

Shrunk and Cucked Part 1: The Cost of Love

The lid of the small, translucent capsule hissed with a little pop as the seal broke. Suddenly, the ceiling of your world wasn't dark translucent plastic obscuring the world, but the colossal, looming face of your "loving" wife. Me. I leaned in, amused by your tiny, trembling form. The air that rushed in was warm and smelled of my perfume, a scent that used to mean home and comfort, but now felt like betrayal.

"Wake up, my little meal ticket," I cooed, my voice a sensual and mocking rumble that vibrated through the very floor of your plastic prison.

I reached down, my fingers vast, fleshy pillars of manicured perfection gripping the sides of your container. As I lifted you, your world tilted violently. You were tossed against the smooth wall of the capsule, likely gasping for breath. I brought you up to eye level, a cruel, delighted smirk tugging at the corners of my lips.

"Don't look so confused, darling. You remember the plan, don't you? The 'Overpopulation Reduction Initiative?' The massive government stipend?" I chuckled. "You thought we were going into this together. You thought we'd be tiny, side by side, in some little shrunken community."

I tapped the side of the container with a fingernail, the clack sounding like a hammer hitting an anvil near your head.

"But the plan changed. I didn't tell you this, but the government... they offered a massive premium for 'Extreme Scale Reductions.' They didn't just want you small; they wanted you nearly microscopic. And the payout? It's enough to make sure you never have to worry about a bill again. Because you won't be the one paying them. I know I was supposed to shrink too, but just one of us being made a quarter of an inch tall paid out more than what both of us being four inches tall would. It's just math, sweetie."

My gaze drifted down to your minuscule body, my eye taking in your reduced form with a hunger that made your skin crawl. I leaned closer, my hot breath billowing into the capsule like a warm breeze, scented with the wine I was drinking earlier to celebrate.

“And since you’re technically ‘legally diminished,’ the state handed everything over to me. Full custody. Total ownership. You aren’t just my husband anymore, sweetheart. You’re my most precious, most private little possession. You are my property.”

“And I want to play with my little toy,” I purred, the words vibrating through the plastic walls of your container.

I didn’t wait for your protest, though your tiny mouth was likely moving in a silent plea. One I couldn’t hear, even if I wanted to. My hand, a mountain of warm, soft flesh, tilted the capsule. You felt the terrifying sensation of weightlessness before the world turned into a vertical slide. You tumbled through the air before hitting the surface of the liquid.

Splash.

The impact was horrendous. For you. I barely even noticed. You were plunged into a viscous, crimson sea of Cabernet. The liquid was heavy, thick, and cloying. You struggled to find the surface, but the wine was dense, dragging at your lungs. Then, the sea began to spin.

You managed to surface and looked through the glass to see a colossal, fleshy wall gripping the side of the glass as it spun the liquid, creating a swirling vortex. It was me. I had simply begun to swirl the contents, as was my habit before taking a sip, turning your world into a violent, red hurricane. You were tossed helplessly in the dark, swirling currents, and slammed against the crystal walls by the force. The scent of the wine was overwhelming, a suffocating, fruity musk that filled your senses as you were whipped around the glass.

Suddenly, the swirling slowed, leaving you bobbing dizzily in the center of the glass, gasping for air in the thin layer of space between the liquid and the rim. Above you, the sky was replaced by the terrifying expanse of my face looking down on you. My lips, vast and glistening with moisture, descended from the heavens. The smirk they wore showed my desire, as they pressed against the rim, eclipsing the light and preparing to swallow you whole.

The rim of the glass vanished as my lips descended, a warm, wet cavern that could swallow your whole world. You were swept into the dark, a sudden rush of heat as you were pulled from the wine and into the velvet depths of my mouth. The Cabernet was instantly mixed with the thicker texture of my saliva.

