

Chapter 1

Thomas Anderson took a deep breath in through his nose as he wiped the last of the scented massage oil off his hands with a warm white towel, admiring the view of the ocean from the third floor of the Landmark Resort Hotel. No matter what time of day it was, the water was always sparkling in the sun, presenting an alluring image of an idyllic island paradise that drew so many guests to the famous resort, all of them eager to kick back, relax, and enjoy the pleasures that awaited them. Thomas was happy to play a part in providing those pleasures — as a fully-licensed massage therapist, he had been hired two years before, and in between then and now he had honed his craft on hundreds of resort guests. All of his reviews had been complimentary, and a few of them had even bordered on the lascivious or inappropriate.

Thomas wasn't full of himself, but he also wasn't exactly surprised by these more sexually-charged reviews either (left by both men and women). At 6'5, with a head-full of golden-blond hair, and a tanned, toned body, Thomas was quite the looker, and he would've been lying if he didn't feel a certain sense of self-satisfaction when he saw the expressions on the faces of his clients when they laid eyes on him for the first time. There was no other way around it — it felt good to be young and sexy, especially in a high-end resort like this. Thomas was friends with many of the other resort employees, and when they weren't working, they were surfing, bar-hopping, and otherwise living their lives to the fullest.

'What was it the resort owner had said to me?' thought Thomas suddenly, still eying the water as it sparkled in the late-afternoon sun. 'When she hired me?' His last client had been an older woman, and the way she had shamelessly looked him up and down when he came into her room had made him remember something that Ms. Campbell, the resort owner, had commented on two years ago.

"You'll be a hit with the older ladies," Thomas had remembered her saying, with those striking teal eyes of her open wide with amusement. "I mean, haha, you'll be a hit with everyone, but trust me Thomas...a lot of our massage clients are older women, and it sure helps being able to advertise that we have 6'5 studs like you on our payroll."

"Heheh, well...thanks," Thomas had said, chuckling at the unabashed compliment. Being in her early 40's, Mia Campbell wasn't quite an "older lady" herself, but Thomas was 24, and he couldn't help but see anyone over the age of 30 as "old" by his own standards. Still, though, it certainly didn't hurt to hear compliments like that, especially from the resort owner. Mia Campbell may have been a bit older, but she certainly looked good for her age. And her skin! Well...whenever Thomas was around her, he couldn't help but notice that it was immaculate, without a blemish in sight. The resort owner made a point to be a visible presence around the hotel and spa that she ran, which is why Thomas was used to seeing her. But he very rarely interacted with her, even though he was her employee. Mia Campbell always seemed to be in motion, doing something, and in any case, Thomas felt like she had a kind of aura around her, the unseen but palatable power that came from her position. It would have been an exaggeration to say that he was intimidated by her, but he was also content to have her leave

him be, to do his job without employer interference. The whole situation worked well — he was well-paid, and free to take on as many clients as he felt like he had time for. His situation at the resort matched the ambience of the scenery: quiet, peaceful, and content.

Right at that moment, as Thomas was staring out across the water, cleaning off his hands, sighing out in ultimate satisfaction at his situation, he heard the ascending tap-tap of the xylophone ringtone from his phone as it buzzed loudly against his massage cart. Someone was calling him. Glancing down at his phone, Thomas blinked a couple times as he swallowed audibly, wondering what could be going on. None other than Mia Campbell was calling him. For a second, Thomas felt a wave of worry pass over him. Ms Campbell had never called him before. She had only texted him a few times, and all of those times had been an emergency, when she was asking to see if he could cover a client for another masseuse who had fallen ill. But she had never actually *called* him before.

His phone had already rung twice, and it was getting about ready to ring a third time when Thomas realized that he really had no business keeping the owner of the resort waiting as he wondered what the call was about. He picked his phone up and answered it immediately.

“Hello Ms. Campbell!” he exclaimed pleasantly, taking comfort in how relaxed and casual he sounded.

“Thomas,” came the cool, congenial sound of her voice on the other end. Thomas had forgotten that she had a deeper, almost velvety voice. He felt an agreeable chill go up his spine.

“I’m glad you answered,” continued Ms. Campbell, “I knew you had a client this afternoon, and I wasn’t sure if I was going to catch you or not.”

“I just now finished up, actually,” replied Thomas. He unconsciously started wiping his hands off again, getting rid of the last remnants of the scented massage oil.

“Mhmm, good, good,” said Ms. Campbell amiably. “Did it go well?”

“Oh definitely, it did!” chuckled Thomas as he looked out again at the water, breathing in through his nose as he steadied himself. He was really just casually chatting with the owner of the whole resort, like they were old friends, and it made him feel great.

“She was actually this wonderful older lady,” Thomas added, feeling a shot of confidence go through him, “Kind of like what you had mentioned to me when you hired me...remember what you said?”

“Oooooohhh!” intoned Ms. Campbell, the sound of her chuckling apparent on the other end, “Did her eyes light up when she saw you?”

“Heheh, I—I mean...well...maybe something like that,” laughed Thomas, blushing despite the fact that he had just invited the compliment.

“Mmmmm I bet she did,” murmured Ms. Campbell, “I *bet* she did...and who can blame her, right?”

“Wwwelll...” replied Thomas humorously, enjoying the compliment again (even if something inside him perked up a bit, wondering curiously at the brazenness of Ms. Campbell’s remark), “If you say so, Ms. Campbell.”

“Oh Thomas,” she responded with a quick, musical laugh that elevated her voice from the lower feminine register it generally occupied, “Call me Mia! I feel like it’s only proper, you know, considering that I’m going to be your next...ahem...client.”

“Y-you...you’re...um, I’m sorry, what was that?” asked Thomas blankly, stumbling a little over his words as he looked down at the concrete balcony floor he was standing on.

“Your next client, Thomas!” came the laughing reply on the other end. “I checked your schedule and you’re free the rest of the afternoon...and let me tell you, I’ve been run off my feet these last few weeks, dashing around, making sure everything’s ready for the summer push, and sometimes I just work myself so hard that I completely forget to relax. Does that ever happen to you?”

“Uhm...ehah, well, maybe sometimes,” answered Thomas, now twirling his towel around absently in his fingers. He sensed someone behind him and turned around. A middle-aged man and his wife needed to walk past, and Thomas moved out of the way, smiling and nodding at them as they passed. As ever, he towered above them both, even though the couple were of average height. But Thomas was so used to being bigger and taller than everyone that he barely even registered it.

“But,” he continued quickly, “But not as...as much as you, Ms. C—I mean, Mia. Everyone knows that you, um...that you’re the hardest worker around here.”

“A model employee, through and through,” Mia replied with cool, steady humor. “You sure know the right things to say, Thomas, haha. And, I might add, your reviews from the guests have been nothing short of stellar.”

“I’m...haha, always happy to hear that my work is appreciated!” replied Thomas truthfully. He realized that he was fidgeting a lot...why was he fidgeting? Was he getting *nervous* at the prospect of giving the resort owner a massage!? He never got nervous!

“So that’s why I picked you out to work on me,” Mia explained. “Well...that’s *one* of the reasons anyway, hahaha.” She let her quiet laughter die down over the phone, and the purposeful pause that followed was pregnant with strange and palatable energy. What was she implying??

Thomas wasn't sure. She hadn't crossed any lines of decency, and yet, something was firing off in the far recesses of his brain, something foreboding...a warning, perhaps. Whatever it was, he waited too long to reply, because Mia was already talking again.

"And you're sure that you're free the rest of the afternoon?" she asked innocently, returning to her normal conversational tone. "I won't be interrupting any fun plans with your friends?"

"I...uh, n-no...no, not at all," Thomas replied, still trying to recover a bit from feeling flustered. The truth was that he had been looking forward to having the rest of the day off, and maybe hitting up one of the resort bars later on that evening, but of course he wasn't going to mention any of that — not to the resort owner.

"You can't interrupt anything," Thomas added, now more sure of himself. "After all, you run this place, don't you?"

"Right answer!" laughed Mia appreciatively. "Ok, well excellent, Thomas! I'm looking forward to this — I need the full-body workup. It's been waaaaaay too long since I've enjoyed a massage. Why don't you relax for another hour or so, then meet me in the Master Suite in the Burgundy Wing at 6? I'll leave the door unlocked, so you can just come right in."

"Alright, that sounds great!" Thomas replied, nodding. "I'll see you then." He paused, unsure of anything else he needed to say, and then he simply said what popped into his head: "Thanks for, uh...for choosing me, Mia. I know it's, heheh, just a massage, but it means a lot that you...well, that you chose me."

"Aw Thomas," came Mia's velvet reply through the phone, "*I'm* the one who should be thanking *you*. See you at 6."

Thomas stood there on the balcony for a few long moments after the conversation had ended. That call had certainly come out of left field, catching him completely by surprise. It almost didn't seem real, like some sort of strange mirage. Part of him wanted to check his phone, to make sure he hadn't just hallucinated the whole conversation.

'Oh come on,' he thought to himself, as he started to wheel his massage cart toward the elevator, 'What are you even thinking about!? That was a totally normal conversation — there's nothing to think about! She wants a massage, knows I'm the best masseuse out here, and booked me. That's it — end of story...right!?'

Even though this was Thomas's thought process, something inside him protested against such conclusions. This subconscious energy within him whispered that something else was going on...something he didn't understand. But the whisper was sufficiently faint to the point that Thomas was easily able to brush it off without much more thought.

An hour later, he was in the Burgundy Wing of the Landmark Hotel — the fanciest spot at the whole resort — standing in front of Master Suite, Room 104. He thought about knocking, but then he remembered that Mia had told him that the door would be open, and that he should let himself in. Taking a deep breath, with his heart beating a bit faster than it did for the average client, Thomas grasped the door handle, turned, and pushed the door open, pulling his cart behind him in tow as he entered the suite. The immediate scent of rich sandalwood met his nostrils, mixed with something else that smelled sweet and heavy. Instantly, Thomas knew that she had lit candles.

The heavy door closed shut behind him on its own accord, making Thomas jump a little in surprise.

“Ohh hellllooooo!” called Mia from the other room. “Is that a Thomas I hear?”

“Yes it’s...it’s me!” called Thomas back.

“Why don’t you come on in here?” she said smoothly. “I’m all set up.”

Thomas obliged, pushing his massage cart through the main room. He didn’t often go into the rooms that were this fancy, and he found himself marveling at the opulent chandelier, the rich satin curtains, and the deep, profound burgundy that was the pervasive color in everything from the curtains to the lamps to the carpet. It was a luxurious suite...a rich suite...

Thomas hadn’t really known what to expect, but rounding the corner, he certainly had not been prepared to see what he saw: Mia was lying facedown on a massage table, her head turned sideways so that she was looking towards where Thomas was standing. She was completely naked, from head to toe, and her immaculate, unblemished skin seemed to shine forth radiantly in the dancing candlelight. Her head was lying on a perfectly-sized pillow of deep lavender, and she had made sure to pull her shoulder-length brown hair to the side, exposing her alabaster neck. Her teal eyes sparkled in recognition as she looked at him, and implicit in her look was the humor she was taking in his surprised (and expected) reaction.

“I hope you don’t mind that I went ahead and got myself ready,” Mia hummed amiably out of the side of her mouth, still somehow pronouncing her words perfectly in that deep, arresting voice of hers. “I’ve just been waiting for something like this for soooooo long...haha, I had to set the mood.”

“No, no! That’s...this is...just lovely!” replied Thomas, not untruthfully, even if he was completely taken aback. As he robotically made his way towards her, he found himself asking what exactly he had expected to see. Surely it wasn’t so strange, this whole situation! He was about to give her a massage! Of *course* she was going to be naked! Most of his other clients were, anyway — so what was so strange about her being naked as well!? Thomas couldn’t put his finger on it...but something did seem palpably “off” about everything.

'You're just overthinking it all,' he told himself, approaching her nude body as it rested luxuriously on the soft massage table. 'Just because she's the owner and you work for her and...and she's...pretty attractive, actually. Get a grip!'

"Oh and I left you some special oil to use on me," Mia added, pointing at a bottle of clear oil next to the table. "I just loooovvve the scent of chamomile and jasmine...don't you?"

"Definitely!" replied Thomas, nodding as he came around the table. "Happy to use it. I was getting a little tired of my old rose-scented stuff anyway, haha."

He had expected Mia to continue with their small-talk banter, but after he finished speaking, Mia simply lay there silently on her stomach, and Thomas quickly realized that she truly was ready for him to get started. He felt his organs jostling a little inside him as he navigated his massage cart around next to where he was standing — he had never been as nervous as he was now before a massage. And again, he felt confused; where were these nerves coming from? He was just about to perform a job he did at least three or four times a day!

Thomas swallowed, trying to collect himself, as he reached for Mia's bottle of clear oil. As his fingers fastened around it, he felt his brows creasing together in surprise: the bottle was warm, much warmer than he had expected...almost hot. His eyes jumped down to her nude body, stretched out on the massage table in front of him. She may have been in her early 40's, but Thomas couldn't help noticing how firm and plump her flesh looked...and the arching contours of her ass certainly weren't anything to complain about. Her well-shaped thighs issued down from her impressive ass cheeks, and as Thomas stepped towards the table, his foot gently bumped into one of the table legs, and he saw Mia's ass and thighs jiggle a little in response. The dozens of candles flickered playfully, infusing the air with that heavy, intoxicating sandalwood scent.

'Come on Thomas, come onnnnn...' he thought to himself, 'It's been quiet for too long...say something!'

"Haha, you know," he chuckled out loud, as he unscrewed the cap of the surprisingly (but pleasantly) warm massage oil, "I wish all my clients went to the lengths you did to set the mood!"

"Heheh, welllllll Thomas," intoned Mia smoothly from her prostrate position, not moving her head, "This isn't just *any* old massage, you know."

"Oh, it's...it's not?" he asked, trying to hide his confusion. He poured a small amount of the massage oil onto his hands, testing its feel and viscosity. Almost immediately, the warm oil seemed to soak into the top layer of his skin, infusing it with a vibrant, calming warmth. Seconds later, the tingling began. Again, it wasn't at all uncomfortable for Thomas — it was just that he had never worked with any massage oil like this before, that made his hands feel so warm and tingly. The delicious, fragrant scents of chamomile and jasmine joined the heavy, earthy sandalwood in the air.

“No it’s not,” replied Mia, a sweet and gentle mystery in her voice. “Like I said before, I’ve been waiting for this...for a looonnnng time.”

Thomas stood there for a few silent moments, puzzling over exactly what she could be talking about. Again, he felt a kind of strange sensation of foreboding deep inside, but he once more managed to brush it away, reasoning that the resort owner was simply meaning to say, in a relaxed and playful way, that she had been working hard and had been looking forward to treating herself.

“Haha well alright,” Thomas responded affably, as he held the oil bottle up over her exposed back, “I’m happy I’m here to...heh, to help you relax. Ok if I get started?”

“Mmmmm yessss,” breathed Mia lushly. “And please, don’t hold back on the oil...or the pressure. I’m a big girl, haha...I can take it.”

“Ha, famous last words,” joked Thomas, and no sooner were the words out of his mouth when his eyes went wide and he felt a jolt of electricity go through him. Had he...just made a sexual joke!? To *Mia Campbell*?? While she was lying naked on a massage table in front of him!? What on *earth* was he thinking!? But the gentle sound of appreciative chuckling greeted his ears — she thought what he had said was funny.

‘Jesus, what a relief,’ Thomas thought, as he vigorously reminded himself not to get too comfortable in his situation. A moment later he had dismissed all his concerns and settled himself down to the task at hand: giving the resort owner the best massage of her life. He squirted a hefty amount of the chamomile/jasmine oil onto her back, and as he did so, he heard Mia moaning out softly to herself.

‘Man, she really *has* been looking forward to this!’ thought Thomas amusedly to himself as he rubbed the oil all around the expanse of her upper and lower back. Once again, he was struck by how *nice* her skin was — it was wonderfully smooth and creamy, and the scented oil only served to accentuate the loveliness of what was already there. In less than a minute, her entire back, her ass cheeks, and the backside of her thighs were all shining with the oil, and whenever Thomas made a movement against her flesh, it jiggled softly, glistening in the candlelight.

Thomas blinked a couple times and shook his head, trying to clear it. For some reason the sight of Mia’s body was more arresting than most, and affected him in a way that he wasn’t accustomed to. It was a strange thing to realize — he was no stranger to massaging all different varieties of attractive people, many of them a good deal younger than Mia.

‘It’s because she’s the resort owner,’ he told himself, positioning his feet to begin working on Mia’s shoulders, ‘That’s all. So hunker down and *perform*.’

For the next hour, Thomas did indeed “hunker down and perform,” seeing to it that every muscle fiber in Mia’s shoulders, arms, back, butt, and legs was massaged and kneaded to perfection. He always made sure to do a good job with his other clients, but with Mia Campbell he made a particular point to go “all-out” on his technique, care, and precision. From time to time, she moaned out in pleased appreciation, spurring Thomas on, and boosting his confidence. Oftentimes, clients didn’t make any noises at all during a massage — Thomas didn’t mind this at all, but for this particular client, the periodic acknowledgments of pleasure were certainly appreciated. He had become invested in giving Mia a massage to remember, and the longer their session went on, the more his confidence grew.

In between the slow, purposeful effleurage around her shoulders, and the long, careful kneading petrissage on her back, Thomas became gradually aware of something odd...something that he wasn’t sure was real or not. About twenty minutes into the session, he had started to realize that the persistent warm tingling in his hands had not gone away — instead, it had intensified. For a couple anxious minutes, he had worried that he might be having some sort of reaction to the chamomile/jasmine-scented oil. But he managed to come around in his head and convince himself that it was just the warming sensation of the oil itself — and nothing more — that was causing the strange tingling in his hands. More odd even than the continuous warmth, though, was Thomas’s impression that the oil was being literally absorbed in through the skin of his hands, all the way through into his bloodstream, and carried throughout the rest of his body. Thomas knew this was all nonsense, and that none of this was really happening, but he couldn’t deny that it certainly *felt* like it was happening. As the session went on, the warm tingling had spread up through his arms into his torso, up through his neck, into his head and face, and even down into his legs, feet, and toes. His primal sense told him that there was something in that oil that his body was absorbing, slowly but surely, all over.

But of course Thomas knew that none of this was true. He wasn’t a physiologist, but he knew enough to be certain that massage oil couldn’t be absorbed through the hands into the bloodstream...what a ridiculous thought! He attributed the spreading, tingling warmth to his body relaxing more and more into his task, as he got more used to the idea of massaging his attractive boss’s naked body.

“Ohhhh yeeeahh,” moaned Mia, as Thomas pushed his thumbs into the top of her gluteus medias, “Riiight there...mmmmm I carry a lot of tension in my butt...heh so, oooooo yeah...so don’t be afraid to reeeally get in there. Hell, even use your elbows if you want to!”

“Haha alrighty then,” replied Thomas. He generally only reserved his elbow techniques for clients who specifically asked for deep-tissue work. While it was true that Mia had already told him not to hold back, he hadn’t been planning on using that particular technique. But now, how could he not? He grinned to himself as he began to lay into her, using his elbows and forearms against her butt as she groaned out in relief.

‘Heh, she’s *really* getting the treatment now!’ he laughed to himself. Before long, his forearms were shining with oil. The warm tingling had intensified in his body everywhere, and Thomas

again found himself fighting off the perception that his body was directly absorbing even more of the oil straight into his bloodstream.

'I'm just getting a little hot and bothered,' he assured himself, 'Looking at this big ass here!'

Thomas generally didn't gawk too hard at clients' assets, but with Mia he found himself fixating on just how amazing her skin was, and how well-proportioned and feminine her body looked. And as the session wore on, something else gradually came creeping up into his mind...something even weirder than the warm tingly feeling that was now ubiquitous throughout his body — the longer he rubbed and massaged her, Thomas felt like...well, he hesitated to even really dwell on it, but eventually he had to pause and consider. It felt like Mia's body was...what was the word? Swelling? *Growing!*? At first he chalked it down to the deep, rhythmic cadence of her breathing, in and out, in and out. But eventually he realized that the sensation of Mia's flesh growing beneath his hands wasn't correlated with her inhaling a breath.

Once again, Thomas was well aware that these thoughts were ridiculous, and that Mia wasn't actually getting *bigger* as he massaged her. Maybe it was a combination of the warm oil and the heavy, perfumed air that was making him a little lightheaded, making him imagine things. A couple times, the sensation of Mia expanding beneath him became so accentuated that he actually had to step back and regroup, disguising his behavior by grabbing a quick drink of water from his massage cart. The third time he had to do this, he froze in the midst of his almost-overwhelming warm tingles as Mia suddenly spoke:

"Everything ok?" Her soft, velvety voice somehow seemed even deeper, more feminine, and more profound than before. Thomas felt that the atmosphere was really starting to affect him, now, and he resolved to start wrapping the session up.

"Oh yeah!" he answered with a bright casualness, "Just taking a little sip of water before I finish the session up with your feet."

"Finish up?" asked Mia, "Haha, what are you talking about, Thomas?"

"I...I, uh...I m-mean," he stammered, inwardly starting to panic, "I thought that you —"

"Oh I've just LOVED what you've done so far," Mia continued, looking at him steadily from the side, "But it would be a real tease if you only worked on one side of me. Like I said, Thomas, I want the full-body work-up."

"I...oh," he said, still confused, but beginning to understand, "Oh I see..."

"Tell you what," said Mia decisively, "Why don't we just skip the feet today, actually. I'm pretty ticklish down there, actually, haha. And instead let's just go straight to my chest."

Without wasting any time, Mia suddenly propped herself up on her side with her elbow, and then, with a quick, deft turn, she rotated herself onto her back, the sound of her rich, oiled flesh slapping and sliding gently against the plush black leather of the massage table. Thomas found himself blinking down at her toned body, which was fleshy in all the expected feminine places, but he especially couldn't avoid staring at her perky breasts, which stood at attention on her chest like two firm, small hills. They weren't big by any means — Thomas quickly figured they were about a B-cup or so — but they certainly looked good.

Thomas had been starting to feel anxious and out-of-sorts, but Mia's sudden and unexpected insistence had breathed life back into his confidence. It was like he had been reminded that he was living in the real world, and that he was currently doing a wonderful job massaging his boss. She had, in fact, been so taken with his technique that she was inviting him to do something no female client had ever suggested: massaging her bare breasts. He set his face, determined not to smirk.

"Ok Mia," he smiled pleasantly, "You got it!"

'Heck, why not?' he thought to himself as he oiled up her firm, perky breasts, 'Let's give her a bit of a thrill, huh?'

For the next twenty minutes, Thomas carefully worked over Mia's breasts, kneading and pressing them generously, as she lay there on her back with her eyes closed. A couple times, she opened her lids ever so slightly, staring at him, but whenever Thomas looked back at her, she had closed them again. He felt his cock stirring in his pants as he massaged; there was no getting around it — Mia was just *sexy*, the way her body looked and felt, the way she moved gently under his touch, the way she would softly moan out every once in a while...the whole package. It was all Thomas could do to keep himself focused on his task. And all the while, that same strange sensation persisted, except now on the opposite side of her body: it felt like Mia's breasts were literally growing in his hands, the more he rubbed and massaged them. A couple times, as he palmed both of her breasts simultaneously, the feeling was so real that he was sure her breasts were actually, actively, getting bigger, with each knead of his hands.

But again, after the fact, he managed to dismiss these bizarre "realizations," and again attributed them to the atmosphere of candlelight and an overwhelming array of fragrances he wasn't used to. By the time he was finally done, however, Thomas couldn't deny it: Mia's breasts certainly looked bigger...way more like a C-cup than a B-cup.

'Heh, they were probably always that big, anyway,' he thought to himself, blinking down at them as he stepped back. 'Guess it's just the light reflecting off the oil, or...or something...'

"Well Thomas," breathed Mia, sitting up slowly and arching her back, "That was JUST lovely! Thank you SO much for all the effort you put in. Mmmmmm, just stretching out now, I already feel like a new woman!"

“That’s...that’s great!” Thomas managed to respond, as he was momentarily stunned by the incredible sight of her oiled-up nude body arching and stretching before him. “It’s my pleasure!”

“I’ve gotta book you more regularly!” Mia laughed, hopping up off the massage table and extending her hand in thanks. Thomas accepted her handshake and smiled, nodding as he tried to ignore the fact that she was shamelessly standing there in front of him, totally naked, like it was nothing. And...wasn’t she shorter!?! Thomas suddenly remembered that she had only come up to his shoulders before. But her head was just about even with his chin now.

He shrugged the thought off — obviously he had been mistaken before.

“I’d love that, Mia,” he replied truthfully, shaking her hand. A sensual slickness sounded out into the air as their hands parted, since they were both slathered up in oil by this point.

“Excellent,” she breathed quietly, blinking up at him with those big, gentle eyes. They went slowly up and down his body for a couple long moments before finally returning to his face. Thomas smiled back down at her, knowing that he needed to get out of there before his erection became too obvious.

Ten minutes later he had left Mia’s room and the Burgundy Wing, and had stashed his massage cart away. Normally he would have gone for a swim in the ocean, but right now he felt so turned-on that he needed something different, something where he could be alone. He walked down to his rental car and got in, determined to go for a drive around the island to get his bearings and clear his head. He was so preoccupied that he didn’t even notice that he had more legroom than usual in the driver’s seat.

Chapter 2

Thomas's next massage appointment with Mia came sooner than he had expected. In reality, he hadn't been sure when exactly she would try to book him again — he had interpreted her cheerful exclamation of "I've gotta book you more regularly!" as more of an expected social nicety, and as a reflection of the thorough job he had done. He had heard a number of his other clients say similar things, which they had obviously meant in a jocular way, since they were only at the resort for a few days before they had to leave.

But apparently, Mia had been quite serious. Just five days after giving her that first massage, Thomas saw that she was calling him again. He was relaxing out on the porch of his apartment, sitting in a big chair, with his feet up against the railing. It was late-afternoon, and the golden sunlight had mellowed into the shimmering ocean waters, sending Thomas an endless series of lazy winks whenever he looked out at the water. But as soon as he saw that it was Mia calling him, his daydreaming lethargy dissipated, and he felt a surge of energy shoot through his organs. His cock had twinged a little in his pants too. He had to laugh a little at himself as he brought up his phone to his ear...imagine that, him getting the hots for the resort owner! He needed to calm down.

"Haha hi!" he exclaimed, as he answered the call, "Couldn't stay away for long, huh?" He cringed to himself as soon as the words were out of his mouth. What was he doing?! He just needed to be a normal person around her! But Mia clearly didn't seem to mind, and played right along:

"Hahaha you read me like a book, Thomas! Was it that obvious before how much I appreciated your...technique?"

"W-well, I, uh..." laughed Thomas, now definitely blushing throughout, "I seem to recall you enjoying it, yes." God, her voice was just so...deep and sexy. But Thomas again tried to remind himself that this was Mia Campbell, the resort owner, and not just some horny milf who he could shamelessly flirt with. He had to watch his step.

"Mmmm, I most certainly did," Mia breathed into the phone, "So much so that, as you say, I couldn't stay away for too long. What's your early evening schedule looking like tonight, Thomas?"

"Oh...oh, uhh, *tonight?*" he asked, suddenly flustered. He hadn't realized it until she had spoken, but he had just assumed that she was calling about a potential appointment *tomorrow*. It was already fairly late in the day, and it was very unusual for anyone to book an appointment with him on such short notice. And of course there was the more obvious problem: Thomas's night was completely booked up with other clients.

"Please don't tell me you're full," chuckled Mia on the other end.

“Well I’m...uhm, let’s seeeee,” said Thomas, going quickly through the appointments. “It looks like...huh...y-yeah...yeah I’m all booked up until...well...ten o’clock.”

“Oh my,” Mia replied, “That’s quite late, isn’t it?”

“Mhm, yeah, haha...uh, pretty late,” nodded Thomas. He wanted to see her again, but something about going to her that late...well, it seemed a little off-putting, even a little dangerous.

‘Dangerous!?’ he chided himself internally, ‘Thomas, what are you talking about!? Do you seriously think that the resort owner is into you?? Come on man, get it together.’

“Well of course I could just wait until tomorrow,” mused Mia calmly into the phone, “Or I could ask another masseuse to take your place for one of your appointments...though of course I’d hate to deprive them of *you*.”

“Heheh, well, you’re...you’re sweet to say so,” chuckled Thomas. He wasn’t aware of his change of behavior, but as soon as he had started talking to Mia, he had brought his legs down from the rail — he now sat hunched over in his chair, staring down at the ground eagerly, focused entirely on her voice.

“But I want you tonight,” Mia declared suddenly, the smooth calmness in her voice notwithstanding the intensity of what she was actually saying, “So how about you come on down to the Burgundy Wing at 11 o’clock? I wanna give you a good hour to recuperate after that last client, you know. Same room, 104.”

“Oh...o-of...of course!” stammered Thomas, taken aback by Mia’s sudden proposal of plans. “That...uh...that’ll work just...just fine, Miss Camp—”

“Mia,” she hummed on the other end.

“R-right, haha, sorry, Mia,” he laughed quickly, correcting himself, nodding vigorously down at the floor of his porch.

“If you’re gonna be my own personal masseuse,” came Mia’s humorous voice, “I can’t have you calling me by my last name. Waaaay too formal, don’t you think?”

“Absolutely,” laughed Thomas.

“Well alright, good,” she returned, “Don’t let it happen again, now.”

“Oh no, of course not...Mia,” smiled Thomas.

“Perrrrfect,” she trilled into the phone, “Ok so I’ll see you in a few hours, Thomas.”

“Looking forward to it,” Thomas said truthfully, and he was about to hang up when Mia spoke up again:

“Oh and one last thing, Thomas...no need to bring your massage cart this time. I’ve got everything we need in my room...towels, that massage oil...everything.”

“O-ok, sure, no problem!” he replied.

“Mmmm good, see you soon,” she purred, and the call was over.

