

Connor was jostled awake by a familiar voice. He couldn't make out the words, he was dazed as if he had drunk an entire whisky bottle last night. Connor didn't think he had but he was feeling it. He felt a hard cold surface on his back. He clearly wasn't in his bed. It was strange, it almost felt like he was laying on a window. 'God what did i do last night,' he thought to himself. All Connor wanted to do was roll over and sleep again, hopefully in bed instead of this weird dream he was having. The voice spoke again and this time he felt a hand on him trying to shake him up. As he felt this strange touch and voice he could clearly recognize that both belonged to a woman. 'Maybe it wasn't all bad last night,' he thought triumphantly to himself.

His daze was suddenly broken by a high pitched scream. Connor immediately sprung up. He looked around to see what was going on but it only filled him with more confusion. Surrounding him was a circular wall made entirely of glass. Inside this weird glass room were 7 other people. He recognized almost all of them. Most of them were his friends. He saw Jen embracing Leo, her short, red hair was an easy indicator of who she was, and it looked as if she was crying. Leo was looking upwards in absolute disbelief. In fact, everyone except for Jen was looking up in either fear or anger. Connor quickly looked up to confirm what everyone here already had. Right outside this room, staring down at them, was a woman the size of a skyscraper.

His eyes traveled from her midsection which was currently bare from her black yoga pants to her sports bra. Her midriff seemed to stretch on for miles. Miles and miles of slightly tanned skin leading up to her bust which was snugly fit into a gray sports bra. This tower sized woman wasn't very busty but to Connor they might as well be the size of a house. Past them, he could see her face. She was model like. Her face looked like it could be on the billboard for a Victoria's Secret Ad, was the size of one too. Her dirty blonde hair flowed down like waterfalls to her bare shoulders. She stared down at them with her light brown eyes and smiled. It didn't take long for Connor to realize who she was. Kacey, Camilla's older sister.

He had seen her a few times before when they were hanging out. She always seemed like a bitch and she constantly would harass Camilla in almost abusive ways. She bit her lower lip slightly as if she was turned on. It sent a chill down Connor's spine. She began bending down getting closer to the glass prison they were in. Then it hit Connor. He looked frantically around the room to see outside the glass and confirm his suspicions. They were at Camillia's house. They were all trapped inside a giant jar in his childhood friend's house. He had been here so many times but this room he didn't recognize as much. It was Kacey's room for sure, he had only caught glimpses of it when he would come over but this was his first time in her room. He had thought she had moved out. She went to school in a different state, why was she here? The walls were a lot emptier then he remembered but she still had that white desk with a heart shaped mirror. It was clearly evident because it filled the entire view behind them. It was a lot bigger than he remembered.

Her face dominated their view as she bent down to their level. She pushed a bit of hair out of her face and began to speak, "Hi there bugs. Finally awake?" Her voice was loud and had that bit of whine that he had come to know over the years. It vibrated the glass a little causing Kevin to fall on his ass and reel back. "Oh my god. I am so excited. I've been waiting sooooo long to use that ring. Glad my dumbass sister gave me a reason to." She then reached over and wrapped her hand around the jar they were all in. The tinie's world began to shift suddenly as they were hoisted in the air. Jen screamed loudly as they all were now far above the desk that was below them earlier. Now in front of them they could see Kacey's unmade bed. Her light blue comforter barely covered any of her bed as it seems to have been pushed off to the side when she got up exposing the white sheets below. Everything shifted again as Kacey hopped onto her bed and sat crossed. She inspected the jar, careful not to harm anyone inside yet. "So as you can see, you are itty bitty now. I shrunk you down and now you are my new toys." Her voice which annoyed Connor before, struck him with absolute terror. Whatever she had planned was going to be at his and his friends expense.

"Now you get to see me as the goddess I truly am. I get to do whatever I want to you and no one will ever know." She looked closer to the glass, her eyes looking far larger now than before. "Oh my god Kev? Is that a stiffy?" She said in a shrill voice, followed by a giggle. It only occurred to Connor now that he and all of his friends were in fact nude. He had never imagined seeing his friends this intimately and never really wanted to. He felt violated as not only could he never unsee this part of them, now they knew what he looked like too. "Oh my god, I knew it! Well then Kev, if you want me so bad. You will be the first to serve me." Kevin tried desperately to defend himself, mostly mumbles drowned out by the sound of Kacey moving on her bed. Her hand descended on the jar slightly tilting it. Everyone braced, trying to fight back as the floor began to move under them. Everyone except for Kevin who was caught off guard. He easily slid down the wall of the jar and onto the waiting hand of their captor. Putting the jar down her lap, squeezing it with her legs, she pinched the poor man in between her fingers. It became very clear the size difference between the two. Kevin was only a few inches tall at most compared to her. Everyone watched in horror from the jar waiting to see what their captor would do.

