

Shrunk and Cucked Part 2: Growing Passions, Shrinking Spouses

Reaching into the warm, wet darkness of my mouth and opening my shirt, I used my fingers to scoop out my two tiny stowaways. I felt the slick, frantic wriggling of Carol and the desperate stumbling of you, as you were dropped onto the vast, fleshy expanse of my palm. You were both drenched in my saliva and sweat, shivering and breathless, huddled together pathetically in my palm. You were about to get even more pathetic soon.

I lifted my hand, letting Owen's massive manhood rest on it. I giggled when it nearly crushed you both. The sight of two people scrambling away from a semi-hard cock was just too funny. The cock loomed over you like a fleshy, throbbing ridge, the veins tracing long, branching paths along its length like mountain ranges.

"Look at this, you two," I taunted, my voice a low, hungry rumble that vibrated through your tiny bodies. I leaned in closer, my eyes wide and glittering with sadistic amusement. "Look at the sheer scale of him. Compared to this, you're nothing. Just tiny and insignificant. I know a guy at the reduction center. Maybe I can bribe him to make you into real parasites so you can live on us."

I lowered my hand just enough so that the tip of his growing, turgid head brushed against your trembling forms.

"Isn't it magnificent?" I whispered, a predatory smirk stretching my lips. "To think, you two used to be like us. Live with us, love us, fuck us. You're just bugs now. Less than nothing. Toys for our amusement and pleasure. Oh... the pleasure you're going to bring us tonight!"

I looked down at the two of you. Just two shivering little things huddled on my palm. My gaze lingered on Carol. Even in her microscopic state, she had that same haughty, upturned nose that had always grated on my nerves.

“You know,” I mused, my voice a deep purr that made the very air tremble, “Carol was always such a pain in my ass. Always complaining, always acting so superior...” A wicked, predatory grin spread across my face. “Perhaps she can finally become a pleasure in my ass instead.”

Before she could even process the threat, I licked my index finger and brought it down. With a single, deft movement, I dabbed the tip of my finger against Carol’s tiny form, coating her in a thick layer of my saliva. Then, with merciless precision, I pressed her toward the puckered, dark rose entrance of my backside.

The sensation was exquisite. I felt her tiny limbs kicking against the tight ring of my muscle as I pushed her inward. With a firm, authoritative thrust, I drove my finger knuckle deep into myself, feeling the minute, terrified wriggling of her body as she was swallowed by the warmth of my ass. I smeared her around, ensuring she was thoroughly trapped within the tight, pulsing realm of my rectum. I pulled out a bare finger. She was gone, hidden away in the dark, a secret inhabitant of my most private place.

“There,” I sighed, a shudder of satisfaction rippling through me. “Now she can experience everything we do from the second-best seat in the house.”

Turning my attention back to the gargantuan-looking prize in front of me, I leaned down. I wrapped my lips around the swollen, throbbing head of Owen’s cock, my tongue swirling around the crown with expert, hungry strokes. I sucked deeply and licked longly, coating the entire length in a thick, glistening sheen of my saliva until it shone like polished marble under the bedroom lights.

Satisfied, I sat back up, looking down at you. You were staring up at the massive, wet monument of Owen’s cock, I’m sure your eyes were wide with terror. I was normal-sized, and

the sight of this monster scared me a little. Though it never stopped me from commanding its owner to pleasure me.

“Don’t look so stunned, darling,” I teased, my voice dripping with honeyed malice. I reached down and picked you up between two fingers, hovering you directly over the leaking slit at the tip of Owen’s cockhead. “You’ve spent your whole life thinking you were such a big man. But tonight, you’re just going to get an up-close look at what it’s like when a real man fucks your wife.”

With a smirk, I pressed your tiny, trembling body right against the pulsating slit of the glans, letting you feel the rhythmic, heavy throb of his heartbeat through the very skin you were pressed against.

“Fuck me, Owen! Hard! From behind!” I commanded, my voice a primal roar that shook the very foundations of the room. I arched my back, presenting my soaking, flushed vulva to him, my hips tilting upward in a tempting invitation.

