist ballooned out into a set of double-wide hips and fatty thighs thicker than some people's chests. The distribution of her body mass was unfairly uneven.

Most of it lie in her ass.

It was nearly triple the size of any *reasonable* rear end, each buttock taking up almost an entire lecture hall seat on its own. It wasn't a traditional "*bubble-butt*," more lumpy and lopsided, with pockets of cellulite dimpling the underside of her cheeks—The last thing many of her Tiny classmates had seen before she flattened them underneath her.

Not a day went back without the sleepyheaded girl lumbering into lecture a few minutes late and steamrolling several rows of shrunken students beneath her dumptruck rump. Miserably, the seats specially designed for the college Tinies were the perfect size and shape for her, smoothly cupping each of her heaving buttocks as she plopped down just in time for class.

She'd stopped caring after the first few mishaps—She simply didn't have the time to pick every little bug out of her buttcrack before her next commitment called.

It was a mistake nobody seemed to care too much to correct. Anyone who did was already buried beneath the clueless girl and carried along for the ride as she shuffled off, her churning cheeks reducing them to little more than a living wedgie.

Truly, she was a sight that all Tinies looked up to with absolute fear and dread, knowing that with her around, there was only one place they were going to end up...

Mel's chin quivered as the monstrous ass belonging to one of the library's student workers swung into view. Horrible stories swirled in her mind as she watched the girl set her bag down on the library's front desk and let out a booming yawn.

"Duuuuuuude..." Max gawked, mouth agape. "*Big-Butt's goin' commando.*"

Mel smacked the back of her head but couldn't resist the nauseating hypnosis.

A massive, cellulite-stricken butt bulged against an ill-fitting pencil dress. *That itty-bitty mini-skirt was doing NO favors for her frumpy figure.* Not helping was the fact that even the slightest movement sent waves rippling across the surface of her bare ass. The deep, dark abyss between her cheeks inevitably beckoned.

"*H-Hey Max?*" Mel uttered as the titan-tushed girl reached behind her and began to appropriate the librarian's seat. "*Sh-She knows we're down here, right?*"

Max shrugged, still caught in a trance. "*Uhhhhhhh... Probablyyyy... Not...?*" She ventured.

"MAX—MAX DO SOMETHING!!!" Mel frantically beat her fists against the walls of plastic as the girl's knees buckled.

The vast gluteal cleft began to widen as she descended upon them, exposing the deep, discolored canyon of her butt crack. Between her spreading ass cheeks lie a pulsing pit aligning itself with the bottle's opening.

"MMMMAAAXXXX—"

Big-Butt collapsed onto the chair. With a wet **SCHLOP!** the mini bottle slipped between her cheeks and disappeared.

Brooke let out a quiet yelp, feeling *something* wedge itself up her butt. It'd slid between her bare, sweaty buttocks like butter, shooting up the young whelp of a woman's whale of an ass.

She shuddered and groaned sickly, fidgeting in place. *Not again...*

Brooklyn Bustillos was used to stuff winding up under her ass—People's things (*And sometimes people themselves*) just tended to slip beneath her notice and end up flattened underneath her stupidly-huge butt.

She had an even worse habit of leaving things behind as she scurried from class to class, desperately trying to make it across campus in the 10-15 minutes before lecture began. Usually she'd forget small, insignificant things like pens, pencils, a few loose lecture notes, and sometimes even her Tiny roommate (*On more than one occasion*).

Leaping out of water polo practice, she'd somehow managed to forget her goddamn *underwear*.

Brooke sheepishly tugged at the edge of her skirt, but it failed to cover even a fraction of the bare, square cheekage that was still on display. Hopefully nobody had noticed she was strutting around campus butt-naked beneath that dress. Her ass was so huge, maybe they'd think it'd just chewed up her underwear again...?

N-Not that she wanted everyone looking at her big, gross butt in the FIRST place...

With her face burning in embarrassment, she sank into her seat, feeling the telltale crinkle-crunch of distorted plastic beneath her. Whatever she'd sat on, it was small, squat, and undoubtedly cone-shaped—She could feel it slowly slipping into the depths of her asscrack, lubricated by a sea of bootysweat.

Brooke bit her lip, feeling her asshole quiver and quake. It had woken up and was accepting the little plastic intruder as a gift. She let out a soft groan and clamped her caramel thighs together, feeling a fire ignite in the steaming jungle of her loins.

There was a time and place for these anal indulgences...

...But she JUST couldn't help herself.

She slowly began wiggling her hips from side to side, burying the crinkling water bottle deeper within her hungering ass.

