

Ty, having cleaned himself of Stacy's excrement, climbed the rough surface of the dangling towel up and out of the toilet bowl. He knew it would take a long time for her to dry her hair with her whirring dryer, but he could not afford to take his time. There was no telling what she might do to him if or when she found him again.

Or when this... condition... would wear off. Or if...

Ty shuddered.

Descending the discarded towel to the smooth bathroom floor, he ran around the fluffy bath mat to the door. Off to the side, her skinny shorts and C-cupped sports bra lay strewn loosely near the shower, still moist with her sweat. The sounds from her room got louder as he reached the door, and he peeked around the corner to make sure he would not be seen. He could clearly see her still fully nude and freckled form seated in profile on the edge of her bed. Both hands busied themselves with their task of drying her long red hair, darkened by its dampness. Her large and unhindered breasts bounced with every movement, clearly visible even from his distance.

After staring for a dangerous and potentially creepy amount of time, Ty snapped out of his mammary-induced trance and made a mad dash to his slightly open bedroom door. He thanked the gods above that their apartment had nothing but hardwood floors and linoleum, as carpets would have mired his speed.

Ty constantly kept checking behind him as he ran, but no pursuit was made. He knew he had to try and stay safely away from her if he wanted to survive his current bout of reduced stature, but a nagging little voice began toying with the idea of trying to get revenge on her with a prank of some kind. He tried to shake the idea out of his head, but it stubbornly held on and began growing.

What could he do? Being 3 inches tall to her towering 4'7", his options were limited to say the least. He could try hiding something of hers like her keys... which were on the kitchen counter. If he managed to get up there, he might be able to manage something after all. With a grin and a shake of his head Ty veered down the hallway and into the messy kitchen area. Both the hall and kitchen were littered with clothing, stacks of expired advertisement papers, bottles, pop cans, various belongings, and dirty dishes. A majority of the drawers sat at different levels of openness, and there lay his precarious ladder.

It was a lot harder to scale Mount Counter than he had thought it would be. He had to use every foot and handhold available to him to reach the next drawer as he scaled closer and closer to his intended target. He crested the flat topped surface and mentally mourned that she had taken her phone into her room with her. Having seen her tap pattern passcode a dozen dozen times, messing with her that way would have been a breeze at any size.

Ty noticed that among the clutter, and a plate of her room temperature leftover gnocchi pasta, sat a clean mug with a spoon laying next to it. As he jogged closer, he could tell it was a half-prepared cup of tea, only missing the liquid ingredients. Stacy had obviously begun to prepare the hot drink for herself and had become distracted by something. He could not tell if the electric kettle contained hot water or not. Why she had been making a hot beverage in broiling temperatures like this, he would never understand. Girls' brains were weird. Climbing onto the teabag box, he could see she had put the bag and sugar in already.

Ty scanned from his mildly elevated perch for any way he could mess with her drink. Aside from gross old food bits from dirty dishes, he spied salt, the lower options of his spice rack, and the tipped over jar of his laxative powder. Having had it for medical reasons, Ty wondered at his burgeoning opportunity. This would teach her for sticking him up her ass, forgetting about him, shitting him out, and nearly drowning him in the toilet!

He dismounted from the box and armed himself with her discarded spoon, which still bore a few crystals of sugar. It was very large and heavy, but not so much that he could not wield it like a poorly optimized shovel. Scooping up the vile powder, he struggled against gravity to get it in the mug. Half of it poured back down onto his head and coated his bare skin with enough of the stuff to give a full-sized person some serious tummy rumbles. Dumping the rest in the mug, he dropped the spoon and coughed; plumes of dust propelling from his breath and sloughing from his shoulders and head like dry snow. He shook most of it off from his hair and torso before he froze.

Ty suddenly noticed that the sound of the hair dryer had stopped at some point during his escapade. The sound of footsteps rumbled from the hall and a freshly clad Stacy rounded into the living area. She was wearing a white bra under a clean white tank top that exposed her midriff. A pair of pink and red plaid pyjama shorts clothed her lower regions loosely. Panicked, Ty weighed his options of escape. Many better hiding spots were too far away, and he would most definitely be noticed.

Mug? Too hard to get in. Might be scalding, and noticeable from above.

Tea box? Too open.

Pasta? Low and slippery. Easy to hide in it, and it HAD been there since yesterday, after all...

Route determined, he took a few quick steps before leaping into the plate of doughy pasta. The sauce on the outside of the pile and on the plate had hardened, but inside it was still moist and saucy. Coated in spiced tomato puree, Ty wondered should he take up a fetal position, if he would look all that different from the pasta he now shared a plate with.