Kevin was on the verge of shutting down. A giant face of a woman he barely knew dominated his vision. He could feel her humid breath from where he was. He wanted to cuss and scream and fight as much as he could but it felt useless. Her booming voice began again, "Hey bug, does your goddess turn you on that much? You know many guys wish they could get this close to me." His entire being was rocked with fear. It felt even more terrifying since he knew that she was directly talking to him. His body though didn't seem to care for what the rest of him thought though. She was right, he was hard. He had been since she picked up the jar. When she recognized him that only made him harder. He knew that he was fairly distinct, with his jet black hair with a single blue stripe and his tall but fairly built physique, but when she said his name, it was as if she had stroked him a hundred times. "Mmmm. You look so tasty, bug." She licked her lips and gave him a full view of it. "I'm going to suck you dry." He could feel her humid breath with every word she spoke. It was overwhelming. She opened up her mouth and held out her tongue. A wave of fear and ecstasy shot through his body. He knew what was coming. He could see her pink tongue waiting to greet him, her perfectly white teeth, and her

throat twitching with anticipation. Without another word, Kevin was plopped into her mouth. He was suddenly surrounded by humid darkness. His very being was assaulted by saliva as her tongue pushed him around. The smell of mint was the only saving grace from the absolute chaos of her mouth. A low moan echoed through his prison.

Connor watched in fear as Kacey sucked on his friend like candy. “Mmmm, you are tasty,” the giantess managed to say as she bullied him with her tongue. She looked down to the rest of the group. Without caring for the one in her mouth she started talking, “Now what to do with the rest of you.” She picked up the jar again and laid back onto her bed. “I could mail you all to different countries. No, not good enough. Very boring. Oh! I could suffocate you all with bug spray. Kill you like the bugs you really are and have her clean up your bodies. No, that's pretty boring too. I could have you all be my personal slaves. But if she found out then I would have to shrink her. You know what other people do with tiny things in a jar? I could do that. Nah, sounds to vial even for me.” As she was debating to herself Connor looked around again. Hopefully one of his friends wasn't in this jar. Maybe someone knew where they were and could get help. Jen was on the floor with her arms wrapped around her legs, crying her eyes out. Leo was doing his best to calm her. He was always caring about other people before himself. To the left of them, Brittany was pounding against the glass, shouting angrily at the woman far below. She wasn't the most fit woman in the world but she knew how to throw down if she needed to. It probably pissed her off more that she wasn't even given a chance to fight the bitch that was tormenting her. Joining her was Henry. Even now his physique made Connor feel small. ‘If anyone here could actually break this thing it would be him,’ Connor thought to himself. Next to Connor there was Lyra. She sat there looking at the woman below, her black hair covering most of her face. Just like Jen, she looked terrified. She looked up to catch Connor looking at her. She slid over to him and embraced him. “I'm so fucking scared,” she whimpered to him. “I. I am too,” Connor replied. The last person in the jar was someone he didn't recognize. This tall lanky man with short brown hair seemed to be looking desperately for a way out in the rest of the room. Other than that there was Kevin, who was being treated like a piece of gum as Kacey prattled on.

A low groan filled the room. They all looked down as Kacey went silent. It came from her stomach. Without saying another word, Kacey moved the tiny in her mouth out of her cheek.

Gl*up

She swallowed him without a second thought. “I could take you to the gym locker room and let you all loose, see how long you last.” She continued on without a care for the life she just sent to her stomach. Connor watches on as the small lump that was his friend disappeared behind her chest. The anger and fear in the jar only increased. Brittany started marching to the open edge of the jar before she was stopped by Henry. Jen threw up leaving a small vomit pool on the floor next to her. Kacey then perked up. “Ooohhh I know.” She smiled deviously at the jar. Sitting up she put her hand on the open side of the jar and began to tilt it. It became extremely hard to stay in the jar. Amazingly only one person slid out. It was Jen. She slipped on her own vomit as she tried to run to higher ground. She screamed and tried to crawl away as

soon as she hit Kacey's palm. It was of no use as Kacey wrapped her fingers around the poor girl and brought her closer to her face. "Eww. Jennifer what the fuck? You got vomit all over my hand." Connor could hear Jen screaming and begging to Kacey. "Your goddess isn't happy. So you deserve a punishment, disgusting bug." Everything began to shift again as Kacey stood up.