"FUCK FUCK FUCK," Mel panicked, nothing but a thin layer of resin keeping her and Max from getting lost in an ocean of ass. They'd managed to survive getting swallowed up by this beast of a butt and now they lie in its belly, several fathoms deep.

Somehow their little plastic life-preserver had kept them from getting utterly *squished*, but it was only a short-lived survival. The walls crinkled and crunched under the pressure from two-hundred tons of booty meat bearing down on them and the humidity had skyrocketed. They were already up to their ankles in sweat, most of which had been wicked their way as they shot up her ass.

"Maaaaxxxxx," Mel wailed, grabbing the short girl by her shirt, *"Get us outta heeeere! I am NOT drowning in some bitch's buttsweat!"*

"Uhhhhh, if yer lookin' for the exit," Max pointed, *"I think THAT'S our only way out."* Waiting at the opening of the water bottle lay a pinkish pit surrounded by thin, rankled hairs.

The bitch's butthole.

It pulsed hungrily, twitching as the water bottle's mouth lurched towards it. As Big-Butt sank into her seat, the bottle slipped closer to the pulsing pit that awaited the girls.

Mel was paralyzed with sheer terror. She and Max had explored many bodies, but this bitch's asshole was a bridge too far.

The walls around the girls wrinkled and shrank as Big-Butt rocked her hips back and forth, the remaining space getting more claustrophobic the further they found themselves wedged.

Finally, the bottle's lip breached the sphincter, teasing itself into the puckering asshole. The anus relaxed and happily accepted the intrusion, opening itself up. As soon as the bottle's stubby, ridged neck began to bristle against her anal ring it tightened and clenched violently, drawing the bottle in even deeper and fully lodging it in her anus.

Max & Mel slowly dared themselves to look up. The depths of the anal tract echoed down at them, a warm, throbbing passage that trailed off into hungering darkness.

Out of the frying pan, into the fire...

Brooke bit her hand as she felt the bottle slip into her sphincter. She instinctively clenched her asshole and tightened her cheeks, drawing her little chew toy in as deep as she could manage. Electrifying impulses tickled and teased her brain, begging her to keep going further.

"Eat it..." Brooke hissed through clenched teeth, "Swallow it WHOLE..."

More...

MORE...

HARDER...

DEEPER...

...

She was going to cum.

Shakily, she stood up, her thighs squeezing together and pushing the bottle's lip deeper into her anal canal. The rim of her asshole met where the bottle's shape blared out and began to choke it down. Brooke chewed her lip, juices already beginning to bubble and churn in her nethers.

The library was still eerily quiet as Brooke stiffly side-shuffled to the librarians' break room, her private sanctuary away from prying eyes. Each shuffling step only seemed to bring her closer to an inevitable climax, grinding up the crushed bottle and drawing it deeper into her anus. Maintaining her composure had never been so difficult.

Finally, she squirreled herself away in the break room, bent over the couch and went to town. Her clammy hands pawed at her thighs and plunged into her pussy as she bucked her hips back and forth. The rhythmic up-and-down caused her ass cheeks to clap, each collision hitting like a bolt of lightning from behind.

"Yes... YES..." Brooke gasped, the stimulation overwhelming every nerve and synapse in the pleasure centers of her brain. "YES—"

With a satisfied squeal, her whole body clinched up and gave out, bludgeoning her over the head with refractory snapback. After what had been an ecstatic 20 seconds, she passed out bent over the couch, with her hips still stuck in the air.

A grin swam across Brooke's face as she drifted into unconsciousness, still feeling a lingering tingle in her asshole...

Max & Mel bounced around the inside of the scrunched-up bottle, ping-ponging against the plastic with each earth-shattering booty-quake. It was like being trapped inside a pinball table, with a deadly gutter waiting to swallow them up. Gravity was shifting, but with Big-Butt's massive, clapping ass waving in the air it threatened downwards, down the channel that'd been opened into her awaiting anal canal.

After a harrowing ordeal mostly spent smacking into each other, the rumbling ass that had them firmly in its grip finally came to a rest—Right as they were caught in mid-air.

Max flailed helplessly and plummeted towards the gaping opening that gave way to the anus proper. "*Fuck Fuck FUCK—*" She managed to catch herself at the last second, spreading her stubby limbs and lodging herself in the narrowing bottleneck.

Just as she breathed a sigh of relief, Mel slammed into her and clung to the wheezing girl. *"What the fuck,"* She jittered, wrapping her arms around Max's stocky body like an octopus, *"What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuuuuuuuck,"* She laughed anxiously.

"H-Hey Mel?" Max asked.

"Mm?"

"Get the fuck off me."

There was a frenzied scramble as the girls quickly reoriented themselves, ending up pressed back-to-back in the bottleneck, bracing against each other arm-in-arm.

