

A Birthday Wish Gone Wrong Part 2

Erica blinked, her eyes fluttering open as she regained her senses. She looked down at her tight scrotum, just barely feeling the slight movement of his tiny struggles against the internal walls. A mischievous, wicked grin spread across her face, replacing her initial shock.

“Stuck?” she repeated, her voice dropping into a low, sultry purr. She reached down, her fingers kneading the warm, fleshy mound where he lay imprisoned. “So, you’re just a little prisoner now? Trapped inside your goddess?”

“It’s not funny!” Brian protested, though the sheer intimacy of the situation sent a thrill through him. “It’s a lot in here, and the fluids are... it’s just a lot, Erica! Get me out!”

“Mmm, maybe,” she teased, her thumb tracing a circle over the spot where she imagined his head was wedged. She wondered how her gently rubbing him felt. “But you know, baby... since you’re already in there, we might just have to wait until the next time I can get off to shake you loose. It’ll take a pretty big explosion to blast you out of my tight little hole.”

“Wait no! Don’t just- ugh...” Brian groaned, leaning his head against the velvet wall of her sack. “Fine... fine. If that’s the only way. Just... don’t forget about me in here.”

“Don’t worry, my little cock slave. You’re exactly where you belong,” she teased.

She sat up, reaching for a towel to lazily wipe the drying, tacky streaks of her climax from her thighs and belly. The cooling sensation was refreshing, though she could still feel the delightful movements of him settling deep within her.

“I’m wiped, babe,” she yawned, stretching her arms above her head, her breasts swaying beautifully. “I think I’m going to take a little nap. Try not to wander too far while I’m sleeping, okay?”

She flopped back onto the pillows, curling onto her side. As she drifted toward sleep, the last thing she felt was the tiny, comforting movement of her boyfriend, a secret treasure nestled safely within her. He figured he may as well try to sleep until she recharged. Who knows how long she'd be out. She always got tired after sex.

Sleep did not come easily for Brian, with him trapped inside of the warm, wet, sticky, shifting confines of his cute little girlfriend's scrotum, but after she pinned it between both of her soft thighs, he found himself unable to move. So he had little to do but sleep. The silence of sleep was shattered not by sound, but by a sudden, violent upheaval of his entire world. Brian was jolted awake as the fleshy walls of the scrotum buckled and surged. It wasn't the rhythmic, gentle stirring of waking; it was a frantic, seismic frenzy.

What the hell?! Is there an earthquake?! Were the thoughts running through his head before he remembered where he was. The fluids surrounding him, which had settled into a thick, tepid pool, were now whipped into a frothing vortex. He was tossed like a rag doll in a washing machine as her fluids churned around him. He cried out in shock, his body slamming against the soft, undulating ceiling of the sack. The sensation was chaotic, a rhythm of heat and pressure that made him retch. He could hear her through the headset, her breathing no longer sleepy, but ragged, desperate, and loud.

"Oh god... oh fuck... Brian..." Erica's voice was a guttural moan that shook the very foundations of his swaying prison.

The violence increased. The external pressure of her hand fondling herself was crushing, a rhythmic pounding that felt like a giant was beating a drum directly against his ribs. He was caught in a centrifuge of musk and heat, spinning wildly as the walls constricted and expanded with terrifying speed.

Then, the crescendo hit.

The world turned upside down. A massive, volcanic surge of hot fluid roared through the connection, a tidal wave of unprecedented force. Brian felt himself being sucked toward the narrow aperture, the sheer pressure of the orgasm attempting to catapult him out of her. He braced himself, pushing his tiny frame into the opening, desperate to escape the chaos.

But the bottleneck remained. Despite the sheer velocity of the ejaculate, the muscular ring of her urethra clamped down with iron-clad ferocity. He managed to shove his head and chest into the passage, but his hips jammed tight against the rim. The fluid roared past him in a torrential spray, but he was too bulky, his tiny body acting like a cork in a wine bottle.

He was hammered back into the depths of the sack by the retreating pressure, gasping for air as the turbulent waters finally began to settle into a near stillness. As still as an organic chamber could be. He was still trapped, pinned by the aftershocks of her pleasure. He could feel her fingers fondling his prison. Those small, petite fingers could crush him if the shrink ray didn't make him so durable.

"Fuck!" Erica breathed, her voice a ragged rasp of frustration and fading ecstasy. She lay sprawled across the bed, her limbs heavy and trembling. She hadn't realized the sheer force of her second climax had been so violent; she felt a strange, hollow ache in her groin, but as she squinted through the dim light of the room, she saw nothing but the glistening, spilled evidence of her release decorating her thighs.

"Brian?" she called out, her voice softening as she remembered his predicament. "Baby? Are you okay in there? That was... wow. That was a big one."

Brian lay curled in a ball, his chest heaving as he tried to recover from the centrifugal madness. He felt bruised, his skin tingling from the constant impact against the fleshy walls.

