

She Sees His Potential Part 2: A Mouthful of Explanation

Barbara reached down and scooped Caleb up in her soft, manicured hand. Her fingers closed around his tiny body, engulfing him completely as she lifted him up to her face. He screamed and thrashed against her grip, his high-pitched cries of protest muffled by the smooth, silky fabric of her dress. Barbara merely laughed, amused by his futile struggles.

“Oh, you are just the most adorable little thing,” she cooed, holding him up and examining him like a curious specimen. “Look at you, trying so hard to scream and fight. As if that could do anything now.” Her voice was filled with mocking laughter, her eyes gleaming with cruel amusement as she watched him squirm helplessly in her grasp.

Caleb could feel every contour of her fingers pressing into his miniature body, the soft skin and carefully tended nails a stark contrast to his own now diminutive frame. He was so small, so fragile in comparison to Barbara’s imposing size. Her hand alone was larger than his entire body, her fingers easily encircling his torso with room to spare. As she moved him around, Caleb could see the world from a completely different perspective. The furniture in the room loomed like a vast landscape, the bar and couch and even the windows stretching out like a never-ending expanse of territory. And Barbara, once merely a woman, now towered over him like a colossus, her form filling his entire field of vision.

Barbara brought him even closer to her face, until he could feel the warmth of her breath washing over his tiny body. She was so close that he could see the individual pores in her skin, the delicate curves of her lips as she smiled down at him with wicked glee.

“You’re just a tiny little thing now,” she giggled, her British-accented voice low and teasing. “I bet you feel so small and insignificant, don’t you? Helpless and powerless in the face

of my... well, everything.” Her fingers tightened around him possessively, squeezing his miniature body with a strength that made him gasp for air.

Caleb felt the world shift and compress around him as Barbara’s grip tightened. The sensation was overwhelming, like being pulled through a straw, every fiber of his being squeezing smaller and smaller. His body resisted, muscles spasming in protest, but the shrinking continued inexorably. When it finally stopped, Caleb found himself even smaller in the confined space of her hand, his body no larger than two inches in height. The world around him had become impossibly vast, the penthouse now a maze of towering structures and impossible distances. Then she dropped him.

He crashed into the champagne glass with a soft splash, his tiny body bouncing slightly before settling into the narrow opening at its base. The champagne was partially drunk already, only coming up to his neck as his toes touched the bottom of the glass. The glass itself was now a towering cylinder, the champagne inside swirling and bubbling around him like a maelstrom. The liquid was clear as crystal at his current size, but the bubbles were monstrous, like floating in a cold alcoholic jacuzzi, bubbles rising and falling in hypnotic patterns.

From his new vantage point, Caleb could see the rim of the glass curving above him like the edge of a canyon. The walls were smooth and polished, reflecting distorted images of Barbara’s face as she peered down at him. The champagne itself gleamed like liquid gold, its effervescence creating a constant, gentle fizzing that filled his ears.

Barbara’s hand descended, her fingers appearing like the talons of some great beast as they wrapped around the base of the glass, the bottom of her hand resting just above the stem. The pads of her fingers spread against the surface. He realized they could easily crush him at

this size. She lifted it with practiced ease, the entire vessel tilting slightly as she brought it to her lips. Caleb's stomach lurched as gravity shifted, the champagne sloshing around him threateningly.

"Mmm, delicious," Barbara murmured, her voice booming from this new perspective. She set the glass down on the bar with a soft clink, and Caleb's world rocked with the motion. Through the curved surface of the glass, he could see her face transformed into a distorted reflection, her features stretched and warped by the crystal.

She leaned closer, her breath washing over the opening of the glass in warm, humid waves that made the champagne inside shimmer and swirl. "You're going to be so good for me, I can already tell," she said, her words vibrating through the glass. "So small, so perfect. Mummy is going to have so much fun with you."

The champagne sloshed gently as she shifted her weight, the liquid sloshing against the sides of the glass, creating ripples that Caleb could feel against his tiny body. He was trapped, suspended in this golden prison, at the mercy of a woman who now seemed impossibly vast and powerful.

Barbara's lips pressed against the rim of the glass, and Caleb felt the warm wetness of her mouth as she took a sip. The champagne level dropped slightly, and he was forced to shut his eyes from the burning liquid, plunging himself into darkness as the liquid rose around him, the bubbles tickling against his skin. When she pulled away, he opened his eyes, and the light revealed a terrifying sight. Her open maw looming ahead of him, glistening and red as the liquid flowed down her gullet. He could see her tongue curling, tasting the champagne and, presumably, whatever of him that soaked into the liquid.