Thomas just sat there for a few minutes, staring at nothing in particular as he turned the conversation over and over again in his mind. So things had certainly...well, *escalated*, right!? Now Mia was inviting him...no...essentially *ordering* him into her special room in the Burgundy Wing for *late night* massages!? What did it all mean?? Was this her sly way of roping him in under the pretense of a professional exchange? He assumed that it was going to be more or less the same as the last time, with her lying there already naked, with all those candles burning around her, and positioned in other places all over the room. And that warm...almost hot massage oil...the intoxicating combination of scents...and that lovely body of hers lying there in the low and luxurious light...and her immaculate skin...

Thomas could feel himself getting hard just thinking about it all, but once again, he worked to rein himself back in.

‘Come on now,’ he rebuked himself, as he stood up and leaned in on the rails, putting his hands around them as he looked out at the glimmering ocean, ‘You’re thinking about this too hard. Ok so she likes how you massage her...she gets a kick out of ordering you around...hell, maybe she even has a little crush on you or something...but that’s it. There’s no reason to think...to think that this is anything other than that. And she already paid you a big bonus for that last massage, and this means another one’s on the way. Just be happy about that and quit stressing about everything else!’

The truth was, though, that ever since Thomas had given Mia that first massage five days before, everything had felt a little...*off*...a little different. Thomas couldn’t quite put his finger on it, and had mentally chalked it all down to being a little rattled at how intimate that first experience had been with the resort owner. But without expressly acknowledging it, he knew that this explanation didn’t quite cut it. To begin with, over the past few days, he had started to notice little things that in and of themselves weren’t a big deal — but the sheer number of them was starting to add up. His clothes weren’t quite fitting him right anymore; they were a little looser, and Thomas also felt like his flip-flops were a little bigger on his feet than he remembered. Things that had been perfectly well within reach before were now barely attainable. The mirror and seat settings on his car were slightly off...it just went on and on.

At first, Thomas had barely even noticed these things or paid them any attention, but as they started to add up, he had begun to question his reality. Was he really letting this “Mia thing” get to his head so much that he was starting to hallucinate things!? Was there something wrong with his vision, or with his overall perception of the world, that it had somehow become skewed, leading him to interpret things as bigger than they really were?

Somewhere in the back of his mind, in a deep and inaccessible part of his subconscious, a tiny voice had started to peep up:

‘Maybe it’s actually really simple...maybe everything seems bigger because *you* got *smaller*...maybe...maybe...you should measure yourself...measure yourself...see if you’re still 6’5...you don’t *feel* 6’5 anymore, you know...’

But Thomas wasn’t even aware of this little voice in his head, and at least right now, there was no way he was going to entertain such absurd notions. Still, though, ever since that first massage with Mia...things *had* been a bit weird...

None of this changed how excited he was to see Mia later that night. As he made his way through his early-evening clients, he had to remind himself over and over to focus on the specific body laid out in front of him. More times than he could count, he found his mind wandering to those images that had already been pleasantly seared into his mind: the way Mia’s large ass had wobbled on the table when his foot had accidentally bumped into one of the table legs...the slick, golden shine of her perfect skin in the low candlelight...and, of course, the incredible squish of her perky breasts in his hands as he massaged them, and the strange and bizarre, yet thrilling sensation of them seeming to almost expand and...and *grow* under his touch.

Considering that all of his ordinary clients this evening were a bit on the elderly side, Thomas’s mind strained ahead till 11:00, when he would actually be able to drink in Mia’s body with his eyes and give her all the pleasure she desired.

‘God god,’ he said to himself reproachfully, as he deposited his massage cart in its designated place and began walking down to the Burgundy Wing, ‘You’ve really gotta chill with the whole “give her pleasure” thing...it’s a *massage*, nothing more.’

But deep down, he knew that it *WAS* more than just a massage, but even in his wildest imagination, he never would have guessed how right his unconscious intuition actually was.

And suddenly he was there: Room 104. The golden letters on the rich burgundy door winked at him in the warm light of the hallway. Thomas blinked for a moment, confused, staring into the eyes of his reflection in the letters. Hadn’t they been under his eyes before? Hadn’t he been looking *down* at them? They were exactly even with his eyes now.

'There I go again,' he sighed, shaking his head humorously to himself, 'Imagining things. Obviously it's all because I'm excited that she's...taken a liking to me. So deep breath, go in there, and do your thing.'

Thomas felt himself expand as he breathed in deeply after his mental pep talk...his hand reached out to turn the door handle. As expected, it was unlocked, and he walked inside.

The setup was the same. The overhead lights were all turned off, and except for the rich, low light of some elaborate sconces on the wall, the only light source came from the cheerfully hungry flickering of dozens and dozens of candles, all coming from the main room. The fragrant aroma of sandalwood issued forth from the burning candles, and Thomas's head swam slightly as he took a couple more deep breaths of the heavy, perfumed air. Unlike last time, Mia didn't say anything from the other room. Thomas understood what to do; he closed the door behind him, locked it, and made his way into the main room.

It came as a jolting surprise to Thomas when he rounded the corner and saw Mia sitting upright on the massage table, her big dark eyes glinting at him, as her face immediately curled into a slow, charmed smile. Thomas couldn't help himself, and he stopped dead in his tracks, taken with what he was seeing. Mia was completely naked, and her exquisite, flawless skin seemed to glow even more than it had before. Her breasts definitely looked bigger, and the curve of her hips as they expanded out from her narrow torso was all the more eye-popping because it ended, on both side of her luscious thighs, in the large, plush expanse of her incredible ass, which looked even bigger now that she was sitting on it. For a moment, Thomas lost himself, and he stared wide-eyed with his mouth slightly open.

"It's nice of you to come to see me so late, Thomas," came Mia's rich voice. "I hope you didn't wear yourself out with all those other clients, hmmm?"

"Haha well, uh...of course I didn't," laughed Thomas. He was glad that the lighting in the room was so low, because he was blushing hard. He tried to crack a joke to diffuse some of the tension. "And...I really didn't have a choice anyway, did I? Haha I mean when the Boss calls me into action, I gotta go, right?"

A desperate pause followed his words, and for a moment, Thomas thought he had screwed up. Had he just implied that he didn't actually want to be there!? Unnerved, he quickly added:

"B-But that's not to say I don't want to be here...Mia. I'm...I'm v-very happy to be here, actually."

Without speaking, Mia swiftly hopped down off the massage table and sauntered straight up to him. Thomas felt like his feet were rooted to the floor; his naked boss was casually (and sexily) strolling up to him...and she looked amazing. The way her thick hips and full, firm thighs jiggled and shook with each step...the way that those impressive breasts lightly bounced and

swayed...Thomas didn't realize he was taking big deep breaths until Mia was directly in front of him. She was still smiling, but there was something of a serious light in her eyes.

"Oh I certainly *hope* you're happy to be here, Thomas," she declared, "Because even though I *am* the big ol' boss lady, I want this to be a two-way relationship, you understand? Both of us enjoying the whole...process...*together*."

Right at the word "together," Mia reached out and took both of Thomas's hands in her own, giving them a hearty squeeze. Her hands were slippery, and from the immediate sensation of tingling warmth that permeated throughout his hands and up into his arms, Thomas knew that she had been using that special chamomile and jasmine massage oil. He felt his cock hardening in between his legs and he blinked, looking down at her for a blank moment. She looked...taller...and fuller...just, *bigger*. The top of her head was even with his lower lip. How could she have gotten so much taller since he had seen her last time?

Thomas felt his head swimming as he struggled to answer:

"N-No...uhh, I mean...heheh, I mean yes! Yes, of...of course Mia!
Two-way-relationship...definitely...all the way, haha...yes."

Mia nodded up at him, still smiling.

"I hope you don't mind that I started oiling myself up before you go there," she said suggestively, "It helps get me in the mood, you know?"

"Oh...oh yeah, totally," agreed Thomas, matching her nod with one of his own.

"Well excellent," purred Mia, "Now that we're on the same page, maybe you can take over for me, huh?"

"I'd like nothing more," chuckled Thomas. He was telling the truth. He watched Mia walk with a slow kind of languorous voluptuousness back to the massage table, and the next moment she had hopped up on it and was lying on her back, the twin cheeks of her large ass glowing magnificently in the candlelight. Almost like he was in a dream, Thomas made a motion to walk towards the table, but something held him back — his attention was pulled away from the delicious sight on the massage table when Thomas had the sudden impression that his clothes (his resort-issued uniform...tight shirt and shorts to show off his assets) were hanging a little looser on his body. He felt his brow crease, and a latent fear was awakened in his mind. Thomas knew this was not the first time in the last few days that he had found himself wondering about his clothes...the size of other things around him. That little subconscious voice that had been trying to sound the alarm in his brain became a little louder.

"Mmmmm, well, Thomas?" came Mia's pleasantly impatient purr, "Are you coming?"

That was all that Thomas needed to shake the strange and irrational voices out of his head. What on earth was he thinking!? Surely he was just reacting to the attractive novelty of the situation, after all! He smiled and resumed walking forward. The candles seemed to cheer him on, waving to him as he made his way towards the outstretched resort owner. The scent of sandalwood hung heavily in the air, infiltrating Thomas's nostrils and making him have to take another few deep breaths once he had reached the table. Mia turned her head a little more sideways, looking up at him out of the corner of her eye.

"Everything alright?" she murmured. Her eyes seemed heavy, almost like she had already put herself in the blissful headspace of the impending massage. She was anticipating the pleasant feel of his hands across her naked body, kneading into her flesh, pressing into her muscles, and sliding across her smooth, perfect skin. That look alone made Thomas even more aroused than he had been before, and he blinked a few times, amazed by her easy, confident beauty. There was something animalistic about her...something catlike...the way she had just laid herself out there for him.

"O-Oh, yeah...haha, yeah, of course!" he replied with a little chuckle, "I just...mmmm, yeah, sorry, I just had to collect myself right there."

Again, Thomas worried right after he had spoken that he had spoken some kind of misplaced sexual insinuation. But, as with the previous time, Mia didn't seem at all fazed by it. Quite to the contrary, her body shook ever so slightly as she uttered a soft, pleasant laugh.

"Mhmmhm...you're cute," she murmured, and turned her face back the other way. Thomas took this as his cue to begin, and he did. He couldn't afford to dwell on the implications of what Mia had just said.

'You're her *employee*,' he told himself over and over, as he oiled up his hands in the hot, fragrant chamomile and jasmine oil from the bottle beside the table. 'She's just open and confident and...gregarious...that's probably how she came to own a place like this anyway...high-powered woman...just relax and...and do what you did last time.'

The longer the session went on, though, the more Thomas felt like this session *wasn't* going the same as the time previously. To begin with, he didn't feel like he was getting nearly enough leverage to hit the deep points that he had before. He couldn't quite understand why this was so, and although he tried a variety of positions to try and get better angles, he couldn't quite seem to get the same results. He pondered whether Mia had raised the table higher without mentioning it to him, but as soon as he started having this thought, Thomas chased it out of his head. He wasn't going to let himself get distracted by all those weird flashes of worry and confusion he had been having the past few days...not with Mia lying there in front of him in all her glory. The more he rubbed and kneaded into her, the squishier, the fuller, the more...voluminous she felt. Every once in a while, just like last time, she moaned out loud, appreciating certain spots he was hitting in between her shoulder blades, or in the small of her back, or in the meaty flesh of the top of her ass.

'See, she's enjoying it!' he said to himself reassuringly, 'Stop trying to recreate exactly what you did before...she's on cloud nine right now.'

But despite all evidence to the contrary, Thomas didn't feel like he was getting into his true groove. Instead, he found himself becoming more and more affected by the perfumed smells in the air, which seemed to coalesce around him, thickening the very air he was breathing. Each breath seemed a bit more labored, a bit more hard-won, than the last. The candles continued to burn, flickering their little waves at him...but now it seemed almost like they were winking at him playfully, teasing him.

But it was the warm tingling sensation throughout his body that was really starting to get to him. Once again, Thomas had felt the strange prickings start in his hands and arms, where he had contact with the special massage oil. But the tingling seemed more intense this time, and was harder to ignore. It also seemed to spread faster to the rest of his body, to the point where Thomas actually had to take a step back and re-collect himself for a few moments. He thought he might be having some kind of panic attack, some kind of strange fit of nerves. He managed to step back and return to his work, but he wasn't able to shake the crazy sensations that were now alive throughout his entire body.

After twenty minutes of beginning, Thomas could not ignore it any longer: the thought had been slowly growing in his mind for days now, but until now he had successfully been able to shove it back down into his subconscious. But now, he was beginning to experience evidence that made the thought blatantly plain. He was experiencing the inescapable impression that he was *getting smaller and shorter*, the more he massaged Mia's body. The table seemed higher and higher, his clothes felt looser, the ceiling looked higher, the room looked bigger...all of it. But at the same time, and perhaps even more alarmingly, Thomas was getting the impression that, just as *he was getting smaller, Mia was getting bigger...and longer*. He had no idea what was actually happening — whether it was one or the other...or both...or neither. The harder he tried to ignore it, the more flagrant it became. He looked down at his arms...they looked shorter, skinnier...weren't his hands able to almost cover her butt the time before? They didn't come anywhere close now. And everywhere on Mia's body, and within her muscles and flesh, Thomas could feel what seemed like the very real sensation of her *expanding* under his touch, lengthening, strengthening, accentuating, augmenting every swerve and curve of her torso and limbs...Her butt looked almost twice as large to him now as it had the last time...The heavy, earthy perfume of sandalwood mixed and melded with the chamomile and jasmine oil covering Mia's shiny body before him. The candles seemed like they were giggling now, whispering to each other softly, as they watched him slowly lose his mind.

"Mmmmmm, ok Thomas," cooed Mia after a while, "I think that side is aaalllll set...and now for the other side...my good side, haha!"

She chuckled softly as she flipped over onto her back. Thomas's eyes went wide as he saw her move. There was no question...no question at all now...that she was taller and bigger. Her feet

hadn't hung off the side of the table that way before! Her arms and legs were noticeably longer and...and fuller. Her hips were thicker and wider...and her ass...well, Thomas had already noticed *that*. Somehow only her breasts seemed to be the same. Thomas blinked at them in the candlelight, and then he suddenly realized something: Mia's breasts weren't shiny...because they didn't have any of that special oil on them! But the rest of her body...her back, her arms and legs...he HAD been rubbing the oil on all THOSE parts! And THEY all looked like they had grown!

"Hmhm, are you suuuuure you're ok, Thomas?" came Mia's soft, soothing, velvety-deep voice. She was lying on her back now, smiling up at him. "You look a little...confused."

"I...I j-just..." began Thomas, and then he looked down at himself. He had been so preoccupied with Mia's growing body for the last few minutes that he hadn't even noticed what was now stunningly, horrifyingly clear: his massage uniform was hanging on his body loosely in a way that was impossible to ignore — before his arms and legs had filled the confines of the shirt and short-sleeved collared shirt...but now the fabric of the arm and leg openings hung freely in the open air. His shorts had even started slipping down his waist. And, most tellingly, without even realizing it, Thomas had actually *stepped out* of one of his left shoe, which was sitting on the floor by the massage table. He blinked in panic and lifted up his right foot...the shoe came off that foot too.

"I—I..." he stuttered, the blood pumping through his face and neck, "I...just *SHRANK*, Mia!!"

"Oh yessss," came her slow, deep-throated, instant reply, and she sat up abruptly on the table. Her eyes reflected the dancing firelight of the candles, and they burned with a lusty glow. Thomas blinked at her, not able to comprehend what was going on. He certainly had not expected this reaction from her. She looked so big to him, sitting there.

"And I just *GREW*!" she declared exultantly. She suddenly stood up and strode towards him. "And I'm not done yet."

Thomas backed away in terror, putting his hands up pleadingly as Mia advanced on him. She looked so incredibly hot and sexy, striding towards him with her oiled, voluptuous form, and Thomas was unquestionably aroused. But he wanted to get away...to get far away...to escape this smell, this room...this woman...

THUMP

His back hit the wall, and within a second Mia had swooped in, pressing him into it, preventing him from escaping. Thomas could see that he was still a few inches taller than Mia, but she felt bigger, stronger, more vigorous. He struggled, trying to free himself from her arms, but she held him fast.

"I'm not done growing tonight," she repeated, burning holes in his eyes with the smoldering coals of her own. She twisted her finger in his waistband and his pants dropped to the floor; his cock sprang up to attention in the thick air.

"And *neither* are you," she continued in a lascivious purr, wrapping her hand around his cock, "At least down *here*. Rub my breasts Thomas...Rub my breasts with your hands."

She started slowly pulling his cock with her skillful hand, and within moments Thomas was already close to cumming.

"RUB my TITS, Thomas!" she ordered. Mia didn't have to shout — her deep feminine voice carried an insistent authority that Thomas, at least in this moment, couldn't disobey. He reached up and rubbed Mia's breasts with his hands, oiling them up, as she pressed them and the rest of her body into his. All the while, she was staring him in the eye, with her head averted slightly upward. She was breathing hard now; her mouth was open and her eyes were wide.

"Ohh....oh....ohhhh...ohhhhhh! she moaned at him, her eyes never leaving his...and Thomas FELT, unmistakably, her tits expanding beneath his hands. He tried to stop rubbing them, but it was too late. Mia pressed herself up against him even harder, pinning him to the wall, as she stroked his cock faster and faster. Thomas felt like he was about to pass out — the room was spinning and undulating in his vision, but he was centered by Mia's insistent hand. Seconds later he fired off a thick white load, coating Mia's stomach in a sheen of his shiny juices.

Panting happily, with a wide smile on her face, Mia stepped back, staring at him triumphantly. Thomas stared back at her, totally turned-out, unable to process what had just happened.

And then it hit him: they were the same height.

Chapter 3

At first, Thomas couldn't react. The whole scene and situation seemed so totally outlandish, so "out of a movie," that ten whole seconds passed by while he stood there panting, with his back to the wall, his pants crumpled around his ankles, staring wide-eyed at the triumphantly nude Mia gloating there before him as she eying him up and down. They were the same height...the same height...but how could that be possible!? He was 6'5, and she...well, she was normal-sized! Like...5'5 or something! She had only come up to his shoulders before...or was it his chin? Thomas couldn't be sure of anything anymore, as the memories of the past swirled and coalesced bewilderingly in his mind with the crazy realities of the present. He looked down to make sure she wasn't wearing heels or standing on anything, or tricking or pranking him in any other way. But she was completely naked, with her hands on her hips, as she continued to smirk at him.

Then Thomas saw the thick white splash against her impressive abdomen, and he remembered that she had just jerked him off, straight into her stomach, as she had forced her body up against his, pinning him to the wall. His eyes darted back up to her face, and suddenly the gleam in her eyes took on a sinister tone, blending uncannily with the flickering candlelight all around. Her eyes seemed like jeweled pits, diabolically beautiful, pulling him in, urging him to tumble forward into their profane depths. But then Thomas blinked again and remembered that his formerly-tight t-shirt was now hanging loosely around him...he had shrunk...and she had grown...she had somehow stolen his size! A surge of hot panic rushed up through him, and Thomas felt like he needed to get out of there in a hurry.

He made an odd, jerking motion away from Mia, towards the door, but she simply sidestepped that way, blocking his path. Her hands never left her hips, but her smile broadened.

"And where do you think *you're* going?" she teased, cocking her head the the side.

"I...I've gotta...leave, Mia," Thomas managed to say in a kind of croak. His voice sounded different...less sonorous, less full, less confident. Apparently, it had shrunk along with the rest of his body.

"Leave?!" Mia smiled, feigning disbelief, "But Thomas...how could you leave when you haven't even finished my massage yet?"

"B-But...but Mia I...I already m-massaged you...everywhere," Thomas panted, leaning back again into the wall. He felt completely exhausted...spent. It felt like he had run a marathon, or swum thousands of yards.

"Uh-uh!" laughed Mia softly, shaking her finger at him as she took a step closer. "Not *everywhere*, Thomas! Now yes, you've rubbed that deeeelicious oil into my thighs..." She extended her legs out, one after the other, and flexed them, showing off their newfound size and strength. Her legs had been pleasing to look at before, but now Thomas felt his eyes widen in

amazement at how thick, firm, and solid they looked, complete with undeniable muscle while retaining their decidedly feminine shape. He was suddenly struck by the realization that, even though he and Mia were the same height now, her legs were definitely bigger than his.

“You’ve rubbed it into my arms,” she continued silkily, gyrating her shoulders in luscious circles as she waved her well-formed arms in his direction, looking for all the world like a siren beckoning sailors to her rock.

“And my biiggggg breasts,” she persisted, cooing her words in that deep, alluring, syrupy-sweet voice of hers. Her hands cupped her impressive tits, which were definitely at least double-D cups now, and she shook them, sending the smooth, shiny flesh a-quake. Thomas saw little droplets of oil ooze and drip off Mia’s breasts as she shook them at him, and despite his recent orgasm, he felt himself get hard again.

“But Thomas,” Mia finished meaningfully, her eyes sparkling in the low light, “You haven’t yet given proper attention to my greatest asset, heheh...”

She giggled mischievously, apparently enjoying her bad joke, but Thomas wasn’t in any position to critique her humor. He was too busy gawking at the large round pair of fleshy butt cheeks that Mia was now flashing at him; she had turned slowly, around, playfully dancing and gyrating a little, sending sexy ripples through the voluminous flesh of her ass. Thomas was stunned — Mia’s ass had already been big before she had grown, but now that the two of them were the same height (how tall *were* they now, actually!?), it looked even bigger still. And it was getting closer...and closer. Mia was gently backing up into him, shaking her big ass at him all the while, and when Thomas tried again to sidestep her and flee, she moved to block his path.

“Oh now *Thomas*,” she purred, chastising him playfully, “Surely you’re not about to shirk your duties toward your *employer*, are you?”

He didn’t have time to answer; the warm, plush cheeks of her ass were upon him, and he felt his shrunken body jostled back and forth with each mighty gyration. Mia was manhandling him with her ass, and looking down, he saw his erect cock pressing right up in the crevice between her fat cheeks. It seemed like the absolute perfect place for it, and it took Thomas a few seconds to realize that his cock actually looked bigger than it had before. Or maybe...maybe it had been spared the shrinking that the rest of his body had endured!? He really had no idea — he was simply struck by how big his cock looked now, compared to the rest of his body.

“Mmmrrrrghhh...” moaned Mia. She was arching her neck as she ground her ass up into him. “Come onnnnnn, Thomas...rub my ass...there’s plenty of oil on it already...mmmmmmmm, rub it in, Thomas...rub it innnnnn.”

Thomas was breathing so hard now that Mia’s voice almost seemed to come from somewhere else, somewhere above him. Was he hyperventilating in this hot, stuffy room, with all these candles!? Was he hallucinating!? He had no idea, but all he knew was that he was now

trapped up against the wall, and his mind and body felt utterly compelled to obey her voice. His hands extended out in front of him and he buried them deep in the plush, rich pillows of her ass flesh. Her butt was so big now that he actually saw his hands go down into her flesh, to the point where he wondered if they would actually disappear. He began rubbing and kneading her ass cheeks, feeling the muscle, flesh, and skin jiggling and quivering beneath his hands. Mia was moaning out louder now, and as Thomas continued to massage her butt, he experienced the same wild sensation he had occurred while he had been massaging her breasts: slowly but surely, Thomas felt Mia's huge ass expand even huger all around him, seemingly in response to the touch of his hands. Her cheeks swelled up around his hips, swallowing his waist in its growing embrace. His cock was pressed even harder against her flesh, and as she grew into him, her expanding butt forced his cock to point straight upwards, aimed directly into his chin.

"Yessss, that's right!" cried Mia in ecstasy. She was gyrating her hips against him now, shaking those huge slabs of sleek, sexy, muscular ass cheeks directly into his crotch, as Thomas continued to feel her flesh expand all around him. He was trapped against the wall, with nowhere to go, and somehow, someway, his cock was rock-hard still, harder than he had ever been in his life. Was his cock really THAT big!? The oppressive sweetness of the sandalwood and the candles mixed with the exotic and intoxicating smell of the massage oil, and Thomas felt his head swimming again. Was his sock really that big, or was he getting...that small!? Or was Mia getting...that big!? Or was it all three at the same time?? He had no idea, and the more he tried to gauge his size, the harder it became for him to wrap his head around what was actually happening. His hands sunk deeper and deeper into the expansive, slick, pillowy flesh of Mia's ass, and he felt his body become more and more of a ragdoll for her ass cheeks, which continued to twerk and gyrate back and forth, back and forth, throwing his poor, hapless body from side to side as she dominated him with her ass.

'That's what she's doing,' thought Thomas with a sudden, sickening, and searingly erotic flash of insight, 'She's dominating my entire body...with her ass.'

"Oh Thomas!" moaned Mia out loud, "I can feel another one bubbling up in your balls! Cum for me, Thomas! Spew your thick load all over these slick, sexy cheeks! They're sooooo big, aren't they, Thomas? Mmmmmmm, oh yes they are...soooo much bigger than your tiny little butt by now, hahaha! Look at how I'm totally controlling you, Thomas, with just my big, strong, fat ass cheeks! Mrrrgh yeeeeeah, I'm throwing you around like my little toy, hands-free! Who needs hands to play with their toys, when you've got an ass like *this*?"

At the word "this," Mia suddenly threw her gigantic butt into an even more feverish and fervent series of gyrating twerks, so fast that her ass cheeks actually became a blur in the candlelight. This was simply too much for Thomas to deal with, and he cried out in a strange, hollow voice as he helplessly came again, spurting his second load onto Mia's glorious cheeks. Immediately, she reached her hands behind her and rubbed his cum into her skin, mixing it with the massage oil, so that her skin became even slicker than before.

“Oh yes...o-ohh....oh god...oh god I’m.....I’m cumming....Im cumming Thomas....oh shit...oh.....ohhhhhhh....uh....OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH godddddddddddddd....!!!”

Mia’s orgasm was long and intense as she whined out in ecstasy at the ceiling. If Thomas hadn’t been completely empty, he would have shot some more cum, just hearing the noises she was making. They were animalistic and unrestrained, and he could see, even from the back, how her face was contorted, and how tightly her eyes were shut as she cried up towards the heavens. She wasn’t even touching herself “down there” — instead, she was simply rubbing her thick thighs together as she continued to shake and jiggle her big ass against him.

After another minute or so, when she was finally done, Mia staggered away from him, laughing at her own orgasm-induced clumsiness.

“Haha, whooooooowee!” she exclaimed, fanning her face with her hand as she turned around to face him with a huge, satisfied smile on her face. “I’d been waiting for THAT for quite a while, Thomas, let me tell you, haha! You look pretty spent yourself, if I may say so. Why don’t you stand up straight against the wall there, so I can get a good look at you, huh?”

Thomas mechanically did as he was told. He was too exhausted, and too mesmerized by what had just happened, to do anything else. He stood up straight against the wall, and immediately, Mia took two strides toward him, stopping a few feet away as she too stood up to her full height. It was at this point that Thomas realized that....no....no it couldn’t be! How could such a thing be possible!? He looked down desperately at her feet, at his feet...she wasn’t standing on her tiptoes...she wasn’t wearing any heels...They were both barefoot...both naked...there could be nothing skewing the measurement. He looked up again at Mia; she was standing even closer to him now, and, with a sickening shock, he found that he was staring straight forward into her pearly white teeth, which were bared in an unabashedly pleased and furtive grin.

“Wh-wha...what’s happening!?” he cried, his voice sounding unnaturally high, as he looked up in panic into her gleaming eyes.

“Isn’t it obvious?” laughed Mia, evidently taking immense pleasure from looking down on him, “Every time you’ve massaged me with my *extra* special chamomile and jasmine massage oil, I’ve had the pleasure of taking some of your size, and transferring it to me!”

“B-But...but *how*!?” burst out Thomas incredulously. “H-How can it...b-be possible to...to DO something like this!?”

“Oh well never mind the HOW, Thomas,” chuckled Mia, running her long fingers through his hair, “That would take waaay too long to explain, and anyway, it’s a secret!” She winked at him. “But if I were you, I’d focus not on the HOW, but on the WHY...WHY have I chosen YOU, Thomas, of all people, to embark with me on this weird and wonderful journey?”

Thomas gaped at her. There were so many questions swirling and storming around in his brain that he felt completely paralyzed. But Mia knew exactly what was happening, and continued:

“Mmmmm, I know it’s a lot to process Thomas, so how about I just let you go for the night, hmm? Let you mull all this over, turn it around in that little head of yours, haha! And I can actually say that now, since, well...”

And here she extended her hand outward and tried to palm his head. She couldn’t quite do it, but she actually wasn’t too far off.

“Heh, not big enough...ye!” she giggled, ruffling his hair. “Here, since your clothes are all too small now, take my old bathrobe and wear it on your way back to your room. I think you’ll find that it fits you...quite well.”

Mia was more right than Thomas could have ever imagined. A minute later, she was shooing him playfully out of her suite, with her bathrobe wrapped around his body, fitting his form almost perfectly.

“Thank you for a LOVELY night, Thomas!” she trilled after him, blowing him a kiss. “Until next time! Keep your phone handy! I’m gonna want another massage before you know it!”

Thomas couldn’t even bring himself to respond. He nodded at Mia’s beautiful smile and tried to wave goodbye, but really he was too shell-shocked to mount any kind of meaningful reply. Mia’s robe fit him perfectly...but wasn’t she...or hadn’t she been...5’5!?”

Thomas walked back to his apartment in a daze. He felt the warm, humid night enclosing all around him, squeezing him in its embrace as the innumerable stars twinkled merrily over his head in the vast sky. The rhythmic sound of the waves crashing into the beach blended with the nighttime chirping cadences of the seabirds nesting high up in the trees. Without even realizing what he was thinking, Thomas registered that everything around him — the humid air, the birds, the gently-swaying palms, the ocean waves, the silent stars — somehow knew and understood what was happening to him, and were all carrying on as normal, their approval implied.

Not even bothering to measure himself, Thomas went straight to bed as soon as he got back to his apartment. His head was still spinning from the pungent and penetrating smell of Mia’s candles, mixed of course with the overpowering scent of her special massage oil, or whatever it was. But it wasn’t just Thomas’s head that was reeling from the experience — his body felt like it had run a hundred miles...he felt completely drained and wrung out, and in essence, this feeling was absolutely appropriate. Mia had literally stolen his size for herself...she was now at least a few inches taller than him, and unquestionably bigger all-around. And that ass of hers...