Jen was begging for her life. She didn't know if this giant woman could hear her but she was going to try all the same. She didn't want to be eaten like Kevin. Swallowed to slowly digest in this bitch's stomach. Jen just didn't want to die. All she wanted to do was go home to her family, her bed, her cat. She just wanted to see them again. She would do anything to see them again. The immense vertigo from being lifted as Kacey stood began to subside a bit as she spoke again, "Disgusting bugs like you only have one purpose. Kissing my ass." The vertigo disorients Jen again as she feels herself being lowered quickly. She screams in fear as she sees that she is descending towards Kacey's massive ass. The waistband of the tight yoga pants are pulled open just enough to fit Kacey's fingers and Jen. As soon as she passes the waistband, a horrid musky smell engulfs her senses. The smell of sweat is so strong that Jen feels like she is going to pass out just from that alone. The lower she goes the worse it gets. Kacey uses one of her fingers to pull open her panties. Jen can see her captor's sweaty ass cheeks waiting for her down below. In one last desperate attempt, Jennifer tries to struggle free from Kacey's grip. For a second she thinks she might've been successful as she free falls. But this feeling is cut short as she looks to see two massive white mountains in front of her waiting to consume her. With a snap, she is forced forward by the soft wall behind her, glueing her to the cheeks that were inches away before. She can hardly see but she can feel the overwhelming warmth coming from the flesh she is plastered on.

Retreating her hand from her pants, Kacey looks down at the rest of the jar. Connor wanted to vomit but knew he shouldn't. He can't help but remember how sweet she is. How she doesn't deserve to be trapped in this bimbo's ass. Kacey starts walking with the jar. She grabs something from a drawer in her desk and goes to the door. It is strange for Connor seeing the hallway of this house. It was so familiar yet so alien at his size. He kept hoping that maybe Camilla would run into them in the hallway and stop her. Save all of them. Then realization came to him again. All the people here were Camilla's friends too. If she could just see them then she would for sure save them. The sound of a door opening shook Connor out of his thoughts. He immediately knew which room she was going into just by looking at the door. There on the doorway was a stay out sign, glued to the door. The one that they got when Connor and Camilla were younger, hoping to keep out her bitch of a sister. Inside was a completely different sight from the rest of the house. The walls are painted a dark red. There are several posters on the wall for metal bands, some Connor had still been meaning to listen to, and horror movie posters. Along with that there is a single large painting of Baphomet that always gave this room an eerie but cool vibe. Camilla never kept her room very clean, as evident by the amount of discarded clothes on the floor in certain places and her bed being even messier than Kacey's. Kacey began navigating her way into the room. Camilla's desk and tv looked hundreds of miles away at his current state.

Approaching the dresser, Kacey put a small square object on top of the dresser and pushed it behind one of the photo frames that adorned it. It was a small camera. She hid it well enough that it would be hard to discern if you didn't know it was there. Pressing a button on the top she smiled and waved with her free hand. "Hey bitch, remember how you said I had no friends and that I am a dumb slut?" She says to the camera then raises the jar up to it. "Lets see whose a dumb slut now." She then began to walk to other places in the room. As Kacey reached the pile of clothes she tilted the jar. Leo fell out this time. His larger form flopped ungracefully onto Kacey's hand. Just like the other two, she wraps her fingers around him and then forces him into the center of the clothes pile. "Get a good whiff while you're there fatso." She then gets up and joyfully skips over to the bed. She tips the jar again, shaking it a bit. This time, everyone except Connor and Lyra fall into her palm. Kacey ungracefully tosses them all onto the bed. She then takes the remaining two over to the small dresser on the other side of her bed. She opens up one of the drawers to reveal several panties of varying style, lazily placed in the drawer. She tilts the jar again, both Connor and Lyra fall out onto her palm. Her palm was surprisingly comfortable and warm. Connor was expecting the cold grasp of death but instead was greeted to a warm cushion. It made the situation even more real to him. Lyra embraced Connor again as Kacey put the jar down on top of the dresser. Lyra cried, "Please don't let me go." As she said that Kacey's other hand came down and pinched Lyra's midsection. Connor tried desperately to hold onto her but Kacey's strength was too much. "Aww." Kacey's taunting voice boomed down on them. "Sorry to break up you two love birds, but I have a different plan for you Connor." She held up Lyra and said one last thing to her, "I wouldn't have to worry about her finding you. If she just saw what you two were doing, she would probably kill you in a worse way then i would." Kacey then shoved Lyra into the piles of panties and closed the drawer.

