

Jessica Next Door 2: Don't Forget to Subscribe

The room was bathed in a sultry, cinematic glow. Deep violets and electric blues bled from the LED strips hidden behind the desk, casting long, moody shadows that made the edges of the room disappear into an infinite, colorful void of that bisexual mood lighting that was so popular these days. The main lights were dimmed to a low violet, ensuring the only sharp illumination came from the massive, circular ring light positioned directly in front of Jessica. It reflected in her eyes a bit, making her look like a digital deity presiding over her kingdom of pixels.

Jessica leaned back in her ergonomic gaming chair, the faux leather creaking softly under her weight. She looked effortlessly beautiful, her skin practically luminous under the ring light, a playful, knowing smirk playing on her lips as she scrolled through the rapid-fire text of her live chat.

"You guys are so demanding today," she teased, her voice a silky purr that sent a thrill through the hundred or so viewers watching the stream. "I just got her, and you already want her to do that?"

On the desk in front of her, the "staged" spectacle was in full swing. Kelsie, the barista who had dared to spill an iced latte on Jessica earlier that afternoon, was currently a three-inch-tall miniature marvel of perfection. To the viewers, Kelsie was an impressive work of special effects; to Jessica, she was a delicious little living grudge. Granted, Jessica told them every stream that the tinies were real. Yet, the viewers never believed her. If they did believe her, they were even more messed up than she was. She found that thought delicious.

Kelsie was currently on her hands and knees, her tiny frame trembling as she worked her tongue against the underside of Jessica's big toe. The scale was breathtaking; the toe was massive compared to the girl. The skin was a rough, textured series of ridges that felt strange

on her tongue. Kelsie was licking with a desperate, frantic energy, lapping at the salt and warmth of the goddess's skin.

The chat was exploding.

@TinyFan99: NO WAY SHE'S REAL. Look at the way the skin reacts!

@ShrinkSimp: If she's faking, she's the best actress in the world. That scale is insane!

@MacroQueen: Make her do something else! She's too big for just toes!

Suddenly, a bright, golden animation flashed across the screen, accompanied by a loud, triumphant chime.

[DONATION: \$100.00 User 'BigGoddessLover' says: BREAST CRUSH (NOT FATAL)!!!!]

Jessica's eyes lit up, a predatory glint returning to her gaze. "A hundred dollars? Well, girl... looks like you're moving up in the world. Or down into the cleavage."

She reached down, her hand descending like a fleshy cloud of doom over the desk. Kelsie looked up, her eyes widening in terror as the massive, manicured fingers of the titaness closed around her waist. Jessica lifted her effortlessly, the girl's tiny legs kicking in the air as she was hoisted high above the desk.

"Hold on tight, little coffee cunt," Jessica whispered, her breath a warm, fragrant gale that nearly knocked Kelsie unconscious.

Jessica leaned forward, pulling the neckline of her tight, ribbed tank top down. She brought Kelsie down to her breasts. Then she stopped. Jessica realized that she may have some difficulties providing the requested breast crush. Jessica was barely more than an A-cup, whereas the barista was rather busty, another reason Jessica disliked her.

“Well, we will just have to improvise...” she growled at the tiny girl before undoing the buttons on her top and pressing the tiny girl against a hard rubber nipple as large as her entire torso.

Jessica giggled darkly as she ground the tiny girl against the sensitive nub of her nipple. Kelsie’s panicked wriggling felt good, so she increased the pressure to make the girl flail more. It wasn’t enough to break bones, but the sensation was still immense, a suffocating embrace of warm, pulsing skin that left the tiny girl gasping for air, buried deep within the mountainous landscape of Jessica’s chest.

“How is it in there?” Jessica laughed, the vibration of her voice rippling through her chest and tossing the tiny girl around. “A little tight? A little too much pressure?”

The chat was a frenzied blur of scrolling text, the dopamine hits of donations punctuating the air with triumphant chimes. The “BigGoddessLover” donation had set the tone, but the next one was the real game-changer.