Thomas shivered as he got into bed and pulled the covers up over himself. He hadn’t even taken off Mia’s bathrobe. Something about it hugging his shrunken body made him feel at least a little reassured, in the midst of his surreal predicament.

'Maybe I'm just...I'm just imagining all this,' he thought as he laid his head back on his pillow. 'Maybe this is all some kind of crazy...fever dream, or something, and I'll go to sleep and then wake up and...and it'll be like nothing ever happened.'

It didn't take Thomas long at all to drift off into a deep but uneasy sleep. As he slept, his mind took him on phantasmagoric journeys through space and time, always filled with anxiety and danger. Thomas couldn't quite place what was going on in his dreams, but he registered that there were a lot of deep, red colors...burgundies...permeating his dreamscape. Wisps of smoke from the winking flickers of candles danced through his mind, illuminating his path down...what was it? A tunnel? A hallway? There was something at the end...a door? Yes, it was a door, a huge door, far too tall for him to open, with golden numbers emblazoned high up, beyond his vision. Thomas had to back up to read them...104. He knew the room; he knew who was behind that door, and his heart thumped away like mad in fear and anxiety, but also because of something else — excitement...arousal. Something brushed his chin — he was bending down as he stood up, and he saw that his cock was absolutely massive, ragingly hard, with its firm, tight, purpling mushroom head so stuffed with blood that it reached all the way up his torso to his chin.

The door flew open, and mighty, imperious laughter echoed in his ears. Mia was looming before him, wearing nothing but a series of sexy leather straps that hugged tightly to her incredible curves and showed off the oozing lasciviousness of her figure. Thomas only came up to her shins...no, he was even shorter than that — she was sporting a pair of fierce-looking black platform heels that hugged her impressive calves and went all the way up to her lower knees, far out of his reach.

His hand fumbled for his cock and he began to stroke it, but Mia pointed down at him severely with a sexy manicured finger, her voice again echoing in his ears even as she charmed him with that darkly profane smile that was crawling across her face.

"No!" she ordered, sticking her long red tongue in between her teeth. "YOU don't get to touch! That's MINE!"

Mia's eyes blazed in an effulgence of lustful glory, and she bared her teeth in a sudden aggressive snarl. Thomas didn't even have time to begin to run away. In a moment she had caught him up in the long, strong talons of her huge fingers, wrapping them easily around his entire body as she brought him up, up, up to her waiting mouth, guiding his huge cock straight down into the bottomless pit of her throat. Thomas shut his eyes tightly and squealed out in helpless ecstasy as he felt her powerful mouth close in around him and vacuum his cum out in one almighty suckle. Her moans were like a waterfall in his ears, surrounding him, dragging him down into her body, into her essence, to keep him captive forever.

Thomas snapped awake. From the heat in his face and the intense glare of the sun through his window, he knew immediately that he had slept late into the morning. He lay there in his bed for

a few minutes, gradually coming to, as he tried to recall all the craziness that he had been dreaming about. Something about Mia...Mia being huge and imposing and unbelievably sexy, in some kind of a...an s&m leather suit or something...all those weird candles burning on either side of him, lighting his way down the bizarrely-bent hallway towards that...that door. And when she had opened it, Mia had been gigantic...and HE had been tiny. She had shrunk him...shrunk him...

Thomas's heart stopped as his eyes went wide. He whipped the blanket off his body and stared down at himself. He was still wearing Mia's robe from the previous night! And it fit him perfectly!

"N-no..." he muttered out loud, "No...no, it was...it wasn't real...that was all a dream! Right!?"

It all came crashing back into his brain at once: his body looked abnormally small for his bed, and everything around him in his room looked so much bigger than it had before — the mattress, the sheets, his night stand, the lamp...everything. Thomas blinked down at his toes, not knowing what to do for a moment, and then he finally sprang to his feet. The crushing reality became immediately clear. He was *short*.

"Th-this...this can't be happening!" he panted out loud. "I'm...I couldn't...I'm not...she couldn't do this to me! It's impossible!!"

He remembered that he had a tape measure in his kitchen drawer, back from a couple years before when he had to measure the space in his apartment for some furniture he had been buying. Stumbling into the kitchen, he rummaged around in the drawer until he finally found the tape measure, in the process trying to ignore the fact that he didn't even have to stoop down low to open the drawer. He was so used to being 6'5 that the sudden convenience of being able to reach everything ironically seemed more like a bizarre hindrance than anything else.

A minute later, Thomas was standing up with his back against the wall, feeling utterly foolish as he marked where his head was with a pencil, and then stepped back and straightened out the measuring tape along the wall, with its little metal foot on the floor. After some difficulty in getting the tape straight ('Damn thing is always a pain in the ass!' Thomas thought), he was finally able to put his finger up against the number that told him how many inches he was.

66.

Thomas just stood there for a few moments, blinking in a dumbfounded stupor at the number. It seemed so small! How tall had he been before!? 77 inches!? Something like that?? After a moment he did the necessary calculations in his head to actually decode what it all meant. As the realization dawned on him, he felt a cold sweat break out across his brow.

“Five...foot...six!?” he whispered to himself. He started shaking his head as he dropped the tape measure and backed away from the wall. “I’m...I’m *five-foot-six!*? How is...how is that *possible!*?”

But of course he already knew the answer. Mia had been quite clear about that the night before. As Thomas stood there, with the panic setting in, he thought back to the previous night, and all the details came rushing back like a flash flood. The massage...the scents...the insane sensation of Mia’s body growing under his hands...the aggressive way she had basically forced herself on him...jacking him off...dominating him with her ass and making his cum *again*...

‘Isn’t it obvious, Thomas?’ her deep, amused voice echoed in his head, ‘Every time you’ve massaged me with my *extra* special chamomile and jasmine massage oil, I’ve had the pleasure of taking some of your size, and transferring it to me!’

Her exact words came back to him, speaking the truth. Mia had used some kind of arcane art or magic to shrink him down an entire 11 inches, and grow herself 3 or 4 inches at least in the process. Thomas didn’t know what to do. Should he see a doctor!? What on earth was a doctor going to do for him?? They’d look at him like he was crazy if he came barging in, babbling about being shrunken down with massage oil. No, no, that wasn’t an option at all. And in any case, even if they DID listen to him, what could they do?? Whatever Mia had done to him was obviously far outside of the range of conventional science. He couldn’t go there for any help.

His next thought was to call Mia and demand that she grow him back. But even as he had this thought, Thomas felt it fizzle and die in his brain. He didn’t know what else Mia was capable of — for all intents and purposes, he had to assume that she was some kind of a...a *witch* or something, someone who had supernatural powers that she could invoke against him at her own whim. The prospect of confronting someone with that much power (especially when she was taller, bigger, and stronger than him now, not to mention his employer and the owner of the whole vacation establishment) did not seem promising.

It wasn’t just his fear of Mia’s power, however, that was keeping him at bay. Even though Thomas didn’t want to admit it to himself, there was something else working on his mind, something that prevented him from taking the obvious step of contacting Mia and begging her to grow him back. He just couldn’t get it out of his head how thrilling and sexy it had been to feel her slick body growing under his hands, as he moved them over her perfectly-smooth, immaculate skin. And the way her eyes had gleamed lustfully up into his as she had jerked him off...he got hard all over again just thinking about it. And her ass...oh my god, her ass...the skillful and confident way she had thrown her cheeks back and forth against him in her effortlessly alluring twerk session, making his entire body captive and submissive to its movements...

The more he thought about it all, the more aroused Thomas became. Despite his horror at being shrunken down, despite his sickening disbelief at what was going on in general, he felt a

hot wave of lust take control of him, and there was only one thing that he wanted to do. He laid back down in his bed, spread his legs wide, and whipped Mia's robe off, exposing his large, throbbing erection. It looked like his cock was the only part of his body that hadn't shrunk — even though he was almost an entire foot shorter, his cock was still a solid 9 inches, and his mushroom head looked more bulbous than ever.

'She made it this way,' he thought to himself, as he began to stroke his length quickly, thinking about Mia's big, expanding ass under his massaging hands. 'My cock is still the same size because she jerked me off last night and she...she cast some kind of a spell or something, I don't know. But I'm still big down there because she WANTS me big...so she can keep using me.'

It was a terrible, scary thought for his rational brain, but right now, Thomas wasn't engaging that part of his grey matter too thoroughly. He was instead honing in on the intensely erotic idea of Mia stretched out there on the massage table, totally naked, closing her eyes as he, Thomas, rubbed into her perfect skin, sinking his little hands deep into the flesh of her shoulders, her back, her ass...everywhere. She sighed, eyes still closed, as her ass began to expand under his hands...her tits growing underneath, rising her body up, up, and up, all while he shrank down smaller and smaller, so small that he needed a footstool to rub her...so small that he only came up to her breasts, so small that he was looking straight forward into her toned stomach...and smaller, and smaller, and *smaller*...she flashed her beautiful, gleaming eyes at him as she licked her lips, swallowing his cum, absorbing still more of him into herself.

He came with violent force, his thick white cum erupting in a fountain up over his head, spewing across his chest, his neck, and up into his face. Thomas closed his eyes, surprised by the force of his orgasm. It was like he had been saving that load for days — hadn't Mia made him cum twice the night before!? Where had all of that come from? Had his body made more that quickly?!

Right then, Thomas started as his phone vibrated. A text. Mia.

"Hey there little stud," it read, "The Burgundy Wing is lovely, but how about coming up to my personal suite tonight? Come wearing my bathrobe — I wanna see how cute you look in it."

Chapter 4

Thomas had hoped to spend the day distracting himself from his predicament by massaging a variety of clients, but much to his dismay, upon looking at his schedule, he found that it had been wiped clean.

“What!?” he muttered to himself in alarm, scanning the app on his phone as he tried to load and reload it over and over again. “This can’t be happening! I...I was totally booked up a day ago! There’s no way everyone canceled on me at once -- that’s never happened before!” He was sitting out on his balcony, trying to drink in the morning sunlight, even as his newly-shrunken 5’6 frame felt abnormally small in his deck chairs.

But right then, Thomas’s heart sank as he stared out at the glittering ocean. *Of course* everyone hadn’t canceled on him! No one had canceled anything; Mia had moved their appointments to other people. She was the boss of the whole establishment, and she alone had that kind of power. Thomas didn’t even need to think twice once he had considered the possibility -- he *knew* that she had done it.

‘So she’s basically just...made it so that I can’t think about anything else,’ he thought despairingly, staring out at the water. ‘She’s trying to play all these crazy mind games with me...to tease me...to make me feel like there’s nothing I can do to resist her.’

He hunched down in his chair, feeling very small indeed. He thought of his dream, and the more his mind dwelled on it, the more small and desperate he felt. There didn’t seem to be any way out of this horrible nightmare of a situation. He completely depended on Mia for his job and his sustenance. He had put all his eggs in one basket, so to speak; he had certainly not banked on being taken advantage of like this. But even worse than his job predicament was, of course, the curse of his shrinking. He somehow knew that it was only just beginning, and that if things seemed bad now, they were going to get a whole hell of a lot worse.

‘There’s nothing I can do,’ he thought despairingly, the laughs of the vacationers beneath him clashing terribly with the hopelessness he was feeling. ‘She’s got me...she’s got total control over me...I’m stuck...I’m trapped.’

But then, in the midst of these despondent thoughts, Thomas felt a sudden surge of optimistic energy. She *didn’t* have total control over him! Obviously she was some kind of a sick pervert who enjoyed lording her power over certain choice employees who were supposedly at her mercy, but Thomas was not going to let himself go down easily.

“That’s the small person in you talking!” he growled to himself, out loud, gritting his teeth as he stood up. “She hasn’t beaten you -- she’s only shrunk you! And it’s not permanent! If she can shrink you, she can grow you back!”

He felt the optimism in him rising along with the sun, as he felt his body soak up the warm rays. Obviously she got a kick out of dominating men, so all he had to do was show how he wasn't into it, how she couldn't force him to enjoy it, and then she would probably lose interest, grow him back, and order him to never speak of any of this ever again.

'Of course!' he laughed to himself. 'That's it! She's fixated on me because she thinks I enjoy it! Because she thinks she can make me do whatever she wants because she thinks she's, like...irresistible to me or something. All I have to do is be strong and resist her and then she'll get bored and find some other guy to torment!'

Thomas inhaled a great gulp of fresh ocean air. He felt much better about everything now. He had a plan for what he would do later that night, when he went up to Mia's personal suite. The nagging thought in his mind, that he *did* actually enjoy being shrunken down, that he *did* like feeling her smooth, voluptuous body grow under his hands, that he *did* like being her little plaything, well...Thomas just pushed it all down deep into his subconscious. He managed to convince himself, at least temporarily, that these strange, perverse desires were some kind of weird reaction to Mia's charms, and that they were only hallucinations.

'I don't *want* to be 5'6!' Thomas thought to himself, rallying his mind as he searched around his apartment for some clothes that would at least come close to fitting him. 'And I'm definitely NOT aroused by the thought of Mia being bigger than me...taller than me...with her smooth skin...and those breasts and ass expanding under my hands...making my hands seem smaller and smaller as she gets bigger and bigger...'

Thomas realized that he was letting his mind go again, and he knocked himself in the head a couple times.

"Stop!" he shouted out to himself. "Stop it! You've GOT this! You've...you've got the day off! So just enjoy it!"

He finally managed to find an old t-shirt that wasn't cartoonishly large on him, as well as an old speedo swimsuit that could pass for a regular swimsuit on his shrunken form, provided that he tied it tightly enough. Standing in front of the mirror, Thomas had to admit that he looked a little odd, a little ridiculous.

"Oh whatever," he said out loud to himself, trying to smile. "Just...have yourself a beach day!"

Thomas tried to do this -- he really did. He went down to the beach with his towel and his surfboard, but even the journey down there was more arduous than he had anticipated. His surfboard was way too big for him to conveniently carry, and he ended up having to drag it. To make matters worse, his sunglasses kept falling off his face, since they had been stretched to fit the large head of someone who was 6'5, not 5'6. Thomas could have sworn that he saw people staring at him, but he couldn't really tell for sure.

In any case, he finally made it down to the beach, where he laid out his towel and tried to sunbathe. But he realized that he couldn't lie still with his eyes closed for very long without Mia's sultry image rising up in his mind, that amused smirk on her face, as she twerked her big, curvy body, sauntering towards him, getting bigger and bigger and bigger in his vision with each step she took.

'Ok screw it!' Thomas thought exasperatedly, after trying and failing to chase Mia's image out of his mind for the twentieth time. 'I'll go surfing! That'll be a good distraction!'

Unfortunately for him, though, he wasn't even able to get up on his surfboard. Since he was 5'6 now, the board's surface area proved too cumbersome for him to manage, and he ended up falling down in the waves over and over again.

Finally, with a good deal of dejected energy, Thomas made his way to one of the beachside bars, sitting down at the end and ordering himself a tequila sunrise. The sun had already risen, and it was actually a little past lunch time now, but Thomas wasn't hungry. In any case, he was happy that he still got free drinks, at least.

"Decided to give up and call it a day, huh?" came a wry voice from behind the bar. Thomas jerked his head up and saw that the male bartender he had ordered the drink from wasn't bringing it to him. It was Luna, one of his ex-flings, standing there, her free hand on her hip, holding his drink. Thomas blinked in surprise -- he hadn't seen Luna in months, ever since they had stopped seeing each other. It hadn't exactly been the cleanest parting, since Thomas had essentially told Luna that he wasn't ready for any kind of serious commitment. She had definitely not been pleased to hear this, and they had parted a bit acrimoniously.

"L-Luna!" Thomas stammered, "I...I thought that you, uh...that you weren't um..."

"Working here anymore?" offered Luna, smirking as she placed his drink down in front of him. "What, you thought that I was just sooooo devastated that we weren't seeing each other anymore that I just went up and left the island?"

"No...uh, no I...I didn't really...mean that," Thomas replied lamely, bowing his head slightly.

Luna stood there for a few moments, letting the silence hang in the air awkwardly between them. She was a well-formed, 5'4 young woman, with long, luscious hair that she had dyed silver. Her ears sported an eclectic variety of piercings, and an impressive contortion of tattoos wove their way up her thighs and arms. She had an edgy look to her, but gracefully so -- the casual, confident way she carried herself was intimidating to many men. Thomas had felt confident around her before, but no longer.

"So..." Luna ventured after a long silence, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek, "You're looking a little...*smaller* than I remember, Thomas."

He looked up at her and blinked helplessly. What was he supposed to say?

“Uh-huh...” mused Luna, rocking back and forth on the balls of her feet, “No response...niiiiice...”

“L-Look, Luna,” said Thomas pitifully, pulling his drink towards him, “I’m...I’m sorry about what happened between us, but...uh, now’s not really the best time to...uh...to --”

“Oh!” laughed Luna suddenly, interrupting him, “You think I’m still stuck on you!? Haha oh Thomas, it’s been *months*! I got over you a while ago. Still, though...”

And here she paused again, looking him up and down slowly, making sure that it was completely obvious what she was doing.

“I recently decided that I was tired of sleeping with guys who made me feel like a midget,” she continued. “Sooooo...if you’re feeling lonely, Thomas...” Luna turned around and smacked her ass, making it quiver and jiggle. Thomas couldn’t help but stare. It looked like Luna had gotten thicker since he had last seen her...or maybe it was because he was so much smaller!? Or maybe both -- he had no idea.

“Psssh, who am I kidding,” chuckled Luna, turning back around, “I probably outweigh you now. I don’t think you could handle this ass. Aaaaanyway, nice to see you!”

With a mellifluous laugh, Luna gave him a parting wave, turned heel, and left him there, sitting at the end of the bar. Thomas gaped after her, watching her large ass undulate up and down in her wake.

‘God she’s *definitely* gotten thicker,’ he thought to himself, but then he shook his head and tried to focus on enjoying his drink. This was difficult, however, since Luna had basically just laughed in his face and humiliated him, seemingly all without any effort on her part. It certainly appeared that she had gotten over him, even though she hadn’t wasted the opportunity to sexually mock him. This whole “distracting himself from Mia” thing wasn’t going so well, and after Thomas had finished his drink, he slunk off back to his apartment, to try and play some video games and make the day go by faster.

Finally, night fell, and it was time for Thomas to go to see Mia in her private suite. Feeling ridiculous, he dressed himself in her night robe, exactly as she had requested, and set off towards the main building of the Landmark Resort Hotel. Mia had a private, opulent suite that occupied the entirety of the main building’s top floor, and as he got closer to the building, Thomas felt his heart rate increase. He looked up at the top windows, and he saw that they were lit from inside with a full, deep red light. He thought that he could see the shadowy figure of someone (Mia!?) moving close to the window, but Thomas didn’t dare look too hard. His eyes shot back down, looking forward, as he heard the blood pumping in his ears.

'Focus...' he thought to himself, entering the building and walking up to the elevators, 'Just...*focus*. Remember what you need to do. You're not interested. You're not into this. You're just here to joke and play around, and as long as you stay confident, and stay strong, she'll realize it's not worth it. She'll realize that you're too hard of a nut to crack, and she'll grow you back and find a real beta to play with.'

But as Thomas pushed the elevator button and stepped inside, he felt an increasing sense of unease, especially as the doors closed. Looking out on the bright lobby, he couldn't help but feel that the closing doors represented him getting cut off from any semblance of his past life, of normality. Everything in the "normal world" proceeded along on the ground level, just like it always had. Luna was doing her thing...everyone was doing their thing, just carrying on. But he, Thomas, was going up...up, up, up in the elevator, into a new world, a different world, a world where he had no power, where the fantastical was possible, where he was adrift in turgid waters that he could not understand.

Thomas swallowed the lump in his throat as he felt the elevator slow down and stop at the 10th floor. He had to be strong. There was no other way to approach this situation. As the doors opened, he set his jaw hard and led with his chin, stepping out onto the rich purple carpet as he made his way straight ahead towards the only door on the floor, marked "Suite 1001." His heart was now hammering away in his chest as he lifted up his hand to the door and knocked a few times.

'Good,' he thought to himself, trying to rally his flagging spirit, 'Those were good strong knocks...confident...'

The door opened. Thomas almost staggered back in surprise. He had assumed that he would be able to hear Mia's approaching footsteps, especially now that she was bigger than him, but she appeared to be almost impossibly light on her feet. There she was, standing in the doorway, grinning down at him, a gossamer silk robe wrapped suggestively around her curvy body. While the gown wasn't exactly see-through, it didn't leave much to the imagination. Thomas felt his mouth go dry almost instantly, and any confidence he had been enjoying vaporized in a flash. Mia was a good 3 inches taller than him now, and looked like she outweighed him by at least 30 pounds. But it was the cool, calm, and confident expression on her face (with a dash of furtive naughtiness thrown in) that truly discombobulated his poise.

"Right on time," Mia purred, her eyes traversing his body up and down, "And I can see that you wore my robe, just as I asked. Oooooh Thomas, you're such a wonderfully *obedient* young man!"

"I...just...this is what you asked me to do," replied Thomas, trying to shrug and appear nonchalant. He could already feel that his strength and resolve were gone, and for a crazy moment he thought about making a run for it.

'She'll catch me,' said a voice immediately inside his head, 'She'll catch me and then it'll get a lot worse.'

"Like I said," chuckled Mia, nodding her head slowly down at him, "Wonderfully obedient! Well now, how about you come on inside?"

There wasn't anything else for him to do. Lowering his head briefly as he passed by her, Thomas walked into Mia's suite. As he walked past her, she gently stepped in closer to him, so that her huge, jutting boobs brushed against his body. He could feel the hard impinges of her erect nipples rubbing up against his shoulder. Only that thin gown separated those boobs, those nipples, from him, and he very nearly turned around to gawk at them. But he kept his head down, determined not to give into her flirtatious games.

BaDOOM

Mia shut the door behind him, and even though she had closed it gently, the heavy sound of it closing seemed to reverberate through the air, the floor, and the walls around him. She clinked the large lock shut, giving Thomas a nice long look at her big ass in her night robe, before turning back around and gesturing with her arm toward...a single armchair that was sitting in the middle of the room? Thomas was confused. Was she inviting him to sit? He made a hesitating motion toward the armchair, but Mia caught up with him, taking long, confident strides, her thin nightgown trailing along behind her and giving off a vaguely spicy, fruity scent. At this point, Thomas noticed that the rich red light was coming from the innumerable candles that were flickering around the room. There were so many...dozens and dozens...and he thought of Mia carefully lighting each one as she prepared for him. It was a chilling thought, and yet strangely thrilling at the same time.

"So Thomas," came Mia's dulcet voice, cutting through his thoughts, "Did you enjoy your day off?" As she spoke, she sank down into the armchair, gesturing for him to come closer as she did so. Thomas found himself standing before her as she lounged luxuriously in the chair, looking for all the world like a queen in her gown. Thomas felt like a servant-in-waiting, just standing there in front of her, while she sat.

"Uhh...it...it was nice, actually," he lied. He was tightening his throat, trying desperately to keep his voice steady as he fought the urge to stare down at her large breasts. The rich, spicy scent of the candles was already starting to get to him.

"I went out surfing for a while, got some sun on the beach...you know, the usual," he continued. He saw that there was a nightstand next to the armchair, and that there was some kind of black case on it, latched shut with a bright silver buckle. Thomas felt a surge of anxiety as his eyes lingered on the case. What was inside? He tried to reassure himself, privately observing that those bottles of special massage oil were nowhere to be seen. Up until now, he had expected Mia to have a massage table all laid out, with the oil ready for him to use...and shrink...but that didn't seem to be the case after all. He felt a tentative optimism rise up within him.

“Heheh, yes,” chuckled Mia, her long fingers playing with themselves as she put her arms up in a triangle in front of her face, “A little bird mentioned to me earlier today that she saw you...how shall I put this...giving it the old college try on your surfboard. Though she also mentioned how you never really seemed to get the hang of it. What’s wrong, Thomas? I thought you were an excellent surfer!”

Thomas opened his mouth and closed it. Mia’s teasing words had caught him by surprise. So she had, what...*spies* snooping around, watching him!? He thought immediately of Luna, and was fairly certain that she was the “little bird” that Mia was referring to. But he didn’t want to go any further down this road, knowing that it would only reinforce Mia’s power over him, and so he decided to change the subject.

“You have a...uhm, a nice place...up here,” he said airily, performing a look around the room, attempting to give off an impression of casual approval. “Heheh, I uh, wish my place was this nice, haha!”

Mia watched him trying, and her lips pursed and curled upward in an amused grin. She brought her hand lightly down to her left shoulder, and then, with an effortless flick of her wrist, she tossed off that side of her night robe, exposing her bare shoulder to the air. Her left breast was still covered, but only just. Thomas felt his eyes drawn in, and it was only seconds later that he realized that he had been staring straight at the bare, smooth, immaculate skin on her shoulder, which looked alluringly warm in the candlelight.

“Such a smooth talker,” laughed Mia softly, reaching her fingers up to her bare shoulder and gently, lightly, brushing them across her perfect skin. “It’s too bad I hired you as a masseuse, Thomas -- that’s a silent job! You’re just as good with your mouth as you are with your hands.”

Again, Mia had quickly and effortlessly talked Thomas into a corner. How on earth was he supposed to respond to that kind of stuff!? He was reduced to standing there, gaping stupidly at her figure, as she sighed out sumptuously and flicked her night robe off her right shoulder, exposing it as well. Only her crossed arms in front of her breasts were keeping her gown from falling straight down into her lap. Thomas’s eyes glanced anxiously again at the black case on the nightstand, before reverting back to Mia’s delicious body in the chair. He could feel his cock starting to get hard behind the robe he was wearing, and he closed his mouth, gritting his teeth as he willed his erection to go back down.

“You might be wondering, Thomas” continued Mia in that slow, confident, delectable voice of hers, “Why I brought you all the way up here into my private suite. No doubt you were expecting another massage session, huh?”

“I...well yes, I was,” Thomas nodded.

“Mhm, I could tell,” laughed Mia softly. “So sorry to disappoint you.”

And just like that, she brought her arms down and away from her chest, and her gossamer gown fell down her back, exposing her large, splendid boobs in the candlelight. Thomas felt his eyes go wide, and his heart and breath quickened in tandem. There was simply no way he could avoid staring at them. They were just so big, so round, so *perfect*, that he very nearly took a step towards them, with his hands outstretched. But he managed to resist the urge, and remained rooted in place. From the elegant, shiny sheen that reflected off her breasts, Thomas could tell that Mia had already oiled them up herself.

“No...I brought you up here tonight for a different reason,” Mia continued. She was now reaching over to the black case on the nightstand, and Thomas felt his heart speed up even more, spurred on by a dreadful sense of foreboding. She grasped the case in her hand, holding it by its handle, and brought it down into her lap, turning it around so that the large silver buckle was facing him. And then, slowly but surely, with an anticipatory smile on her face, Mia brought her fingers slowly around the case towards the buckle. She never broke eye contact with Thomas as her fingers tucked under the buckle, teasing it for a lingering moment.

Snap

Her lips parted, her eyebrows jumped, and her eyes widened playfully as she popped the buckle open. And then, after giving Thomas one last knowing look of anticipation, she flipped open the lid of the black case, revealing what was inside. Thomas blinked, and felt a cold dismay suddenly suffuse his body. A black collar sat in the middle of the open case, proudly displayed on a bed of textured silver foam. And circling the collar, all curled up like a snoozing serpent, was a leash.

Thomas put his hands up and began to back away. Immediately as he did so, Mia rose up out of her chair, holding the open case out in front of her, as she slowly advanced on him.

“No...” began Thomas, his voice shaking terribly, “N-No...no, I...I d-don’t...I’m...I d-don’t want it...”

“Oh but Thommmmas,” cooed Mia, matching his retreating steps with her own longer advancing paces, “Quite the contrary...I *knowwww* you want it.”

“N-No...” he pleaded weakly. Both of his hands were held up in pleading supplication before his face. “No, please Mia, I...I r-really don’t...I don’t w--”

Thump

He had backed straight into the far corner of the room, and before he could escape anywhere else, Mia had closed the gap in between them, preventing him from getting away. As she strode commandingly up to him, she allowed the rest of her robe to fall away from her luscious body, and Thomas found that he was staring at her oiled-up figure, her exquisite and flawless skin

glowing in the red candlelight, so close to him...so close, so close...and with each little movement she made, those big, perfect breasts jiggled and quivered, right under his chin. Thomas was fully hard now, so much so that his cock had risen out from beneath the folds of his robe, pointing directly up towards Mia's beautifully smirking face.

"You don't want what, Thomas?" she mocked quietly, taking the collar and leash out and tossing the case aside. "You don't want *these*?"

He shook his head. He couldn't even form words at this point.

"Ohhhh but I think you're lying to me, Thomas," persisted Mia. Her eyes travelled slowly and deliberately down to his cock, and she reached a playful finger down, making him wince in arousal as she made contact with the purpling, mushroom head, pushing it down, down, down, before letting it go up again. He was so hard that it actually bounced up again, going up and down, up and down.

"Hahaha, *boing, boing!*" teased Mia mercilessly, biting her tongue at him. "Goodness me, Thomas, either you're lying to me or...or that thing in between your legs is lying and...heheh, well, I don't think cocks lie...not when they look like that!"

"M-Mia..." croaked Thomas, "Mia, p-please..." He didn't even know what he was begging for now. In his head he tried to tell himself that he was begging to be let go, but in reality, he knew this wasn't true. He was begging for something else now: to be allowed to cum.

Without speaking, she swiftly wrapped the leather collar around his neck, fastening it securely in place, before deftly attaching the leash to the collar. With forceful speed, Mia suddenly wrapped the leash around her hand and pulled him in, forcing him to stumble forward into her full, luscious body as she simultaneously lifted up her big thigh and pressed it up in between his legs. His poor tormented cock was now drooling pre-cum all over her delicious thigh, as she continued to hold the leash tight in her hand, tugging it again so that he was forced to look up into her face.