Connor watches helplessly as this bitch takes his friends one by one. He was the last one left. Kacey then bends down and reaches under the bed with her free arm. Connor tries with all of his might to struggle but to no avail. Kacey pulls out a nondescript box from under the bed and begins walking over to the desk. Reaching it, she sits down on the chair in front of the computer. Connor fears the worst for his friend in her pants as Kacey places the box down then rummages through Camilla's desk. She grabs onto something and pulls it out. A thing of double sided tape. "You know that Cami always liked you," Kacey said as she opened up the box on the desk. "You know how many times I've heard her moan your name? She is such a horny slut. You should've tried to fuck her when you had the chance. Don't worry though, I'll give you an opportunity." She then pulled out a large blue dildo and placed it on the desk. The distinct smell of sweat and womanhood filled the air around Connor. "Huh, holy shit." Kacey said as she pulled another thing out of the box. There in her hand was a small baggie of what looks like toy figurines, close to the size of Connor. "This will be so much easier then i thought. Kinky slut." She dropped the baggie back into the box and then pulled off a small piece of the double sided tape. "I hope you're ready. I wonder if she will notice you. I wonder if she will care," Kacey continued as she placed the piece snugly on the end of the giant blue dick. She let out a little burp and covered her mouth by instinct. Connor couldn't imagine the pain that Kevin was suffering. He only hoped that he somehow died before her stomach started to digest him. After she was sure it wouldn't come off, she brought Connor up to it and placed him on the tape.

Connor tried to struggle as she applied pressure to his chest. It was just tape, he figured he could struggle out of it. But his arms wouldn't move. Stuck fast to the adhesive tape, he panicked, knowing what would await him if he couldn't break free. Kacey lifted her finger off of him but Connor still couldn't manage to break free. "Aww. You embarrassed Connor? Don't worry, you will be visiting a nice warm place very soon. Might want to hold your breath," Kacey taunted him as she stood up.

"Fuck," she said as she reached towards her ass. Turning around to the mirror on the wall nearby she pulled her yoga pants down to reveal her massive rear. Pulling down her panties, Connor and her could easily see the red stain on her ass cheek where Jen used to be. "Opps. Forgot about that bug. Cunt stained my panties. Now I gotta go wash her off." Connor couldn't see much but that mirror was in plain sight. Anger welled in him as he tried even harder to pull free from the adhesive. How dare she talk about Jen that way? The fucking whore ended an innocent life with her disgusting ass and there was nothing Connor could do about it. Pulling her pants up again with snap, she grabbed the dildo and put it in the box. The smell in there was rank. Connor had never been with a woman, or anyone for that matter, but he imagined this is what it would smell like. Right before Kacey put the lid on the box Connor could hear the distinctive chime of the front door opening. "Showtime." Kacey whispered then Connor was shrouded in darkness. His entire world shifted quickly that stopped as quickly as it started. He was trapped there in almost complete darkness, listening to the muffled sounds outside his cardboard prison. He heard a door close softly. Kacey's plan was about to begin.

After watching the horrid bitch strap Connor to a blue dildo and place it under the bed, Brittany was done. She began stomping her way to the edge of the bed. She didn't care what happened to her next. If the bitch was going to swallow her then she would tear her up from the inside. She was livid. Henry tried to follow her and talk to her but she was on a mission. Sadly before she could even reach the edge, Kacey rushed out the door and closed it softly. Brittany stopped in her tracks and collapsed to her knees on the bed. There was no way she was going to catch up to her. She had just casually walked hundreds of miles away. Henry caught up to her. "You alright?" he asked. Brittany, still livid from seeing her friends being tortured, "NO! I'm not fucking alright! That goddamn slut just walked out! She just swallowed Kevin, turned Jennifer into paste under her ass! What's she going to do next huh? Why did she put us in Cami's room? Is she in on this? I swear to god if she had anything to do with this.."
"I don't think so. Camilla isn't like that. Plus she was hiding us. I think that if we can get Camilla's attention then she could save us."