“Mmm, you even taste good,” she said with a satisfied sigh, setting the glass down. Her eyes gleamed with cruel amusement as she watched him struggle to maintain his footing in the narrow opening. “But I think you’ll taste even better once I’ve had my way with you. After all, I have so much potential to extract from you, don’t I?”

Barbara leaned over the glass, her face filling Caleb’s entire field of vision through the curved crystal. Her lips curved into a wicked smile as she noted the tiny man’s predicament. “Oh my, darling,” she purred, her voice booming and distorted through the glass’s surface. “It looks like your little glass is getting rather low. Let me top it off for you.”

She reached for the bottle of champagne, her fingers appearing like thick pillars of flesh as they wrapped around its slender neck. She lifted the bottle, which weighed infinitely more than him, with ease and tilted it above the glass. Caleb watched in horror as golden liquid began to pour. The stream was like a waterfall that would have washed him away were he not trapped in the glass. The liquid level rose rapidly, bubbling and frothing as it filled the narrow cylinder. Caleb scrambled to stay upright, his tiny feet slipping against the smooth glass as waves lapped at his ankles, then his knees, then his chest. The carbonation was intense at his size, each bubble a sphere of effervescence that tickled and stung as it passed over his skin.

Barbara continued pouring, her eyes gleaming with sadistic amusement as she watched him struggle. The champagne reached his neck, then his chin, and finally, he was floating. Soon, the glass was nearly full. Caleb bobbed at the surface of the golden liquid, the bubbles rising all around him in a constant, churning current as he tried to tread water.

“There. You’re nice and full, for now,” Barbara said with a self-satisfied smirk, setting the bottle down on the bar with a soft clink. She brought her face even closer to him, her breath washing over the rim of the glass in warm, humid waves that made the champagne shimmer

and swirl. “Doesn’t that feel wonderful? I’ve always wanted to bathe in champagne. Aren’t you the lucky one?”

She picked up the glass and slowly circled it with her wrist, her movements creating ripples that sloshed against Caleb’s body. The ripples slowly turned to a slight spiral, swirling him around. From this angle, he could see the vast expanse of the bar behind her, the bottles and glasses scattered across its surface like fallen monuments. Everything was impossibly large, dwarfing him completely.

“Mmm, you look absolutely delicious in there,” Barbara continued, her voice taking on a teasing lilt. “So tiny, so vulnerable. I do hope you’re comfortable, darling. We have quite a night ahead of us.” Her fingers drummed against the bar, creating vibrations that traveled through the glass and made Caleb sway on his feet.

The champagne continued to bubble around him, creating a constant fizzing sound that filled his ears. He realized with growing dread that he was trapped - not just in the glass, but in Barbara’s grasp. She had him exactly where she wanted him, helpless and at her mercy. The constant fumes and alcohol were getting him drunk. Drunk and at her mercy.

“Now then,” Barbara said, straightening up and giving him a view of her full height once more, “let’s discuss your potential. I have such big plans for you, Caleb. Such wonderful, terrible plans.” She smiled down at him, her eyes glittering with cruel excitement. “I do hope you’re ready to fulfill your promise.”

Barbara’s expression shifted slightly, a flicker of genuine emotion crossing her features as she gazed down at the tiny man in the champagne glass. She held the glass just before her massive chest that he could potentially get lost in. Her fingers drummed against the bar, creating a rhythmic tapping that echoed in the silence of the penthouse.

“I haven’t always lived this way, you know,” she said, her voice taking on a contemplative quality. “Not like this. Not with such... success.” She laughed, the sound booming in the confined space of the glass. “Charles and I were just like everyone else once. Struggling, barely making ends meet, wondering if we’d ever amount to anything.”

She leaned back slightly, her eyes distant with memory. “But I was desperate. Desperate to give Charles everything I’d promised him, to make our dreams come true. Everything I wanted. So, I studied and read everything I could find about magic, from my grandmother’s people. Stories about power, about taking what you want from the world rather than waiting for it to be given to you. Or taken from you.”

Her hand tightened around the glass, and Caleb felt the pressure increase as she brought it closer to her face again. “I found an old spell. A terrible, beautiful thing that promised to transfer potential from one person to another. I thought it was a myth, a story people told themselves to feel better about their failures. But it was real.”