"God, look at your cock," Mia breathed down sexily on him, grinding her thigh even deeper into his crotch as she pinned him against the wall, "You've only been collared for a few seconds, and already you're about to explode." She tugged him up even closer to her, as she bent down, dominating his line of vision with her wide-eyed, lustful face. Evidently, she was quite turned-on as well.

"You're about to bust all over my big leg, Thomas," she purred down dominantly into his face, "And you know why? It's because you just loooove being my little pet. You just loooove being my little boob bitch, don't you? Go on! Go ahead, feel up these biiiiig breasts with your small little hands. I want you to *feel* how overmatched you are."

She swiftly wrapped the leash around her full forearm and, reaching both of her hands down, she proceeded to engulf Thomas's hands in her own, bringing them up to her breasts and forcing them to massage them...to caress them. Thomas's cock ached with even more desire as he felt his hands become utterly overwhelmed in Mia's breast flesh. And she didn't just stop at her breasts; still using her own hands, she guided his hands all the way down her torso, forcing them to go all up and over and around the full, voluptuous, swerving curves of her hips and thighs, even bringing them around to feel the expansive pillowed slabs of her vast and substantial ass.

Thomas was literally teary with lust now. He blinked, and the tears began running down his cheeks. There was no hiding now -- she had totally broken him down, and all that was left was to surrender to it all and cum.

"Beg me," whispered Mia lustily in his ear, as the squelching sounds of his hands feeling her up sounded lasciviously out into the dark air around them. "*Beg me to let you cum.*"

"P-Pleeeeeease, Mia!" moaned Thomas, his face contorted. "Pleeeeee...I-let me cum!"

Mia only responded by grinding her thigh even more into his cock, as she once again wrapped her hand around the leash and jerked and tugged it this way and that, forcing Thomas wherever she wanted him to go.

"I own you, Thomas," she breathed down into his ear, "I'm soooo much bigger and stronger than you already, and it's onnnnly gonna get worse for you. You're mine...aaaaall mine...my own little collared pet...to do with as I please."

"Aaaaauuggghhh...pllleeaassse!" cried Thomas, the tears now truly streaming down his reddening face, "Please I-let me c-cuuuuuuuuuuuu!"

"Awww how preciously pathetic," Mia chuckled, shaking her head down at him. "No...no I don't think I will, Thomas."

"Ohhohoho plllleeease!!" he sobbed out, his lips shaking. He had truly lost all sense of self-respect at this point. All that mattered was that he be allowed to cum.

"Jesus, I really have taken you over, haven't I?" teased Mia. "Look at your face -- you're ready to blow a gasket right now if you don't cum. Ohhhh well, can't be helped, because I'm not letting it happen, Thomas. Hahaha oohhhhh no, I'm not letting you cum."

"Wh-why notttt!?" panted Thomas, still sobbing the syllables out. "P-please, just I-let me --"

"Mmmm, because I just don't really feel like it," chuckled Mia. "And that's all you need to know, little pet."

She continued mercilessly tormenting him like this for another 20 minutes, before abruptly sending him out of her suite, under strict orders to go straight back to his apartment, and to keep his collar on until further notice. Thomas didn't dare disobey her, not least because he knew that she had spies watching him at this point.

When he finally arrived home, utterly exhausted, he immediately flung himself down in his bed and tried to make himself cum. But much to his dismay, no matter how feverishly he jerked himself off, he found that he *couldn't* cum. His desperation grew intense, and soon he was heaving and groaning out in despair, his bed sheets soaked through with sweat all around him. He couldn't cum...no matter what he did, he couldn't make himself cum, and he didn't know why.

Right when he was about to give up, as he lay weeping, curled up in a ball, his phone rang. Thomas checked it....it was Mia! She was calling him! His heart leapt into his mouth as he answered.

"Thomas," came her full, authoritative voice from the other end. Even though it vibrated with power, it was still somehow soft...and velvety.

"You can cum now."

That did it. Thomas wasn't even touching his cock, but that didn't matter. He came with violent force, spurting high up into the air over and over, painting the walls of his bedroom with long, sticky ropes of white-hot cum. He cried out over and over in helpless ecstasy as his body was wracked by spasm after spasm of orgasmic reverie. A full minute later he was lying on his back, covered in his own cum, with Mia still on the line. Her soft laughter echoed in his ear, and he knew that she had him now. His cock, and his orgasms, were hers.

Chapter 5

The first thing that Thomas became aware of when he woke up was a smooth, uniform tightness around his neck. He lay with his eyes closed for a few minutes, straddling the boundary of wakefulness and sleep, as he became more and more aware of the constricting sensation on his neck. He had been so exhausted and spent from the night before that he had dropped into a dreamless sleep quite soon after Mia's phone call had spurred him to cum.

Mia...Mia's phone call...

Thomas groggily began to piece together reality as his thoughts mixed and mingled amongst themselves. He had had a busy time the previous day...lots of clients, lots of massage work, a nice morning surf before work...even saw Luna at the bar...

No, wait...that wasn't right. He HAD seen Luna, but he hadn't worked at all yesterday. Mia had given him the day off...Mia...Mia...

Suddenly it all came crashing together in his mind. Thomas's eyes shot open and he sat bolt upright in bed, his hands grasping at his neck. He felt the thick band of leather, and he heard the soft chime of a metal ring at his Adam's apple.

The collar...she...Mia had put the collar on him! Thomas jumped out of bed to go look at himself in the mirror. The memories of being shrunken down, of being 5'6, were all rushing back into his head, blending with the flashbacks of Mia's lithe, curvy form rising above him, taller than him, as she pressed her strong, luscious thigh into his crotch, pinning him to the wall and lifting him up off the floor as she grinned down licentiously at him. Surely...surely it was all some kind of horrible dream.

But as Thomas looked at himself in the full-length mirror, his heart sank. He was certainly still smaller, just as small as he had been before. A quick measurement against the wall informed him that yes, in fact, he was still 5'6.

"This is insane," Thomas muttered to himself, staring at his naked, collared body in the mirror. In addition to his height, he had also lost a good deal of his muscle mass, and was now looking quite skinny. His mind, though preoccupied with visions of his dominatrix tormenter, Mia, flitted back to Luna, whom he had just seen the day before. She had looked thick...and...and strong and curvy. She had been eating well...and working out, maybe? Thomas found himself wondering if Luna, although only 5'4, weighed more than he did now.

But Thomas couldn't focus on anything except Mia for long. That sexy, wicked grin on her face as she collared him the previous night, the way that she had attached that leash and just...yanked him up, manipulating his whole body like a dog's, dominating him and making him do whatever she wanted...in the bright light of the morning sun streaming in through his window,

it was all too much for Thomas to take. He had to get out of all of this -- he had to escape it and reassert his independence.

And so, lifting both hands up to his neck, he made to remove his collar.

“You will leave that collar on,” came Mia’s full, delectable voice in his head, “Until further notice. Don’t take it off, Thomas. Don’t even think about taking it off. Or I’ll know. And my little pet doesn’t want to find out what happens if he disobeys me.”

Thomas’s hands paused at his throat. His fingers were just under the leather flap in the back. All he had to do was flip it, take the damn thing off, and catch the quickest flight off the island, never to return.

‘No, I can’t do that,’ he thought to himself, trying to rationalize the whole process in his own head, ‘Because then I’ll never convince Mia to grow me back again! No, no I can’t go now!’

But deep down, Thomas knew he was lying to himself. He didn’t hold out much hope for Mia growing him back, and if she did, it would only be because SHE wanted to, not because he somehow managed to convince her. Thomas fought this awful, dawning darkness that was covering his brain, this slow realization that Mia had taken up cheerful residence inside his head. But there wasn’t much he could do about it right now. He knew that the REAL reason why he didn’t throw off the collar and run was because he WANTED to stay. He was obsessed with Mia. She was so gorgeous, so luscious...her skin was immaculate and smooth, and her body was so thick and curvy and sumptuous...he was already getting rock-hard just thinking about it, and when she was all oiled-up in the candlelight, looming over him, dwarfing him, making him feel small as she pressed his body up against the wall, forcing him to feel her huge tits with his hands, tits that were going to get bigger and bigger and bigger.

“Oh my god...” moaned Thomas out loud. He lowered his hands away from his neck. He couldn’t even bring himself to disobey a single order from her. This realization made him feel even shorter, smaller, and weaker than he already was. But perhaps...well, maybe he could distract himself with some massage clients today. It would be good to get back to work. Or, at least, this is what Thomas was trying to tell himself. A more intense wish was for Mia to invite him back up to her room that night.

Almost on cue, his phone buzzed. Thomas jumped in surprise, adrenaline racing through his body. He picked up his phone, noting how strange and ponderous it felt in his hand now that he was so much smaller. His heart skipped several beats; a text from Mia.

“Good morning my sweet little puppy! Clear schedule again for you today! Why don’t you give surfing a try again, hmmm? And stop by the beach bar when you get tired. I’ll be watching youuuu! <3 <3”

Thomas stared at the screen for a few blank moments. He didn't know what he had been expecting, but now that he had ingested Mia's message, her plan seemed perfectly obvious.

'Of course she cleared my schedule again,' he thought to himself darkly. The light, jingling sound of his collar sounded out as he mechanically moved around his apartment, with no aim to his steps. 'I'm not her employee anymore...I'm her *pet*. She's never going to let me have another client ever again.'

Thomas had stopped at the double-doored window to his little balcony, and he stared far off into the water, blinking in the morning sunlight. He felt slightly sick to his stomach, considering that his dignity and self-worth were being systematically dismantled and destroyed by the owner of the resort, the most powerful woman on the island. Aside from some kind of crazy, daring escape, smuggling himself on board an outgoing ship, there was no conceivable way that he could escape the island, which had no airport.

'Not like I could sneak through the airport, even if it *was* here,' he thought hopelessly. Mia had already made it clear that she had spies working for her, to watch him and report on his activities. True, the only tangible proof he had was that Luna was one of the "little birds" that Mia had mentioned, but somehow he knew that she wasn't the only one. For all he knew, Mia had someone watching him right now...

He backed away from the window, sat down on his bed, and put his head in his hands. It was bad enough that Thomas was in this situation, but the truly discouraging – and frightening – part was that he was actually *turned-on* by it. He kept trying to think of solutions, of ways of escaping his predicament, and yet invariably, his mind always fell back on those hopelessly sexy images of Mia's oiled, curvy body, and the objectifying and dominant way her eyes had flashed down at him the night before, when she had jerked him up by his leash.

'You're her little dog,' he thought, over and over, 'And she's just going to keep shrinking you, making you smaller and smaller, as she trains you...Get out...You have to get out of here! Before it's too late!!'

But there was nothing he could do. Or, at least, that's what Thomas was telling himself. A crushing sense of powerlessness had descended on him, obscuring any ambitions of escape.

'But if I can't get out,' he thought suddenly, snapping up his head in defiance, 'I can show her that I'm perfectly fine just...just taking some days off and enjoying myself. So what if I have to wear this stupid collar for a little while? It doesn't have to mean anything if I don't let it...and besides, Mia feeds off submission, obviously, so if I just show her that...that I can take whatever she dishes out, then she'll get bored of me eventually and then...then she'll just grow me back and move on to some other unlucky guy!'

The mental pep talk Thomas was giving himself seemed to work. He felt his spirits rise, and he leapt up from his bed, got his surfboard, and made his way down to the beach. On the way out

of his apartment building, however, he passed by a couple taller girls in skimpy swimsuits, and they both looked down on him humorously, with one of them even putting a large hand up to her mouth to hide a laugh. Both of the girls were leggy and curvy, and had to be a few inches over 6 feet tall.

'Huh...immature volleyball college girls, probably,' Thomas thought dismissively, passing them. But after a few steps, he heard them both laughing at him, and something boiled up inside of him. He whipped around, eyeing both girls with undisguised annoyance.

"What!?" he demanded. "What's so funny?!" It wasn't like Thomas to be so petty, to take his insecurities to heart, but the smaller he got, the more his anxieties rose to the surface.

The tall girls looked at each other and laughed harder, both of them turning back to stare at him a few moments later. Clearly, they had no shame in mocking a guy whose head came up to their chins.

"Haha that board's a little...uhm...big for you, isn't it?" laughed one girl.

"A "little" big for him!?" burst out the other, "Hahaha, that thing's too big for US! Sorry, little guy, but I think you accidentally switched boards with some dude who's 6'5!"

"I...I WAS 6'5!" retorted Thomas, before he could even register how ridiculous his reply sounded. His response only made the two girls laugh even harder.

"Ooooo, okay!" nodded the first girl, in wide-eyed exaggeration.

"Suuuuure you were," teased the second girl, "Little puppy!" The two of them turned away and trotted off, their big asses bouncing and swaying behind them as their laughter continued to flutter through the air. For a few moments, Thomas just stood there, incensed and embarrassed. Who did those girls think they were, anyway!? They looked like they were in college, which meant that they were at least a few years younger than him (which was 24).

But just then, Thomas realized how out-of-place his thinking was. It hit him like a ton of bricks: his brain was still operating like he was a cut, muscular, 6'5 blond hunk who could probably get any girl he wanted. He turned and looked at a reflection of himself in one of the bottom windows of his apartment building. A small, skinny, 5'6 man looked back at him, wearing a dog collar and an oversized swimsuit, holding an unquestionably oversized surfboard.

'They're right,' he thought, 'I *do* look ridiculous...'

After a few moments of sobering realization, Thomas again attempted to rally himself, although his attempts were beginning to seem more and more far-fetched, even to him.

'They're probably working for Mia,' he told himself, as he took a deep breath and continued on to the beach. 'She probably, like...I don't know, told them to "bump" into me or something. It's just another one of Mia's ploys to get me to feel small, to...to rope me into her messed-up game. And I'm not going to fall for it!'

Thomas might not have been falling for "Mia's ploy," as he told himself, but he certainly fell plenty of times into the choppy waves as he again tried unsuccessfully to surf. He was the same size as he had been the previous day, but he seemed to be having even more trouble keeping his balance on the surfboard. His arms and legs felt weaker...more spent. He wondered whether his muscles were beginning to atrophy even more from Mia's special massage oil, even though she hadn't used it on him last night.

'Just quit thinking about Mia...Jesus!' he thought to himself savagely, right after he faceplanted into the foamy surf for the twentieth time that morning. But with the dog collar being a constant companion fastened around his neck, he couldn't even pretend that he wasn't thinking about her. The words from her text echoed hauntingly in his mind: "I'll be watching youuuu!"

Thomas suddenly understood that these words were meant to be taken literally. As he floated in the water, he eagerly began to scan the top balconies of the Landmark Hotel. He knew that Mia had all the top floor to herself...which meant that she might actually be watching from one of the balconies.

As his eyes scanned eagerly (whether from dread or excitement, he didn't know), something bright flashed from one of the topmost balconies, briefly blinding him. Thomas shut his eyes to recover for a few moments, and then opened them again. He stared back at the same exact spot, and abruptly, he felt a cold shot go through his body. It was her. It was Mia on the balcony! She was there! It was so far away, but Thomas knew it was her. He could just make out the fleshy curve of her hips, cloaked by one of her gossamer, see-through night robes. Even from this distance, that shoulder-length, wavy brown hair, those curves, and that impeccable skin...they all made it completely obvious that it was her, on top of the obvious clue of her being on the top balcony, where no one else was allowed.

All of this happened so quickly in Thomas's mind that he didn't even piece together, for a few seconds, what had caused the flash of light that had briefly blinded him. But as he squinted and looked closer, he realized all at once: Mia was looking through a pair of binoculars, straight down at him, and the light from the rising sun had reflected back off their twin lenses into his eyes.

He felt utterly creeped out. There was no doubt that Mia was literally watching him this very second. Hell, she probably already knew that he had recognized her on the balcony. Thomas quickly looked away, and pretended to busy himself with his surfboard. In reality, though, he was trying not to think about how horribly aroused it made him feel, to be watched from afar like that, like he was some kind of captive animal in a safari.

'But that's exactly what you are,' he thought helplessly. 'A captive animal...' For the next thirty minutes, he tried to make sure that his torso faced away from and, just so Mia couldn't see the erection that was tenting his oversized swimsuit. Finally, though, he got so tired from being in the water that he had to get out, and he only barely managed to hide his erection between his legs as he tottered over to the beachside bar. He knew that Mia was still watching him, and much to his distress, that knowledge alone was enough to keep his cock hard. It made him feel so small, so objectified...and as much as he hated it, that turned him on.

He wasn't at all surprised to see that Luna was once again working the morning shift. He resumed his spot at the far end of the bar, hoping that one of the other bartenders would serve him first. But after waiting a full five minutes for service, Thomas began to wonder if he wasn't being served on purpose. Finally, Luna waltzed over to him, a teasing grin framed by her long, luscious, silver hair.

"Heheh, gee Thomas, not much luck today, either, huh?" she chuckled, shaking her head, making all the piercings in her ears bobble. "You really seem to have lost your touch! Wonder why that could be?"

Thomas felt like glaring at her, but all he could manage was a slightly annoyed, pleading look that wordlessly begged her not to twist the knife that was already in him. Luna, though, did not seem the least bit interested in letting up.

"Haha, it's probably that dog collar you've got around your neck," she giggled, pointing at it with a sexy, manicured finger. "Where'd you get that, Thomas? Was that your idea!? Haha, decided to fly your submissive flag?"

"N-no..." Thomas muttered, looking down and shaking his head. He once again took in Luna's body, all adorned with those flowing, baroque tattoos, and, just like yesterday, he found himself wondering if she had gotten thicker...bigger.

'Yeah, she totally has,' he decided. 'No question. She's thicker...looks stronger, more solid...god I was so stupid to let her go like I did...'

"Or..." added Luna, leaning forward on the bar toward him, so that her big tits squished up against themselves in her swimsuit, "Maybe it was someone *e/se*...who collared you."

Thomas blinked and tried not to react to Luna's blatant provocation. Of course, given that she was in league with Mia, Thomas assumed that Luna knew all about what had happened the night before. No doubt Mia had filled Luna in on everything in preparation for orchestrating the interaction they were having right now. Not only did this leave Thomas feeling like a pet, but also a marionette. And Mia was pulling all the strings.

In his efforts to evade Luna's eyes (and fat tits), Thomas made a point of looking elsewhere, and of course, since Mia was on his mind, he ended up looking straight back to her balcony. She was still standing there, looking straight at him with her binoculars.

"Whatcha lookin at, Thomas?" came Luna's voice behind him, making him jump. "You see someone up there you know?"

"I...uhhh..." he stammered, turning back to her, "I dd-don't know...look, Luna, can I just have another tequila sunrise, please?"

"Heh, struck a nerve, huh?" Luna quipped, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek. "You know, Thomas, I wouldn't be so down on this sudden...shrinking spurt that you've been having. I think you look cuuuute." She batted her eyes at him while glancing sideways in his direction. Her pose had the effect of showing off the large, rounded curve of her ass, and her sexy, muscular thighs. Thomas felt himself hardening even further.

"Y-yes, Luna you, uh...you made that perfectly clear...ah, yesterday," was all he could manage to say.

"And you never know what can happen," Luna continued, giving her ass a lascivious bounce in his direction, before boldly striding up to him and giving the metal ring in his collar a little flick. "All pet owners need some time off, and well...haha, I'm a pretty experienced *pet-sitter*, so..."

She turned and walked away with a chiming laugh, leaving Thomas to stew on the implications of what had just happened. Luna's audacity had taken him so much by surprise that he couldn't even muster up a response. All he could do was stare blankly at her big ass, bouncing up and down in her wake. Without even realizing what he was doing, he turned back to look at Mia's balcony. It was vacant...she wasn't there anymore.

Thomas briefly thought about bolting, and running away to hide somewhere. Maybe he could hide in the bushes somewhere, slowly sneak his way to a departing ship, and covertly catch a ride. But as soon as the thought entered his mind, he dismissed it as crazy. Even though things were humiliating right now, he still had his pride! He had to stick to his plan...eventually, when Mia saw how he refused to respond to her, she'd tire of him and move on to someone else. He just had to keep focusing on that.

The real reason, though, why he didn't entertain the thought of escape was because, deep down, he didn't think he'd be able to get away with it without Mia catching him...and punishing him.

Luna brought the tequila sunrise about ten minutes later (purposefully late, of course), and she laid it down in front of him with a knowing grin.

“*Thank* you,” said Thomas curtly, pulling the drink towards him. Now seemed like a good time to dull the reality of his situation with a pleasant little buzz...but before he could even lift the glass up to his lips, he smelled a rich, spiced scent infusing the air around him...something exotic and spicy, mixed with the telltale scents of jasmine and camomile. He immediately froze. He knew that smell. His erection, which had been waning a bit for the last few minutes, sprang straight back up again. The sound of clinking metal tinkled out underneath his chin, and Thomas immediately felt a firm, strong, constricting tug around his neck as he was pulled backward from his drink, straight into the soft, voluminous embrace of warm flesh. He shut his eyes in fear; he didn’t even need to open them to see who it was. Mia had attached her leash to his collar, and stood behind him, grinning down at his body lodged in between her full breasts, on either side of his head.

“Ooooh I think it’s a little early in the day for my little pet to be *drinking*,” Mia cooed down at him, shimmying her big breasts from side to side as she kept drawing the leash towards her, pulling him deeper into her cleavage. “Why don’t you have his drink, Luna? Get a nice little buzz courtesy of my new pet?”

Thomas opened his eyes and saw Luna pick up his drink, wink at him, and down it in one gulp.

“Whatever you say, boss,” she chuckled, smiling up at Mia. “My god, you’re looking incredible these days, Mia!”

“Haha well, they say that getting a new pet can boost your spirits,” replied Mia cheerily. She was wrapping her hand around the leash, so that she literally had Thomas “on a short leash.” He tried to jostle away from her, but she held him at bay, still sitting on the barstool, with his head in between her tits.

“But they also say,” continued Mia, “That when you get a new pet, you’ve gotta put in the early effort to train them...or else they’ll grow up to be insubordinate little pieces of work.”

“Ohhhh, can’t have *that*,” intoned Luna, shaking her head meaningfully, staring directly at Thomas.

“No indeeeeed,” came Mia’s humorous rejoinder. “Though I have to say, Luna, now that I’m looking around here, you’ve been doing a fine job keeping up with this place! Everything’s so organized and clean...very nicely done!”

“Aw, well thanks Mia!” said Luna. From his compromised position, Thomas could see that Luna was blushing at the compliment. He remembered when, months before, he could have made her blush like that simply by looking at her. That time seemed so far away now, though, that it was almost as if it had never happened.

“Mmm yessss,” mused Mia out loud, shaking the leash a little in her hand, and making Thomas feel the slap of it against his bare torso, “I think I’ll actually come back here sometime soon, in

the next few days or so, bring my pet with me, and have a niiiice relaxing day under an umbrella.”

“Oh that sounds wonderful!” Luna exclaimed, “And of course, I’ll make sure the rest of the staff knows when to expect you...and him.”

“Lovely!” Mia smiled. “But now my pet and I have got some...business to attend to. Can’t be taking my pet out in public until it’s properly trained now, can we?”

Luna laughed and shook her head again. She was clearly getting a gigantic kick out of this whole situation, and there wasn’t anything Thomas could do about it. In any case, he couldn’t even focus on Luna much anymore. Mia was literally surrounding him, dominating every sense. He felt her big, warm breasts against his head, and her silky-smooth stomach flesh against his bare back. She was doing gentle stomach rolls against him, causing his cock to poke even harder into his oversized swimsuit. All the while, she was humming softly, and the vibrations were permeating his entire body. His nostrils were full of her rich scent...in every way, she dominated him, and all she had done was leash up his collar.

“Come on little puppy,” Mia purred into his ear, “You’re coming with me...to the Burgundy Room.”

“Wh...wha-what’re we gonna do there!?” stammered Thomas. He felt Mia’s big, fleshy arm wrap around him, easing him up off the barstool to stand on his feet. She tugged gently on the leash, wordlessly inducing him to turn around and face her. He did, and found that he was staring directly into the bottom of her neck. He stared blankly for a moment, and then his eyes went up and down her gorgeous body, devouring it hungrily with his eyes, even as he feared what it was going to do to him. She was dressed in a stylish, skimpy black bikini that barely contained her breasts, with her gossamer robe draped around her. The robe, even though it was see-through, gave her a regal, almost queen-like touch, especially considering how it flowed out behind her gracefully with each deft and confident gesture she made. She was wearing 3-inch black heels, which made her a full 6’0 tall, capping off her eye-poppingly voluptuous appearance.

In front of all the onlookers at the bar, she jerked up the leash, forcing Thomas onto his tiptoes as she leaned down and breathed into his face:

“Your morning training, my little pet!”

Thirty minutes later, Thomas was standing in the Burgundy Room, surrounded by all those flickering red candles, completely naked, with his head bowed. Mia was sitting in a plush velvet chair ten feet away, her legs crossed sexily before her, silently regarding him. He had been standing this way for quite some time, and the whole time, he had been under orders to keep his head bowed, and to not make a sound. At first, Thomas had obeyed, reasoning that he would somehow win the battle of wits here. But the longer he stood here, with his head bowed,

the more tired and worn-down he became...and the more sexually frustrated he became as well. He had assumed that "training" would have involved him cumming, or at least touching her. But so far, nothing.

Finally, after 45 whole minutes of nothing happening, Thomas had had enough. Summoning up all his courage, he lifted his head up and said, in the most confident voice he could manage:

"Look, Mia...I'm thirsty...can't I have a –"

But he didn't get to finish his sentence, because Mia had stood up as soon as his head came up. She didn't look angry; she just looked wryly determined. Whipping out a piece of metal-studded leather from behind her, she swiftly bent down and attached one end of it to his collar. And then, before Thomas even knew what was happening, she had latched the leather piece around his erect cock, securing it in place with a quick and complex series of latches and tightenings. She capped it all off by inserting a tiny key into the metal frame of the leather piece and locking it fully in place.

"Guuuhh!"

That was the only sound Thomas could manage, because he suddenly found himself hunched over, unable to stand up straight at all. The pull of his erect cock on his neck, and vice versa, was too painful to endure, and his only way of compensating was to hunch way, way over, so that he was almost entirely bent at the waist.

"Mmmmm, I knew my little pet would disobey sooner or later," hummed Mia happily. "And now, the real training can begin! But before we start, it's worth mentioning, Thomas, that all you have to do to get out of this contraption is make your cock go soft. That's it! So what's it gonna be, little pet? Are you an actual man, or can we begin your training?"

She stood there, hands on her thick, wide hips, grinning down at Thomas. He shut his eyes and grit his teeth, trying as hard as he could to think of anything un-sexy that would make him lose his erection. But try as he might, he couldn't extract himself from the current situation. Just like at the beach bar, even with his eyes closed, Mia surrounded him completely. He felt her full body brushing up against him...he felt her huge breasts pressing into his back, her pointy, erect nipples insistently poking in between his shoulder blades...he felt her wrapping her large, smooth, sexy thigh around his shrunken legs, as her full arms did the same to his upper torso. He felt her hair spilling around him...he smelled her spicy, delicious scent...her humming echoed in his ears, punctuated every once in a while with a delicate little laugh.

He had no control over his cock, and was finally forced down onto his hands and knees after a minute or so of struggling to stay standing.

"Very good! On all fours...just where you belong," she cooed. "Now crawl after me, little pet...crawl..."

She strode across the room, to a corner that was specially lit with still more little towers of sweet-smelling candles. Bouquets of roses stood in lavish containers around a large, exquisite mat that lay on the floor. Once she reached the corner, Mia sighed out lusciously and bent back, spilling her gown off her shoulders. As Thomas crawled to keep up, his heart caught in his throat as he saw Mia untie her bikini top and remove it, causing those glorious tits of hers to bounce free in the flickering candlelight. And his breath got shallower when he saw her remove her bikini bottom as well. Her immaculate pubic triangle, her Aphrodite hips, and her big, sexy ass were all now on full display.

Sighing out again, her breath dripping with erotic possibility, Mia sank down onto the mat, lying face-up.

“Ok now, little pet,” she whispered, pointing at a large bottle next to her, “This is your first lesson. I want you to rub that oil aaaaaall over my body...but you don’t get to cum. Ohhhh it’ll be hard, little Thomas, I know it will. But you can’t cum...until I say so.”

Any thought of resisting her was completely out the window for Thomas now. He was literally sweating to get his hands on Mia’s magnificent body. He crawled up to the bottle and squirted some of the oil onto his hands. The smell...jasmine and camomile...Thomas knew what was about to happen. He *knew* that he was about to shrink, and that Mia was about to get bigger. But in the moment, he simply did not care.

“Thaaaat’s my good little puppy,” moaned Mia softly out to him, as he crawled on top of her delectable curves, planting himself right in the middle of her body, where her succulent legs met her alluring and powerful hips. “Start on my tits, Thomas...mmmm, rub it in, little puppy, rub it innnnn...”

A minute later, lost in the mindless ecstasy of what he was doing, Thomas could already feel it happening: Mia’s breasts were expanding beneath him...her whole body was expanding. His hands felt smaller and smaller against her full tit flesh with each passing moment. A spark of realization hit Thomas suddenly, and he stopped massaging and tried to pull away. But Mia quickly seized his hands in hers (which were much bigger and stronger) and pressed them even harder into her breasts.

“Mmmm deeper,” she whispered, her wide eyes staring triumphantly into his, “Deeeper, little pet...deeper...”

Chapter 6

Thomas felt like he was rooted to Mia's smooth body beneath him, as if he was magnetically attracted to the perfect alabaster contours of her curves. A moment before, upon feeling the incredible orbs of her already-large tits beginning to widen and expand underneath his shrinking hands, Thomas had panicked, and tried to get up off his dominant boss. But Mia had been too quick for him, and she had seized his hands in hers and held them to her breasts, forcing Thomas to rub and massage the jasmine and chamomile oil deep into her immaculate breast flesh.

"Deeeepeer, Thomas," she was cooing at him, her eyes wide and powerful as they stared up at him, "Come on, I want you to rub that oil deeeeeeeep into these big tits here. What's the matter? Why are you trying to get away? Don't you *want* my tits to be bigger?"