Henry thought about Camilla. He hadn't seen her since Senior year. They kinda lost touch once they got out of high school. It's been a year since then, he hopes she will still recognize him. The thought of murder never crossed Henry's mind before but now after seeing all that Kacey put them through, if he ever got back to normal size he would see to it that she felt more pain than Kevin and Jen. But for now he had to make sure that no one else died. Looking down towards the pile of clothes that Leo was shoved into, he couldn't help but fear for him. That fear was amplified when he heard what sounded like an argument outside the door.

He could make out Kacey's whiny voice, but there was another person there. After a few minutes the door swung open.

In the doorway was the gigantic form of Camilla. Henry always thought Camilla was attractive in a non conventional way. She had short messy black hair that she swooped to the right. She had several piercings on her ears which she showed off without much effort due to her short hair. Her rounded face was accentuated by her brown eyes, which were almost always complimented with black eyeliner. Her lips stood out in particular because she was wearing black lipstick, perfectly adding to her goth aesthetic. Traveling downwards with his eyes, Henry couldn't help but notice her massive bust as she slammed the door behind her and put her back to it. She was wearing a long sleeve black shirt with the decal of what he assumed was a band, stretched out due to her massive chest. Going further down he could see a slight bit of her midriff which was a bit larger than Kacey's but it made sense due to the difference in other areas but it was just as smooth and appealing. Her skin was whiter than her sister's but Henry assumed that is because Camilla doesn't go out as much. A bit under her exposed belly button is a pair of gray denim cut off shorts that Henry was amazed she could get on. Her long legs were covered in fishnet tights that disappeared into her shorts all the way down to her black leather boots. After a few seconds of admiring her beauty, he woke up from his stupor and began to shout. Their salvation had arrived! He started waving his arms but to no avail as she wasn't looking in his direction.

Leo had finally escaped the hell that was the pile of dirty laundry. He swore he spent hours trying to escape her DD size bra. The smell of seat and body odor became more faint as he got further from the pile. He didn't make it too far before he had to catch his breath. He cursed his laziness. Had he worked out more then maybe it wouldn't have taken him as long to get out but these thoughts were cut short as he saw a familiar form towering over him in the distance like a mountain. It was Camilla. He just had to get her attention then he would be safe. He started shouting and waving but she wasn't paying attention to him. She began taking off her boots revealing her bare feet only covered in the fishnet tights she was wearing. Once they were off she tossed her boots off to the side. She then reached into her shirt and unbuttoned her bra. Her massive bust expanded slightly as she removed the bra that was restricting it. She let out a massive sigh of relief. Then she began walking into the room. Leo had the horrible realization that she was heading directly towards him. Caught like a deer in headlights, he stared at the titanic figure as she grew closer and closer until her massive foot landed directly in front of him. The force was so large that it knocked him onto his rear. In front of him was the massive bare foot of his friend. It smelled overwhelmingly of sweat with a hint of nail polish from her black toenails. Her toes now the size of cars were extremely intimidating to Leo. A single one of them could obliterate him at this size. He looked up to see her gigantic form looming above him. He could see under her shirt from this angle giving him an intimate look of her underbust. She tossed the bra casually into the pile behind him. She then went to unbutton her shorts. Her face was staring directly at Leo. Leo, still in shock from the near death experience he had just had, just stared back in terror. A glimmer of hope shot through his mind. Had she seen him? "Egh gross," her voice thundered above with disgust. She then lifted up the foot that was nearest Leo and brought it above him. Leo couldn't even fathom what was happening. Her

foot hovered above him leaving a shadow around him. There was no place to run to or no way to avoid this. Leo just stared upwards at the sole of his friend. Without much warning, it came hurtling towards him. He managed to let out one last scream before the sweaty foot slammed down onto him. Camilla twisted her foot to make sure the bug was dead. She could feel it explode under her foot, confirming the kill. "I got to clean this fucking place up." she mumbled to herself as she then resumed unbuttoning her denim shorts.

For Henry and Brittany, they just witnessed their friend get obliterated by their other friend's foot. Leo's life was ended because she mistook him for a bug. Fear overwhelmed Brittany as she realized that they could share the same fate. Camilla didn't recognize them. She would just think they were bugs too. Brittany began to run over to the side of the bed. Henry was too frozen with fear to chase after her. He just watched as Camilla took off her shorts and tights to reveal her panty covered ass. It looked even larger now than it did when they were normal size. Her black panties only added to the soft but menacing look of her ass. He knew that if he was caught under her, there would be no chance for escape. After she was done removing her pants she threw both of them into the pile and turned towards the bed. She promptly walked over and then turned slightly. Henry immediately recognized what was about to happen. She was going to collapse onto the bed. He looked around to see where everyone was. Brittany was currently preoccupied. She reached the edge of the bed and was looking down. Far below her was the boots that Camilla had tossed aside earlier. She wanted to get down but if she wasn't careful, those boots would swallow her up and trap her inside. She was thinking of how to get down more carefully. The other guy that Henry didn't recognize was standing back where they were dropped earlier. He was just staring up at the giantess as she approached.