When he began to push, the sensation was amazing. He fit me better than any other lover ever had. As he slid into my dripping, hot depths, you weren’t just witnessing a sexual act; you were caught in the coupling of gods. The pressure of his shaft entering me was a powerful, rhythmic force. Every time he thrust, the walls of my vagina, which to you were a massive, undulating pink chasm of muscle, constricted and expanded with violent intensity.

Internally, the sensation was overwhelming. Each stroke of his cock felt like a heavy, rhythmic ram, stretching my walls to their absolute limit. The feeling generated a searing, delicious heat that radiated through my entire pelvis. As he hammered into me, the impact sent shockwaves through my core, a deep, visceral thrumming that seemed to vibrate through every cell of my body. I had two men inside of me, him and you. Both filling me. Both giving their all for my pleasure.

The sound was a cacophony of wet, slapping impacts, the sound of his pelvis colliding with my cheeks, a thunderous thwack that must have sounded like a muffled thunder to your tiny ears. If you could even hear it over the sounds of my pussy. Surrounding you was the squelching, rhythmic suction of his cock sliding through my juices, a sound so loud and wet it must have drowned out your very thoughts. Not that you ever had many to begin with.

Every time he bottomed out, hitting my cervix, a jolt of pure, electric pleasure shot up my spine, making my toes curl and my vision blur. It was a heavy, painful ecstasy, a relentless pounding that demanded total surrender. Your surrender. To you, it was a chaotic, fleshy apocalypse; to me, it was the glorious, rhythmic destruction of my senses as a real man gave me all he could.

Owen's breath became a series of guttural, animalistic grunts, and the speed of his thrusts increased until the distinction between individual strikes blurred into one amazing, continuous, world-shaking tremor that racked my body. The massive, wet, pulsing walls of my vaginal canal were slamming into you with the force of a thousand crashing waves as you were driven deeper by each of his thrusts. Every time he slammed into me, my body bucked wildly, my hips snapping forward to meet his brutal momentum. My vision swam, the room blurring into a haze of shadows and light as the pleasure climbed a mountain that felt impossible to summit.

Each lunge from Owen was an earth-splitting impact, a crushing pressure that threatened to flatten your tiny body as he drove himself deeper and deeper into me. I guess you were fortunate that the shrinking made you a bit more durable, or you'd be paste. Less than paste at your size. Though, I don't know if you knew about that little safeguard. That thought alone made it better. The pressure and force were immense. The sound of our bodies meeting was a deafening, rhythmic slap squelch, slap squelch. The air around you was thick, heavy with the overwhelming scent of my arousal and his precum.

“Yes! Yes! Fucking harder!” I screamed, thinking of you trapped in the carnal hell inside of me.

Then, the climax hit. Both climaxes hit.

Owen’s entire body stiffened with a moan as he delivered a final, devastatingly deep thrust, burying himself deep, locking his hands on my hips, and then he came. To you, it was a literal eruption. The slit of the cockhead you were pressed against suddenly buckled and spasmed. A torrential force explosion of hot, viscous liquid erupted from the slit, a volcanic burst of semen that hit you like a tidal wave of warm cream. It wasn’t just a spray; it was a heavy, rhythmic pumping of thick, salty fluid that blasted you deep within my depths. The sheer volume was staggering, a flood of sticky biological heat that coated you entirely, plastering you to my throbbing clitoris and mixing you with my own juices as I came.

As his spasms subsided, a secondary wave of pleasure crashed through me. My own climax continued like chain lightning, one popping off after another. My internal muscles clamped down on him in violent, rhythmic contractions. The walls of my pussy squeezed around him, milking him, while simultaneously crushing you in the epic center of it all. Threatening to drown you in our juices. We both slumped together, a tangled, sweating mess of titanic limbs and exhausted breaths, leaving you, a tiny, sodden survivor, trapped in the aftermath of our passion.

I lay there for a moment, savoring the lingering tremors in my muscles and the delicious, heavy fullness deep within my core. I knew exactly what that fullness was. You were still there, tucked away in the warm, dark, and now quite messy temple of my vagina. I want you to worship it. Worship me. You were likely disoriented, plastered in a cocktail of my arousal and Owen’s thick, hot seed, floating in a tepid, salty sea of our combined fluids. And Carol was still

wedged deep within the tight, pulsing confines of my ass, a poor, forgotten passenger in the wake of our pleasure. Well, my pleasure at least.