She paused, her breath washing over the opening of the glass. The sad smile on her gorgeous face faded to a blank, distant stare. “The first time, I was terrified. I chose a man who worked at a diner, some poor soul who’d served me coffee once. I shrunk him down just like you, kept him in a little terrarium for a few weeks. Draining him slowly. Sadly, he did not have much potential, but it was enough for Charles to get a promotion.” Her voice was matter-of-fact, as if she were describing a grocery trip rather than a murder. “When he was empty, I let him go. He was just... a husk. I don’t know if being shrunken and kept in the closet broke him or if I drained him too fast. I flushed him. I found much more creative and fun ways to dispose of the later ones. Also, more fun ways to enjoy them as I drained their luck. Their futures.”

Barbara set the glass down and turned to face the window, her silhouette against the glittering cityscape. All Caleb could see was her fit backside and the taunt swell of her ass that was nearly level with the glass. If she backed up, it could potentially knock the glass over.

“After that, Charles and I never looked back. He never knew, of course. Still, the spell’s magic flowed into us both. His business ventures started succeeding beyond anything we’d imagined. Mine too. We became who we are today because I took what I needed from others.”

She turned back to him, her smile returning. “The spell has a cost, of course. It broke something in me. I can’t have children anymore. That or Charles was sterile. Either way. But we don’t need them. We have each other, our lovers, our success. Why would we want the burden of children when we can simply... refresh ourselves?”

Her eyes gleamed with cruel satisfaction as she looked at him. “I’ve done this dozens of times over the years. Usually it’s some random waiter, or a fling I’ve had, or one of Charles’s flings. Someone no one would miss. They disappear, and Charles and I get to enjoy the boost of their potential for a while.” She picked up the glass again, examining him like a scientist might examine a specimen. “But you... Caleb, you’re different. I’ve never felt such potential from anyone before. You’re going to be my little project for quite some time.”

She carried the glass over to a small table near the window, setting it down with care. “I’m going to keep you like a pet. Or a toy. Whatever meets my fancy as I drain you. You remind me of Charles when he was young, before the world hardened him. I’m going to drain you slowly, over the course of a year or more, if you have enough promise to give. And you’re going to be good for me, aren’t you? Because if you’re not...” Her smile turned sharp. “Well, I can always just crush you and move on to the next one.”

She leaned close again, her lips nearly touching the rim of the glass. "So, let's make a deal, little Caleb. You're going to be a good boy for Mummy, and I'll make sure you live as long as possible. Agree?"

Caleb's head was spinning from the sheer volume of information, his mind struggling to process what Barbara had just revealed. Dozens of people. Dozens of lives ended in the same manner, their potential drained and discarded like empty vessels. The casual cruelty in her voice as she described it all made his stomach turn, even as the champagne fizz still buzzed in his system.

He found himself nodding, a nervous bob of his tiny head, unable to formulate any other response. What could he say? She had him completely at her mercy, trapped in a glass held by fingers that could crush him at any moment. She smiled down at him with that charming, radiant smile that brought him to this trap.

"Cheers," Barbara purred, her posh voice dripping with mock formality. Before Caleb could react, she lifted the glass to her lips and tilted it back, her throat working as she drained the golden liquid. Caleb felt the sudden rush of pressure as the champagne gushed past him; the angle change knocked him off balance. The current swept him towards her waiting maw, and it took him in, terrible teeth and luscious lips closing behind him.

He tumbled into her mouth, the warm wetness of her tongue enveloping his tiny body as she sucked on him in the darkness. The sensation was overwhelming. The soft, fleshy walls of her mouth pressed against him from all sides, her breath washing over him in warm gusts. She rolled her tongue beneath him, the slick muscle sliding against his body as she explored every inch of him with deliberate slowness.

Caleb's body betrayed him even as his mind reeled. The stimulation, combined with the lingering effects of the champagne and the sheer overwhelming nature of being manhandled by this titanic woman, caused an involuntary reaction. He could feel himself growing hard despite the terror coursing through him.

Barbara noticed immediately, her tongue pausing in its exploration. "Oh?" she murmured around his tiny form, her lips curving into a wicked smile. "Someone's enjoying themselves. How interesting."

She shifted her tongue, using it to press against his hardening cock, prodding and stroking it gently with the slick, powerful muscle. The sensation was intense, her tongue far larger than anything he'd ever felt, the texture both soft and firm. She wrapped her tongue around him, exploring him from different angles. He was shocked by how something so large could be so dexterous.