[DONATION: \$250.00 User ‘POV_Master’ says: TINY POV! Put a camera on her and let her play with the micro onnes and big u! Let us see what it’s like to be her!]

Jessica’s eyes widened, a slow, wicked grin spreading across her face. “A POV stream? You guys really want to get intimate with her, don’t you?” She looked down at Kelsie, who was still panting, her tiny lungs struggling to recover from the crushing pressure of Jessica’s nipple.

With practiced precision, Jessica reached into a small, velvet-lined box on her desk. She pulled out a specialized piece of tech, a microscopic, high-definition GoPro rig, no larger than a grain of rice, equipped with a hair-thin elastic head strap. To Kelsie, it looked like a massive, black, high-tech halo being lowered toward her. Jessica’s fingers, though incredibly gentle, felt like warm, fleshy pillars as she strapped the device onto the girl’s head. It was strangely sticky with some sort of glue, matting up her hair.

“There. Now the world can see what you see,” Jessica purred.

She scooped Kelsie up and settled her into the “arena.” Jessica sat back in her gaming chair, spreading her legs wide. Kelsie was placed on the seat of the chair, right between Jessica’s massive, spread thighs. To Kelsie, the view was overwhelming. Looking up, she saw the towering, pale cliffs of Jessica’s inner thighs, draped in the soft, white fabric of her panties. The cloth loomed like a vast, woven ceiling, and the scent of Jessica’s arousal a heavy, intoxicating musk was everywhere, thick enough to taste.

The stream went into a fever pitch. The Command Mode was officially active.

[DONATION: \$150.00 User ‘HungryEyes’ says: THE SWALLOW! Make her find a microscopic one and eat her!]

Jessica reached into a small petri dish on the desk. Inside were three tiny, nearly invisible specks; girls so small they were practically sentient dust. She picked up a pair of tweezers and carefully dropped one of the microscopic girls onto the chair, right in front of Kelsie.

“Go on, Kelsie,” Jessica commanded, her voice a low, vibrating rumble that shook the very seat Kelsie stood on. “She looks delicious. Eat her up for the fans.”

Kelsie, trembling and wide-eyed, approached the tiny morsel. Through the GoPro lens, the viewers saw a terrifyingly intimate perspective: the massive, fleshy landscape of Jessica’s thighs and cotton-covered crotch looming in the background like a mountain range, and the tiny girl ahead of her. Kelsie knelt, her tiny hands trembling as she picked up the microscopic girl. The girl was so small she was barely a speck of protein even to the shrunken Kelsie. Still, Kelsie lifted her to her lips and, with a gulp that sounded almost comical to the viewers, swallowed.

The chat went wild. “OH MY GOD!” “THE SCALE!” “SHE ACTUALLY DID IT!”

The energy in the room shifted from voyeuristic to pure, unadulterated chaos. The chat was moving so fast it was a blur of neon text, a digital storm of hype and lust.

[DONATION: \$750.00 User 'ChaosMaster' says: THE SELF SERVICE CHALLENGE! Grl has to make HERSELF cum in 5 minutes using only the tinies, while the Goddess toys with her in the background! If she fails, she's the snack!]

Jessica's grin was predatory. She leaned back in her gaming chair, her legs spread wide, creating a massive, fleshy amphitheater for the tiny girl. "A challenge for the little one, huh?" Jessica purred, her voice a deep, tectonic rumble that vibrated through the very seat Kelsie was standing on. "Don't let us down, Kelsie. The fans are watching... if you fail... I am a little hungry."

Jessica reached down, her massive, manicured fingers disappearing into the waistband of her panties. The viewers watching through Kelsie's GoPro saw a terrifyingly beautiful sight: the massive, pale cliffs of Jessica's inner thighs framing the scene, and then the sudden, looming arrival of Jessica's fingers. They moved like colossal, fleshy pillars, sliding into the damp, dark crevice of her sex just inches away from where Kelsie stood. The sound of Jessica's wet, rhythmic friction was a thick, squelching slapping that sounded like heavy rain hitting a drum to the tiny girl.