A slow, triumphant smile curled my lips as I stared up at the darkened ceiling. The mere knowledge that both of your tiny lives were held captive within the very anatomy of the woman you had trusted was more intoxicating than the wine, more satisfying than the sex itself. I felt a profound sense of absolute domination. You were both completely trapped within me, and I didn't have to do anything to contain you. My body did it with literally no effort.

The power was addictive.

As the adrenaline faded, a new, more calculated hunger began to stir in my mind. Having you both as mere "quarter of an inch" of sensation was wonderful, but it wasn't quite enough. The scale was still too big for people of your low worth. I wanted you smaller. Much smaller.

I wanted you so tiny that you weren't even a sensation, but a permanent, invisible fixture of my life. I imagined you living in the creases of my skin, or perhaps nestled permanently in the canyons of my nipple, or even deeper, lost forever in the labyrinth of my reproductive system. I wanted to be able to carry you around without even realizing you were there. Pure domination with no actual effort.

What would be the cost? I wondered, my eyes narrowing in thought. What would it take to convince that tech at the reduction clinic to... misplace a few doses? Or perhaps perform a 'specialized' procedure just for me? Maybe I could find another way to convince her.

I closed my eyes, drifting toward sleep, a contented purr vibrating in my throat. As I drifted off, my last conscious thought was a wicked, soaring ambition: the dream of a day when my husband and my lover's wife were nothing more than invisible parasites on the landscape of my body.

Six months later, I found a way to make you both even smaller.

It was actually quite easy in the end. A small bribe and a simple favor later, you were shrunk even further until I couldn't even see you anymore. The favor? The technician simply said she wanted to watch what I did with you both. I still remember the wave of power flooding through me as I tipped the container you two were in and dropped you somewhere on my chest. The tech said something in the process made it to where I didn't have to worry about you falling off of me. That was days ago. The lab tech also gave me a scanner so I could find you. I could see that by now you had managed to find yourselves lost in my bush. Putting the scanner away, I could only imagine what it was like for you down there.

To you, my fairly small bush must look like a prehistoric jungle, a dense, dark forest of coarse, towering pillars that stretch up toward a sky of white cotton. You and Carol are probably clinging to each other, shivering in the oppressive, humid heat of my skin, surrounded by the overwhelming, musky scent of my arousal. Every time I shift my legs, the very ground beneath you heaves and quakes. You're so small now that a single bead of sweat is a glistening, suffocating lake, and a stray follicle of hair is a fallen redwood that could pin you to the earth forever.

I reached down, my fingers slipping into the curls of my forest. I began to rub my fingers through my bush, feeling the coarse hair give way under my touch. To you, this must seem to be the end of days. My fingertips are massive to you, completely eclipsing what light you had. You probably hear the thunderous roar of my skin stretching and the snapping of hairs as I carelessly rake through the area where you're hiding. I can almost feel your tiny, desperate screams, drowned out by the sheer volume of my own delight.

"You must feel so helpless," I teased, a cruel, sweet smile playing on my lips. "Just two little specks, praying that the goddess doesn't decide to crush you with a simple swipe."

“You can feel it, can’t you?” I whispered, knowing my voice was a booming, omnipotent rumble that surely vibrated through your entire being. “The anticipation. The heat.”

I shifted, pulling my panties off and opening my legs wide for Owen. You probably could see him now, the massive, throbbing column of his cock rising up like a living tower of heat and desire. For you, he must look like a god, a monolithic force of nature. You’re watching the sky be eclipsed by his member, the tip of it glistening with a drop of pre-cum that, to you, would be a crashing ocean of thick translucent saltwater.

“Watch closely, little ones,” I whispered, a cruel, beautiful smile on my lips. “Not that you two have much choice.”

I reached out and guided Owen’s massive, throbbing cock, the head of it was probably as large as the moon to your scale, toward the entrance of my soaking wet heat. As he lined himself up to impale me once more, I imagined the sight from your perspective: a colossal, glistening, vein-ridged monolith descending from the heavens, blotting out the light, ready to crash into the very ground you stood upon.

You were about to witness the collision of gods, and you were right in the middle, unable to escape the wrath and pleasure of your infinite betters.