"Mmm, you're such a good boy," she cooed, her voice vibrating around his body. "Getting hard for me while you're still big enough for me to feel. I like that." Her tongue traced circles around his groin, the tip of her tongue pressing against his member and hairs, tasting and spreading precum that had formed from the stimulation. The wet, slick sensation of her tongue against him made him gasp, the sound muffled by the overwhelming sounds of her own breathing.

"Such a perfect little thing you are," she murmured, her breath hot against and around his skin. "I can feel how much you're enjoying this, despite your fear. It's adorable." Her tongue traced up the underside of his cock, the rough texture of her tongue tip dragging along his sensitive skin. His body jerked and spasmed as he came despite himself. The suddenness of this elicited a deep chuckle from Barbara. The sound of her amusement echoed around his

body. Saliva puddled around him, washing away his spent seed with a simple swallow that rocked his body.

Barbara's fingers plucked him from her mouth. He was blinded by the light and confused by the blur of massive movements. The fingers released their grip on Caleb's tiny form, letting him tumble onto her bare skin. The sensation was overwhelming. A sudden fall through cold, empty air followed by the soft, warm contact with her warm flesh. He landed on the smooth expanse of her belly, the skin there slightly damp with perspiration and the faint sheen of champagne and saliva that still clung to his body from earlier.

He tried to stand, but the landscape around him was impossible to navigate. Her stomach rose and fell with each breath, the curve creating hills and valleys that stretched endlessly in both directions. The skin was surprisingly soft, almost yielding beneath his weight, but the sheer scale made it feel like navigating a vast plain of undulating terrain. Instead of standing, Caleb pushed himself up on trembling arms, trying to get a better view of where he'd landed. That's when he saw her. All of her.

Barbara reclined on her massive plush bed. The expansive, expensive comforter beneath her was champagne colored, oddly enough. She was completely naked; her body sprawled in languid confidence across the king-sized bed that still seemed small relative to her imposing frame. Though at his size, the scale was hard to understand. Her blonde hair fanned out across the silk sheets, and her arms were raised above her head in a languid stretch, a gesture of complete relaxation. To a normal man, this would be an image of pure eroticism. To Caleb, it was a sensual terror.

She looked down at him with those bright blue eyes, a knowing smirk playing across her full lips. Her expression was one of casual dominance, the look of someone who owned everything she surveyed.

“Happy New Year, little Caleb,” she purred, her voice carrying easily across the space between them. “I hope you’re ready to make this a memorable one.”

The words sent a chill through him despite the warmth of her skin beneath him. She shifted slightly, and he felt the movement ripple through the plain of her belly. Her breasts rose and fell with her breathing, each one easily many times the size of his entire body, their weight causing them to hang heavily from her chest. The dark nipples were stiff and erect, standing out prominently against the pale skin. They were easily visible from his position; the large areola were dark circles of aroused flesh that seemed to mock him with their obvious pleasure.

Behind him, Caleb could see the dark blonde triangle of her pubic hair, the blonde curls spread across her lower abdomen. Her long, fit legs stretched away into the distance, disappearing into the shadows of the room. The sheer scale of her body was humbling. Each limb was like a monolithic structure from his perspective, her thighs thick and powerful, her knees rising like distant hills.

“I have a resolution for this year,” Barbara continued, her voice taking on a more serious tone. “I’m going to enjoy my power. I’m going to be pleased often. And I’m going to start with you tonight.”

She reached down with one hand, her fingers descending toward him with measured precision. Caleb barely had time to react before her fingers closed around his tiny body, lifting him effortlessly from her belly. She held him up to her face, examining him closely with those penetrating blue eyes.

“You’re going to worship and please Mummy,” she said, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. “You’re going to do whatever I want, whenever I want. And if you’re very, very good...”

Her smile widened, showing those perfect white teeth. “I might just keep you around longer than usual.”

She set him down on the swell of her left breast, right between her raised arm and her collarbone. The soft flesh of her breast was warm beneath him, rising and falling with her steady breathing. From this new vantage point, he could see her face clearly; the sharp cheekbones, the high bridge of her nose, the full lips curved in that knowing smirk.

“Now then,” Barbara said, her fingers trailing down her own body, tracing the curve of her waist and the line of her hip. “Let’s see what you can do for Mummy.”

Poll time again!

Where does Barbara have Caleb start worshiping and pleasing her?

Her breasts with massive nipples to be pleased?

Her most intimate of intimate places between her legs, a temple worth worshiping at.

Both? Both. Both are good.