I didn't swallow you or the wine. Not yet at least. Instead, I let you drift in the swirling currents of my mouth, my tongue, impossibly massive to you, lapped and curled around you. It was a terrifying, rhythmic massage, the muscle pressing you against the roof of my mouth with enough force to make your bones ache, before swirling you back into the pool of liquid. You were a speck in a sea of nectar, tossed by the tides of my amusement. Then, sensing your struggle, I shifted. My tongue rose, letting you slip under it before dropping, creating a heavy, fleshy ceiling that pinned you securely against the softer floor of my mouth, a warm, damp vault that protected you from the sudden, powerful contraction of my throat as the rest of the wine drained away.

When the world finally brightened, it was because my fingers had come for you. My colossal, manicured thumb and forefinger pinched your drenched, trembling body. You were lifted into the air, dripping with my saliva, as I brought you close to my eyes.

"Oh, look at you," I teased, my voice a thunderous, melodic hum that shook your very marrow. "Drenched and shivering. Is that from cold or from fear?" A wicked glint danced in my

eyes. "And we've only just begun. You have no idea how much fun I'm going to have with my new little toy."

I began to descend, the movement slow and deliberate. The air grew warmer, more humid, until the view was dominated by the expanse of my white blouse. The fabric was a vast, snowy landscape of woven fibers, parting to reveal the sun-kissed expanse of my chest. Then, your destination appeared. My right nipple, a dark peak of pure sensation, loomed before you like a fleshy hill. I held you just inches above it, the heat radiating from my skin like a furnace.

"Now, darling," I whispered, my breath a warm gale, "let's see how well you can serve your owner. Go on. Make your colossal wife feel good, you little speck."

With a smirk, I opened my fingers, letting gravity take you.

You hit the skin with a soft, wet thud, landing squarely on the warm, yielding slope of my breast. The surface beneath you wasn't flat; it was a living, breathing landscape of pores, fine hairs, and rising heat. Before you could even orient yourself, you panicked, your tiny hands clawing desperately at my nipple to keep from sliding down the sloping, tanned, and freckled expanse of my chest. The texture was overwhelming, the nipple was pitted, wrinkled, and sensitive, a mountain that pulsed with every beat of my heart and responded to your tiny touches by growing even larger.

A sudden, violent tremor erupted beneath you. My laughter.

The sound was much more for you, a series of deep, rolling quakes that sent you tumbling against my sensitive areola. Every time I giggled, the entire world of your body bucked and heaved, threatening to shake you loose into the abyss of my cleavage or to the floor beyond.

“Don’t just cling to it like a frightened insect!” I commanded, my voice a booming roar that vibrated through your very bones. “Worship it! Use those tiny hands and that little mouth. Show your owner how much you appreciate her.”

As you struggled to find purchase on the throbbing, sensitive peak, the sky began to darken. The vast, snowy white canopy of my blouse descended, the fabric brushing against you like heavy, woven clouds. I deftly buttoned the top back up, trapping you in a warm, dark, and claustrophobic silken world. You were pinned between the soft swell of my breast and the pressing weight of the fabric, the scent of my skin, and the muffled rhythm of my heart, the only things you could know. You were probably wishing I were wearing a bra, but that would only get in the way of my plans.

Then, the world began to move. You felt the rhythmic, swaying motion of my hips as I stood up and began to pace the room. You were tossed gently with every stride, a tiny passenger in the swell of my bosom.

“You’re wondering where we’re going, aren’t you? Imagine if I went clubbing or bar hopping. That would be very dangerous at your size.” I teased, a playful, predatory lilt in my voice that you could feel through the vibrations of my chest. “Don’t worry, sweetheart, I have no plans to leave the apartment. We’re going to have some company. A special friend is coming over tonight... and I think you’re going to love playing with him. I know we are going to enjoy playing with you.”

The vibrations on my chest intensified as a panicked, rhythmic tapping began. Your tiny fists or feet, beating against the wall of my skin in a desperate panic. I couldn’t help but grin.

“Oh, stop that squirming,” I cooed. “You’re far too small for me to truly understand your little tantrums now. To me, you’re just a delightful little tingle or itch, a tiny sensation of pleasure, a toy trapped against my skin.”

I paused, leaning back against the kitchen counter, the movement causing you to slide slightly against the warm swell of my nipple.