"Well, this is great," Mel huffed. *"If we were stuck before, now we're DOUBLE-STUCK in this bitch's BUTT!"* She made a daring attempt to awkwardly maneuver herself upward but failed and hung her head, burying her face in her knees. *"Oh it's HOPELESS."*

"Uh-huh..." Max nodded, half-listening to Mel's moping. Her head hung for a different reason, peering trance-like into the pulsing depths of the gaping butthole beneath them. *"Whoaaaa..."*

She almost wanted to take the plunge into the unknown, if only Mel were made of tougher stuff. The Rat Pack had fought their way out of tighter binds than being booty chow.

As she turned her gaze up to the distant, glinting lights above, an ominous shadow loomed overhead. *"...Hey, Mel?"*

Mel sobbed inaudibly, but it sounded like a question.

"You're not gonna like this, but—"

Mel bubbled probingly.

"Yeah, the librarian's back."

Annie sneered with disgust at the vulgar display awaiting her in the break room. She'd gotten back from a stuffy eat-in-the-car lunch to finding her water bottle stolen, her Tiny

captives missing, and a suspicious damp spot ruining another office chair. Following the trail had led her here, stumbling upon her student worker passed out ass-up and reeking of... *Self-Exploration*.

More importantly, she discovered what had become of those trouble-making Tinies she'd captured. She'd imagined the ideal outcome would've been if somebody had wound up swallowing them (*That'd been what she was planning, anyway*), but this was INFINITELY richer.

Getting as close as she dared, Annie peered down at the barely-visible object wedged between Brooklyn's buttocks. It was a small plastic water bottle, the very same one she'd left on desk earlier. And, squinting, she could just *barely* make out the pair of Tinies huddled together inside, mere inches from being swallowed up by her young pupil's exposed anus.

They looked up at the looming librarian with big, pleading eyes.

A smirk worked its way across Annie's face. She leaned in and touched a delicate finger to the exposed bottom of the bottle, slowly dragging it around the haphazard circumference.

Brooklyn trembled. Even unconscious, the thrall of her throbbing asshole couldn't be ignored. It clenched even tighter, the walls of ass pressing against the sides of the girls' plastic prison.

Annie giggled quietly, reveling in the troublemakers finally reaping their reward. *Might as well help them along...*

Inside, Max & Mel watched in horror as the massive woman waved them goodbye and let her index finger curl up against her bulbous thumbpad.

"Buh-bye, you little shits," She whispered as she gave the bottle a mighty flick, sending Max & Mel tumbling into the depths of the slumbering titan's anal tract.

A jolt of stimulus sprinted up Brooklyn's spine, and ran back down, causing her ass to seize up. Her colossal, wobbling cheeks suddenly squeezed together like an ironclad vice, completely crushing the crumpled plastic bottle wedged between them. Her anus screwed itself tight, firmly sealing the Tinies inside. Finally, her tremendous glutes relaxed, and a hunk of mangled plastic clattered to the ground.

Brooklyn was still sound asleep—Annie figured she'd let the girl rest, then send her home early. A busy young student with such an ample behind needed ample rest!

As for those little troublemakers... Her eyes glanced once again to Brooklyn's quivering buttocks.

It wasn't the punishment Annie had in mind, but those obnoxious runts could rot for all she cared. As long as they were out of sight—And she got the feeling she wouldn't be seeing THEM for a looooong time...

She quietly tiptoed out of the room. "*Sweet dreams,*" She whispered, gently shutting the door behind her and heading back to her solitaire game.

That evening, Brooke trotted off with a reinvigorated sway in her step. That late afternoon nap was JUST the thing she needed to get reenergized and ready to take on the rest of the busy day ahead. A few late classes, a TA session and midnight study jam, then if she was quick about it, she'd be able to eke out an extra 20 minutes of sleep before her alarm went off.

But even with a million thoughts whizzing about her head, the girl couldn't shake the feeling of a faint tickle between her massive, meaty buttocks. No matter how much her fat, rippling cheeks ground against each other with each churning swish of her thighs, she couldn't seem to snuff out the anal irritation...

Deep within Big-Butt's bootyhole, there was nothing but squelching darkness and a supreme sense of ick. Distant rumbles and the faint sounds of digestion echoed throughout the tight anal tract.

The pair of Tinies trapped inside could only wail and pound their fists against the clenched anus, tighter than any safe on earth. Their efforts to escape only incensed Brooke further, the anal stimulation they provided stirring up butterflies in her stomach and an aching in her loins.

Biting her lip, Brooke tugged at her mini-skirt and hurried off to her next class.

Oh she was DEFINITELY playing with her ass tonight...