Thomas knew that the answer was an immediate and unquestionable "YES," but he was already feeling overwhelmed by the situation – taking advantage of his collar and leash, Mia had whisked him away like a dog to the Burgundy Room, and now, by the light of the dozens of flickering, scented candles, he was engaged in the process of growing her even bigger, even though, in her bare feet, she was already 5'9 and much larger than him. He was 5'6, but now, he doubted whether he was even that tall anymore. For the last twenty seconds or so, Thomas was sure that he had felt himself shrinking, as his hands grew smaller and smaller against the inexorable, swelling surge of Mia's tits.

"Ohhhh yeahhhh, you do," Mia cooed up at him, ruffling his hair with her sweet breath as she exhaled in arousal, "I can see it in your eyes, Thomas. You just can't WAIT to make me bigger – by giving your size to ME. I can feel it, Thomas...I can feel my big body sapping your size already. Can you feel it, Thomas? Tell me, I wanna know."

"Y-Yes," Thomas croaked, nodding. He simply didn't know what else he could say. Mia had him in a dog collar, and then a leash, and now a specialized black leather harness that was attached to his raging erection that was in no danger of going away. Mia had already given him the opportunity to try and escape the harness simply by losing his erection, but Thomas hadn't been able to manage even that. He was too hopelessly aroused, and she knew it.

"Yes," Mia breathed up into his face. "I know you want to make me bigger, Thomas. It's because you're a secret little sub, aren't you? You've been one all your life, and only now, when I draw it out of you, are you beginning to finally understand. I saw it the moment I laid eyes on you, Thomas...Mmmmmm, haha oh I know that you disguised it well, and it certainly helped that you were 6'5. That absolutely helped you disguise it. But I could see right through the facade, Thomas. Ohhhh yes – and now, there's not even a facade to see through! Look!"

Still lying on her back, on the yoga mat, Mia spread her arms out, indicating for Thomas to have a good look at his own body compared to hers now. He had been so mesmerized by her big, perfect, squishy tits, and by her smooth, slippery, perfect skin, that he had briefly lost himself in

her body without taking his own into account. Staring down at her tits now, he was shocked to see that his hands looked smaller than ever compared to them – it was almost ridiculous. He had never seen a bigger or more perfect pair of breasts in his entire life. It couldn't have just been the soft candlelight, or the sexy warm glow of the oil slathered on them...no, they really were that big, that perfect. Thomas was so entranced by them that he didn't even realize that his mouth had literally dropped open, and that he was just sitting there on top of her big body, gawking at her tits. Only Mia's gentle laughter interrupted his reverie:

"Hahaha ohhh Thomas, you really can't help yourself, can you? You're not even trying to resist anymore!"

"Oh I—I, uhh...s-sorry!" he stammered, lowering himself back to the task at hand. Mia smiled and watched him steadily, kneading and massaging the jasmine and chamomile oil into her breasts. Thomas could still feel, with each press of his body into hers, that she was sapping his size, bit by bit, in a slow, inexorable exchange that was making him more aroused by the moment. In his mind, he had already surrendered. Of *course* she was right...he *was* hopelessly aroused by the thought of being smaller than her, of being submissive to her, of wanting her to dominate him and tease him with her thick curves, to rub up on him with her slick, immaculate skin, and to milk his cock with her big hands, or her full, squirming thighs, all while she stared deeply into his eyes, relishing in the reality of her owning him, possessing him, as her own.

"Uuuuggghhhh!"

An involuntary moan escaped Thomas's lips as his hard cock lurched in its bonds. Mia's leather contraption had made it so that the harder he got, the more it pulled and strained against his collar. In a bizarre way, his cock was pulling his head down, while at the same time, his head was pulling his cock up. It was a painful and disorienting experience, and for a moment, Thomas was distracted from the reality of Mia's continued growth. She was still expanding and swelling beneath him.

"Awwww, is my little puppy getting uncomfortable?" she cooed, her eyebrows going up in mock-concern. "I don't know why it's so difficult for you, Thomas – all you have to do is let your little cock go soft, and it'll fall right out of its prison. That's all you have to do, hahaha! It's so simple! What's wrong, Thomas? Can't you do that?"

Thomas gritted his teeth, trying hard to concentrate. Mia knew full well that he couldn't just become un-aroused like that, especially when he was on top of her naked body like this, rubbing oil into her smooth skin as she got bigger and bigger underneath him.

"Hahaha oh I'm so mean, aren't I?" Mia teased, abruptly sitting up. Thomas was surprised by this sudden action, and tumbled backward onto the mat. His legs were kicking in the air for a few moments, causing Mia to put her hand over her mouth to stifle another laugh.

“Tell you what, Thomas,” she declared, “I think you’ve rubbed enough oil on me for now.” Her eyes narrowed as she peered down at Thomas’s collar. “Haha, wow,” she chuckled, halfway to herself, “Looks like I’ve got to...yeah...” And reaching down, she tightened Thomas’s collar a few notches. He had shrunk enough to the point where his collar had literally become loose on his neck.

“Mmmmm, I’d SO want to measure you right now,” Mia purred down at him, “But not yet! We’ve gotta play a little game first!”

“A...a game!?” Thomas asked, bewildered. He still felt like he was struggling to extricate himself from the spell of those huge, glorious, oil-slicked tits that were gently swinging back and forth in the panorama of his vision.

“Mhmmmm, yes...a game,” came Mia’s soft voice in his ears. He felt the soft yet authoritative force of her long finger sliding under his chin. “Hey – eyes up here, little pet.”

Even though he and Mia were both sitting down, it was clear now that she was substantially bigger and taller than him. The top of his head was even with her eyes, and if he stared forward, he was looking directly into the middle of her long, alabaster neck. But of course, per her gentle order, he was now staring up into her dark eyes. For several long moments, Mia said nothing; she just stared down at him dominantly, the barest hint of a smirk on her face, as she surveyed her pet. Thomas didn’t know how much she had grown, or how much he had shrunk, but up until that moment, he had never felt smaller or more overpowered in his life. And Melissa was doing it all without even saying a word.

“So this game,” she continued, finally letting his chin go after the long seconds had passed by, “Is very simple. And it’s fun! Fun for you, and fun for me! See, all that happens is that I lay back down there on the mat, and you, Thomas...you have to crawl up my body, starting at my feet, going up my legs, my torso, and all the way to my face...and then, once you reach my face, you’ve won! And that means that you can kiss me.”

“I...I can kiss you!?” Thomas blurted out, not even caring how submissive it made him sound.

“Mmmm yessss,” intoned Mia playfully, “And I can tell that idea excites you. Haha, it excites me too, Thomas...and remember, it’s all about the journey!”

Winking at him knowingly, Mia laid back down face-up on the mat. Thomas was sitting at her feet, watching her wiggling her sexy toes playfully at him. He felt a little confused – what exactly did she mean by “it’s all about the journey?” That didn’t really make much sense to him. But he was too distracted by her big, sexy body lying there, and by the prospect of actually getting to kiss her, to worry too much about it.

Mwwwah *Mwwwah*

Mia was kissing the air sexily, indicating that Thomas should start crawling up her body. Taking a deep breath, and trying not to strain his cock too much in its bonds, he began crawling up her smooth legs. Underneath him, he felt Mia flexing her calves, which had the effect of hardening her muscles against his cock. Mia's physique was curvy, rather than being overtly muscular, but the feel of her hard muscles underneath the padding of her feminine flesh told Thomas what he already knew – Mia was *strong*. Thomas grit his teeth in concentration and crawled his way up past her knees, feeling her full, large thighs underneath him now. Just as she had done with her calves, Mia began playfully flexing her quads underneath him, first her left then her right, and back and forth, and back and forth again. With each flex, Thomas could feel his body rocked slightly to the opposite side. Mia was showing him just how powerful her legs were; she could manipulate his entire body, using only her legs.

And, just then, he felt his cock get caught up in between her thighs. Without warning, Mia had squeezed them shut, right after Thomas had slipped a little into the chasm that had opened up between her legs. Mia's soft laughter floated tantalizingly to his ears:

"Hahaha oh nooooo, what happened, Thomas? Did you get stuuuuuck? Are you trapped?"

Thomas was breathing heavily now, and he tried to position his hands such that he could push himself off her thighs, freeing his cock from its prison. But as Thomas tried to accomplish this, Mia simply squeezed her big thighs together harder, and to make matters worse, she started gyrating her thighs back and forth, back and forth, like pistons in an engine. She was mercilessly milking his cock with her legs, and Thomas, who had already been quite on edge before, was now so sexually distressed that he let out a pitiful, moaning whine, that almost sounded like he was about to start crying...and he was.

"Awww, my little pet's having a hard time, isn't he?" Mia intoned gently, her soft tone belying the mocking cut of her words. "What, doesn't he like the feeling of his little cock being trapped in between my biiiiig thighs? Hmmmm? Doesn't he like it when I ooooo...ooooo...oooooo, when I massage him with my legs like that?"

Thomas was at his wit's end; his entire body was shaking and heaving, covered in sweat, and he was about to explode all over Mia's thigh when she suddenly stopped gyrating her thighs, and instead clamped down hard on his poor cock, preventing him from cumming.

"Ggggyyyyyuuuuuggghh!" Thomas cried, falling face-forward down onto the slick, meaty top of Mia's thighs. His lungs were burning, and he lay there panting desperately for several moments, trying to catch his breath, with Mia's laughter hanging in the air over his head. Of course, after the hot fog of his robbed orgasm passed away from the forefront of his mind, Thomas realized what Mia was doing. So *this* is what she had meant by "the journey."

Mwah *Mwah*

She was kissing the air again, bidding him to continue crawling up her body. Thomas resolved to outlast the adversity – it would be worth it when he finally reached those beautiful, full, plush lips of hers. He felt her thick thighs relax, freeing up his cock, implicitly encouraging him to continue on his journey.

‘She’s just playing with me,’ Thomas reassured himself, ‘But she’s gonna let me get there eventually, I know it...she thinks I’m weak...she thinks I can’t make it, but I’ll show her that she’s underestimating me!’

Taking a deep breath (which made his head swim a little, since the air in the Burgundy room was so thick with the scented smoke of the innumerable flickering candles), Thomas began crawling up Mia’s glorious, slick body once again. He could feel the gentle, yet powerful heaves of her breath underneath him, and it was hard not to lose himself in the softly undulating flesh of her stomach.

“Mmmm, come on little slave, come on,” Mia purred out into the air, “You’ve got this...I know you can do it...I know you can make it...*Mwah* *Mwah*...come on Thomas, just a little more, just a little further...”

He was at her breasts now. The sound of something slippery sounded out in his left ear...was Mia about to rub more oil on herself!? Thomas reminded himself not to get distracted from his goal, and he kept on crawling. Mia’s breasts looked bigger than ever, and as he passed them, he wasn’t able to avoid gawking at how much his comparatively little hands sunk into them, to the point where they halfway disappeared.

SLAP

Mia’s big hand came down on Thomas’s back, forcing him facedown in between her tits, so that his head and neck were poking out of the top of them. She had definitely oiled up her hand, because the air was now full of the slick, sexy sounds of her rubbing the oil all over his back.

“Ohhhh yeah,” she cooed down at Thomas, lifting her head up ever-so-slightly so she could grin at him, “There we go, Thomas – join in the oily fun, hahaha!”

Quite apart from the primal pleasure of feeling Mia’s big hand massage oil into his back, Thomas realized that something else was happening. Mia’s big tits felt like they were growing and expanding around him, and at the same time, his head and neck were sinking down, down into them as they grew. It didn’t take Thomas long to understand what was happening: thanks to the oil she was massaging into him, Mia was stealing even more of his size! Smaller and smaller he shrunk, until his head was entirely caught up in between her tits.

“Oops, but you were getting so close, Thomas!” Mia teased, her velvety voice booming around his ears through the slick flesh of her big tits, “What happened? You went backwards, haha!”

Thomas struggled to get his bearings, and managed to pop his head out from between those huge breasts. He wasn't going to let her beat him...he was going to win the game and claim his prize at her lips. But apart from the obvious drawback of stealing his size, Mia wasn't making the game any easier for him. She pressed her breasts up together, squishing them around the top of Thomas's body, and gyrating them side to side. He was painfully aware of the effect this had on his erection, and he felt his loins beginning to lurch and sputter, a telltale sign of an impending orgasm. Thomas knew that he wasn't to cum without Mia's express permission, and yet, because of the dizzying extent of her domination over him, it was almost out of his hands at this point. He collapsed down on her chest, his raging cock pressing back down into the slippery pillars of her thighs, and he moaned out in desperate, carnal, obscene agony.

"Ohhh NO you don't!" came Mia's sharp but playful retort, and the next thing Thomas knew, his moans had morphed into heaving, pleading sobs. Mia had once again clamped her big thighs down around his cock and squeezed them together tightly, preventing him from cumming. As much as Thomas cried and protested, there was nothing he could do to escape Mia's powerful thigh-vice. Out of crazy, primal instinct, he actually tried humping the space in between her thighs, but it was a hopeless endeavor. There WAS not space in between Mia's thighs, not when she was squeezing them together like this. And there wasn't any question at this point, that her legs were not only much bigger than his, but much stronger as well.

"Heheh, don't think I smell my little pet's cum bubbling up in those precious little balls!" Mia teased. She slathered still more oil on her big hand, and proceeded to gently rub and massage Thomas's balls, and the base of his trapped cock. Thomas was still panting out desperately like an animal from having his orgasm denied, but even in the midst of these overwhelming feelings, he detected something new. As Mia rubbed down his package with the oil, he could feel his *body* shrinking...there was no question of that...but at the same time, he could actually feel his cock and balls *growing*.

Slllooooooop

The wet, slick sound of Mia pulling Thomas's cock out from between her thighs sounded out into the air, and he wasn't even able to inhale a breath before the warm, smooth grip of her oiled-up hand was squeezing up and down his shaft, rubbing and prodding and poking and pulling on it with a loving, dominant insistence that drove him wild. He felt still more size draining out of the rest of his body, and going straight down to his cock.

"Is my little pet going to hold his cum in?" Mia asked him sweetly. "Is he gonna do what his Mistress Dom tells him to do? Hmmmmm?"

"Y-Yes!!" gasped Thomas, nodding his head in the middle of Mia's big tits.

"Does he remember that his cock...and his balls...and aaaaaaall his cum belongs to his Mistress Dom?" Mia persisted, now performing a series of sexy, undulating stomach rolls that had the effect of massaging and tantalizing Thomas's entire midsection.

“Yes!!” he cried.

“And of course, he hasn’t forgotten the goal of our fun little game, now, has he?”

“N-No!” he breathed out forcefully, “No, I...I h-haven’t forgotten!”

“Mmmm, well good, then!” Mia purred sexily, finally letting his cock go. Thomas was so unimaginably hard now that he could literally feel the heavy force of his cock pulling his neck down, since it was attached by that leather strap to his collar. Without skipping a beat, Mia sayt up slightly, brought her hands down to his neck, and tightened his collar still further.

“So get a move on, little tiger!” she cooed, pursing her lips once more as she laid herself back down. “I can’t wait to see how short you’ve gotten!”

Thomas could have easily contemplated how much he had shrunk – and how much Mia had grown – but by now he was utterly transported by lust. A ravenous desire to kiss Mia had now taken control of his mind and body, and with a desperate, animalistic grunt, he resumed crawling up her oiled skin to her face. It was harder than ever, since he was now confined to a permanent crouch because of the leather contraption around his neck and cock, but never had he been more determined. Mustering up everything he had, he waddled awkwardly between Mia’s breasts, up her chest, and then – triumph! He was there! He had made it to her mouth! There, right underneath his trembling form, were her luscious lips.

Mwah *Mwah* *Mwah*

They kissed the air between them, and Thomas breathed out in tremulant arousal as he bent down to receive his reward. But right as his lips were about to touch hers –

Tug

Martha’s huge hand had wrapped around his cock, and was again slathering it all up with oil, tugging it with the same gentle, insistent playfulness. Thomas found himself shrinking down, down, down, away from Martha’s lips, which had parted in delight.

“Nyuuuuughhh!” moaned Thomas in despair, mouthing at the air as he shrank down smaller and smaller, away from her lips. Mia’s soft, full laughter filled his ears.

“Hahahaha, ohhhhh soooo close, little slave!” she cooed, “You got sooooo close, but oh no! You just started getting smaller again! Awwwww, poor little baby! You were already so small to begin with when you came in here, but now...my *goodness*, it’s going to be a little ridiculous, I think, when we’re standing next to each other!”

“Puh...p-puh...” begged Thomas pitifully, crying into Mia’s perfect skin.

“Hmmm?” she asked sweetly, finally letting his cock slip out of her hands. Somewhere in his brain, Thomas registered that it was quite large and heavy, especially in proportion to the rest of his body. But right now, all he could do was beg.

“My little pet wants to ask me something?” Mia continued in that soft, genial voice of hers. “Well go ahead, little guy – spit it out!”

“P-Pleeeeeease!” moaned Thomas.

“Please?” Mia giggled, shaking Thomas’s whole body with the jiggle and quiver of her mirth underneath him. “Please what, little one? Please let you cum?”

“N-Nooooo!” groaned Thomas. He managed to lift his head up from his prostrate position on her chest, and look up, in between her breasts, directly into her eyes. She was watching him steadily, eager and interested to see what he was going to say.

“P-pleeeeee...I-let me...let me K-K-KISS you!!” sobbed Thomas, finally breaking down completely into a shivering mess against her body. He saw Mia’s lips part, and her eyes went slightly wide in surprise. She evidently hadn’t expected him to say that, and, even through the gathering mist of his tears, Thomas could tell that she was very pleased.

“Awww just look at you,” she murmured almost half to herself, “You’re totally broken already...totally mine...you want to kiss your Dom’s pretty lips even more than you want to cum?”

“Yeh-heh-*hessssss!*” sobbed Thomas quietly. He didn’t even have the energy to make loud noises anymore. But Mia understood that the paradoxical truth that the quietness of his pleading belied the true intensity of his feeling. The next moment, Thomas felt the rumbling vibrations of a purring hum go through her entire body.

“Mmmmm, come on up here, little slave,” she cooed gently. “Come on up here, sweet Thomas...I think you just won the game!”

It took Thomas considerably longer to accomplish this feat, but once he had finally lugged his exhausted, shrunken body up to Mia’s mouth, she didn’t waste any more time. Seizing the back of his head in a powerful grip (halfway palming his entire head in the process), Mia brought his head down towards her awaiting lips. The next moment, Thomas was awash in a hot, liquid river of bliss, as he felt Mia’s plush, strong lips fasten around his mouth in the unprecedented ecstasy of their first kiss. Thomas felt his eyes roll back into his head as he felt Mia’s huge, powerful tongue slither and snake into his mouth, effortlessly batting his much smaller tongue to the side as it began to hungrily explore his mouth. It felt like she was drawing his entire essence into her mouth; she sucked all the air out of his lungs as the soft, wet contours of her lips flexed and pulled against the confines of his mouth, and beyond. She was ravenously

mauling the entire lower half of his face with her mouth, and the deeper they kissed, the more voracious she became.

RrrrrrAAAUUGGHHHGGGLLOOWRRLLLLL

The hungry, animal sound of Mia's moaning penetrated deep into Thomas's core. If he hadn't been so completely lost in the kiss, he would have been alarmed by Mia's aggression – generally speaking, she kept a lid on blatant, overt displays of emotion. She preferred to play it cool, calm, and collected, and to assert her authority by exuding confidence and giving gentle but firm orders. Now, though, for the first time, she was truly allowing the relishment of her own domination of Thomas to bleed through into plain view...and it was a sight to behold. Thomas felt like he was getting consumed. Mia's big tongue thrust deeper and deeper into his mouth, beginning to writhe and wriggle crazily as she explored every crevice. Thomas was only able to breathe through his nose, because Mia had formed an airtight seal with her hungry lips that went from the edge of his nostrils all the way down towards the bottom of his chin. And through it all, in the background, Thomas was vaguely aware that Mia's big hands were rubbing him up and down, up and down. The squelching, slick sounds behind him betrayed the fact that she had oiled up her hands yet again, and from the subtle feeling of diminishment against her slowly expanding flesh all around him, Thomas knew that she was stealing still more of his size.

How long the kiss lasted, Thomas had no idea. Time itself seemed to have ground to a halt. All that he knew was that, eventually, Mia had broken off the kiss with almighty, final syrupy *SMACK*, and he felt himself rising up in the air. She was sitting up, lifting his shrunken body up along with her, and Thomas got a good look at her gorgeous face. Her dark eyes were staring at him intently, and her eyelids were heavy with lust. Saying nothing, she reached down and unfastened Thomas's cock from his collar. At first, through the swimming reverie of his brain in the afterglow of the most epic and intense kiss of his life, Thomas didn't understand why Mia was releasing him. But then, it all made sense – she had stood up, and was now looming over his crouching body, a veritable nude goddess, glistening with scented oil...with a figure that would have left Venus herself burning with envy. Thomas could barely see her face over the twin mounds of her prodigious tits, which were slowly dripping long, sensuous dribbles of oil onto the top of his head.

Without even speaking, Mia simply extended her finger and curled it upward towards him. Thomas knew what it meant: she wanted him to stand up. That's why she had unhooked his raging, purpling erection from its leather prison; she wanted him to be able to stand upright, to compare their heights. Trembling with expectation, Thomas obeyed, slowly rising up to his full height. And then, far sooner than he expected, he stopped rising up. His legs were fully extended – he was standing up as high as he could go. And yet, he found himself staring straight into Mia's fat, swollen, erect nipples. Her giant tits expanded far out on either side of him, each of them noticeably bigger than his entire head. The top of his head didn't even reach her shoulders anymore. Thomas immediately became weak in the knees, and his body started trembling anew with the dawning knowledge of just how huge Mia was compared to him now. In the past fifteen minutes, she had grown to a towering 6'3, and he had shrunk down to a measly

5'2. She was a full 13 inches taller than him now, and from the hefty swerve of her vigorous curves, it looked like she outweighed his skinny body by at least 100 pounds. The only part of him that was still big was his cock, which was straining and stretching into the air, pointed directly up at her chin, an impressive 11 inches long and 6 inches thick.

Slowly, purposefully, with that confident, furtive smile twitching on her lips, Mia held up her hand, poised her fingers, and snapped them. The effect was instantaneous – Thomas's cock lurched and spasmed, and began spewing out rope after rope of thick, white cum. His loins were on fire with agonizing pleasure, finally releasing all of the fervid frustration that had been building up inside him all day long. Unable to help himself, Thomas collapsed in a twitching, shivering heap at Mia's feet, moaning and mouthing wordlessly at the air as he painted her toes and feet white with his sticky cum. And the whole time she simply stood there silently, watching him with flaring nostrils, her mouth twitching up in that knowing grin as her pussy began to drool thick, clear gobs of her own cum straight down onto Thomas's trembling, groveling body.

Chapter 7

As a reward for winning the “game” she had concocted, Mia allowed Thomas to take a little nap, in order to recuperate from the most intense morning of his entire life. He had barely even been able to thank her from his groveling position on the floor, at her feet.

“Ohhh th-...th-thank y-you...!” he managed to force out of his chest, which was still heaving and wheezing from the unbelievably intense orgasm that had recently wracked through his body, at the command of Mia’s snapping fingers.

“Of *course*, my sweet little thing!” she laughed, wiggling her cum-covered toes close by his cheek. “A good owner always takes care of her pets, and never pushes them too far in their training. Haha, and I think that if I put you through the ringer anymore this morning, your little heart might just explode! And we can’t have that, now, can we?”

“N-no,” moaned Thomas, shaking his head back and forth.

“Though I should say, before I let you nap,” Mia continued, “That these toes aren’t going to clean themselves.”

She wiggled them again, this time actually brushing his cheek, drawing a thin rope of cum between her toe and his cheek in the process. Thomas didn’t register exactly what Mia was implying for several moments, since he was too busy admiring how perfectly her toes were shaped, and how exquisitely they were manicured. But as he perceived that the silence was building above him, he paused and glanced up. Mia’s eyebrows were up, and she was smirking down at him, her eyes blinking expectantly.

“Oh...o-oh, I’m...I’m s-sorry!” Thomas stammered, and he quickly got on all fours and started crawling away toward the bathroom to get some tissue paper. He only managed to crawl a couple of feet when he felt Mia’s other foot firmly (but not forcefully) come down on his back, pushing him back down on his stomach and halting his progress completely.

“And where do you think you’re going?” came her sweet voice from high above him.

“I—I’m going to the...the b-bathroom, to get some t-tissues to do what Mistress told me to do,” Thomas replied, his voice muffled by the floor.

“Hahahaha, oh Thomas, Thomas, my sweet little baby,” purred Mia, clearly amused, “You’re not going anywhere. You’re going to turn around and crawl back to Mistress’s feet and do exactly what she told you to...with your mouth.”

Thomas blinked down into the floor, shocked by Mia’s casual order. The concept of eating his own cum was so far off his mental trajectory that he had to pause for a moment and allow it to settle into his brain. But he knew that Mia was waiting, and so, mechanically, he turned and

crawled back to her. When he reached her feet, he glanced upward once more at her, and she smiled down at him, extending her tongue out and licking her lips hungrily.

Smack *Smack* *Smack*

The sound of her lips miming an “eating” motion made Thomas hard all over again. She was just so beautiful, so confident, and so dominant in her role, that he couldn’t help but respond to her that way. It didn’t even matter that she was about to make him do something that, if he had allowed himself to think about it more, would be absolutely gross. But that was the power she had over him, and a moment later, he was bending down low to her toes, fully intending on licking his own cum off them.

But then, right as his tongue was about to begin its work, Thomas felt something soft drop down on his mouth. Blinking in confusion, he realized that it was a fancy handkerchief, and that Mia had purposefully dropped it down in his face. It was embroidered with, Thomas assumed, her personal initials, “M.F.,” even though he didn’t know what her last name was.

“You were gonna do it!” she laughed softly down at him, “You were actually gonna do it! Hahaha, ohhh Thomas, that’s all I needed to know. Use the handkerchief, little pet – I got all I wanted.”

Thomas burned with shame at having been tricked into willingly doing something so demeaning and degrading, but he had to admit that he was at least glad that Mia wasn’t going to actually make him do it. In any case, he couldn’t feel much more than submissive and shameful arousal at the pleasure she was taking in controlling him so completely.

Ten minutes later, Mia had pulled a dog cage out from under her bed, complete with an array of plush, burgundy-colored pillows. Thomas had seen these cages before – they were for the pampered pets of the rich resort patrons, and a few times, during his massage session with clients, he had even been forced to stifle a laugh at how spoiled these tiny little dogs were, all cozy and curled up in those giant pillows. But now...HE was the little dog.

“You know what to do, little pet,” Mia smiled, gently opening the metal door with a wave of her elegant hand, “I’ve made it aaaaaaall nice and cozy for you.”

Thomas surprised himself with how quickly he obeyed Mia’s unstated command, and, with his crawling movements still hindered by the cock-and-neck harness he was wearing, he shuffled awkwardly into the cage. Mia shut the door once he was all the way inside, and she got down on her knees so that she could peer through the bars directly into his face.

“Sleep tight, sweet slave,” she cooed, kissing the bars. “I’ll be in to wake you up in a little bit. I need my little dog to recharge, to grow me more cum in those cute, adorable balls. Sweet dreams!”

Mia then stood back up, smirked down at him one last time, and put her nightgown back on. Then, without wasting any time, she strode regally out of the Burgundy Room, with her enlarged ass and big breasts swaying with heavy allure each step she took. Thomas heard her turn the key in the lock, and...well, that was that. He was all alone in the rich, ornate room, the dozens of candles still burning, lighting up the rich burgundy walls with warm, dancing flickers of yellow and orange. He looked through the bars, momentarily overwhelmed by everything that had happened so far that morning. It was difficult to take stock of it all...the fact that he was now only 5'2...that Mia was a towering 6'3...that she actually somehow had the power to *steal his size*...it just went on and on. Thomas couldn't for the life of him begin to surmise how exactly Mia did it, except that he knew the massage oil was somehow involved. But how, he had not the slightest clue.

His mind, though, was far too exhausted to embark upon these crazy questions, and a minute later he was all curled up amongst the soft pillows, his eyes closed, as he slipped away into unconsciousness. Mia's smirking face was the last thing that he saw in his mind before he drifted off to a much-needed sleep.

Thomas immediately fell into a strange sea of vivid dreams, all of them involving Mia in one way or another...he was floating in water, and then he slowly became aware of her huge mouth, coming up underneath him from the depths, ready to swallow him whole...he was lying in something warm and soft...Mia's lap...and her huge hand was gently petting his bare back, as she cooed and hummed at him from above...it felt like her hand covered well over half his back, and her strong fingers were expertly working his little muscles, turning them into putty...he was the size of a child in her lap.

"Thomas..." she whispered in his ear, as her huge hand massaged and kneaded deep into his back, "Thomasssss..."

His back felt warm and slick, and Thomas realized that Mia was lathering him up with oil...the special chamomile and jasmine oil. She was going to shrink him even smaller! He tried to jerk away from her touch, but he felt the smooth pillars of her ivory thighs lovingly closing around something...his cock...which was trapped in between her huge thighs as he continued to lie face-down. At the same time, her massive hand pressed down on his back, making it so that he could barely budge. She had him, and he wasn't going anywhere.

"Thomasssss," cooed Mia again, massaging more oil into him, "I'm going to make you smaller and smaller and sssssmallllerrrrr...oh yesssssss, my little pet...you're already small, soooooo so small, and you're only going to get smaller...mmmmhmmmm, yeeahhhhh, feel me taking it from you, Thomas...feeeeeeel me absorbing it out of your tiny little body. It's MINE, Thomas, it's aaaaall *mine*."

