

Caleb made his way through the crowded ballroom, accepting congratulations from colleagues left and right. His rise through the ranks of Marcus and Steele Holdings had been swift and impressive, and tonight was a celebration of his achievements. As he scanned the room, he noticed Charles Marcus, the CEO, slipping out with his secretary, Tammy, on his arm. Not an uncommon sight, by all accounts. But it was not for Caleb to judge.

Caleb's gaze drifted across the remaining crowd and landed on Barbara, Charles's wife. She was a striking figure, even at 49, with a body honed by years of dedication to fitness. Her blonde hair cascaded down her back in waves, and her blue eyes seemed to pierce through the crowd. She was the epitome of poised elegance, even as she sipped her champagne and nodded absently at passing acquaintances. Caleb had met her a few times before, always finding her intelligent and engaging. There was a sharpness to her, a keen insight that made him feel seen in a way few could. He was feeling it now as her eyes seemed to return to him from across the room. He decided to approach her and offer his New Year's greetings.

"Mrs. Marcus, I don't believe I've had the chance to congratulate you on another successful year," Caleb said, stepping into her line of sight. "The company's growth has been remarkable."

Barbara turned to him with a smile, her eyes appraising him with a flicker of interest. "Ah, Caleb Pitchford. I've heard quite a bit about you as well. It seems your star is on the rise." Her British accent was as refined as her appearance. "I must say, it's a pleasure to see you again. I've had my eye on you all year."

Caleb felt a thrill run through him at her words, at the way her eyes seemed to look right through him. "The pleasure is all mine, Mrs. Marcus. I appreciate your husband's support and guidance throughout the year."

She took a sip of her champagne, her eyes never leaving his. "Please, call me Barbara. Mistress Barbara, if you insist on being formal." She let out a soft, melodic laugh. That caught him off guard. Was the champagne making her flirty? "I have high hopes for you, Caleb. I think we'll be seeing a great deal more of each other in the coming year."

Caleb felt a shiver run down his spine at her words, unsure if it was a promise or a threat. But he couldn't deny the allure of her presence, the way she commanded attention without even trying. "I would like that, Barbara."

Barbara let out a low, sultry laugh. "Is that so? Well, I have a feeling this year is going to be even more... rewarding for you. In fact, I insist on it." She drained her glass and set it aside, her eyes never leaving his. "Now, be a dear and fetch me another drink, would you? A lady shouldn't have to wait."

Caleb returned a few moments later with two glasses of champagne, handing one to Barbara with a polite bow. "One champagne for the lovely lady, and one for myself." He kept his eyes on her, intrigued by her flirtatious demeanor.

Barbara took the glass from his hand, her fingers brushing against his in a way that lingered just a moment too long. "Thank you, Caleb. You're a thoughtful man." She turned and began walking towards the large window that overlooked the glittering city skyline, the lights of the buildings twinkling under the night sky. The heels of her black stilettos clicked a staccato rhythm against the polished floor as she walked.

Barbara was a vision in a shimmering emerald green dress that hugged her curves like a second skin. The dress was cut low in the back, showcasing the toned muscles of her back and shoulders. The skirt of the dress was short, the hemline just high enough to reveal a glimpse of her long, slender legs with each step. Her blonde hair cascaded down her back in loose waves,

and she had a string of glittering diamonds draped around her neck that caught the light with every movement.

As they reached the window, Barbara turned to face Caleb, her eyes glinting with mischief. "I must say, Caleb, I've been watching your career with great interest. You remind me of someone I knew long ago." She took a sip of her champagne, her eyes never leaving his. "A younger Charles and me, perhaps. So full of promise and potential."

Caleb felt a rush of pride at her words, but also a sense of unease. "You flatter me, Barbara. I'm not sure I can live up to such high expectations."

Barbara let out a low, tinkling laugh. "Oh, I have no doubt you will. In fact, I insist upon it." She stepped closer to him, her heels bringing her nearly eye level with him despite her shorter stature. "Tell me, Caleb, have you ever felt like you were destined for something greater? Like the world was yours for the taking?"

Caleb swallowed hard, feeling the heat of her presence, the intensity of her gaze. "I...yes, I suppose I have. I've always strived to push myself, to be the best I can be."

Barbara smiled, a slow curve of her full lips.