“You’re wondering about this ‘friend,’ aren’t you? Well, let’s just say... some secrets are better kept in the dark. You remember how much fun we used to have double-dating with Owen and Carol? Well, Owen and I both agreed that while you and Carol were happy with shrinking, we would rather have a... larger relationship. His wife is just as tiny as you are. A quarter inch of pure profit and pleasure. Pleasure for him and me at least.”

The doorbell echoed through the apartment with a lively chime. I let out a delighted, melodic giggle, the sound causing my breasts to heave and toss you around in your cotton prison.

“He’s here!” I chirped, practically jumping toward the door. The sudden vertical lurch was a violent earthquake for you. Not that I cared. Things were going to get a lot rougher for you soon enough.

I swung the door open with a flourish. “Owen! You’re right on time!”

“Hey, Alice,” replied Owen as he came in. He looked as handsome as ever, though there was a predatory glint in his eyes that he only ever showed when he was thinking about his ‘little’ investments. He stepped inside, his presence filling the room like a titan. “So, is the little man settled in? Is he ready for the evening?”

I leaned against the doorframe, a smug, triumphant grin spreading across my face as I slipped a hand over my breasts. I felt you squirming helplessly beneath my blouse. “Oh, he’s perfectly settled, Owen. He’s right where he belongs. Right under my thumb.”

“Why do you have a better spot for him?” I teased, my voice dropping into a sultry, low register as Owen stepped close. The air between us was thick with a familiarity that had long since crossed the line from friendship to something much more delicious.

Owen’s grin was slow and predatory, his eyes raking over me with a hunger that made my skin prickle. “I can think of several,” his deep voice rumbled.

I didn’t wait. I reached up, winding my fingers into his hair, and pulled him down to me. When our lips met, it wasn’t a gentle greeting; it was a collision. Our tongues danced in an intimate, rhythmic battle, an exchange of heat and hunger. As we lost ourselves in the kiss, I felt a sudden, strange sensation. Something tiny, wet, and incredibly scared slipped past my lips, sliding onto the surface of my tongue.

It was a frantic, near-microscopic wriggling. A tiny creature fighting for its life, darting against the muscle of my tongue. My eyes widened for a split second. Carol. That stuck-up bitch was in his mouth. Now she’s in mine. Both of you tiny little things are at my mercy. Me, the shortest of our group. Well, formerly the shortest.

A surge of dark, triumphant glee flooded my chest. The thought of her, the perfect, unsuspecting Carol, trapped in the mouth of the woman who had been stealing her husband’s affections and had led her husband to this greater betrayal, was intoxicating. She was right there, a minuscule speck of a woman, now intimately aware of our affair as she tasted the very air of our passion. She was a prisoner in the mouth of her unknown enemy, and the thought made my heart race with a wicked delight.

Owen didn’t notice my momentary distraction. He groaned into the kiss, his hands sliding down from my waist to grip the backs of my thighs. With a sudden, powerful heave, he lifted me off my feet. I wrapped my legs around his waist, my blouse and you, my tiny, trapped husband, jolting with the sudden movement as I pressed my chest, and you, against his broad chest.

He carried me toward the bedroom, his strides long and confident, each step sent tremors through my body and through yours as you clung to my breast. We were heading to the altar of our sin, and the night was only just beginning.

Owen tossed me onto the mattress with a playful grunt, and the impact sent a jolt of pure pleasure through my spine. I let out a bright, trilling giggle, the sound erupting from my lungs. I knew exactly what that meant for you, though. To you, that laugh must have felt like the world itself was cracking open. Somewhere in the dark, damp cavern of my mouth, Carol was likely reeling from the sheer, deafening volume of my joy.

“God, you’re impatient,” I breathed huskily, my eyes locked on Owen’s as he hovered over me.

I sat up, my movements fluid and commanding. I reached for the waistband of his jeans, my fingers nimble as I worked the button and the zipper. With a decisive tug, I peeled the denim and his boxers down, exposing his semi-hard cock. It was a magnificent, pulsing pillar of heat, twitching with anticipation in the cool air of the bedroom. But before he could pleasure me, I had one more thing to do.