Kelsie was left alone on the stage of the chair, the timer appearing in the corner of the HUD: [05:00... 04:59...]

"You heard the people, Kelsie," Jessica teased, her eyes half lidded with pleasure as she began to work herself. "Get to it. Use the tools provided."

Jessica reached for the petri dish once again. Using a pair of precision tweezers, Jessica dropped the remaining two girls onto the chair right in front of Kelsie. She also switched on another camera mounted under her desk, which was aimed perfectly at her crotch. And that meant it was perfectly aimed at Kelsie. The viewers could swap between any image they

wanted. The GoPro, Jessica's main webcam focusing on her face and chest, or the one aimed between her thighs. Many of her viewers chose the latter.

To these viewers, the POV was staggering. Kelsie was a tiny figure in the foreground, frantic and exposed, while in the background, the massive, panty-clad mountain of Jessica's crotch loomed like a living deity. Every time Jessica's fingers moved, the entire ground Kelsie stood on buckled and heaved; the vibrations sent the microscopic girls scurrying like frantic ants.

Kelsie scrambled to grab them. She scooped up both of the tiny, trembling specks, her hands trembling with a mix of terror and mounting arousal. She pressed them against her own sensitive clitoris. To the micro girls, it was like being pressed into a warm, pulsing mountain of flesh; to Kelsie, the sensation was a surprising, overwhelming jolt of pure pleasure.

"Oh... yes..." Kelsie whimpered, her voice a tiny squeak in the vast room.

She began to move frantically, her tiny hands working the microscopic girls against her own body, her movements becoming a blur of desperate friction. Behind her, the "Goddess" was getting louder. Jessica's moans were turning into guttural, rhythmic grunts as she accelerated her own pace, her fingers working a frantic rhythm that sent seismic waves through the chair.

[03:15... 03:14...]

Kelsie was sweating, her breath coming in short, ragged gasps. The sensation of the tiny, vibrating lives against her skin, combined with the overwhelming presence of the giantess looming over her, was driving her toward a breaking point. She pressed both of them into her folds, her tiny body arching as the pleasure began to rise.

Through the camera, the viewers saw the sheer scale of the madness: a tiny girl, lost in a frenzy of microscopic sensation, while a literal titaness thundered in the background, her

massive thighs twitching with the onset of her own approaching climax. The tension was suffocating, a race against the clock where first prize was pure, unadulterated ecstasy. The prize for second place was death.

The technological marvel of the stream reached a level of voyeurism that was almost obscene. Unknown to Kelsie, and entirely unknown to the viewers until a massive donation triggered the “Micro Internal” camera toggle, the tiny girls she was using were not just living tools they were effectively mobile, high-definition broadcasting units. Thanks to Jessica’s boyfriend and his tech connections, these microscopic girls were outfitted with what he called “Nano Cams,” tiny cameras that clung to their skin, broadcasting a perspective that defied the laws of traditional cinematography and physics itself. In reality, these were just regular cameras that he bought in bulk and swapped the lenses on to make them work better at a smaller scale, but the viewers did not need to know that. He had gotten the idea when he found out that every car in the last *Mad Max* movie had cameras mounted everywhere to capture all the possible angles. As Kelsie pressed the cluster of tiny girls into her own intimate folds, the stream switched views. The chat went absolutely nuclear.

@DeepDive: HOLY SHIT! THE INTERNAL CAM!

@MacroLust: It’s like a med exam but way hotter!

@TechGod: Look at the scale of her skin! It’s like a landscape of pink velvet!

For the tiny girls caught in the fray, the experience was a sensory overload of terrifying, erotic proportions. They weren’t just being used by Kelsie; they were being swallowed by her biology. To them, Kelsie’s vaginal canal was a colossal, humid cathedral of living tissue. The walls were not smooth; they were a labyrinth of towering, undulating ridges of mucosal flesh, glistening with a torrential downpour of translucent, viscous arousal.