Slowly, gently, but with unassailable power, Mia began to move her thighs up and down, gyrating them lubriciously against his prone and helpless cock. The slick sounds of her thighs against his cock told Thomas that Mia had already oiled him up down there as well. Her thighs

moved up and down, up and down, and Thomas felt his little body beginning to vibrate helplessly under the heavy power of Mia's hand. He was breathing hard, his face planted squarely in her lap, so that he was inhaling the sweet musk of her pussy with each breath. Everywhere, inside and outside, she was filling him, surrounding him, dominating him. And there was nowhere he could go, nothing he could do, to keep her from getting exactly what she wanted.

"Thomasssss..."

The sensation of being in Mia's lap began melting away from his mind, but her voice was still there, slithering sexily in his ear. And, just like that, Thomas realized that he was awake, even though his eyes were still closed. Immediately following this realization, his eyes shot open, and he saw Mia's luxurious body curled around the cage. She was lying on the floor on her side, with her sexy bare legs wrapped around one end of the cage, with her torso encompassing the other. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw that her face was pressed up against the bars. She had been whispering directly into his ear as he slept.

"Ohhhh good!" she cooed, "My little puppy's awake! Did you have sweet dreams, little guy?"

"Uhhh...y-yeah," breathed Thomas, turning to face her head-on through the cage, "I...uhm...I...y-yes."

Mia grinned at him brightly between the bars. Thomas was dead-certain that Mia had been whispering in his ear for some time now, and that she had purposefully done so to direct his dreaming mind. It was incredible – even when he was unconscious, she was in complete control of him.

"Time to go for a little walk!" Mia chirped, flicking her hand and opening the cage door, "I've got something extra-special planned for my new puppy this afternoon!"

Thomas had no idea what this "extra-special plan" entailed, and at this point all he could think about was the prospect of being led outside...on a leash...with no clothes on. Mia had already blown his mind so many times that he didn't put it past her to do something like this – after all, this was *her* Resort, and she could technically do whatever she wanted.

A moment later, Mia was grinning broadly down at him, her tongue amusedly licking the top of her lip.

"Mmmm, I can tell my little pet is worried about something...heheh, is he worried that I'm gonna lead him outside, on his hands and knees, with no clothes on? Is he worried that those big, tall, curvy volleyball girls are gonna see how tiny he's gotten and laugh their fat asses off?"

Thomas couldn't hide his shock – those girls, who had made fun of him earlier for having a surfboard that was too big for him, had only exchanged a few words with him! And yet, still,

somehow, Mia knew about it!? Were THEY spies as well?? Or maybe some other spy saw it all happen and reported back to her!? Thomas's mind was spinning as he tried to make sense of it all, but his mental whirlwind was interrupted by Mia's soft, mellifluous laughter. He looked up and saw her holding something with her two hands, shaking it down at him...it looked like a sweater...upon closer inspection, though, Thomas could see that it was a *dog sweater*. It was decorated with a simple black and white striped pattern, but in the middle of it, right where the middle of his back would be, there was a single image of a white dogbone. Clearly, this sweater had been made with a cute dog in mind.

"Get it, little puppy?" Mia teased, shaking the sweater down at him, "It's for my little pet, who aaaaalways has a boner!"

Thomas had to appreciate the humor, even if it was crushingly humiliating at the same time – and it was obviously an accurate message, as his cock was still hard, as it always was in Mia's presence.

A few minutes later, Mia was "walking" Thomas down the hallway of the Burgundy Wing. To his immense relief, she had relieved him of the special cock contraption that caused him to be perpetually bent forward, and ultimately crawling on his hands and knees...but Thomas had the distinct feeling that he hadn't seen the last of that leather appendage. In any case, it was just about as humiliating, being led around in a dog leash attached to his conspicuous collar, all while wearing a dog sweater with a large white bone etched into its back. He felt, for all intents and purposes, like Mia's pet...and he knew this feeling was accurate.

But more than anything else, it was the sheer size difference between himself and Mia that was really making Thomas feel small and inferior. Mia was now a full 13 inches taller than him – the top of his head didn't even come up to her shoulders, and whenever he turned to look sideways at her big, luscious body, he caught an eyeful of her gigantic, bouncy tits...his eyes were exactly even with the suggestive protrusions of her large nipples. Even though Thomas had cum himself dry not long before, he wasn't able to keep his loins from stirring at the sight of his...his boss...his owner, striding beside him like that. With her proud head held high, her shoulders back, her posture exquisitely arched, as her regal gossamer gown flowed behind her, Mia looked like a queen.

'That's what she is,' Thomas thought helplessly to himself, with maddening arousal. 'She IS the Queen...the Queen of this Resort...of this island...of...*me*.'

"Come along now little puppy, keep up!" Mia trilled teasingly above him. "Little dogs usually walk in front of their owners, not behind!"

"Oh! S-Sorry!" muttered Thomas, as he quickened his steps to keep up with her. It was actually a bit tough to match paces with Mia, since her shapely, powerful legs were so much longer (and obviously much bigger and stronger) than his. Thomas realized that he had been in a sort of trance, staring down at the heavenly, quivering behemoth of Mia's ass, which was bouncing and

dancing wildly with each step she took, just about even with the middle of his chest. Thomas found himself wondering whether this gigantic ass weighed about...what could it be!? Half as much as he did?? Surely not...and yet...and yet...*god* it was so big. And as he shuffled past it, he was able to see himself in relation to it, and felt all the more tiny.

‘She could crush the life out of me,’ Thomas thought, full of mesmerized awe, ‘Just by sitting on me and laughing.’

He suddenly felt the warm, fluid touch of Mia’s hand snaking around the back of his neck as he came up in front of her. Thomas responded instantly, his skin jumping to attention in goosebumps as his cock bounced in the dog sweater. He nearly slowed down, but quickly realized what was happening – Mia was *petting* him.

“Mmmmm, that’s a good little puppy,” she cooed, her gorgeous mouth curling into a delighted smile. “Now keep up the pace!”

Thomas wondered what Mia could be so obviously excited about, but, on the way to their destination, his musings were often interrupted by other people casting puzzled or amused glances down at him, and making comments and cracking jokes. The varieties of public humiliation were endless.

“Heyyy, what’s that little guy wearing!?” chirped one young woman to her friend. “It looks like a dog swea...oh...ohmygod look, look! He’s got a leash on!!”

“Holy shit,” whispered the other young woman, “Is it like...some kind of performance art!?”

“Haha well it’s perfect!” chuckled the first girl, “I mean look at him! He’s *tiny*...and she’s...wowwww, I mean she *looks* like his owner, right!?”

Mia was leading Thomas along too quickly for him to catch any more of that conversation, but he had clearly heard all he needed to. He glanced back and up at Mia, and she stuck her tongue out at him through a smile and batted her eyebrows up and down. Thomas was sure that she was getting just as much of a sexual thrill out of all of this as he was...even if he still wasn’t really comfortable in this role. But what choice did he have?

“Look, look!” whispered a young man to his girlfriend a moment later, pointing directly at Thomas, “She’s out walking her dog, hahaha!”

“Oh how adorrrrrable!” exclaimed the girlfriend, grasping her boyfriend and melting into him as she looked down at Thomas, enjoying the spectacle. Both of them seemed quite athletic, a little over six feet tall each. They seemed huge to Thomas, and he couldn’t help but think that, just a little while before, they would have both looked small to him. They appeared to be the same age (maybe even younger) than him too. But now, everything had changed.

“Hiya boss!” came another female voice, and Thomas whipped his head around. He had been trying to stare hard down at the sidewalk, right after passing two more young women who towered over him, pointing and giggling amongst themselves...but that voice was familiar. It felt like his heart had stopped beating for a moment, and he turned around, already knowing who it was. Ava, his masseuse co-worker, was walking by them on the sidewalk, decked out in a fancy pair of sunglasses. She had long, flowing black hair that went all the way down her back, which was so silky and well-kept that it always looked like a smooth, velvety waterfall of pitch-black ink. At 5’8, Ava was a little taller than the average girl, and a full half-foot taller than Thomas was now. Like Luna, she was pleasantly thick in all the right places, though she didn’t quite have Luna’s dump truck of an ass. Still, though, what Ava might have lacked in ass, she made up for in her E-cup tits that sensuously pushed and stretched the stylish, deep purple blouses she always wore.

“Hello Ava!” replied Mia pleasantly, still not slowing down. “Lovely day, huh?”

“Damn you’re looking *amazing!*” Ava remarked, slowing down slightly as she lowered her sunglasses a little. It had become clear to her that Mia was actually *much* taller than she had been before, and her face reflected her surprise. But she didn’t appear to be at all troubled by it – rather, her expression was one of unmitigated awe.

“Heh, *thank* you, Ava,” Mia replied sweetly, conveying her authority effortlessly in the tone of her voice, “It’s so rejuvenating, having a new pet!”

“Ohhhh a new pet!” laughed Ava. Thomas knew that she was around his age, and was not unfamiliar with more kinky-style relationship dynamics. She had even casually mentioned to him one time when she had used a strap-on on a former boyfriend. Ava was like that – she was chill, down-to-earth, and sexually open. Thomas had never really considered doing anything with her, but now that he was this small, the delicious curves of her big body looked...so good. He wondered if, in this newly-imposed submissive state of mind, he was doomed to be helplessly attracted to more and more women who were bigger and taller than him.

Right then, though, he happened to glance up at Ava, right as she glanced down at him, as she passed by.

“Heheh, so who’s the new pe–” she began, but her face fell, toppling down from cheeriness into incredulity.

“Thomas...*Thomas!*?” she cried, opening her mouth wide and bending down to get a better look, “Is that YOU!?”

“Trust me, he’d love to tarry and tell you all about it, Ava,” laughed Mia, speeding up, “But my little puppy’s got places to be! Catch you later!” A second later, Mia made a point to glance over her shoulder and add, “You’re looking pretty good yourself, girl!”

Thomas saw Ava half-smile, waving goodbye and standing stock-still in the middle of the sidewalk as she watched them go, before Mia gave a small but commanding tug on his leash. He bounded back along the sidewalk in front of her, causing her to chuckle above him.

“Good dog,” she breathed pleasantly. “Haha, fancy running into Ava! She looked a little surprised to see you like this! Last she saw you, you were the 6’5 surfing hunk...and look at you now...vastly improved, heheh.”

“Y-Yes,” nodded Thomas meekly, walking in front of Mia. He figured that she would expect him to agree with her verbally.

“Ava sure is cute, though,” Mia mused out loud, “Don’t you agree, little dog?”

“I...y-yes...yes she is,” Thomas replied truthfully. He wasn’t sure if Mia was trying to somehow trap him in his own words, so he thought it best to just be as truthful as he could.

“HmMMM, I wonderrrrr,” Mia purred, bringing her free hand up to stroke her chin as she continued to walk, “Maybe...maybe I could get her to...heheh...I’ll just file that away for later.”

She went quiet, and even though Thomas was dying to know what she was thinking, there was no way of accessing her thoughts beyond asking her. And right now, he somehow knew that he was not supposed to be asking her anything. He turned forward, and continued to weather the amused glances, wide-eyed stares, open mouths, and giggling laughter coming at him from all sides.

It was an immense relief, then, when Mia suddenly turned left off the sidewalk, tugging gently but insistently on his collar as she led Thomas under the shade of a large apartment tower. The sun’s dazzling rays reflected off the glass exterior of the luxury apartment building – it was getting towards high noon, and the activity at the Resort was buzzing. A few blocks away, Thomas could even occasionally hear the steady roar of the waves crashing against the beach.

“Well heeeeere we are, little one!” Mia announced happily, leading Thomas into the cool, smooth-floored lobby. She nodded knowingly at the security guard sitting at the front desk, who smiled and nodded back at her. Thomas saw the guard glance down curiously at him before Mia escorted him into the elevator wing of the lobby. She pressed her long finger into the “Up” button, making it glow red.

Dinggg

The sound of one of the elevator doors opening...thankfully it was empty...Thomas hadn’t relished the thought of riding on an elevator, in his leash, collar, and dog sweater, with anyone besides Mia...and especially not with one of those groups of young, attractive girls that were apparently everywhere.

“Mmmmm, a little nervous, my pet?” asked Mia sweetly, as the golden doors closed and they started going up. She had extended out a big hand and was gently, lovingly, petting Thomas on the head, threading her long fingers through his hair. He felt his eyes flutter back into his head for a moment, before he made an effort to focus himself. It just felt so good, so incredible, to be touched like that...to be pet with such easy, sensual authority.

“No answer?” teased Mia, “I hope my little puppy isn’t getting sleepy! He already had his nap!”

In a move that shocked Thomas with its sudden force, Mia bent down, backed her giant ass into Thomas, and then took another single step backwards, smushing him up against the golden elevator wall. He felt all the air go out of his lungs as his head, upper torso, and arms jerked forward. The next thing he knew, he was staring down at his hands, which were each resting on the cheeks of Mia’s gargantuan butt. It was incredible – her ass was so big that it spanned out wider than his shoulders on each side. Thomas could do absolutely nothing against it, and was left just standing there, smushed up against the elevator wall, unable to breathe. Too accentuate the physical and sexual power she had over him, Mia proceeded to gently twerk the muscles in her ass, bouncing them playfully into Thomas’s trapped body. His left hand went up, then his right...then his left, then his right. Her gyrating ass was turning him into a little marionette.

“When I ask my puppy-slave a question,” hummed Mia sweetly, “I expect him to *answer* me.”

Right at the word “answer,” Mia flexed her mighty thighs and slowly began to straighten her legs up. She had been crouched down in a squatting position, smushing her butt into Thomas, but now, as she rose up to her full height, Thomas felt his feet leave the floor. She had lifted him into the air, and was dragging his body up the smooth elevator wall, using only her ass. And the whole time, she continued friskily bouncing her butt cheeks up and down, up and down, just underscoring her effortless dominance over him.

“You got that, sweetheart?” she intoned, turning around and raising a playful eyebrow at him. She was clearly enjoying the fact that his thick, 11-inch cock was protruding up between her cheeks, straining the fabric of his dog sweater.

Thomas nodded vigorously. His face was turning beet-red, since he couldn’t breathe with Mia’s giant ass crushing him like this against the wall, and in any case, he felt like he was about to lose it and spew his load in the dog sweater. The last thing Thomas wanted was to be walking around all day in cum-soaked clothes. Chuckling, Mia seemed to sense his impending orgasm and stepped away from the wall, letting Thomas crumple down unsteadily to the elevator floor.

“N-no...” he panted, staring at the floor before looking back up at her, “I’m...I’m n-not nervous.”

“Oh?” asked Mia, amused, “And why not?”

“B-Beca...Because I’m with you,” Thomas replied. As he spoke, he suddenly realized that what he was saying was the absolute truth. When it really came down to it, as long as he was with Mia, he had a deep sense of safety that had developed in a relatively short amount of time. She had trained him well.

“Right answer, cutie,” she smiled.

Dinggg

The elevator doors opened, and Mia grinned widely as she gently tugged on the leash, urging Thomas out ahead of her. They were on the top floor of the luxury apartment building. Thomas had been in this building a few times to see clients, but had never actually been on the top floor. As with other places at the Resort, the top floor was apparently reserved for the VIP guests. Everything was smoother, fancier, plusher...even the carpet seemed to be made of more high-quality material, and Thomas felt his feet sinking down into it as he labored to stay ahead of the long strides of his owner.

Less than a minute later, Mia stopped in front of a door, and she gave the leash a firm little tug to let Thomas know that he should stop too. His heart was beating quickly in his chest as Mia raised her hand and rapped on the door. She looked down at him, ruffling his hair with her big hand as she chuckled, appreciating his intrigue.

“Ooooo, who’s it gonna be, little guy?” she teased, “Who’s it gonna be??”

The door opened, and Thomas’s heart stopped dead. He had to incline his head slightly as he looked up to the face grinning down at him. It was Luna...and she was completely naked.

Chapter 8

“Hahaha oh my *goddddd*, WOW!” burst out Luna, shaking her gorgeous spill of silver-dyed hair back and forth against her shoulders as she bent down slightly over Thomas. “You’re reeeeeeally getting short, aren’t you? I’m taller than you now!”

She straightened up, her bare breasts jiggling with her movements, and drew a line with her palm from the top of Thomas’s head...and indeed, the line stopped right at her eyes. She was a good 2 inches taller than him. Thomas had seen Luna naked a few times, back during their brief fling, but apparently, in between then and now, she had gotten a bunch more tattoos. In addition to the rich and intertwining array of vines, thorns, and snakes down her arms that he had already seen, Luna had a huge, strikingly intricate tattoo of a dark rose on her chest, right above her perky breasts, with a complex and impressive design that framed it, stretching all the way to her shoulders on both sides. Without even stopping to absorb the fact that Luna looked even thicker and stronger than she had when he last saw her, Thomas looked up and down her hot body, clearly intimidated, both by her size compared to him now, and by her new tattoos.

“And not just short!” Luna laughed, glancing up at Mia before averting her eyes back down to Thomas. She reached out a silver-ringed hand and felt up Thomas’s bicep. Her hand, even though it wasn’t terribly big (since Luna was only 5’4), nearly went all the way around. She laughed again and shook his arm, sending vibrations all through Thomas’s shrunken body. For good measure, she held up her own bicep and flexed. Luna had always been well-formed, but now, from Thomas’s perspective, her muscle looked startlingly substantial...and of course way bigger than his.

“Short AND skinny!” Luna exclaimed, “And...perfectly trained already, it appears.”

“Ha, well...I’ve been seeing to that this morning,” Mia chuckled, taking it upon herself to stride into what was apparently Luna’s fancy penthouse. She had dropped Thomas’s leash by his side, in effect allowing him to rest “at ease.” The thing was, though, that Thomas was still trying to wrap his head around the fact that Luna was *naked*, and he barely even noticed the leash falling by his side.

Luna, however, sauntered straight up to the leash and, with a deft swish of her hand, seized it and wrapped it around her hand. Thomas stumbled forward into her body, feeling the soft firmness of her flesh up close....her perky breasts poked into his shoulders...she smelled nice...fruity...like mango and coconut.

“Why hello there!” Luna teased, her face very close to his. “Cat got your tongue, Thomas?”

“I’m sure he’s surprised to see you, Luna, in all your glory,” chuckled Mia from the far end of the room. “Love the new tats, by the way.”

“Thaaaanks!” replied Luna brightly.

The big, spacious windows opened out to a spectacular panorama view of the beach, and Mia was standing there, striking an impressive figure, with her back turned to them. It was only after Luna loosened his leash a little that Thomas could see Mia holding up a pair of binoculars, surveying the beach down below.

“I kept it all a surprise, of course,” Mia continued, still facing away from them and peering through the binoculars, as Luna led Thomas toward the window. Unlike Mia, she was more than happy to lead him, which gave Thomas a full-on view of her enormous bare ass, jiggling to and fro with each step. Mia’s ass was much bigger, of course, since she was 6’3, but Thomas couldn’t help but think that, proportionally, Luna’s ass was pretty much just as big. Stopping next to Mia, Luna turned around abruptly, catching Thomas ogling her ass. She grinned knowingly and gave him a little hip-check, making him stumble yet again, before tugging him back in with the leash.

“Just to play with his sweet little puppy dog mind a little,” Mia persisted, putting down the binoculars and smiling widely down on the two of them. “And I can see that the plan paid off – my little pet looks totally shell-shocked.”

“Oh he’ll get used to it, I’m sure,” declared Luna reassuringly, and she pulled Thomas into her and put an arm around him, again hugging him closely to her naked body. Thomas simply couldn’t help it; his big cock started rising up, tenting his dog sweater.

“Good god, what a monster,” murmured Luna, her eyes fixated on Thomas’s rising cock.

“Told ya, didn’t I?” chuckled Mia wryly.

“You weren’t lying!” exclaimed Luna, and then, with a confident gesture that shocked Thomas, she extended her hand out and grabbed ahold of his cock through the sweater, squeezing it and shaking it playfully as she chuckled.

“Wh...What is g-going on!?” Thomas cried out, at last finding his voice as he staggered backwards a little away from Luna’s touch. All she did was laugh at him, though, and pull the leash so that he didn’t stumble back too far away from her. He didn’t have any other choice now but to stand there, gaping at her, making no secret of the fact that he felt violated. It was all well and good for Mia to behave that way towards him – after all, as she had made it abundantly clear, she owned him. And even though Thomas was still in the process of wrapping his head around this insane concept, Mia exerted such a physical and mental force on him that he didn’t feel like he had any other option but to obey.

But *Luna!*? She was just an ex-fling who seemed to be taking *waaaay* too much pleasure in his misfortunes. He couldn’t do much to prevent her from teasing and mocking him, especially when Mia made him go to the bar and order a drink, but to have Luna touch him like that?? It was crossing a red line. More than anything, though, he was feeling profoundly threatened by

how causally and cavalierly Luna was acting, butt-ass-naked, in front of *him*...in front of *Mia*, her boss! None of this added up at all, and Thomas had the nasty feeling that a lot of plans had already been made, plans which concerned him, but which he had no part in making.

“Hmhm, it’s cute to see you trying to stand up for yourself,” Mia hummed pleasantly. “I know I can’t expect that kind of resistance from you anymore, so it’s an extra-special treat to see you trying to salvage your manhood with Luna, hahaha!”

“As if he could,” Luna grinned, gesturing up and down his shrunken body, “I mean...that cock sure is nice, but everything else? Geeeee, I’ve already forgotten what he looked like before.”

Thomas opened his mouth to retort, but he closed it again moments later. If he had been alone with Luna, he wouldn’t have had any trouble trying to counter her – he would have felt no pause in trying to hurl her wisecracks right back at her. The thing was, of course, that he *wasn’t* alone with her. Mia loomed up over them both, her hands perched on her gigantic hips, as she grinned down at the proceedings, like it had all been done according to her design...and it *had*. As it was, Thomas felt absolutely no authority whatsoever to go running his mouth at Luna. It was clear that, in Mia’s eyes, Luna held a position of eminence and privilege, far above his own, and that he was expected to respect that. It was incredible – Mia was able to convey all of this simply by being in the room. Her presence radiated effortless authority.

Thomas blinked a few times and then meekly glanced up at Mia, without even meaning to. It was like an automatic act, not unlike that of a child or a pet who looks up to its parent or owner when it’s in an unfamiliar situation. Mia responded by pursing her plush lips together in a sympathetic smile.

“I’ve got some things to do this afternoon, little guy,” she began, reaching down her hand and gently cupping Thomas’s chin. “And I’d really hate to leave my pet cooped up in that cage all day long, with no one to play with him! And I thought, ‘Oh, of course! Luna’s got the day off! She can take care of him!’ Haha, isn’t that right, Luna? I didn’t have to try too hard to convince you, did I?”

“It’s a dream come true, Mia,” Luna laughed, her firm flesh shaking sexily in her mirth, “My parents were always a little iffy on pets, so I never got to have one myself.”

“Well this afternoon, you do,” Mia declared, petting Thomas on the head, “Little dog, I’m turning you over to Luna now – she’ll be your de-facto owner until I take you back.”

“B-But...!” Thomas sputtered. He knew that he shouldn’t be talking back to Mia like this, but he just couldn’t help it – it was so...so *wrong*! Luna didn’t have any authority over him! Sure, she was a little taller than he was now, and much bigger, but still, she didn’t have anything close to Mia’s power...to Mia’s...

But he was getting distracted now, because Luna had further tightened the leash around her hand, pulling Thomas close to her. The next thing he knew, she was rubbing her naked body slowly, erotically, up and down his torso...up and down, up and down...while she maintained eye contact with him the whole time, sticking her tongue into the corner of her mouth. Thomas hadn't realized before that she had her tongue pierced. Unwittingly, his cock started to get even harder.

"B-But what?" Luna asked mockingly. "It's only natural that you're sad to see her go, Thomas...I mean – just *look* at her. No wonder she had such an easy time melting your mind."

"Hah, you don't know the half of it, Luna," Mia intoned meaningfully, going over to a lamp stand and reaching for something. "He can't even cum unless I give him permission."

"Oh rrrreeeally?" Luna asked wryly, arching an intrigued eyebrow right in Thomas's face, as her tongue started licking slow circles around her red lips.

"Ohhh yes," Mia smiled, "And of course, it goes without saying that my little puppy is only allowed to cum when he's in my presence, soooo..."

"So that means he can't cum all afternoon!" finished Luna, shaking and tugging on the leash excitedly.

"Precisely," said Mia. She had straightened up, and was holding a bottle of something in her hand. Thomas couldn't make out what it was, but a moment later, Mia was pouring some of it out onto her hand. Thomas was still trying to come to grips with the shock of being handed off to Luna, and so he didn't realize what Mia was doing until she bent down and splayed her hand out. It was covered in blue...and only now did Thomas understand that it was blue paint.

"Ok, turn around Luna," laughed Mia, "Show me that ass, girl – I've gotta make sure I mark you as my official dog-sitter for the afternoon."

"With pleasure!" returned Luna happily, and, with the leash still in her hand, she turned around and bent over slightly, sticking out her huge ass and shaking it suggestively. Thomas was standing so close to her that her right ass cheek kept thumping up against his stomach, and again, he felt that uncontrollable twitch in his cock. There had been a reason – many reasons – why he had been attracted to Luna, even before he had started shrinking. But now that she was substantially larger than him, that fat ass of hers looked sexier, juicier, and more irresistible than ever.

SMACK

Mia brought her big hand down hard on Luna's left cheek, causing a pause in the twerk session from the sheer force of her impact. Luna didn't seem to mind at all, though, and she actually whooped out in laughter right after Mia brought her hand down.

“Whooooo, *baby!*” Luna cried, winking at Thomas and then turning back to look at her butt. Thomas did the same. There was a big blue handprint right in the middle of Luna’s left cheek, bouncing and jiggling with her twerks. Luna’s ass was quite big, but Mia’s hand was rather large as well, and the blue handprint easily covered a good half of the butt cheek.

“Alright,” Mia giggled, clearly enjoying herself, “And now you, little slave!”

“I...wh...me?” Thomas asked, taken aback and puzzled. He didn’t know what Mia wanted him to do. She patiently bent down, took his hand in her clean one, and gently spread it out with her fingers. She held the bottle of blue paint poised with her other hand, and Thomas understood.

“That’s right,” grinned Mia, nodding in exaggeration down at him, as if she was speaking to a child, “You’ve got it...Haha, I need my puppy to give his signature next to mine on Luna’s butt too – as a reminder that, no matter what happens this afternoon, that he’s aaaaaall mine.”

Thomas suddenly felt a cool, viscous liquid on his hand. It should have been perfectly obvious to him that this was the paint that Mia was pouring onto his hand, but his attention had been so taken with Mia’s gorgeous, teasing face that he was startled by the feeling of the paint on his hand. He shuddered and jumped back, causing Mia to laugh.

“Hahaha you’re so *jumpy*, little pet!” she burst out. “It’s not *shrinking* paint, heheh! Here, now, let’s spread it all around your hand like this...”

Mia put the paint bottle down and began to slowly, soothingly, lovingly spread the thick liquid around Thomas’s hand. In the process, Thomas knew exactly what she was doing – she was showing him just how huge her hand was compared to his.

“Mhmmmm,” hummed Mia sexily, seeming to read his mind as she gently manipulated his hand with her big fingers, “Look at how small your hand is compared to mine, Thomas...and we’re not even comparing handprints yet! Haha, well go on! Look at Luna twerking in front of you – that fat ass isn’t going to slap itself! Come on, little tiger – give it a smack!”

Thomas felt absolutely absurd doing something like this. Normally slapping someone’s ass was a sign of ownership, of power over them. He recalled, with a wince, that he had playfully smacked Luna’s ass months before, after they had had sex. He had been so big and confident then – she had given a sexy, girlish little “whoop” of approval when he had done it too! And here he was now, 2 inches shorter than Luna, and probably 30 pounds lighter too, about to “smack” her ass again. But it carried a completely different message this time. Now HE was the one being owned and dominated.

“Whatcha waiting for, Thomas?” teased Luna, bouncing her ass towards him even more aggressively as she sensed his hesitation. “You seem nervous – haha come on, smack my fat ass! You never had trouble doing that before, did you?”

"I...I –" Thomas stammered, becoming totally overwhelmed by the sight of Mia's huge, gyrating, jiggling ass. Was it growing!? It certainly seemed like it was...but seconds later, Thomas realized that it was just Luna backing up towards him, twerking the whole time as she did so. Instinctively, he backpedaled a few paces, until he backed straight into Luna's firm, cushy front, with his head going in between her giant, warm tits.

"Ooops!" she giggled, the deep vibration of her voice rumbling in his ears through her breast flesh, "Dead end, little doggie."

"Heheh, trapped between two huge tits and a fat ass!" laughed Luna, who had now backed her giant butt completely into Thomas. He grit his teeth as he felt the smooth, hot, naked flesh of her weighty ass knead and push into him, and when she threw her cheeks into another twerking session, Thomas literally felt his entire body moving right and left, up and down, with each alluring bounce and wiggle. Luna was dominating him with her ass alone, giving him a taste of what he could expect with her that afternoon. He felt his cock rising rising fully to attention, but he knew that only Mia had the power to allow him to cum.

"Smack her ass, little pet," cooed Mia again, and this time, Thomas promptly obeyed. Extending a trembling hand up to her cheek (which looked cartoonishly huge next to his small hand), Thomas gave her ass his best attempted smack. As soon as he made contact, though, the disparity between his "smack" and Mia's couldn't have been more evident. Due to his apprehensiveness, and to the sheer inferiority of his hand compared to Mia's, his "smack" resonated as nothing more than a timid tap. Luna obviously appreciated his anxiety, and communicated her appreciation by backing her big ass up even further into him, shaking and shimmying it playfully the whole time.

The teasing movements of her ass underscored the blatant reality of the size disparity between the two blue handprints. Mia's large print, fully fleshed-out and deep blue, covered a healthy half of Luna's left butt cheek...and maybe even a little more. But in stark contrast, Thomas's handprint on her right cheek was noticeably smaller and fainter. Mia had smacked Luna's left cheek with gusto and confidence; Thomas had timidly pressed his hand into her left cheek with the uncertainty and submissiveness of a human pet, and it showed. And even worse, the way Luna was moving her ass up against him, it was like she was mocking him...and, of course, she was.