“Just... barely,” he wheezed into the mic, his voice sounding small and battered. “It was like being inside a washing machine filled with hot lava, Erica. You really went to town on yourself.”

She let out a sheepish, airy giggle, reaching for a discarded shirt to lazily wipe the excess tackiness from her skin. She'd need a damper cloth. She felt a restless, buzzing energy still humming in her nerves. The itch for more.

“Maybe we should try something else next time,” she mused, her eyes wandering toward her nightstand. “Something more... mechanical? Do you think a toy would work better? Like a fleshlight? Maybe the extra stimulation would be enough to pop you out like a cork?”

In the dark, sodden warmth of the scrotum, Brian let out a weary, skeptical laugh. “I don't know, Erica. Honestly? If a 9.5 quake like that didn't do it, a vibrating plastic sleeve might just turn me into mush before it gets me out.” He paused, his voice dipping lower as he fumbled with the controls on his headset, making sure it was ok. Yeah, it was waterproof, but it had already been through a lot and it was his only way to communicate with her.

“Maybe you should just go to the hospital,” Brian suggested, his voice echoing with a hint of grim pragmatism. “Seriously, Erica. This isn't a normal date night. You have a grown man lodged in your plumbing.”

Erica froze mid-wipe, a damp cloth clutched in her hand. She knew he was trying to lessen the stress with a joke, but still... She stared blankly at the ceiling, the absurdity of the suggestion settling in. “The hospital? Brian, what would they even do? They'd walk in, ask for my insurance, and then what?”

“They might... they might have to cut you open...” Brian said softly. “Like, a surgical incision. Something really tiny. Not even leave a scar, I saw it on tv. Or at least some kind of

internal probe. They'd have to find exactly where the blockage is and... and hopefully pull me out."

Erica's eyes widened as she crashed back against the mattress. A visible shudder ran through her frame. One Brian felt rather than saw. The mental image of a sterile, brightly lit operating room was enough to kill any remaining traces of her libido. For now, at least.

"No! Absolutely not!" she hissed, her face flushing a deep, embarrassed crimson. "That is so gross! Can you imagine the nurses? 'Oh, excuse us, Doctor, we have a minor obstruction in the patient's scrotum. Oh, wait, it's a tiny man!' Ugh!"

She sat up abruptly, clutching a pillow to her chest as if to shield herself from the sheer awkwardness of the thought.

"The embarrassment alone would kill me," she groaned, burying her face in the fabric. "Can you imagine having to explain to a doctor that you've been cock voring your boyfriend for the last few hours? 'Yes, hi, he's currently residing in my testicles. Why yes, I am a massive pervert. Thank you for asking.' I'd die of shame right there on the gurney!"

Erica slumped back against the headboard, her bottom lip jutting out in a stubborn, dramatic pout. She crossed her arms over her chest, huffing a breath and twirling a green-tipped strand over long black hair around a finger as she thought.

"Nope. That's settled! No hospital then," she declared with a decisive sniff. "If doctors are going to judge my intimate life, they can all go to hell. We are staying right here."

She leaned forward, her eyes sparkling with a renewed, albeit slightly more cautious, mischief. The idea of medical intervention was far too clinical, far too public. She preferred the primal, private sanctity of her own bedroom. She could get him out. She just had to cum hard enough.

“We’ll just have to try again,” she decided, tapping her chin thoughtfully. “An hour or so. Let our heart rates settle, let the swelling go down a bit... and then I’ll just have to jerk you out with a more vigorous session. We’ll find the right rhythm to blast you free. It’s not like I can actually hurt you. That shrink ray makes you super tough.”

Brian leaned his head back against the warm, rhythmic pulse of her inner wall. Must be near a vein or her cock, he thought. He felt a strange sense of security despite the ridiculousness of his situation. The shrinking process had come with unexpected perks; although he was minuscule, he felt remarkably sturdy. The cells of his body actually kinda felt dense, his bones reinforced by the same subatomic compression that kept him from being crushed by the literal tons of pressure Erica exerted during her climaxes.

She’s right. As much as this sucks, the shrink ray basically turned me into a little superman. Nothing’s going to break me. This thought did not bring much actual comfort.

“An hour, huh?” Brian called out, his voice a weary but amused rumble. “Better make it a good one, Erica. Because if we’re doing this again, I want out.”

“Oh, don’t you worry, my tiny man,” she teased, her voice trailing off as she stood to go to the bathroom to pee. The thought of him unable to escape her cock while urine easily could was a strange thing. She sighed as the tension left her. This was so perverse. She definitely couldn’t go to the hospital. “Next time, there won’t be any doubt you’re getting launched.”

Three orgasms later, and he was still trapped within her.

Erica stood and tilted her head back, chugging from a cold water bottle with desperate, rhythmic gulps. She always got crazy cotton mouth when she smoked. She’d hit her vape several times since this began. The water spilled slightly down her chin, dripping onto her collarbone as she tried to soothe the parched throat left behind by her high and her repeated climaxes. It was still her birthday, kinda, even though it was technically the next morning. She

was still going to try to have a little fun. The THC also helped kill some of the stress that Brian's panicking was causing.