The “floor” beneath them was a shifting, rhythmic sea of nectar. Every time Kelsie moved her hips, a tidal wave of warm, sweet-smelling fluid would surge over them, threatening to drown them in a deluge of her essence. The air, if you could call it that, was thick, heavy, and saturated with the scent of musk and a staleness, a scent so potent it felt like a physical weight on their tiny lungs.

The camera view was breathtakingly intimate. The viewers saw the microscopic girls struggling to stay upright as they were pressed against the pulsing, throbbing walls of Kelsie’s interior. The perspective was a dizzying of pinks and corals; the “sky” was the ceiling of her vaginal vault, which arched high above them like a fleshy dome, dripping with crystalline droplets of moisture.

When Kelsie began to climax, the world inside her became a chaotic, seismic event.

To the tiny girls, it felt like the end of the world. The walls of the canal didn’t just move; they began to contract with the force of a collapsing building. The rhythmic, muscular spasms of Kelsie’s orgasm were like massive, fleshy canyons colliding and grinding together. The tiny girls were tossed around in a violent, euphoric storm, caught in the crushing pressure of the contractions. They were squeezed between the walls of the canal and the sheer force of Kelsie’s internal pressure, a sensation of being pulverized by a warm, soft, living vise.

The stream captured the sheer, visceral intensity of it: the way the walls of Kelsie’s sex rippled and buckled in a frenzied, rhythmic dance, and the way the tiny girls were tossed like pebbles in a landslide of pink velvet. The viewers saw the microscopic struggle for survival amidst the overwhelming flood of Kelsie’s release, a deluge of fluids that felt like a viscous tsunami to the tiny observers.

In the background of the renamed “coffee_cunt” feed, the sky above Kelsie would occasionally tremble with the thunderous, low-frequency vibrations of Jessica’s own moans as

she fingered herself in the background beneath her panties. For those watching and listening to all of the streams, it was a layered symphony of scale: the tiny girls experiencing the microscopic apocalypse of Kelsie's climax, while Kelsie herself was being driven to the brink despite the gargantuan, looming presence of the goddess whose threatening thighs controlled her entire existence. The simple act of them closing would crush her.

The micro cameras' perspectives were visceral and uncomfortably close. On the stream, the viewers weren't seeing a traditionally pretty view; they were seeing the raw, biological reality of a woman's interior. The walls of Kelsie's vagina were not smooth; they were a landscape of fleshy ridges, mucosal folds, and glistening, translucent secretions. The micro cameras captured the way the tissue swelled and constricted with every frantic movement Kelsie made. As Kelsie's arousal increased, the footage showed the heavy, rhythmic pulsing of the vaginal walls, slick with a thick, viscous fluid that moved like slow molasses.

When Kelsie began to approach her climax, the footage became chaotic. The camera was tossed around by the sheer force of her muscle contractions. The viewers saw the walls of the canal tightening and squeezing with violent, rhythmic intensity, the pink tissue turning a deeper shade of red as blood rushed to the area. The sound was a wet, squelching cacophony of friction and fluid.

As Kelsie finally hit her peak, the micro camera captured the eruption of her orgasm from the inside. The walls of the canal spasmed wildly, and a sudden, heavy surge of translucent fluid flooded the space, nearly drowning the tiny girl as the camera was buffeted by the tidal wave of Kelsie's release. To the viewers, it was a dizzying, high-definition look at the raw mechanics of female pleasure. A dark, wet, and intensely rhythmic display of biology that made the "staged" nature of the stream feel terrifyingly real. They could hear a series of screams from the micro-povs as muscles clenched and fluids enveloped them. Each transmission died with its owner, one at a time.

Jessica leaned forward, her eyes narrowing as she looked down at the exhausted little woman. The playful, teasing goddess was gone, replaced by something much more clinical and intimidating.

“Well, well, well,” Jessica purred, her voice dropping an octave. “You got there, Coffee Cunt. You really did. But you were slow. Five and a half minutes? That’s a lot of wasted time.”

She reached down, her massive hand descending in one quick scoop. Kelsie tried to scramble away, but she was too slow. Jessica’s thumb and forefinger clamped around her waist, lifting her effortlessly from the chair. Kelsie kicked her legs, her tiny voice a desperate, high-pitched squeak that was lost in the roar of the chat.