"Well what do you think, Mia?" Luna chimed in, her hands on her knees as she bounced her fat cheeks slowly up and down, up and down, against Thomas's stomach (and against his fat, turgid cock which was pressing into his dog sweater).

"They're perfect," Mia murmured pleasantly, her deep voice vibrating with appreciative pleasure. Thomas felt the long, strong fingers of her right hand slowly snake down to his right shoulder, encompass it fully, and squeeze...not a painful squeeze, but a firm one, a dominating one. "Two handprints really can tell the whole story, can't they, my sweet little pet?"

“Mmhmm,” nodded Thomas, blinking at Luna’s ass. He knew that Mia expected him to answer her in the affirmative no matter what, but he had to admit that she was totally right. The two handprints really did tell the whole story.

“Peeeeerfect!” cooed Mia, giving his shoulder one last squeeze before walking away. Thomas instantly felt the lack of her warm flesh behind him...already, he missed her. He tried to push this feeling down in his brain, but Mia had already trained him so well. He felt like he needed her so badly, and would be devastated if she left.

“So,” Mia continued, as she whirled her big body around dexterously before the entrance to the door, “Now that my dogsitter’s been appropriately marked, I guess that covers everything, doesn’t it?”

“Sure does!” piped Luna brightly, finally stopping her twerking and turning back around herself, wrangling Thoma’s leash around in her hand so that he was forced to stumble backwards a little into her. He immediately felt the slick, full flesh of her body against his, with her breasts pressing up against his upper back, and his cock hardened even further.

“I can already see that poor, pathetic little pout on his face,” Mia observed, pursing her full lips into a pout of her own as she looked down at Thomas. “Awwww, so cuuuute, my little dog already misses me, and I haven’t even left yet! Haha, you’re gonna have your hands full, Luna. You’ve gotta make sure he doesn’t whine for me all afternoon.”

“Oh don’t you worry, Mia,” Luna declared determinedly, tugging up the leash emphatically so that she pulled Thomas back into her yet again, “I’ve got it all planned out. This little pooch and I are gonna have an *amazing* time.”

“See, this is why I picked you,” Mia smiled, nodding her head. “Bright, dominant, resourceful...determined. I LOVE it.”

Mia’s curves shook as she turned to leave, but Luna had one more question:

“So...before you go, Mia, one more thing – I know he’s not supposed to, but...what if he DOES accidentally cum? I mean, haha...I’m gonna be playing with him and all, so...”

“Mmmm, no need to worry about that,” grinned Mia, staring straight down into Thomas’s eyes. “He won’t cum. I know he won’t. Because he *can’t*.”

She didn’t even need to say anything else. Giving Thomas one last dominating look, Mia turned on her heel, strode out the door, and shut it. For a moment, Thomas couldn’t help but stare straight forward into the closed door. It was almost like he couldn’t believe that Mia was gone. Somewhere deep within his brain, he was already missing her...pining after her. He was only in the early stages of his “training,” but Mia had already molded his brain to be more “dog-like.”

Hearing Luna shuffling around beside him, Thomas blinked and snapped his attention back to the room. Had he really just been staring at the door, wishing, hoping, that Mia would come back through it!?

“Jesus, she really *has* gotten to you, hasn’t she?” Luna chuckled, still holding Thomas’s leash in one hand as she reached over with her other hand to fetch some clothes that had been sitting in a folded stack on the bed. “You were staring at the door with your mouth open, panting like a little puppy!”

“I...was not!” Thomas tried to counter. But it was difficult to make any kind of confident impression when he was standing there, in a collar and leash, with his huge erection tenting the fabric of his dog sweater.

“Mhm,” nodded Luna sarcastically, sticking her tongue into the side of her mouth, “Whatever you say, Thomas. Or...you know, come to think of it, I really shouldn’t even be calling you that anymore.”

“Uhm...uh, what do you mean?” asked Thomas, trying and failing to sound nonchalant. He had the awful feeling that, whatever he tried to do or say, Luna would always be one step ahead of him.

“Well duh! “Thomas” was your human name!” laughed Luna, tossing the stack of clothes at him (some stylish skinny jeans and a t-shirt with some lettering on it that Thomas couldn’t quite make out). “Now that you’re Mia’s little doggie, we’ve gotta think of a new name for you!”

“Oh, I, uh...I don’t think you need to...to do that,” Thomas replied, gulping down his uneasiness.

“It’s *hilarious* you feel that whatever you think still matters,” Luna replied, her voice rising up confidently above his as she tugged the leash up, forcing Thomas to stand up straight. “Just a bad human habit you’ll have to un-learn. One of MANY fun things we’ll be doing today...starting with you getting me dressed!”

“You...dressed?” asked Thomas blankly.

Luna rolled her eyes and cocked her thick hips to the side. She was only pretending to be annoyed, but her posture still made Thomas nervous. Even though she was “only” 2 inches taller than him, she was FAR bigger, and her curves and the weight of her movements were intimidating.

“I guess I can’t expect you to follow along like an actual person would,” remarked Luna after a pause, her face brightening. “Seems like I’ve got to un-learn a few habits of my own.”

She stepped forward and bent slightly down, so that her face was exactly even with Thomas's, a mere few inches away. Thomas tried to back up, but Luna used the leash to pull him back, forcing him to face her. He tried to look away, tried to look anywhere but those hazel eyes that seemed to be boring into his, drinking in his submission. Luna cocked her head slightly to the side, making her innumerable ear piercings quiver. Thomas indirectly saw her lips crack into a smile.

"You...are going...to put on...my clothes!" she declared slowly, with great exaggeration, like she was speaking to a little child. "I can't go out walking Mia's pet like THIS, now, can I?"

Still holding Thomas's leash, Luna suddenly turned around, bent down, and backed her big, fat ass up into him, forcing him backwards. But Luna kept pace with him, shaking and twerking her big butt up against him until, with a sudden thud, he backed straight into a wall. She had him trapped, and she continued to shake and gyrate her thick ass cheeks back and forth, back and forth, teasing the pulsating head of his cock through his dog sweater. Thomas took in a great breath of air and held it. He could feel the tension building up in his body, all directed toward his throbbing member. He already wanted to cum...soooo so badly. But he knew he couldn't.

"Aww, what's the matter?" teased Luna, turning around to look behind at him as she narrowed her eyes playfully. "Is my fat ass just a little too much for you, Thomas? Hmmmmm?"

"Luna...please..." Thomas panted, putting both of his shaking hands up in a motion of surrender. "Please..."

"Please what?" Luna continued, as she pursed her lips together in a pout. "What do you want me to do, Thomas? Make you CUM!? Is that what you want!?"

She suddenly sped up the twerking motion of her ass. From Thomas's perspective, she had already been going pretty fast, but now, he felt like his entire midsection was being put through the ring. The blue handprints were whirling around under his eyes in a blur, teasing and tormenting him as yet another reminder of how small he was compared with Mia, with Luna, with everybody. Luna's big cheeks were smacking and slapping up against his torso, not giving him any room to breathe or escape. Even worse, she seemed to be honing the trajectory of her butt directly into the engorged head of his tormented cock.

Over and over again, Thomas felt her slide her big, fleshy cheeks around the sweated length of his member, jerking it left and right as she shimmied up and down its length. She was doing just about everything other than actually taking it inside her, and her elaborate cock-tease was pushing Thomas to the brink. His body was becoming covered in sweat, and his breaths were now coming in ragged, desperate gasps. No matter how much he felt like he NEEDED that release, that he would go mad without it, he knew that he had no choice but to hold it all in.

"L-LUUUNNNA!!" he cried out suddenly, throwing his head back. His voice sounded strange and inhuman to him – an animalistic, desperate, defeated plea for mercy. Luna responded by

cackling delightedly, and, with a few more twerks for good measure, she finally stopped, allowing him to recover.

“My god, you’re so *easy!*” she laughed, shaking her head at Thomas’s hunched, gasping form as he caught his breath. “I bet you’re just non-stop spewing around Mia, huh? When she’s growing before your eyes?”

Thomas paused in his labored breaths and glanced up at Luna. Did she...did she know about Mia’s shrinking oil!? How much DID Luna know, exactly? She had a twinkle in her eye.

“Speaking of shrinking,” she grinned, hopping back around so that he saw her jiggling ass, with Mia’s huge blue print and his small one shaking with her flesh, “You see that rose tattoo right above my butt, in the middle?”

Thomas nodded. Like all of Luna’s tattoos, it was hard to miss – a large, vibrantly red rose, surrounded by sharp green thorns.

“You know, it’s got a magic charm on it,” Luna declared, shimmying her butt ever-so-gently, “A charm that you’re no doubt familiar with by now, haha.”

“A charm!?” asked Thomas blankly, not knowing what to think.

“Oh yeah!” nodded Luna enthusiastically. “Try it! If you rub the rose in a clockwise motion, it’ll grow my butt bigger!”

Despite his trepidation, and the fact that Luna had just gotten through viciously tormenting his cock with her ass, he felt the surging heat of expectant arousal flood back into his groin. Really!? He could...he could watch her ass...*grow!*? It was already so big and...and fat! There was no hiding the primal reality of his desire, and Luna saw it instantly.

“Well go on!” she laughed, wiggling her butt. “Give it a try, Thomas! I know you want to!”

He found himself slowly extending his hand. The thought of refraining due to some sense of self-respect was long-gone now. He was mesmerized by the prospect of seeing those big, white cheeks grow bigger and bigger before his eyes.

And, sure enough, as soon as he had touched the warm flesh of Luna’s rose, and started rubbing it clockwise, her buttocks slowly, steadily, started to swell. Thomas’s mouth dropped open, and his cock surged upwards. He kept rubbing the rose, and Luna’s ass cheeks kept rising up, up, up, getting bigger and bigger with each motion of his hand. She had arched her face upward towards the ceiling, closing her eyes as she moaned out in evident pleasure:

“Ohhhhhh yeeeeeeaaaah....mmmmmmm, thaaaaaaat’s it...thaaaaat’s the spot! Mmmm, keep going, Thomas! Make them bigger...BIGGER...make my fat ass FATTER...goooo, Thomas, go, gooo, goooooooo!!”

Thomas felt spurred on by Luna’s sexy moaning, and he kept rubbing her rose tattoo, to the point where he was so excited that he was literally panting out loud. He had lost himself in the sheer eroticism of what he was doing – growing this majestic ass huger and huger. Nothing seemed impossible anymore...and then....what!? What was happening?? Luna’s ass was going back down again...deflating...shrinking! But...but what!?

Her mocking laughter filled his ears, and he saw her straighten up and turn back around to face him full-on.

“Oh my god!” she laughed, clutching her sides, “The look on your little face! Hahaha, you were SO determined! Like, totally in a trance from my ass, hahaha!”

“B-But...but what happened!?” stammered Thomas, feeling a rush of embarrassment flush into his face.

“Nothing!” teased Luna, poking him in the chest with her finger. “I was just flexing my cheeks, you silly puppy! Shows you how much the squats have been helping me out though, huh? Haha, fooled you, didn’t I?”

Thomas hunched his shoulders, feeling the shame of being had like that. Still though, he had to admit, in a way...Luna HAD “grown” her cheeks that big. He couldn’t help but be impressed with how big her ass could get. But now he was looking up again, because Luna was answering her phone, a ringtone that was more noticeable than most: the sound of sharpening knives.

“Ava! Girl, what’s up?” she sang into her phone. Thomas’s eyes widened. Ava! She had seen Mia “walking” him earlier! She was...was she gonna tell Luna about it!? The next second, it became obvious that this was EXACTLY the reason for the call. Luna had turned her head slowly down to Thomas and a grin had spread across her face.

“Oh you don’t say!” she exclaimed. “Shrunken down? On a dog leash? With his cock pointing out? Hahaha...Ava...Ava...what if I told you that Mia has entrusted him to ME all afternoon?”

Thomas heard the excited chatter on the other end of the phone.

“AND,” continued Luna, snapping her fingers at Thomas to start getting her dressed as she talked, “What if I told you that I’m gonna be taking him to the dog park in like half an hour...and that you should *totally* meet us there!”

Chapter 9

“Oh come on Thomas, keep it moving!” ordered Luna, her voice edged with playful but distinct authority as she tugged on the leash, “The dogs aren’t supposed to totter behind their owners, you know.”

Thomas quickened his steps as he tried to keep up with Luna – at 5’4, she was “only” 2 inches taller than him (minus the 4-inch black boots she was wearing), but her long, confident strides were more than enough to get way out ahead of Thomas, whose steps were unsteady and feeble on his shrunken legs. What’s more, with Luna being out ahead of him as she “walked” him down the sidewalk, his eyes had been drawn to the huge twin behemoths of her jiggling ass cheeks, which were bouncing up and down crazily with each step, barely contained in the tight black dress she had squeezed into a few moments before.

Thomas couldn’t believe that, a few months back, he had cavalierly blown Luna off as a potential partner. Her ass was a kaleidoscope of rebounding flesh that could dominate his entire body. Every step she took, the firm, strong flesh of her ass, hips, and thighs jiggled and shook...and Thomas couldn’t help but compare that to the way his own legs and butt didn’t move at all when he walked – he had gotten so skinny that there wasn’t much of him to actually react to movement.

‘She’s walking around, carrying all that thick weight,’ he thought, blinking at her huge ass, ‘Like it’s nothing...and here I am, already out of breath...she probably weighs like 30 pounds more than me...or even 40...!’

“Hey!” barked Luna, as she jerked the leash harder, “I said keep it moving! Haha, I know you’re mesmerized by your owner’s ass, but *I’m* walking *you*, not the other way around!”

“You’re not...my owner,” Thomas muttered under his breath, in an odd and impulsive moment of bravery, as he scurried up ahead of Luna.

“What’s that you just said!?” snapped Luna, and in a flash, she had whipped the leash around and around in her hand, tightening her hold as she jerked Thomas’s face up to hers. The sharpness of her tone bit into his already-shallow self-confidence, and he opened his mouth to apologize. But he found himself at a loss for words as his eyes met Luna’s. In her boots, she was half-a-foot taller than him, so his eyes were even with her shoulders, but that wasn’t the main reason why he was speechless right now. Luna’s gray eyes were boring down into his with a hungry intensity that he had never seen before. The edgy shine of the dozen piercings in her ears, the studs in her nose, and the ring in her lip, completed the picture, but it was her eyes that were truly holding Thomas captive. In that moment, he DID feel like her pet, even though he was totally subservient to Mia.

And then, as suddenly as it had begun, the intense moment melted away with an upturned and triumphant grin on Luna’s face.

“Aww, you really are a good little doggie, aren’t you?” Luna cooed down at him, rubbing his nose with hers ever so briefly (which made Thomas’s cock jump in his white-and-black-striped dog sweater), “Even now, you’re loyal to Mia – she really has trained you well, hasn’t she? Haha, you didn’t even mean to have an outburst like that; it was totally involuntary! But I can see in your eyes that you understand what’s what, Thomas.”

“What’s...what?” he ventured, confused.

“Mia is your boss, your owner, your everything,” Luna continued, nodding down at him slowly as she relaxed the leash, “But this afternoon, she handed you off to ME, which means, for all intents and purposes, I’m your owner now. Got it?”

“I’ve g-got it, yes,” Thomas replied quickly, as a large group of young women walked by, decked out in swimsuits, all chattering animatedly amongst themselves. Thomas privately registered that none of them could have been under 6’0, and as they passed, Thomas heard their chatter go quiet. He felt his face getting red hot – he knew that they were all staring at him and Luna, with her holding his leash, and him wearing this ridiculous dog sweater. The silence turned to giggling whispers, and Thomas gulped as he saw their big, jiggling asses saunter by him at chest-height.

Luna, of course, took the opportunity to humiliate him some more, and bent down, giving his butt a smack, prompting him to give out a little yelp and continue walking.

“Lovely day to take your little dog out for a walk, huh, girls?” chuckled Luna at the passing women, who laughed delightedly in response. Thomas just kept walking forward, too embarrassed to turn around.

A few minutes later, they had arrived at the central park of the Landmark Resort. The early-afternoon sun was shining brightly on a whole host of leisurely activity. People were all about in their expensive sunglasses and wide-brimmed hats, taking walks, lying on the grass, throwing frisbees, and otherwise just taking in the gorgeously clean sea air. The ocean sparkled a little ways away, reflecting the sun back onto the luxury white stucco of the resort buildings. There could be no doubt why Landmark was a prime destination for the well-to-do; it was the perfect combination of extravagance and tranquility. It was opulent without being garish, and easygoing without being quirky.

Luna and Thomas, though, certainly stood out from the rest of the patrons, and whenever they went, people stared. Already, Thomas was becoming inured to this embarrassing attention, but Luna wasn’t going to let him get too comfortable. Once they had reached their destination, under a great oak tree in the corner of the park, she made him get down on all fours, and promptly sat her giant ass down on his back. Thomas’s arms and legs shook under the unexpected burden, and he very nearly collapsed under her weight.

“Whoaaaa there, you gonna be able to keep me up?” laughed Luna, who hadn’t been expecting Thomas to struggle that much. “I know you’re small and weak now that you’ve shrunk, but geez! Having some trouble? Haha well...I guess my ass is massive compared to you, even your torso...oh my god, look at that! It’s literally *hanging* off you...on both sides!”

She was right – even though she was sitting on him, with her ass parallel to his torso, her cheeks were so big that they still spilled over both sides of him. Even though he was in the midst of an intense struggle to stay up, Thomas wasn’t able to avoid feeling a distinct electric spark at the base of his cock. Luna’s ass was thicker than his torso...even with her sitting parallel on it...just internalizing this crazy comparison was enough to get him going.

“Alright now keep a lookout for Ava,” said Luna, who was scanning the park while she got out her phone. Thomas heard the distinct “click” of her camera, and registered that she had taken a picture of her ass spilling over him.

“Mia’s gonna loooooove this shot,” Luna chuckled, snapping a few more pictures for good measure. Thomas tried to pivot his head around to catch a glimpse of what angles Luna was getting, but it was difficult, considering that he was in the downward dog position.

“Getting a little antsy?” Luna teased, “Come on, you’re not doing what I told you – keep a lookout for Ava while I take pictures of my fat ass spilling over your skinny little body. What’s that? You wanna see? Okay fine...there! Take a look at *that!*”

Thomas found himself looking at a picture that made him feel even smaller than he already felt. It was absolutely ridiculous to see how small he looked compared to Luna, with her massive ass totally dominating him like that, and hanging over his body on both sides. Standing up next to Luna, Thomas could at least feel like he was *somewhere* close to her height, but in this position, the reality of her true size advantage was clear to see. It almost looked like her butt alone weighed more than half of his entire body weight.

Ding

“Ooop! That’s the boss!” Luna chirped, whisking her phone out of Thomas’s view. “And she just sent a...aaaaahhh niiiiice!”

“A what!?” Thomas panted. His voice sounded smaller and more strained than he had intended it to. The reason why, aside from being under Luna’s crushing weight, was that he somehow knew that Mia had sent a picture of her own, and, by the bulge and bounce of his cock in his dog sweater, he desperately wanted to see it.

“A picture of her working out, duh!” replied Luna. She was turning her phone around, to get a better look at the photo. “Holy shit...that spandex she’s wearing! Hahaha it looks like her tits are about to pop straight out. I bet no one else is getting *anything* done in that gym – Jesus, *look* at her!”

Luna paused, and turned her head down to Thomas, grinning at him. It was clear she knew exactly what he wanted, but she wanted to play around with him some more.

“I mean...I’d show it to you,” she continued, feigning seriousness, “But you’d totally get distracted and Ava might walk past us without you seeing her.”

Thomas knew that Luna was just being absurd for the fun of it now. The idea that Ava wouldn’t notice them in this ridiculous pose was completely out of the question. But he was also well-aware of his lack of power, both mentally and physically, in this exchange, so he just played along.

“No, I...uh, I’ll be sure to keep an eye out for her,” he responded, taking care to sound as measured and respectful as possible, “I can just, you know, do both...maybe?”

Luna cocked her head to the side as she looked down at him, her grin widening and her gray eyes dancing with delight.

“Oh my god,” she muttered through her smirk, “She really has gotten into your head and made you her pet, hasn’t she? Look at your face.” She held up her free hand and brought her thumb and index finger closely together, leaving only a smidgen of space in between.

“You’re *this close* to making those high-pitched begging sounds dogs make,” she laughed, “And all just to catch a glimpse of your owner’s hot bod in her workout gear. Oh well, I guess I don’t have any choice, do I? Here, doggie, have a little look.”

Luna held her phone down so Thomas could get a good look at the picture Mia had sent, and what he saw was even more stunning than he could’ve imagined. Mia had changed into a sexy black spandex outfit, which consisted only of a skimpy pair of shorts and a bra that left very little of her glorious tits to the imagination. She was sitting at the “Fly” machine that worked her pecs, and she had programmed her phone to take the picture right as she was in the middle of a rep, so that her incredible breasts were squished together. Her arms looked strong and toned – Thomas knew how powerful they were – and he could see her abs flexing in the midst of her lifting. A thin sheen of sweat was already visible on her immaculate body, and Thomas was sure that he could already see some droplets coalescing around the long, dark chasm of her cleavage. But most arrestingly of all, she was smiling directly into the camera, winking. It was only after he had been staring at the picture for a solid minute that Thomas realized two things: first, that Mia was casually lifting over 4/5ths of the weight stack, and second, that the image had accompanying text underneath it, which read:

“Just warming up! Show it to my little pet, but next time, make him beg.”

Thomas had just registered what the words actually meant when Luna snatched the phone away from him. He began mouthing words of protest, but she was already speaking over him.

“See? I told you there was no way you could do two things at once,” Luna chuckled, and Thomas felt like the weight of the world was lifted off him as Luna stood up off his back. He reflexively arched his back and tried to stretch out a little, and it was then that he heard a deep, feminine giggle behind him. Luna was standing in front of him, so it couldn’t have been her; Thomas saw Luna raise her eyes up to this unseen person, making them go wide before angling them down to Thomas and then quickly back up again, as if to say ‘Are you seeing this!’

“I knew your eyes would be glued to that picture,” Luna continued, “And you totally missed Ava walking up to us. Turn around and greet her!”

Thomas felt his heart rate increased as he began to rise up on two feet, but Luna’s sharp voice instantly pushed him back down on all fours:

“Hey! Did I say anything about standing up?”

Thomas was then forced to pivot awkwardly on his hands and knees – he didn’t even think of disobeying. His mind was still fixated on that picture of Mia winking at him, and she had put Luna in charge of him, so...

But as Thomas pivoted, he caught sight of the smooth, well-shaped womanly legs in front of him now, and his mind strayed a bit from Mia, if only for a few moments. Those long, strong-looking legs...the way those thick, wide hips filled the jean shorts she was wearing...and, of course, the way those E-cup tits were stretching that purple blouse...that knowing grin underneath the dark, square rims of her stylish sunglasses, framed by a waterfall of jet-black hair...Thomas had always thought Ava was hot, but she had never actually looked *this* good. Maybe it was just because she looked taller from this angle, or maybe because, at 5’8, she was a full 6 inches taller than him now, and looked appropriately imposing. Thomas didn’t really know – all he knew was that his masseuse co-worker was now looming over him, looking every bit as sexy and dominant as Luna, with her hands on her hips, playfully biting her lower lip.

“I’ve been thinking about you ever since I saw you with the boss earlier,” Ava laughed, her huge tits shaking over Thomas as she continued to stare at him through those dark, inscrutable sunglasses. “I could hardly believe it was you, I literally had to do a triple-take!”

“He’s a bit diminished, isn’t he?” Luna remarked.

“A...*bit*...?” Ava repeated quietly, biting her lip harder as she knelt down, bringing her face closer to Thomas. “My god...she’s turned you into a *shrimp*!”

Ava extended her hand out, brushing a long finger under Thomas’s chin, and then lightly pinched his cheek, his shoulder, and his upper arm, testing everything for size. Thomas felt his cock pounding in between his legs. The way Ava was touching him was so demeaning, so

effortlessly dominant – it really was like she was touching, petting something /ess than her, an inferior animal.

“You better be careful,” Luna chuckled from above, “Keep touching him like that and he’ll blow his load.” Now it was Luna’s turn to step over and crouch down close to his face, so that both she and Ava were now staring down at him. “And then he’ll be in big trouble.”

“Ohhhhh, so it’s like thaaaaat?” Ava asked, clearly delighted by her newfound understanding, and she lowered her sunglasses to express her intrigue, treating Thomas to a close-up view of her striking green eyes. “So Mia’s really got you wrapped around her finger, huh?”

Thomas could only nod. His face was red-hot with arousal and embarrassment. He couldn’t believe how sexy and imposing Ava was...just like Luna. His mind shot back to months before, back when he had been 6’5, back when he had hardly paid attention to either one of them...he had basically ditched Luna, for god’s sake...hadn’t even considered pursuing Ava...and yet now here he was, in the central Landmark park on all fours like a dog, totally at their mercy.

“He can’t even speak,” giggled Ava, putting a hand up to her mouth. “Oh my god, Luna – I’m SO glad Mia gave him to you for the afternoon!”

“I know, right?” laughed Luna, “We’re gonna have soooo much fun!”

“I wanna hear him speak!” Ava declared suddenly, standing up abruptly and putting her hands on her hips. Thomas was reminded that, although Ava’s ass wasn’t quite as huge as Luna’s, she still definitely had one; he could see it lightly jiggling behind her as she stood up.

“But only like the little pet he’s become,” Ava continued, getting out her phone and directing it at Thomas.

“Ohhhh I love it!” cackled Luna, clapping her hands, standing up as well and standing next to Ava, still holding Thomas’s leash. She jerked it up a little, forcing Thomas to crawl forward a couple paces so that he was kneeling directly in front of their feet. He couldn’t bring himself to look up at them, and tried his best to keep his head down towards the grass.

“Bark, Thomas!” Luna ordered, pointing down at him with her left hand as she tugged his leash with her right, forcing his face up toward them. “I wanna hear you bark!”

He made pitiful eyes up at Luna, silently begging her not to make him do this. But Luna’s gray stare was stern, even while shining with a fierce joy. He could feel Mia’s dominance emanating through her – there was no question that Luna had taken Mia’s trust to heart. She was the extension of her boss’s authority, and even though Thomas had tried to extricate her from his sense of submission, it was impossible, especially with her looming over him, staring at him like that.

“R-ruff...ruff!” Thomas mumbled, feeling his cheeks burn with shame as he obeyed. Ava’s smile widened, and she blinked rapidly, flaring her nostrils. She was having a blast already.

“Oh come on Thomas!” Luna scolded, “Do you think that’s what I meant? Let’s HEAR it! Bark like you *mean* it! Pretend Mia’s here.” She shook his leash, making it slither through the air like a snake. “Pretend SHE told you to do it.”

Thomas felt a well of panic rising up in him. They were in the middle of the Landmark central park! There were dozens of people walking around, high-class patrons, every one of them looking as chic, spiffy, and glamorous as the next...especially all the tall young women. Was there some kind of volleyball convention on the island or something!? This all went through Thomas’s mind in a flash, but he was brought back to reality by another more insistent tug on his leash. Luna wasn’t going to let him squirm out of this one; he had only one choice.

Sitting up on his knees, Thomas averted his face upward and started barking louder.

“Ruff!! Ruff!! RrruffRuff!”

Both Luna and Ava were watching eagerly, their mouths open in unabashed glee, as they filmed the humiliating scene on their phones.

“Awww what a *good* little doggie!” Ava laughed. Her huge tits bounced and jiggled with her laughter, looking like they were about ready to bust out of her top. For a second, Thomas wondered if she too was growing, but he couldn’t focus too hard on that – the energy of his performance was taking him over, and even though he felt a sickening rush of embarrassment as he continued to bark, he also felt a strange sense of freedom in his submission. There was nothing else he could do – all that remained was to lose himself acting like a dog. Maybe Luna would send the video to Mia...and Mia would be pleased with him. He began to bark even louder, and with more energy.

“Oh my god...” Ava uttered in murmuring laughter, “He’s really laying into it now! I think he’s discovered his true calling, what do you think, Luna?”

“Yeah, I think so!” Luna nodded, bouncing her eyebrows down at him. “He’s a natural.” She let him bark for a few more seconds, and then looked around, obviously enjoying the attention they were getting from passersby. Lots of people were slowing down, many of them lowering their sunglasses, as if trying to make sure what they were seeing was real. Many of the older patrons wore disapproving looks on their faces and passed quickly by, but conversely, many of the younger ones (especially the women) were watching with evident enjoyment and interest. In particular, a group of tall young women had whipped out their phones, and were beginning to film the whole scene.

“Look at that, Thomas,” Luna chuckled, again shaking his leash, encouraging him to turn around to face the onlookers, “You’re a star! Come on, give ‘em all one last bark for good measure.”

Thomas obeyed, and he hoped at least that all these people weren't noticing the bulge in between his legs through the dog sweater. He hadn't realized how it could be possible to feel so humiliated, yet so aroused at the same time. And even though his surroundings were becoming more frenetic, his mind was still focused on the video Luna was taking with her phone – he correctly assumed that she would be sending it straight to Mia, and he wanted to show his owner how obedient and deferential he could be.

"All right, all right, enough of that," laughed Luna, stopping Thomas's barking as she waved at the crowd with her hand. "Move along people, otherwise you'll stress him out. He's still in training, you know."

The crowd of (mostly) young women giggled appreciatively, and proceeded on their way, chatting animatedly to each other as they kept glancing back over their shoulder. Thomas felt a sense of relief pass over him; maybe that was the humiliation pinnacle of the day, and he'd be able to just coast for the rest of the afternoon, before Luna handed him back to Mia. Even though it was impossible not to be distracted and entranced by the size of Luna and Ava compared to him, Thomas felt himself becoming more and more desperate to reunite with his true mistress.