Caleb felt a flicker of self-consciousness as he stood beside Barbara, acutely aware of their height difference. At 5'9, he was used to being about average height among men in most rooms, but next to Barbara, he felt almost short. Especially with the added height of her black stilettos, she towered over him, reaching nearly 6'5. He had to tilt his head back slightly to meet her gaze, his eyes level with the elegant curve of her throat. It took considerable effort to keep his eyes from drifting lower, to the swell of her breasts, barely contained by the emerald green fabric of her dress.

Barbara seemed to sense his distraction, a knowing smirk playing at the corners of her mouth. "You know, Caleb, height is just one attribute among many. It's not the only way to stand out in a crowd. You've distinguished yourself quite well with your accomplishments, for instance." Her voice was low and smooth, with a hint of something more beneath the surface. A promise or a threat, he couldn't quite tell. He could swear the laughter was making her chest swell all the more in his face.

Caleb swallowed hard, trying to maintain eye contact even as he felt the pull of her presence. "I suppose you're right, Barbara. There are many kinds of, uh, stature to aspire to." He took a sip of his champagne, using the moment to collect himself. He was trying so hard to not look at her chest. "I'm just not quite used to you standing quite so tall over me."

Barbara let out a low, melodic laugh. "Oh, Caleb. I don't think you need to worry about that. In fact, I find your height rather...charming." Her eyes seemed to gleam with a hidden meaning, one that made his pulse quicken. "It reminds me of a young man I used to know. So full of potential, so eager to please, so eager to grow... metaphorically speaking, of course."

Caleb felt a shiver run down his spine at her words, unsure if she was complimenting him or implying something more. He couldn't shake the feeling that there was a deeper meaning behind her words, a hidden agenda that he couldn't quite grasp. "I'm glad I can remind you of someone you hold in such high regard," he said carefully, choosing his words with deliberate precision.

"I'm talking about Charles, of course," Barbara said as she stepped even closer, her heels clicking softly on the polished marble floor, over the din of noise echoing from the party. Her perfume filled his nostrils as he felt warmth radiating from her body. "Oh, I have high hopes for you, Caleb. I think you are going to make this new year most...rewarding."

As Barbara leaned in closer, her voice lowering to a husky whisper, Caleb felt his heart pounding in his chest. He was simultaneously thrilled by her attention and unnerved by the intensity of her gaze, the weight of her unspoken words. Just as he was about to respond, a voice cut through the charged atmosphere between them.

“Barbara, darling! Happy New Year!” a woman’s voice trilled from behind Caleb. He turned to see Linda, a fellow marketing manager, approaching them with a slightly tipsy gait and a wide, inebriated smile. Linda was a handsome woman in her early forties, with a penchant for loud prints and even louder laughter.

Caleb felt a mix of emotions wash over him - a part of him was relieved at the interruption, needing a moment to collect himself and process the whirlwind of sensations and implications swirling from his exchange with Barbara. Another part of him felt a flare of annoyance, eager to see where Barbara’s enigmatic conversation would lead. And a smaller, more primal part of him felt a thrill at the thought of Linda interrupting what was clearly a private moment.

Barbara straightened up, her smile shifting seamlessly to one of polite greeting. “Linda, how lovely to see you!” she said, her accent crisp and clear. “Happy New Year to you as well. I was just getting to know our rising star here, Caleb. I have high hopes for him in the coming year.”

Linda clapped a hand on Caleb’s shoulder, her rings clinking against his tuxedo jacket. “Is that so? Well, well, well...we’ll have to keep an eye on you then, won’t we, Caleb?” Linda said with a wink, her words slightly slurred from the champagne. Caleb nodded, smiling politely, unsure if Linda had picked up on the tension between him and Barbara. He glanced at Barbara, trying to gauge her reaction to the interruption.

Barbara simply smiled, her eyes glinting with an unreadable expression. "Indeed, we will. Caleb is destined for great things, I can feel it." She turned back to him, her gaze intense. "Isn't that right, Caleb? You're going to make this year...exceptional." Her voice carried that same undercurrent of hidden meaning, making it clear that whatever had been building between them was far from over.

He felt a flicker of frustration, wanting to dismiss Linda and bring Barbara's undivided attention back to him. At the same time, a part of him was relieved, needing a moment to process the intensity of their interaction and collect his racing thoughts. He had initially thought that Barbara was genuinely interested in his future at the company her husband ran, but now he was starting to wonder if her interest was less professional and more intimate in nature. Was she interested in HIM as a lover? The thought was appealing, but it presented a whole host of potential issues.