“And since you can’t follow the rules, you need a little... adjustment,” Jessica said, a wicked glint returning to her eyes.

She moved Kelsie toward a specialized piece of equipment on the desk: a high-powered digital microscope mounted on a heavy, steel base. The microscope was connected to a secondary monitor that showed a hyper-magnified view of the petri dish below. Jessica placed Kelsie into the center of the glass dish. To the viewers through the normal camera, Kelsie looked like a tiny, panicked insect trapped in a transparent arena. The high-powered microscope camera only showed a wall of flushed flesh and a mountainous nipple as it was already zoomed in on the tiny girl’s body.

Jessica picked up the shrinking device, the sleek, silver gadget that had started this whole madness. She leveled it at the dish, her finger hovering over the trigger.

“Let’s see how much smaller we can make you,” Jessica whispered.

A flash of blue light filled the dish. Kelsie’s form blurred, her size diminishing at an impossible rate. She went from three inches to an inch, to a millimeter, to a speck. The

microscope camera struggled to keep up, the digital zoom focusing as it tried to track the shrinking target.

Still, Jessica kept firing.

The image on the microscope monitor became a chaotic mess of grain and light. The pinkish, fleshy landscape of Kelsie's body was rapidly replaced by the panicked face of the poor girl as she looked up and dwindled away, soon seemingly lost in the microscopic texture of the glass dish itself. The zoom hit its absolute limit, the pixels stretching and blurring until the image was nothing but a grey, static-filled void.

Suddenly, a cold, sterile voice echoed from the shrink ray

"ERROR: TARGET BEYOND SCAN RESOLUTION"

The chat went silent for a split second before exploding into a chaotic mess of question marks and disbelief. This wasn't just a tiny anymore. She was gone gone.

Jessica stared at the monitor, her jaw dropping slightly. She leaned in closer, her eyes wide with a mixture of awe and a dark, burgeoning excitement.

"Holy fuck," she breathed huskily, her voice barely a whisper, yet it carried clearly through her high-end microphone. "I've never shrunk someone so small that it says that..."

She looked at the empty, seemingly vacant petri dish, then back at the screen. The realization hit her, and the horny viewers watching knew that Kelsie was still there, somewhere. She was just so unimaginably, infinitesimally small that the most advanced technology in the room couldn't even prove her existence. She was a living speck of dust, a microscopic prisoner of the blonde's whims, and she couldn't even see her. Then Jessica realized something. Kelsie's camera was still on... and it was transmitting.

Jessica leaned in, her face hovering inches from the microscope's monitor. She wasn't looking at the dish anymore; she was looking at the feed from Kelsie's microscopic GoPro. The view was terrifying. To Kelsie, the world had ceased to exist. There was no horizon, no sky, no ground, only a vast, endless expanse of blurry, pale texture that stretched infinitely in every direction. When Kelsie looked "up," she didn't see a face or even a body. She saw a titanic, featureless sky of peach-toned flesh, a nebulous atmosphere of skin so massive that the curvature of Jessica's body was lost to the scale. It was as if she were stranded in a universe made entirely of a single living, breathing woman.

A slow, demented smile spread across Jessica's face. The chat was practically screaming with posts like, "WHERE IS SHE?" and "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" but Jessica was in a trance of pure curiosity mixed with a heavy, dark lust.

"I wonder..." Jessica whispered, her voice a tectonic rumble that vibrated through the very molecules of the air Kelsie breathed. "If you're too small to be seen... how long can you last on me?"

She reached for the petri dish with an evil grin.

—

The world was silent, save for the frantic, thudding rhythm of Kelsie's own heart. Then, the pale, fleshy sky began to change. A shadow began to fall, but it wasn't a dark shadow; it was a shift in color. The endless peach expanse was being eclipsed by a massive, looming canopy of deep, bruised crimson and pulsing pink. The "sky" was descending. It wasn't moving like a cloud; it was moving like another world.