Her steps rumbled up to the counter, and he heard her sigh. He did not dare to look or move as he lay curled up and coated in red paste. The kettle clicked on to the side, and he shivered in

excitement. It was gonna work! Some more shifting and opening cupboards later, the utensil drawer clattered open. She dug around briefly before noisily closing it. The prongs of a fork suddenly jammed into the pile of pasta, startling Ty as it clacked against the plate after skewering his neighbours to one side. The kettle burred and clicked in completion, and the pouring sounds echoed from her tainted brew.

Fresh and cold pasta sauce suddenly oozed down around him as she topped up the sauciness of her somewhat stale meal. He could not judge her too hard, as he had done way worse in his own eating habits lately. He just hoped she was not planning on using the microwave! A sense of vertigo took hold as he surmised he was now sailing through the air within his doomed platter. It lasted a while, and he could feel it bobbing as she walked, probably back to the living room portion of their apartment.

She sat down roughly, and he felt his surroundings slosh back and forth and he tipped over onto his side from the shifting force. Her mug was placed on the table with a distinct clunking sound, though Ty was unaware if she had actually had any of her meddled tea yet. He waited tensely for a few moments until he heard the sounds of the TV begin to play some program, and the fork withdrew from his sanctuary, ripping away several thick bundles of pasta and exposing his face to the air.

Now able to see, he knew his platter rested on her lap. Her pale torso rose above him, her massive boobs nearly obscuring her face from his view. He grabbed a nearby gnocchi and pulled it close to him as he watched 3 of them pass into her open mouth. The fork withdrew mostly clean, and she chewed the morsels as the screen held her gaze.

This was decidedly not good. He knew he was resistant to crushing damage, and apparently did not need to breathe much, but would he be able to survive being chewed up and chomped into bits? As she swallowed, he then wondered if he would be unscathed by her stomach acids after that. He did not want to hang around and find out.

Just as he readied himself for an escape, the fork pierced his cover, including the one he had been clutching to. The prongs had speared down on either side of his arm north of his elbow, and he found he could not pull himself free. Dragged through the tomato pasted pasta, his eyes and mouth were filled with red sauce as he was wrenched into the air by an oblivious giantess. The scoop paused high in the air near her currently closed mouth, and she shifted to put her feet on the table as her mouth opened, revealing her lethal white teeth, salivating interior, and a flattened tongue. Beyond that was a darkened fleshy tunnel guarded only by her dangling uvula.

A few things happened in quick succession: A clattering and splashing noise from below as she kicked her tea over. A surprised jolt and gasp from Stacy. The dislodging of the gnocchi that held his arm prisoner from the cruel fork. The rapid descent of him and the ball of food dropping and splattering against her bare chest and sliding into her exposed and freckled cleavage.

Stacy cursed in frustration at the mess she just made of herself, the table, and the floor. The fate of the plate was unknown to Ty, as his world was now dimly lit and made of cloth and flesh. His companion pasta teetered on the edge of the cradle before slipping saucily down her belly and out of sight. Ty managed to keep his balance on the edge of her left cup as she began moving quickly and violently. Leaning forward, Ty slipped between the skin and cushioned cloth. The lubricating tomato sauce helped him slide in deeper than he might have otherwise.

Her breast was supple, soft, and warm, its weight pressing him heavily against the cushioned fabric of her cup. He was right at the bottom edge of the cup, the whole mass of her breast pinning him and preventing his escape. Through no fault of his own, his presence had stained it an orange-red colour, probably forever. Her bosom shifted and jiggled against him as she cursed her clumsiness and was probably busy cleaning her mess. He took what little solace he could in his failed prank attempt, but mostly he was just happy to be alive and uneaten.

His swelling manhood ignored all fears and reminded him to enjoy where he was. Though he wished he had access to her nipple, her soft skin rubbed and mashed against his whole frame, including his cock, in the most disproportionate boobjob ever given. Despite himself, he was accidentally massaged into climax in the minutes it took before her movements settled back down. His cum spurted out onto both of their skin, and he could not help but release a quiet moan.

He breathed softly and quietly, and he could hear the sound of her heartbeat, her swallowing, and the gurgling of her stomach. Her chest swelled with every breath, rocking him gently in the dark heat of her underboob. Both he and the entrapping flesh above him had begun to sweat from the building heat, no thanks to the intense sweltering temperature of the non-air-conditioned apartment. Her sweat was beading against him, the salt stinging his eyes. Inevitably, some got into his mouth, and he discovered that he liked the taste of her boob sweat.

He stewed there for some time as the padded cup below him became soaked with their salty perspiration. Her breathing had become very slow and rhythmic, though her stomach still squished and gurgled at the pasta he very nearly had been a part of. Ty assumed that she had fallen asleep in the oppressive heat following her run, shower, and carb-heavy lunch. Perfect time to escape.

Wriggling slowly and gently, he edged along the surface of her speckled skin and damp cloth prison. Eventually, one leg was free to hang down against her torso below the breast, and then the other. As his waist found freedom, the slick surfaces offered little grip, and he slid out. The dim light here gave him a view of her shirt above him and taut belly below. Like a human slip-n-slide, he rocketed out across her exposed midriff, briefly blinded by the bright lights of the outside world of their living room. Unable to stop himself, he passed by her belly button and vanished into the darkness of her plaid pyjama shorts.