Linda, seemingly oblivious to the charged atmosphere, continued, "Well, if you need anything at all, Caleb, you just let me know. I'm always here to help a rising star like yourself." Her hand lingered on his shoulder a moment longer than strictly necessary, her fingertips digging into the fabric of his tuxedo jacket. Caleb nodded, giving her a polite smile, even as his mind remained focused on the woman beside him.

Barbara, meanwhile, seemed amused by the interruption, a hint of a smirk playing at the corners of her mouth. She took a sip of her champagne, her eyes never leaving Caleb's face, even as Linda droned on about some mundane office gossip. Barbara waved over more champagne, a glass for each of them, as she was obviously feigning interest in what Linda was prattling on about. Caleb drank his champagne a little faster than he probably should have as he stood there awkwardly.

Finally, Linda seemed to tire of the conversation, giving Caleb's shoulder a last, slightly too familiar squeeze. "Well, I'll let you two get back to your little chat. Happy New Year again!" With that, she tottered off, disappearing into the crowd.

As soon as Linda was out of earshot, Barbara turned back to Caleb, her expression shifting, the intensity in her eyes returning. "Where were we, darling?" she purred, stepping closer to him once more, her heels clicking softly on the polished floor. "I do hope I haven't kept you from anything important. Although I must confess, I do so enjoy monopolizing the company of a smart, ambitious man like yourself. I'm sure you must be quite popular among the women in the office."

Caleb swallowed hard, feeling the heat of her presence, the weight of her gaze. He knew he needed to tread carefully, to navigate this web of unspoken implications and hidden agendas. But he also knew he was drawn to her like a moth to a flame, unable to resist the pull of her charisma and the promise of her words.

"We were discussing my potential, I believe," he said carefully, holding her gaze with an effort. "And your high hopes for my future. I must admit, you have me curious. Just what exactly did you have in mind for me, Barbara?"

"We may need to continue in private for what I want from you, dear boy," She said lowly.

Caleb felt a rush of anticipation and trepidation as Barbara's words sank in. The champagne buzzed pleasantly in his veins, lowering his inhibitions and making him reckless. He knew he should probably decline, should maintain a professional distance from his boss's wife. But the allure of her proposition was too strong, the promise of a mysterious, intimate conversation too tantalizing to resist.

"I think a change of scenery would do us good," Barbara murmured, her voice low and inviting. "My penthouse is just a few floors above us. We can continue our chat there, away from prying eyes and ears."

She glanced towards the crowded room, her lips twisting in a slight sneer. "Don't worry about Charles. He's probably three sheets to the wind and up to his old tricks by now. I'm sure he's found some secretary to warm his bed tonight." Her tone was dismissive, almost bitter, hinting at a deeper story behind her words.

Barbara grabbed two champagne glasses and the nearly empty bottle from the nearest bar, then took Caleb's hand in her own. Her fingers were warm and soft, her grip firm as she led him away from the throng of partygoers. Caleb followed, his heart pounding in his chest as he wondered just what he was getting himself into. As they approached the elevator, Barbara pressed the button for the top floor with her free hand. The doors opened with a soft ding, revealing the plush, mirrored interior. She stepped inside, pulling Caleb along with her. As the doors closed behind them, shutting out the noise and the crowd, Barbara hit the button for the top floor, the button for her private penthouse.

The elevator began to ascend, the numbers ticking upwards as they climbed higher and higher. Caleb swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry. He knew he should put the brakes on this, should tell Barbara that this was a terrible idea. But the champagne and the thrill of the unknown made him reckless, made him want to see where this would lead. He wondered if he was about to go far further than he ever should. What was she wanting from him? Was he about to be the toy of a bored older woman? Or was there something more? Could he just be imagining things, and she really did care about his future?

Barbara turned to him, a wicked smile playing across her lips as she pressed her hip against his. The champagne glasses clinked together as she wrapped the arm holding them

around his neck, her body molding to his own. "I do hope you're not nervous, darling," she purred, her breath hot against his ear. "I promise I don't bite... much."

Caleb felt the elevator slow to a stop, a soft ding signaling their arrival at the penthouse. The doors slid open, revealing a lavish, opulent space that seemed to stretch on forever. Barbara stepped out, pulling Caleb along with her, the champagne bottle and glasses still clutched in her hand. She led him into the main living room, a spacious area with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the glittering city skyline. The party was just a few floors below, but up here it felt a world away, a private sanctuary removed from the noise and the crowds.