"Seriously, Erica! The hospital! A doctor! A specialist!" Brian's voice was a constant, nagging buzz in her ear, like a persistent mosquito trapped in a headphone. Just getting more and more annoying.

"Ugh, stop it!" she snapped, slamming the water bottle down on the nightstand. Her annoyance was bubbling over. "You are being so unreasonable!? Do you have any idea how much this cost? How long I've waited for this? It's my birthday, Brian! This was supposed to be the most incredible, magical, perfect fantasy of my entire life!"

She stared at the ceiling again, a single tear of frustration pricking her eye as she shifted her feet. Everything had been so perfect. The anticipation, the scale, the sheer dominance of it. Up until the moment he became a literal permanent fixture in her anatomy. She could barely even feel him unless he really put effort into it. She could definitely hear him through the headset.

"And now all you do is nag!" she groaned. "You're being a brat. You need a time out, and quite frankly, so do I."

"A time out? Erica, I'm literally trapped in your scrotum!"

"Exactly! So stay there!" she huffed. With a decisive movement, she reached up and snatched the headset from her ears. She tossed it carelessly onto the rumpled sheets, the sudden absence of his voice hitting her like a wave of pure, blissful silence.

She leans her head back, her eyes closing as she let out a long, shuddering breath. The quiet was delicious. She reached down, her hand moving with a much gentler, more affectionate cadence than before. She began to slowly, lazily knead the warm, wrinkly heft of her scrotum,

her fingertips tracing the contours of the sac where he lay. It was a soothing, grounding sensation.

“I love you, Brian,” she whispered into the stillness of the room, her voice soft and certain. “Just relax. It’ll be alright. We’ll figure it out.”

Inside, Brian felt the world lurch as she settled, the sudden silence of the headset leaving him in a profound, echoing isolation, save for the rhythmic, thunderous thud of her heart. He could hear her voice, muffled and distant. He called out to her but got no response. She must have taken the headset off.

Erica let out a contented sigh. She still couldn’t get over how big she was compared to him. She rubbed her surprisingly taut, muscular glutes. People were surprised by how good of shape she was in despite her size. She imagined them descending toward Brian with the weight of a falling mountain as she plopped down on the bed. But as she landed, her lusty-lidded eyes instantly snapped open as she felt something break beneath her, and a sharp, sickening crack echoed through the quiet room. It wasn’t a bone, but something plastic and metallic.

Panic, cold and sudden, lanced through her chest.

“Oh no...” she gasped, her eyes snapping open. She scrambled to sit up, her heart hammering against her ribs, and reached beneath her thigh. Her fingers brushed against something jagged and broken. She pulled the remains of the headset from under her sweaty ass. The headband was snapped in two, the mic was broken off, one of the earpieces was barely hanging in until it fell off completely, leaving the delicate wiring exposed, frayed, and lifeless. The remaining earphone, the remnants of the very lifeline connecting her to him, were crushed into a mangled heap of black plastic. Part of her recalls him saying that maybe they should get her a headset as good as his, and her telling him that hers would be fine on her

head. She had no idea how to pair a new one to Brian's either. He was unable to walk her through it either.

She froze, her breath hitching in her throat. She stared at the wreckage, a terrifying realization dawning on her.

He's still in there. But... he's silent.

She could shout his name, she could scream until her lungs burned, but there was no way to hear his response. The bridge connecting them was broken and reduced to a one-way lane. He might be able to hear her muffled voice through the vibrations of her skin, but for her, he was now unreachable, yet living inside her flesh.

The initial terror began to ebb, replaced by a strange, dizzying rush of adrenaline. A low, hysterical laugh bubbled up in her throat, escaping as a soft, melodic giggle.

"You really are stuck now, aren't you?" she whispered, her eyes dancing with a newfound, dark amusement.

The weight of the situation shifted in her mind. The embarrassment of the hospital faded, replaced by a sense of profound, delicious secrecy. No one would ever know. No doctor, no friend, no family. They would just see a beautiful, petite woman. They wouldn't see the tiny, indestructible man living as a passenger in her very anatomy. He was her secret. Her permanent, living treasure.

She looked down at her scrotum, the skin wrinkly and seemingly normal. There was no bulge, no sign of his presence, no indication that her big, strong boyfriend was currently nestled within the warm, dark confines of her testes. To the rest of the world, she was just Erica. A short girl with long black hair with green tips, a nice ass, and a pleasant smile. To herself, she was a goddess carrying a tiny secret within her.

“Don’t worry, Brian,” she murmured, her fingers gently stroking the sack with a possessive, rhythmic caress. “You’re not going anywhere. You’re mine now. Everything is going to be okay. I promise I won’t forget about you. You’re going to be with me forever. I’ll think about you every day. Several times a day if I’m able.”

She bit her lip at the thought, and her sore, tired cock started to stir once more. Well, one more try couldn’t hurt. Maybe... sixth or seventh time is the charm?