Lenny hadn't gotten to know Camilla very well. They were classmates in college but only for one class. He had come over to tutor her once for her English class but he didn't exactly consider her a friend yet. Certainly not enough to be in the situation he was in. He could never have imagined seeing her like this. He felt dirty looking up at her half naked form as she loomed above the bed. He only wondered what she was going to do next. Hopefully he could get her attention before she did anything else. He was in the center of the bed. She must have to look down there at some point. Suddenly the light was blocked out for him. Her shadow covered him as she seemed to lean towards him. His fatal error finally came to him as her ass hovered over him and began to descend downwards fast. He tried to run but it was a matter of seconds before he was crushed under a massive fleshy boulder. It was a miracle that he wasn't immediately obliterated. Her ass check pinned him to the bed. He felt a sharp pain shoot up from his legs. He couldn't feel his toes anymore. Lenny couldn't look down to confirm but he already knew that his legs were broken. He was trapped just like that other woman before. It was only a matter of time before he would suffocate or she would put more weight on him and he would turn into a red stain. Luckily for him the first came before the last. After what seemed like an eternity, he passed out. Before he did, he accepted that maybe there were worse ways to go then being smothered by a cute girl's ass.

The entire bed shook as Camilla practically leaped onto the bed. Brittany was caught off guard by the sudden shift in weight. She started tumbling down the bed until she hit a hard

surface. She expected to see the ground but her fears before were realized. She was trapped in Camilla's boots. The sweaty foot smell was overwhelming here. It practically took up all of the oxygen. It was so hard to breath in there, she had to figure a way out. She tried climbing the side but couldn't find purchase. She was trapped. Henry watched as the man that was standing in the center of the bed was consumed by her mass. He fell back onto the bed when she hit it. Her massive form now resting on the bed casually as she grabbed her phone from the dresser near the bed and began scrolling. Henry quickly looked around to find Brittany but she was nowhere to be found. He feared for her safety but didn't want to waste this opportunity. If he could navigate to her ear then maybe he could get her attention.

Her feet were the closest thing to him. She rested with her head on her pillow leaned up against the backrest and her knees up, moving her legs occasionally. Henry decided the best way to get her attention was to travel up her entire body. Maybe she would feel him and not mistake him for a bug. Carefully he navigated behind her feet. The smell was strong and he could only imagine what Leo smelt before he met his end. He approached her panties which he carefully navigated upwards. The smell here was even stronger. The musky fish like scent seeped through the panties making it harder for Henry to breath. Luckily for him she didn't seem to notice him there. She seemed too enthralled with what she was doing. Now at the base of her stomach, it was more clear the slight difference between Kacey's slim, toned stomach compared to Camilla's which had a bit more pudge to it. Henry carefully made his way towards the massive mountains of flesh in front of him. He could see his path through them. He was grateful that she took off her bra before laying down. Passing by her stomach he could hear a slight groan coming from it. His thoughts went to Kevin. How he was trapped inside Kacey's stomach. Camilla's stomach growled at him as if it knew he was there and wanted him inside. That haunting thought gave Henry the motivation to get out of there as quickly as he could. Amazingly she still hadn't noticed him. He was now under her loose fitting shirt looking at the valley between these massive mountains of flesh. If he could just get past them then he would be home free. He began to sprint up the valley. About midway through he heard Camilla, "Eww what the fuck?" Suddenly the mounds of flesh closed in on him. His entire world shifted as he was smothered between her breasts. She sat up more and put her phone to the side. "Is there a bug in between my boobs. Eww. I didn't know bugs could be so perverted." She then squeezed her breasts together as hard as she could. What was a bit of pressure before, now became unbearable. The mounds of flesh were crushing him. He could hear his bones crack in several places. The soft flesh was still doing its best to destroy him. Eventually the pressure was just too much to bear, he passed out. Camilla felt the bug's struggles slowly fade. She wasn't sure if it was dead though so she positioned herself where it would drop near her feet. As soon as she let the pressure loose the body of the bug slid down. She immediately grinded it into her sheets with the front of her sole. She felt that satisfying pop and stopped. "Damn bugs."