Barbara set the champagne and glasses down on the sleek, modern bar along one wall. She poured them each a generous serving, the bubbly liquid fizzing and popping as it settled in the crystal flutes. Caleb accepted his drink with slightly trembling fingers, the liquid sloshing against the rim of the glass as he brought it to his lips. He never got used to the fizz of champagne, being much more of a gin or bourbon fan himself. Still, he knew this was the good, expensive stuff.

"You're a clever boy, I can tell," Barbara remarked, her eyes gleaming with a predatory light as she watched him. "I think you have so much potential, Caleb. I want you to give me your potential." Her voice was low and throaty, filled with promise and unspoken desires.

Caleb swallowed hard, the champagne burning a fiery trail down his throat. He knew he should be wary, should question her motives. But the alcohol and the thrill of the unknown clouded his judgment. "I...yes, I'm willing to give it to you. I mean, uh, give you my potential," he said, his voice coming out slightly hoarse. "Whatever that means."

A slow, wicked smile spread across Barbara's face, her eyes gleaming with a triumphant light. "Good," she purred, the single syllable dripping with satisfaction. "I'm so glad you're a smart boy, Caleb."

She stepped closer to him, her heels clicking softly on the polished hardwood floor. Before he could react, she leaned in, her lips brushing against his own in a feather-light kiss. It was over almost before it began, but it left him breathless nonetheless. Then, to his shock, she leaned down further and pressed a soft, tender kiss to his forehead, her lips lingering on his skin.

"This makes Mummy very happy," she whispered, her breath warm against his brow. The words sent a shiver down his spine, filled with a mix of comfort and unease. He wasn't sure what exactly he was supposed to say to that. Her demeanor rapidly changed. She got more smug and confident, if the latter was even possible.

Barbara stood up in front of him and began chanting in a language Caleb had never heard before, slowly at first but rapidly increasing in tempo. Caleb gasped as a sudden, searing pain exploded through his body. It was like every nerve ending was on fire, every muscle seizing and twisting in agony. He cried out, but the sound was cut off as he collapsed from the couch, crumpling to the floor at Barbara's feet. He writhed and convulsed as he tried desperately to escape the overwhelming pain.

Through tear-filled eyes, he looked up at Barbara, his vision blurring as she loomed over him. She stood tall and imposing, her eyes focused on him with great concentration as she continued to chant in a language that sounded ancient and foreign to Caleb's ears. The words seemed to reverberate through the room, vibrating in his bones and making his already painful body ache even more.

As suddenly as it had begun, the chanting stopped. Barbara wore a look of intense satisfaction on her face as she gazed down at Caleb's thrashing form. He gasped for air, his lungs burning and his heart pounding wildly in his chest. And then, he felt it - a strange, tugging sensation all over his body, like he was being stretched and compressed all at once. To his horror, Caleb realized he was shrinking. He watched in disbelief as his clothes began to slip off his diminishing body, falling away like a second skin as he continued to shrink smaller and smaller. His shoes slipped off his feet, his pants and shirt falling away until he was left with nothing, rolling out the edge of his pressed shirt collar.

Barbara looked down at him, a wicked grin spreading across her face as she watched him shrink. She stepped closer, her heels clicking ominously on the hardwood floor. With each step, she seemed to loom larger and larger over Caleb's dwindling form until he was forced to crane his neck back just to look up at her. When the shrinking finally stopped, Caleb found himself lying beneath the incline of Barbara's tall, strapped high-heeled shoe, green with a gold sole, to match her dress. He was so small that he could actually stand upright in the curve of her heel, his head level with the smooth, polished leather. He looked up at Barbara, taking a few steps back, his eyes wide with shock and a growing sense of dread. He didn't even take advantage of the fact that he could see straight up her dress from his initial angle.

Barbara laughed, a sound of pure, unadulterated delight. "Well, well, well...don't you look precious," she cooed, her voice dripping with mocking amusement. She leaned down and stretched a hand out towards the tiny man, "Mummy is pleased indeed. Now, let's see about your potential."

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Next comes the vote!

In the next installment, Barbara explains why she shrank Caleb, but she also plans to tease and dominate him. How would you like to see this happen?

Teasing him by lording her size over him with her feet and heels?

Plays with him with her mouth?

Compares their sizes by sitting on him and threatening to crush him with her ass and thighs?