

He was walking home like every other late evening. First to open, last to close. Normally, the cool air felt refreshing - releasing - after a long day's work, but not during the dead of winter. As he clung onto his thick coat for warmth, like dying Christmas lights, he stared down the long path of pavement as shops slowly shut off their electricity for the night - one by one.

Though it was colder than usual, he - in a way - welcomed it. Sharp images of his previous walk home echoed within the confines of his mind. It was difficult to escape when he was all alone to his thoughts. Am I losing my mind? Did this really happen? ...Was she real? Then, the cold would bite, and rescue him from himself once again.

He squinted his eyes as he rounded the corner. He was near it. There was supposed to be an alleyway there! But no. The noisy neon light of the bathhouse made itself known - flashing: "We're Open!" He tried to pass without looking, but the loud tarps that shrouded the entrance flapped in the wind, causing his eyes to snap open.

She stood taller than the day before - and that much more beautiful as well. Dressed in red again, the goddess leaned against the entrance's support beam and gestured him forward. Her golden blonde hair danced against the violent turbulent wind, but despite it all, she seemed unaffected by the frigid elements. "So nice of you to return. Please... do come in. We've been expecting you."

Escaping from the unbiased cold and being wafted with the warm, steamy, thick air of the bathhouse would normally be a welcoming sensation. But not for him. The hand of the giantess gently cupped his scalp, and she encouraged him to tread deeper into the dream world.

He stopped short of their destination. "Come on, little one. Don't you want to take a bath with Tina?" He quietly shook his head 'no' while he rubbed against the warmth of Nina's thigh. "She'll make you feel good again. Don't you want to feel good?" His silence spoke volumes. "Look how big and soft her breasts have become. It's all thanks to you..."

"N-Not again..." He whispered with his eyes glued onto the glowing totem tucked away behind Tina's hand. "Please don't make me!" He pled, wiping his tears against Nina's massive thigh. "I... I don't want to shrink anymore..."

"Oh, sweetheart..." She began, kneeling down in front of him and cupping his face in her encompassing hands. "We would *never* force you to do anything. We just want to make you feel good. Isn't that right, Tina?" The woman who awaited him in the bathtub gently nodded in agreement. "N-No tricks?" He asked while she squished his cheeks together and stared deep into his eyes. "Never, my love. Now, would you allow us to please you as we did yesterday?"

His hesitation was palpable. "O... Ok... I'll allow it." Nina's eyes flared open in excitement. A twinge of greed crossed her lips as her nipples grew erect from his response.

"Permission granted." Tina and Nina spoke simultaneously, and the totems began to glow once more.



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