Just before losing sight again, he saw her looking down at him as he slid. Her expression went quickly from confusion and surprise to anger.

Back in the hot shadowy regions of his roommate's body, his descent got caught by the crotch-seam of her shorts. The abrupt halt would have hurt in normal circumstances, but everything today was far from his normal activities. He felt soft, damp folds of flesh against his back and neck. A quick glance revealed he was leaning against her labia.

"You little pervert!" Stacy cried out. "You-you were in my boobs?! And- and covered in spaghetti sauce? How'd you fucking get into my lunch?"

Ty felt her begin moving in agitated ways, and her hand lit up his confines as it broke the waistband seal to try and find him. He had to escape; to find somewhere to hide and quickly! With zero thought, he dove into her pussy with all of his might and speed. If she was going to kill him, he wanted it to be a punishment for his choices, not just her perceived slights against her honour.

The sudden stimulation made Stacy pause and gasp, but only for a moment.

"Get out of there right now, or I'll actually eat you!"

Her fingers fired into her vulnerable crotch and began probing her depths after the little intruder. All of the activity and rubbing was turning her on whether she wanted to be or not. Her cavity became moistened and wet in response.

Ty wriggled and scrambled his best against the slick and ribbed walls inside his roommate's vagina, a place he had wanted to visit, but under vastly different circumstances. Her seeking digits prodded and brushed his legs, spurring him inward until a tight sphincter stopped all progress forwards. The muscled walls clamped around him as the warmth grew and grew the more he struggled and the more she searched herself for any sign of him. He managed to stick one of his arms through to his shoulder, bending his arm to anchor himself in place.

In frustration, Stacy dropped her shorts to the ground and tried jumping to dislodge him, but to no avail. His anchor arm and her internal tightness was enough to beat her lubrication and gravity.

"Alright..." she growled angrily, "You wanna fuckin' do this, Ty?" She stomped loudly back to her room in grumbling, seething silence. Throwing open her bedside drawer, she pulled out a simple fluorescent pink 7" dildo and smiled deviously. Her cheeks were flushed from the ambient heat, her own arousal, and her burning anger and embarrassment.

Ty almost lost his grip as she flung herself down onto her bed. The direction of gravity had shifted, allowing some of her love juices to pool around him. The smell and flavours he got from them was even more intoxicating than her sweat.

He heard her moan a split second before being rammed by the business end of a massive fake penis. Again and again he was crushed and jammed into her cervix as she fucked herself mercilessly. His dick found this all very pleasing, and showed its appreciation with a standing ovation

“I’m gonna fuck you to death, you tiny perv!” she cried out breathily. Her groin ground and bucked against the hard rubber toy in an effort to crush him with her erotic mortar and pestle. Each thrust impacted Ty heavily, though he felt a surprising lack of pain, and began squeezing him through the clenched opening until he found himself in a dark, hot pool in a larger chamber. Seemingly safe from her wrath in here, he grabbed his turgid member and began jerking off.

Stacy kept up her pace until she climaxed, releasing the abused sex toy in her groin and letting it be spat out by her tightening and contracting vaginal muscles. Limp and sweaty, she collapsed spread out on her dampened sheets and panting to recover. Ty also came, swirled in fluids and caressed by the smooth walls of her womb. Her breathing and movements jiggled the whole soup around gently, and her heartbeat pulsed audibly all around him. Perhaps inadvisably, Ty kicked the taut walls around him once.

“You’re gonna have to try harder than that to get rid of me, Shorty!” he taunted the far larger young woman who was now, in a weird way, pregnant with himself.

She inhaled sharply and glared at her lower belly before weakly punching the spot in anger.

“Says the jerk who’s fucking *inside* me! Get- get out of me right now, asswad! Don’t think I won’t get you back for this! I will destroy you when I get you out of there, you hear me, perv?!”

Most of the force from her blows was absorbed by her own belly, so Ty was merely jostled around comfortably. He stretched his limbs in the mildly cramped space and sighed loudly.

“Maybe I’ll just stay here for a while. It’s pretty comfy and warm, and I’ll probably jerk off in here a few times before I do.”

“Don’t you dare...” she growled.

Ty started shaking around to pretend he was masturbating, and Stacy’s face exploded in embarrassment. She pressed both hands against her belly tightly, feeling him shimmy in her uterus.

“You’d b-better cut that out right now! Or else-”

“Or else what, Shorty?” he chuckled. “There’s nothing you can do to me i here! Maybe you’ll just have to be nice to me, and then I’ll think about coming out.

...

“You’re dead meat, prick.”

“We’ll see about that, Shorty.”

“STOP SAYING THAT!”

“Make me... Shorty.”