

The Target

By Supernova

Jennifer bit her lip as her shoulders tensed up, watching the randomly-selected woman read her phone from afar. After stalking the short blonde from the nearest Starbucks, Jennifer felt fortunate when her target walked over to the most isolated part of the public park without noticing her following.

Tiptoeing lightly behind her target, Jennifer raised up her special device so it pointed right to the back of the blonde's head. Her heart pounding and sweat beading on her forehead, Jennifer winced as she pulled the trigger. A blinding light flashed abruptly, startling her. Blinking her eyes to regain her vision, her chest sank. The blonde was gone! Shaking, Jennifer looked at the device quivering in her hand and the spot where the blonde stranger used to be. In disbelief at both herself and the situation, she looked down at where the blonde stranger once sat.

"Oh my God" Jennifer whispered to herself as she caught sight of the blonde woman, now only an inch or two tall, staring up at her from the park bench. It worked. The fear in Jennifer's chest subsided, replaced with excitement. Leaning over and delicately grasping the tiny struggling woman between her fingers caused Jennifer to giggle uncontrollably. "Now what?" thought Jennifer, never thinking she'd get this far. She looked up wondering what the tiny woman must be thinking, being suddenly shrunk and picked up by a gigantic, skinny Korean girl.

Sitting on the bench right where the blonde was just a few seconds before, Jennifer's black miniskirt billowed in the wind, showing off her pale thighs. Looking left and right and seeing no one, Jennifer opened her eyes widely at the tiny blonde woman, looked down, and looked back up. Feeling especially devious, Jennifer spread her legs wide open, hearing the high-pitched, tiny beeping sound coming from between her fingers. Stretching her panties away with her thumb, Jennifer moaned in pleasure as she felt the tiny, squirming stranger thrash violently as she shoved her up her leaking pussy. Letting go of her panties with her hooked thumb, they snapped back into place, sealing the tiny blonde woman inside. Rubbing her clit through her panties, the sensation of absolute power pulsed over her, feeling waves of pleasure as the tiny woman lightly poked and prodded at her g-spot deep up her crotch. A sense of devious excitement built up within her, never having done anything like this before.

The cloth between her legs now soaked, Jennifer begins her long walk home, the woman squirming in and around her wet pussy the whole way. Breathing heavily and trying to hide her pleasure, Jennifer continues wondering what the little woman must be thinking, covered in fluid and salty sweat for the whole thirty minute-long walk. Squeezing her knees together and pressing her pussy lips over the tiny woman just made the squirming sensation more intense, leading to more leakage.

Upon finally entering her apartment, Jennifer walked up to her standing mirror and stripped. Flipping her shirt off above her head, taking her bra off, and sliding her miniskirt down to her ankles and kicking it away, Jennifer admired her skinny, pale body, knowing that

someone was fighting for her life inside her panties. Now with a dark, soaked spot in the bottom, Jennifer spread her legs and squatted, looking at the tiny mound at the center of the spot.

Sitting on the floor, she hooked her panties and dragged them down her legs, exposing her bare, wet, hairy pussy. Jennifer's sweat and pussy juice caused the tiny woman to stick to the inside of her panties, which were now dangling from the tips of Jennifer's relatively giant fingers. Squinting her eyes, Jennifer could make out the tiny woman was crying with a giant pubic hair stuck to her tiny, sticky face. She covered her mouth coyly and laughed.

An evil thought passed through Jennifer's mind as she lifted her wet, sticky panties over her head. Standing up, she made sure that the tiny woman stuck to her panties could see her entire naked body. Smiling and opening her mouth wide, she started gently shaking her panties above her head. Seeing the tiny woman try to get a grip on the panties caused her to giggle. Too sticky to move, too slippery to grip! It was perfect. Seeing the tiny woman's body peel off of the sticky fabric just made her smile more.

Continuing to shake the panties above her open mouth, Jennifer exhaled deeply, letting her hot breath wash over her tiny toy. Now peeled free from the shaking panties, the shrunken blonde woman fell straight down into Jennifer's mouth, causing her to taste a mixture of sweat, pussy juice, and fear.

Closing her mouth immediately, she could feel the tiny woman's slimy body struggle against her tongue and palate. It tickled a little bit! Smearing her against the inside of her cheeks, Jennifer plopped her back down on her bed and leaned sideways to open the drawer of her nightstand. Pulling out a big, glass dildo, she let out an ecstatic moan as she effortlessly slipped it up inside her, spreading her pussy wide open with her tiny victim in her mouth.

Sliding the glass in and out of her, the thoughts of her tiny victim's horror filled her mind, just making her hotter and wetter. Thinking of her hot, stinking breath washing over the tiny, confused woman caused her to almost scream as she plunged the dildo up her pussy. Closing her lips, she quickly kept plunging the sex toy within her, washing her victim within her mouth. Breathing heavier, Jennifer gasped, almost swallowing the tiny blonde woman whole.

Wondering even why she stopped herself, Jennifer tilted her head back and swallowed hard. Moaning deeply as she felt the woman struggle down her esophagus, she kept pounding her pussy as hard as she could. The stretching, satisfying feeling mixed with the powerful sensation of a woman sliding down her throat caused an abrupt explosion of ecstasy, sending waves of pleasure throughout Jennifer's body. Screaming and writhing on the bed, Jennifer shook as she squirted juice all over her now-soaked bed.

Laying down in the puddle of her own fluids, Jennifer sighed, feeling the slight tingling of the tiny woman poking around in her stomach. Too exhausted to even think about that, her eyelids started getting heavy and she passed out after kicking her still-slimy dildo on the ground.

The next day, Jennifer opened her eyes and looked at the clock across the room, thankful it's Sunday. Putting on her bathrobe, she prepared a nice, hot cup of coffee for herself and read the news on her tablet as she ate a bowl of cereal. Sipping the coffee and eating her cereal brought her back to the last thing she ate, that blonde woman from last night. Wondering what thrashing around in her stomach must have been like, swimming through all the stuff she ate that day. Thinking back to her meals from yesterday, Jennifer ponders that the woman must have had a tough time wading through all that pasta salad!

Wondering how many calories a one-or-two-inch-tall woman is, she suddenly felt the familiar sensation of pressure building up in her backside once the coffee hit her system.

Walking into the bathroom, she stared at herself in the mirror yet again, admiring her thin frame and thinking about the woman still inside her. She must have coiled all throughout her giant guts last night, probably waiting up her ass right now. Turning around, she looked at her round, pale ass cheeks in the mirror, wondering if that woman thought about this part as she slipped down her throat.

Knowing that she reduced a human being to a log of shit, her shit, filled her with the same sensation of power that she felt earlier. Sitting on the toilet bowl, she bit her lip, knowing that she's forcing someone to slide against her asshole after using her so thoroughly.

"I need to do this again", she whispered to herself as the brown log landed in the bowl below with a plop. Spreading her thighs and looking down, a burst of happiness came over Jennifer as she saw the woman from yesterday, complete with undigested blonde hair, embedded in her bowel movement. Reveling in how devious her thoughts are, she wiped herself clean and looked for her shrinking device, knowing she just found a new hobby.