Camilla went back to her phone. She was pissed off earlier. She went to meet Connor but he never showed. Then her bitchy sister confronted her in the hallway about some dumb bullshit she didn't care about. She looked at his profile and happened upon that picture that she liked so much. They went to the beach about a year back and took a photo there. Every time she saw that picture it triggered so many feelings. That combined with the bugs she just

crushed, she was starting to get in a mood. She never understood why she liked the idea of dominating bugs like that. It was something she could never explain but the feeling was unlike anything she ever felt. People online had entire forums about giant women dominating smaller people, she discovered that from a young age. She was real into it. Often she would toy around with mini figures that she bought online, acting as if they were the real thing. Now she was turned on immensely. She practically ripped off her shirt letting her boobs free. She saw the bit of blood that the bug left when she crushed it between them. She imagined it being a real tiny person. With that momentum she reached into her panties and began fingering her clit. She let out a few soft moans, trying to muffle them as much as she could. Last thing she wanted was for Kacey to barge in. Getting more and more heated she slid off her panties. Her pussy was quivering with pleasure. But she needed something more. She reached under her bed and grabbed onto the box where she kept her toys.

Connor felt his world move again. He had dozed off and had hoped that this entire experience was just a dream. That thought was shattered as reality came crashing in. He could hear soft moaning outside his box. Then the lid was thrown off. Light poured in and he could see a hand descending down towards him. The blue dildo he was stuck to lifted into the air. He closed his eyes because of the vertigo. When he opened them again, he was greeted with two massive black lips. He looked up to see Camilla's eyes staring down at something else behind him. He wanted to shout. Hopefully she could hear him but before he could her mouth opened and he and the tip of the dildo were shoved inside. Saliva coated him as her humid breath blasted him. The distinct smell of her breath lingered in his nose the entire experience. He was bracing himself, waiting for the embrace of her waiting throat. But he was suddenly pulled backwards. He felt himself get a bit more loose. His hand was practically free. Using that hand he tried to get the saliva out of his face. When he could finally see, he was greeted to an embarrassing but terrifying sight. He was hovering mere inches away from Camilla's wet pussy. The smell here was even worse than her breath. Looking up he could see her nude form as she seemed to be lost in passion. Connor had deep down wished that he could see this but not how he is now. His body still couldn't help but react with joy to the entire situation. Camilla noticed the figure stuck to the tip of her dildo. She didn't remember putting it there but she didn't care. It was stuck to her dildo so she was going to use it. It only added to her arousal. She moved her hand from her clit then began moving the dildo. Slowly her vagina approached Connor and then slowly began to consume him. He was immediately assaulted on all of his senses. Her love juices covered his entire body almost blinding him. The warmth from this cave was unbearable along with the smell. As soon as he entered the rest of the dildo came fast. The cave quivered around him, closing in tight on his phallic vessel. He heard a loud moan come from outside.

Camilla was lost in ecstasy. The tiny figure had slid right in. It felt divine. She continued to push the dildo in and out trying to keep the tip from escaping her hungry snatch. Thoughts of Connor being the figure stuck to her dildo sent chills down her spine. She couldn't help but moan his name. She kept going and going, in and out, massaging her clit to help stimulate the feeling. Pressure kept building and building until she couldn't contain it any longer. Her pussy exploded. She collapsed to the bed breathing heavily. Her heart pounding out of her chest, her

knees weak and shuttering. The dildo unceremoniously flopped out of her pussy landing on the bed.

Connor breathed deeply. He was finally free of his fleshy prison. Between the smell, the juices and the movement, he felt incredibly nauseous. He felt his arms get free of the adhesive. It felt like it was finally coming loose. Maybe now he could get free. But then the dildo started to move again. He was brought up the beautiful landscape that was Camila's body. She was covered in sweat. Connor was once again brought up to her face. Her heavy breath was even hotter now and smelled worse. She looked at the tip. 'She sees me!' Connor thought. 'Oh thank god!' He wanted to say something but he just felt too weak. She began to speak again, "Mmm I need you inside me again Connor. You made me build up quite an appetite. I need you to be with me forever." Had she recognized him. What was she talking about? She licked her black lips and opened wide. He could see her glistening tongue, a bit of saliva strung from it to the roof of her mouth. Her throat was twitching with excitement. She then brought the dildo to her mouth and started licking. She wanted that figure off. She wanted it inside her stomach. She didn't care if it wasn't the real Connor or if it was not the healthiest thing to do. This was the best orgasm she ever had and to do this would just top off the experience. The tongue that assaulted him was slowly working the adhesive and the juices off of him. He started to feel looser and looser until finally he fell forward onto his assailant. The dildo retreated with his last glimpse of light. He saw her lips close trapping him inside. He didn't get much of a chance to get his bearings as the tongue threw him forwards. Connor felt the embrace of her throat on his legs.