The temperature began to rise. A wave of humid, heavy heat rolled over Kelsie, smelling intensely of sweat, musk, and the sweet, tangy scent of arousal. The air grew thick, almost liquid, as the massive, wet walls of Jessica's anatomy began to descend toward the dish. The

overwhelmed and exhausted Kelsie looked upon her doom, her tiny eyes wide with a primal, existential horror. She realized what was happening.

“No! Wait! Please!” Kelsie screamed, but her voice was a microscopic vibration, unheard by the giant above.

The descent accelerated. The red sky didn’t just get closer; it became all encompassing and consuming. The massive, fleshy folds of Jessica’s labia descended like the closing entrance of a cosmic canyon. And then, the centerpiece of the catastrophe arrived. From the zenith of the red sky, a singular, colossal object plummeted toward her. It was a mountain of hypersensitive, throbbing tissue: the clitoris. To Kelsie, it was a planet-sized orb of pink, textured flesh, descending with the inevitability of a meteor.

The impact was total and overwhelming. The clit crashed down upon her like a world-ending event, a soft but unstoppable weight of warm, wet muscle that flattened her against the glass of the dish, burying her instantly in the dark, pulsing, and suffocating heat of the goddess’s core.

Jessica pulled the petri dish away from her crotch with a slow, deliberate tug, a wicked smirk dancing on her lips. As the dish broke contact with her skin, a thick, viscous strand of translucent nectar stretched between her vulva and the glass, a glistening tether of arousal that snapped with a wet pop.

She plopped back into her gaming chair, the leather creaking under her satisfied weight. She leaned in to check the secondary monitor, her eyes gleaming with a cruel, scientific fascination. The microscope feed was staggering. Kelsie wasn’t just on the clitoris; she was floating or wading through the world of arousal. The camera, clinging to the tiny girl’s head, showed a world of drowning pink. Kelsie was mired in a tidal pool of Jessica’s juices. To her, it

was a deep, suffocating sea of warm, fragrant mire that stretched out in every direction, making every movement a sluggish, heavy struggle. All around her, the massive, throbbing mound of the clitoris loomed like a fleshy, pulsating world, partially obscured by the thick, translucent haze of the nectar.

“I wonder which will last longer...” Jessica mused, her voice a low, vibrating hum that seemed to ripple the very liquid Kelsie was drowning in. She leaned closer to the microphone, her eyes fixed on the tiny, struggling speck on the screen. “The girl... or the battery for her camera?”

A dark giggle escaped her throat. “I can’t wait to see what happens next.”

The chat was a frantic, unreadable blur of emojis and enthusiastic text, but Jessica was already moving on to her next whim. She reached for the mouse with her right hand to begin a high-resolution recording of the microscopic feed, her eyes locked on the tiny girl’s struggle.

With her left hand, she began the final act of the stream.

The GoPro on Kelsie’s head captured the most terrifying sight of all. The “sky” above the liquid sea began to darken as a colossal, pale shadow descended. It was Jessica’s finger, a fleshy, mountain-sized pillar of skin, tipped with a massive, manicured nail that looked like a slab of polished ivory.

The finger descended into the pool of juice, creating a massive, rolling tsunami that crashed over Kelsie, tossing her around in the warm, salty depths. The camera view was a chaotic whirl of pink, white, and translucent fluid as the finger began to rub against the clitoris, the pressure creating seismic waves that threatened to crush the microscopic girl in the mess.

Then Jessica killed the feed, and the screen went black, leaving only the sound of Jessica’s heavy, rhythmic breathing, and finally switched the audio on for Kelsie’s feed,

revealing the screams of a girl who was now smaller than a thought, lost in the infinite, wet warmth of a petite coed. As the rhythmic, wet squelch of Jessica's self-pleasure filled the audio, Jessica swapped feeds and reached out with her other hand to the main webcam, focusing it from her chest to her face.

"Thanks for watching, guys," she whispered past the squelching and screams, her eyes half lidded and glazed with lust as she felt the friction of her own finger working the tiny girl into the depths of her heat. "Don't forget to subscribe... if you want to see how this ends."