G*uck

Camilla swallowed hard, not giving the figure the chance to do anything. She followed with her fingers as it traveled down her throat and disappeared behind her chest. She could swear she felt it thrashing as it went down. The wet embrace of her throat was unlike anything he ever felt before. He was descending fairly fast but it was careful with him. He could hear her loud heart beat extremely fast as he past by her chest. Eventually he felt the embrace let go as he fell into a wet wrinkled cavern. It was beyond humid in here. It was extremely hard for him to breath. Hopeless Connor collapsed to the floor of his wet prison. 'She swallowed me,' He thought strangely calm. 'Even if she saw me she would have swallowed me.' After a few seconds he felt his entire prison shift. It was strange feeling her move from inside her. He could hear outside her but it was very muffled. He heard running water.

Camilla's ecstasy started to slowly fade. The entire experience was better then anything she had ever down before. Now she was covered in sweat and her own fluids. She sighed, got up and went to her bathroom to take a shower and clean herself up. The entire time she was in the shower she only thought about the figure in her stomach a little bit. She sang to herself a bit, thought about her class tomorrow and how she was going to yell at Connor for standing her up. On her way back to grab her robe she saw the bag of chips she had last night still sitting on her desk. Her stomach growled at her. "Guess i should get some real food huh." Drying herself off and putting on her robe, she grabbed the bag of chips and a bottle of water she left out with it

last night, laid down in her bed and put her tv on. She was going to enjoy the rest of the evening in her room to avoid the bitch outside.

Connor could hear her singing outside. It was strange. It was like a muffled concert for him alone. Once the water stopped running he heard a loud groaning from around him. Expecting the worse, Connor braced himself for the stingy end but nothing happened. Then he heard the sound of a chip bag outside his fleshy cave. Everything shifted again as he assumed she laid down again. This time it disoriented him. Suddenly water came pouring in. He was pushed around as it splashed through her stomach. Then he heard her chewing on something. Quickly food began to pile up in the chamber. Narrowly avoiding chewed up chips, Connor became increasingly claustrophobic. He could hear another loud groan and felt a shutter as suddenly the air felt thinner. Above him, he heard a loud belch come from Camilla. Holding together just barely, he managed to make it until she stopped eating. His oxygen was running low and he knew he didn't have much time left. Another groan echoed through the chamber. Suddenly his skin started to tingle. He could feel his lower half slowly melting away. He felt excruciating pain for about a second until it all went numb. He leaned against the wall of the stomach. The last thing he heard was Camilla laughing at a joke she heard while watching something. She had forgotten he was there. His last thoughts were of anger and joy. Anger that Kacey's plan worked but happy that he could bring Camilla so much joy. His mind went blank as the rest of him dissolved along with the chips she had eaten earlier.

Camilla was woken up by her overwhelming need to use the bathroom. Luckily it had woken her up at the right time because her alarm didn't go off. She rushed to the bathroom to relieve the pressure in her back side. The last remains of Connor were flushed down the drain unknown to Camilla. She began to get ready. She didn't have much time to be picky today so she grabbed a pair of panties from her drawer and put them on. They fit a bit more snug than usual. 'Damn my fat ass.' She felt a slight bump next to her pussy. She rubbed into it thinking it must be a piece of fuzz or felt caught there. It was itching her and she tried her best to get rid of it. She managed to slide it in front of her vagina and pushed it in by accident. 'Ill deal with it later,' she thought. Quickly getting dressed, she threw on a t-shirt, skirt and a pair of knee high socks that she definitely forgot to wash. She had some difficulty getting a t-shirt on too. 'Did my boobs get bigger? Nah. I don't think so.' She slid her boots on and again felt a bump in her sock. She toyed around with it with her toes but couldn't quite get it to go away. She could care less, she would enjoy playing around with it while she is bored in class. Imagining it is a tiny person caught in her shoe. Maybe she could replicate the orgasm she had last night. She got the rest of her stuff and set out thinking the entire time about tiny imaginary Connor.