Like clockwork, Luna's phone dinged again. She checked her messages, and her eyes lit up; the next moment she was gesturing for Ava to come over and have a look. The two gorgeous women shared a knowing laugh, and together they stared down at Thomas, who was still in his "sitting dog" position in the grass. Luna let the silence build between them; the sun glinted off Ava's expensive sunglasses that remained perched atop her head. The striking contrast between her profound green eyes and Luna's deep grays threw Thomas for a loop. He couldn't believe how beautiful and strong they both looked, standing there, smirking down at him. Had they both always been so...curvy and feminine? So strong-looking and confident? And he was only seeing it now because he had shrunken down so small? Thomas didn't know up from down anymore, so he had no idea.

"Wh...What did she send this time?" he finally blurted out. He knew that Mia had sent another picture, and couldn't bear the tension anymore – he had to see what it was. Ava turned to whisper in Luna's ear for a moment, and Luna nodded her head slowly, biting her tongue with pleasure, as her eyes trailed off for a moment, and then went down to Thomas again. Ava was now tossing something up and down in her hand...a hacky sack. Thomas was suddenly aware of Luna unlatching his leash from his collar. She backed away from him, wrapping the leash around her full arm. Thomas suddenly felt naked and exposed without the leash.

"Oh you can have a look, Thomas," Luna remarked casually, "Right after you bring back Ava's ball...in your mouth."

Without wasting any time, Ava promptly turned and chucked the hacky sack far away into the middle of the park. Thomas began to rise up on his two legs to go fetch it, but Luna reached out and shoved him back down on all fours, showing her overwhelming strength over him.

“What do you think you’re doing?” she admonished him, “Dogs don’t walk on their hind legs! Now come on, come on, go get it!”

Thomas paused for an instant, registering how ridiculous he was going to look, and then wiped it all from his mind and took off on his hands and knees. Behind him, Ava was calling “Oh goooooo boyyyyy! That’s a goooooo boyyyyy!” He kept going with his head down, trying his best to ignore the surprised and ridiculing comments from the people he passed. Ava had a good arm, and so he had to rush past quite a few people. Finally, after some of the longest twenty seconds in his life, he managed to reach the hacky sack...and, as luck would have it, it was right next to a group of chattering young women. He didn’t know if they saw him or not, but he was not going to hang around to find out. He scampered up to the ball as fast as he could, but right before he reached it, a long, elegant, manicured hand reached out and snatched it up out of the grass. He looked up, and was shocked to see that the hand belonged to one of the leggy, curvy girls who had teased him about his oversized surfboard just a few days before!

“Oh my...we meet again!” she giggled. She had brilliant light blue eyes that glinted delightedly in the afternoon sun; she was holding the hacky sack in between her fingers, playing with it teasingly. “You had that collar on before, but I can see that you’ve *really* started taking your role to heart!”

The other girls behind her laughed, and Thomas, in the midst of his blushing, could see that they were all quite tall and graceful. He felt his brain starting to short-circuit. Had Ava thrown the ball over here on purpose!? Did they all know what was going on? Were they all in on the game!? He didn’t put anything past Mia at this point, but now all he wanted was the ball.

“Ohhh...you want this, don’t you?” teased the young woman, dangling it above his head. Thoms nodded silently. Behind her, one of the girls was giggling and saying “Oh boy, Riley’s in her element now!”

“Beg me,” Riley ordered, her blue eyes suddenly hardening as her smile curled. “I think your owner would want you to.”

Thomas blinked, his mind going blank. What did this young woman...Riley...know!? Had Mia instructed her?? Planned the whole thing!? He had no idea, but as his mind raced to make sense of it all, he found himself getting up on his knees, holding out his hands, and the next moment, a series of pathetic whimpers escaped his lips. Riley’s eyes flashed with pleasure, and she and the other girls behind her laughed appreciatively.

“Awwww what a well-trained little boy you aaaaare!” Riley chuckled, leaning down to pass her large hand through Thomas’s hair. He felt a surge of electricity go through his cock as she “pet”

him for a few moments, taking care to scratch behind his ears too. The next moment, she was holding out the ball, which Thomas took in his mouth, causing another laugh from Riley.

“Awwhaha, okay, run on, now!” came her mirthful response, pointing over to Luna and Ava and waving. “I think they want you back!”

Thomas turned around and plodded back with the ball in his mouth. He couldn’t think straight at all right now. All he knew was that Luna had filmed the whole thing, since she only put down her phone when he came right back up to Ava, who took the hacky sack from his mouth with a loving little pat on his head.

“Mmmm okay, I think you’ve earned another glance at Mia,” chuckled Luna, bending down to show him, “And you’re in luck, because this one’s actually a short video!”

The next moment, Thomas found himself blinking at a video of Mia deadlifting what looked to him like a lot of weight...four 45-lb plates on each side...with two 25-lb plates too...and a few smaller ones to round it all off. He couldn’t do that math in his head right now, but he knew it was heavy – and she was busting out three-rep sets like it was nothing! Her perfect skin was shining with sweat now, as she playfully winked at the camera and pointed to a big male bodybuilder to try the bar. He was grinning and shaking his head ruefully, and then crouched down, his face tensing, as he slowly...barely...managed to lift it once. He tensed up, purple-faced, to try again, but then quickly gave up, laughing, after realizing he couldn’t even move the bar a second time. Mia turned the camera back towards herself, smirking meaningfully, looking sexier than ever as she drew a line down her immense cleavage with her finger.

“This is what you’re missing, Thomas,” she cooed at the camera, “Being so short, you can’t look down my shirt...haha but really, let’s be honest, you couldn’t handle them, could you?”

She laughed, put the camera down, and proceeded to bang out a quick set of reps on the glute machine. Thomas’s eyes bulged out as he saw her gigantic buttocks flex and unflex, flex and unflex, through her black spandex.

“Thaaat’s right,” purred Mia, talking back to the camera as she gave Thomas a perfect view of her glorious behind, “This is where your face belongs, Thomas. Right. Here. And soon...” she turned around, seeming to stare straight into his soul, “Your whole body.”

Thomas felt himself shaking as he tried to rewind the video, but just then, Luna snatched her phone out of his hands.

“Geeez, I think we better get you out of here,” she remarked, sharing a knowing smile with Ava, “Look at that bulge down there! Any more teasing and you’re gonna pass out. Ooop! And there’s the order from Mia anyway. Perfect timing!”

“Order?” Thomas asked, bewildered.

“Mhm,” nodded Luna meaningfully. “We’re taking you straight to Mia’s gym – evidently the videos of us playing in the park got her REALLY riled up. She’ll be waiting for us there.”

Chapter 10

The afternoon sun glinted off the stylish sunglasses of Luna and Ava as they chatted cheerfully to each other, striding down the sidewalk on their way to the main gym of the Landmark Resort. Ava's spill of dark black hair and Luna's long, silver-dyed hair made for a perfect "yin-yang" combination, especially – given Luna's 4-inch boots – that they were both 5'8. Luna's tight black dress hugged her curves, and left little of her large, bouncing buttcheeks to the imagination. Ava's purple blouse and jean shorts likewise showed off her impressive figure, though her calling card were those E-cup tits that bobbed and jiggled with every step she took.

Someone approaching the two attractive young women could have been forgiven for not noticing, in tether behind them on a leash, the small, skinny figure of a man on his hands and knees, dressed in a ridiculous black-and-white-striped dog sweater, trying his best to keep up. Next to Luna and Ava, Thomas simply didn't match up, especially when he was crawling along the sidewalk like he was now. But even if he had been standing upright (which Luna had forbidden him to do), he would still have been physically outclassed, in every sense of the word, by the two girls. At 5'2, with very little of his former muscle mass to speak of, Thomas was a veritable shell of himself.

But he didn't feel that way – on the contrary, he was more excited than he had been in a long time, despite the chaff of the sidewalk on his knees and palms. Before today, he had never seen Mia work out before; her perfect body had been something of a mystery to him even before she had ensnared him in her clutches and stolen his size, taking over his entire person – mind, body, and soul – in the process. But he had just finished looking at a video of Mia in the gym, performing the most impressive workout he'd ever seen, and now...he was going to witness it in person! It was hot outside, and all this crawling had made Thomas a bit tired out, but right now, he was sweating more from anticipation than anything else.

Just thinking about how huge Mia was now, at 6'3...how much did she weigh!? Watching her deadlift that hulking amount of weight...what was it? Four 45-pound plates on each side!? Plus a couple more 25-pounders?? He began daydreaming about her strength, her power, and her ultimate superiority over him. On one hand, it made him feel almost spiritually crushed to contemplate the depths to which he had fallen these past few weeks. He had been 6'5, in shape...everything! Now he was 5'2, wearing a leash, and crawling along the sidewalk, led by a former fling, Luna, and under Mia's dominance.

'Who am I kidding, though?' he thought to himself, focusing on that massive, muscular, yet still feminine figure of Mia, standing there in the gym, glazed with sweat, winking at the camera. 'I wouldn't want to be anywhere else right now. I'm *lucky*...the luckiest guy in the world...to be owned by someone like HER.'

"Hey!" barked Luna, jostling him out of his reverie as she tugged on his leash, making him lurch forward a little, "Are you crossing the street with us or not?"

“S-Sorry!” he managed to say, bowing his head as he scampered forward on all fours. By this time, he was used to everyone staring down at him, but crossing the street was doubly embarrassing. He steeled himself, though, and stared up at the huge Executive Hotel building, the main complex of the Landmark Resort, where Mia’s gym was located.

“Aww, look at him,” Ava cooed as they crossed the street and stepped back up onto the sidewalk. She bent down towards him, her black hair spilling down on either side of her tanned face, and lowered her sunglasses, so her dark, gorgeous eyes were staring straight into his. “I think he’s getting nervous now that we’re here!”

“Psssh, nervous!?” laughed Luna, shaking her head, as the sun sparkled off the line of piercings in her ears, “Trust me, Ava – this little doggie can’t *wait* to get back to his owner. Like, literally, if Thomas had a tail, it’d be wagging like crazy right now.”

“So he’s that into Mia, huh?” Ava chuckled.

“I’d say that’s a bit of an understatement,” Luna declared as she tugged Thomas along, walking through the doors into the gym. “Just watch him when he sees her.”

Coming into this new gym, Thomas was hit with the familiar smells of iron barbells, leather, and sweat; back when he had been a “normal” person who lifted weights, he had gone to a different gym, closer to his apartment. He had never been to the main Landmark Resort gym, and as he went through the doors, his mind unexpectedly wandered back to his former life, to his old gym, to his apartment. He couldn’t help but feel a surreal sense of the crushing reality – the reality of what had been happening to him. How long had it been since he had been back in his apartment? Days? Weeks!? He really had no idea, and he suddenly, weirdly, thought about all the clothes for his 6’5 former self just sitting there in his apartment, folded up in drawers or hanging in the closet, their former owner diminished beyond all recognition. How could it be that such a dramatic change could have come over him in such a short amount of time?

But his brief mind-wandering didn’t last long, because as soon as Luna and Ava led him into the main weight room, his eyes instantly fell on Mia, like they were magnetically attracted to her magnificent body. She was sitting there on a workout bench, with her back turned, banging out easy reps of bicep curls with 40-lb dumbbells. She was facing the wall, which was one long, giant mirror, and as soon as Thomas laid eyes on her, he could see that there was already a huge grin spread across her face. His heart seemed to stop, and he felt the uncontrollable heat of arousal flush his face. She was staring straight at him – her smile hit at his core, and made his limbs feel weak. It had only been a few hours since she had left him with Luna, but Thomas felt like it had been days. He was that hopelessly attached to her. And seeing her now in the gym, her incredible, muscular, feminine body glazed with sweat, was almost more than he could bear. She was only wearing a pair of skimpy black spandex shorts, which seemed stretched to the limits by her powerful thighs, and a black sports bra, which showed off her big, strong back, and her enormous tits which were perfectly complimented by her robust, vigorous arms.

Thomas felt almost emotionally overwhelmed when Mia made eye contact with him through the mirror's reflection, and even though he was so excited to see her, his eyes naturally darted downward in a show of deference and submission. Despite it being only a reflection of her stare, it was still enough to make him feel completely small, tiny, and overwhelmed in her presence. He heard Ava chuckling behind him:

"Wow...you weren't kidding, Luna!"

"I know, right!?" Luna replied, reaching down to unhook Thomas's leash, "He's literally salivating over her."

"Well to be fair, so am I," Ava declared, the admiration obvious in her voice. Apparently she hadn't seen Mia workout either, at least not since she'd gotten bigger.

"Yeah, kinda hard not to appreciate her, isn't it?" Luna laughed. The transition had been immediate – a minute before, Luna and Ava were the bosses, and now, they had joined him (though higher up in the hierarchy, of course), in admiration of the REAL boss, who was sitting in front of them. Not able to avoid looking at her some more, Thomas's eyes traveled slowly up from the floor, and fixed on Mia's enormous ass, which was spilling over both sides of the workout bench she was sitting on; it was even poking through the open space in between the seat and the reclining part of the bench. Thomas saw that the bodybuilder man, the same one who had been in the video, was sitting on the bench next to Mia, doing some shoulder presses with 60-lb dumbbells. This man was clearly a huge, hulking person, even bigger in real life than on the video – but even though he was massive in every way, his body didn't completely overwhelm the bench like Mia's did. Her ass and legs were clearly bigger than his, and it wasn't even clear whose arms and upper body were bigger. If Thomas was being honest, he would've thought that Mia was even a bit bigger there as well.

Just seeing Mia make this guy look small was enough to send Thomas straight back to full-mast. At this point, he wasn't even thinking about the embarrassment of showing up in a gym in a collar and dog sweater, on his hands and knees, with an erection. He was totally focused on Mia, and the next moment, she finished her final rep, sexually grimacing at the end. She put her dumbbells down on the floor with a large CLUNK and turned around to face them head-on, her perfect skin shining with a sheen of sweat.

"I knew it wouldn't take my little pet long to get here," Mia grinned, rising up off the bench and striding straight up to Thomas. Her big, meaty legs looked so powerful, and Thomas could see her muscles flex underneath the firm jiggle of her feminine flesh as she walked up to him. He positively cowered on the floor – she was looming above him now, her hands on her hips. Even her sweat smelled sweet.

"I trust he wasn't too difficult for you, Luna?" Mia asked.

“He’s the most submissive puppy a pet sitter could ask for!” laughed Luna. “Although I could tell that he was counting the hours until he could see you again.”

“Well,” declared Mia, seeming to stand even taller and prouder as she flexed her muscles in her power-pose, “Who can blame him? Though I have to say, Luna...both you and Ava are looking pretty good these days.”

“Aww, you’re just being nice,” smiled Ava, blushing.

“The boss gave us a compliment!” Luna chastised, playfully punching Ava in the arm. “Just take it!”

“The two of you should come train with me sometime,” Mia said, winking at them as she turned her attention down to Thomas. “If you’re feeling...up to it.”

For the next several seconds, Mia didn’t say anything. She just stood there, her hands still on her hips, towering over Thomas, with a knowing, close-lipped grin on her face. A drop of sweat dripped down off her amazing body and fell directly onto Thomas’s cheek. It took all of his self-control not to immediately lap it up.

“Stand up, Thomas,” Mia finally said, and he immediately did so. He found himself staring straight forward into her gigantic breasts, barely held back by her black sports bra. Face-to-face with her glorious tits, Thomas saw that they were literally steaming.

“I’ve spent the last hour getting all pumped up for you,” Mia said in a low, soft voice, taking one step closer so that her erect nipples actually poked Thomas in the cheek. “What do you think? Do you like me at this size?”

“Y-yes...I...I do,” Thomas replied, nodding. He couldn’t bring himself to look up at Mia when she was standing this close to him; he felt like if he had, he would’ve started shaking.

“Mmm, yeah, you’ve never seen me quite like this before, have you?” she continued, allowing him some more time to drink in the overpowering reality of her body.

“N-no...not like this,” Thomas breathed. He didn’t even know how he was making noises now – his throat felt like it was bone-dry.

“And that’s just my front,” Mia teased, abruptly turning around and treating Thomas to an eye-popping view of her immense ass. Her short black spandex left absolutely nothing of her ass’s shape to the imagination, and the next thing Thomas knew, Mia had backed into him, slowly, erotically rubbing her big cheeks up against his lower chest. Thomas froze, and took an involuntary step back to catch his balance – even though she had backed into him gently, the sheer weight of her butt had been enough to knock him back on his heels. But what happened next almost made Thomas lose himself completely and spray his cum all over himself. With her

massive ass pressed up against him, Mia began to bounce each cheek, one after the other, flexing them in slow succession so that they were moving in a slow, lustily languorous twerk against him. Thomas audibly sucked in his air, holding his breath, as his face started to get red. He could have backed up away from her ass, but he couldn't – it seemed to hold him in place, rooted to the floor, while it worked its whiles on his captive body.

“Ooooo, look Ava!” laughed Luna, leaning in and pointing, “He’s really getting tested now.”

“Oh my god,” whispered Ava, her voice nearly tinged with concern, “Look at his face! It looks like he’s about to pop.”

“Well...he is,” stated Luna simply.

She was right. With every alluring, weighty bounce of her incredible ass against his torso, Thomas felt more and more of his resistance give way. He was going to cum; there was nothing...nothing he could do to stop it. He felt his balls seize up, and the base of his cock tightened, preparing to catapult his load.

But just then, right as he was about to shoot, Mia turned her face around, still twerking against him, and looked him dead in the eye, her full lips pursed. She didn't even need to say anything – the hard, unflinching sparkle in her eye told him one thing: ‘You don't have permission.’

And just like that, it was like an invisible hand had tightened around his cock and squeezed, preventing his orgasm from happening. Thomas gasped out in desperation, although strangely, in this moment, he felt a wave of gratitude wash over him. She had been attentive to him; she had known exactly the effect she was having on him, and she hadn't totally abandoned him to his weak, primal instincts. One glance had been all that he needed to remember who controlled his cum, and when and where he shot it.

“All right, enough of that,” Mia chuckled, straightening up and turning back around to face Thomas. “Just a little teaser for my little guy, since I knowwww how much you missed my ass.” She reached her big hand down and ruffled Thomas's hair, nearly palming his head as she did so. “Why don't you come over to the mirror with me, Thomas, hmm? Let's see how you measure up to me.”

Threading her finger through the leash ring on his collar, Mia gently but firmly guided Thomas over to the mirror wall. Luna and Ava followed; they seemed to be taking turns filming what was going on. Thomas was peripherally aware of this, and vaguely wondered what they were filming for...would it end up on the internet? But he just couldn't devote that much mental energy to anything other than Mia right now.

“So, let's see,” Mia began, positioning herself next to him in front of the mirror, “You're 5'2 now, right?”

“Mhm,” Thomas nodded. He couldn’t believe how strong and solid her thigh looked, especially when it was directly next to his skinny body. Could it be...that her thigh was actually as thick around as his waist!?

“And I’m 6’3...13 whole inches taller than you,” Mia purred. Her eyes went over their bodies, going back and forth as she seemed to ponder how the measurement corresponded to the reality in the mirror. “Hmmm, you know, that’s a big number,” she mused after another few moments, “But it seems...like it isn’t enough.” She tilted her head to the side, sticking her tongue into the side of her cheek. Thomas noticed that her sharp nails were painted black, perfectly matching her spandex. Had she done that earlier today, after she left him with Luna?

“Maybe it’s just because I’m so much bigger than you all around,” Mia chuckled. “Here, give me your best double-biceps pose, Thomas. Haha, come on! Show me those big guns!”

Feeling wildly silly, both next to Mia and in the general gym environment, Thomas held up his arms and flexed them. His dog sweater, though small, wasn’t exactly tight on his arms, and so his actual biceps were invisible.

“Oh no, no, that’s no good!” laughed Mia, and she bent down, using her long, strong fingers to roll up the sleeves of his sweater until his upper arms came into view. Thomas winced to himself. He had already looked tiny compared to her, but now that his arms were actually showing, he didn’t just look tiny – he looked pathetic.

“Theeere we go!” cooed Mia, standing back up. “There’s those big, manly arms! Haha, come on Thomas! Flex em’ for me! Give it your all! Show me how biigggg you are!”

As she teased him, Mia slowly lifted up her own arms and flexed them. Thomas felt like he could almost hear her skin tightening around her muscles as they swelled outward. The comparison was ridiculous. Thomas was almost too embarrassed to look, but he couldn’t manage to tear his eyes away.

“Boop, boop, boop!” Mia laughed playfully, bouncing her biceps with each word. “Can you do that, Thomas? Haha come on, put on a show! Make them dance like mine!”

Try as he might, Thomas couldn’t accomplish much by flexing. Whether flexed or unflexed, his biceps looked more or less the same. Ava was the one filming now, and she bent in, bringing the camera in tight to get a close-up view of Thomas’s arms.

“Wow...almost no change at all,” she murmured. “Thomas, looks like you need to work out more, haha!” She rose up and started filming Mia’s arms, and had to take several steps back to get the entirety of her muscles in the shot. Luna, meanwhile, was chatting up the muscle guy who had been working out with Mia before. “I actually had a little fling with that guy a while back,” she was saying, pointing over to Thomas. “Can you believe that?”

“Not really, no!” the man laughed, though his expression was uneasy as he watched Thomas struggle to hold it together next to Mia.

“Well back then he was 6’5, and looked...a lot more like you,” Luna said flirtatiously.

“Aaaand Luna’s working her magic,” Ava chuckled, providing more commentary on the video. “And ooooh, look at this leg comparison!”

Mia had lined her thigh up next to Thomas’s, and was flexing it while placing a big hand on Thomas’s shoulder, gently encouraging him to do the same. Thomas’s erection was painfully obvious, but Mia only seemed intent on making it grow even more with her merciless teasing.

“Are you seeing this, Thomas?” she was murmuring down to him, her voice barely above an incredulous whisper, “Do you see how small you are compared to me?”

“Y-yes,” breathed Thomas, his cheeks burning crimson from a turgid combination of embarrassment and arousal.

“Here, I’m actually curious about something,” Mia pondered, and her eyes traveled over to the barbell on the floor next to them, which was still fully weighted-up from the deadlifts Mia had been doing before. She walked over to it, counting the iron plates on either side.

“Soooo...four 45’s plus a 25 on each side,” she hummed, “Plus bar, which is 45...that makes 455!” And positioning herself right at the middle of the bar, she bent down, drew back her shoulders, and proceeded to bang out a series of five solid reps. Only the last one looked marginally difficult, and Mia still managed to pull it up without straining too hard. Each time she dropped the weight down (in a controlled motion), Thomas felt the floor shake beneath him. It was an unimaginably heavy weight, and she was only barely breaking a sweat.

BAM

Mia dropped the weight down on her final rep and stood there, fanning herself as she wiped her brow.

“Whoooo I felt those!” she laughed, “How many sets was that, Mikey?”

“Uhm...” answered the muscled guy, who had been immersed in Luna’s advances, “That was...damn Mia, that was your fifth set! I don’t know how you do it!”

“Mind power, Mikey!” Mia declared, pointing to her head, before smirking down at Thomas.

“Okay, now you!” she ordered, pointing to the bar.

“M-Me!?” Thomas stammered, befuddled.

“Yes, you!” Mia smiled. “I wanna see you try and lift it!”

Thomas knew that there was no way he could lift that weight, but Mia had given him a command, and so he stepped up, bent down, and pulled with all his might. He may as well have been trying to move the Statue of Liberty – the weight didn’t budge.

“Okay, okay!” Mia laughed, “Enough of that, Thomas – I don’t want you to hurt yourself! Here, maybe if I take three plates off each side, you’ll rediscover your former strength.”

She propped the bar up on a deadlift jack, took off the two 25-lb plates, and then swiftly removed two 45-lb plates from each side. Thomas was amazed watching her do this – she was effortlessly whisking around the plates, one in each hand, like they didn’t weigh anything at all. Ava, Luna, and Mikey were all watching in awe, clearly entertained.

“There! Now it’s only 225,” Mia said kindly, stepping back and putting her hands on her hips. “Surely you can lift that, Thomas – go ahead!”

Thomas felt a bit nervous, but Mia’s encouragement had lit a fire in him. She was right – he could totally lift this! Even though he was much smaller and weaker now, this was still a pretty low deadlift weight compared to what he had been lifting before.

‘I still have my mind-muscle connections!’ he reminded himself as he bent down and wrapped his fingers around the bar, ‘I can do this!’

He gritted his teeth and lifted the bar up, and he heard it click against the weights...and then...nothing. To his horror, Thomas realized that 225 pounds may as well have been 455 – it didn’t seem to make much of a difference. He still could not budge the bar.

“Oh...that’s disappointing,” Luna teased, shaking her head.

“Yeah, I thought he’d at least be able to move it,” Ava muttered, but then she brightened up, smiling and saying, “Aww, good effort, Thomas!”

“I...I c-can’t move it,” Thomas panted up desperately at Mia.

“I know, sweetheart,” Mia cooed down at him. She propped the bar up on the jack again. “Let’s see...I’ll take two more 45’s off. We’ll make it 135 – I *know* you can move that.”

Now Thomas was sure that he would succeed. There was no way he was going to let Mia down two times in a row. He gripped the bar, set his legs, and lifted...or at least, he tried to lift. The bar finally came up off the floor, but it only hovered there, a few inches up, with Thomas’s arms shaking from the effort. His legs burned fruitlessly, and he could feel the tension building in his neck.

“Oh my god,” Luna intoned, putting her hand up to her mouth, “Look at his face!”

“He’s gone beet-red,” whispered Ava, looking concerned. Mia was watching the whole thing with her arms crossed under her huge breasts, an inscrutable smile on her face. It wasn’t at all clear what she was thinking, but it was perfectly obvious that she was in charge, and directing all the action. She let Thomas struggle for a few more moments before finally bringing the fun to an end. From Thomas’s perspective, he was looking straight down, despairing in the midst of his weakness, when he saw two large, strong-looking, black-clawed, feminine hands grip the bar on either side of where he was holding on.

“You tried, honey,” Mia whispered in his ear, giving his lobe a hungry flick with her tongue, “That’s all that matters. Now let go.”

Thomas did as he was told, and then – *WHOOOSH* He felt his hair whip in the wind, and, looking down, he saw that the bar suddenly wasn’t there anymore. Thomas blinked at the floor, and then turned his head upward. His mouth dropped open when he saw that Mia had snatched the weight up off the floor and easily lifted it above her head. She was standing there, the barbell almost touching the ceiling, with her strong arms not even shaking from the effort.

“Just a little snatch-and-grab before our cooldown, Thomas,” Mia grinned, winking down at him. Ava and Luna were clapping, and Mikey was just standing there, amazed. “It’s like...nothing at all to her!” he whispered to Luna.

“Yeah? Does she make you feel weak?” Luna asked.

“I mean, I think she makes everyone feel that way,” Mikey said simply.

“Well answered,” Luna nodded, “I think you and I should grab a drink sometime.”

“Sooo, while Luna and Mikey set up their date,” Ava narrated to the camera, “I’ll just show you guys Mia’s cooldown with her little pet. Cooldowns are an important part of the process, people! It’s important to bring the heat rate and body temperature down!”

“You tell em’ Ava,” chimed Mia, who had started two treadmills on the same “cooldown” speed, hopping on one and indicating to Thomas that he should do the same on the other one. Mia’s strides were long, strong, and graceful, showing off her pumped-up ass cheeks...but Thomas was having all kinds of problems. He was struggling to keep up, and to make matters worse, his erection was getting in the way of his running. After a few minutes of this, Mia turned off her treadmill and hopped off – but she didn’t let Thomas stop. Instead, she placed a blocker at the back of his treadmill so that there was no way he could easily get off without jumping sideways...and he knew he didn’t have her permission to do that.

Mia sauntered over to the front of Thomas's treadmill, and regarded his efforts with a pursed-lip smile. Thomas knew that he was getting to his breaking point, when he would simply collapse, so all that he could muster up was:

"Please...Mistress...I beg you – I-let me stop!"

"Oh Thomas!" Mia chuckled, rolling her eyes as she flashed her white teeth in a delighted, sunny smile, "The "stop" button's right there! All you gotta do is press it to turn it off!"

Thomas reached for the red button, relieved, but at the last second, Mia leaned over onto the treadmill dashboard, resting her huge tits over the stop button. Especially in his weakened state, Thomas had no hope of moving those behemoths, and he gripped the treadmill railings, his tongue lolling out in exhaustion, as he stared up at Mia with an increasing sense of desperation. Mia simply blew him kisses, her eyes twinkling at him sweetly. Thomas actually felt the wind of Mia's kisses as little gusts of wind, which blew his hair back and made his eyes water.

"Mmmmwah!" she moaned at him, blowing him kiss after kiss as she licked her plush lips suggestively after each one. "Mwwwwwah! Mwah! Mwah! Mwahhh! Mwwaaaaahhh!"

Thomas's legs were shaking now, and his vision was beginning to swim before his eyes. Those kisses, those moaning sounds, the sweet smell of her sweat, the image of her huge, splayed tits, and the gently-twerking massive ass behind her crouching, statuesque figure all combined into an all-encompassing dominant force that Thomas couldn't withstand any longer. He felt his legs give way completely, as his vision started to go dark. But he didn't fall forward on the treadmill. Instead, he felt his organs rearranging themselves inside him as Mia snatched him up off the treadmill, her hands going all the way around his upper arms, before she held him against her big shoulder, so that he was looking behind her. Luna was already leaving the gym, arm-in-arm with Mikey, and Ava was there filming the last of the scene.

"That'll be all for now Ava," Mia declared. "Good work today! Send me the file before you post it."

"You got it, boss!" Ava nodded, winking at Thomas and waving goodbye as she put down her phone.

"Me and *this* little guy are going up to the Burgundy Suite," Mia growled sexily into Thomas's ear, "And he's gonna undress me."

Chapter 11

Thomas was already out of breath from the torturous mental and physical workout Mia had just put him through, and it didn't make it any easier that Mia was now literally carrying him in one arm, like he was a little child, as she made her way to the elevators. Being squeezed up against those hot, massive sweaty breasts was hard enough for Thomas, but knowing that he had absolutely no control over his ability to cum was making the whole situation that much more intolerable. His face, already beet-red from the workout, hadn't been able to relax, since, squished up against Mia's giant breasts, he was teetering on the precipice of orgasm. No part of his body could relax. He felt like he was a tightly-coiled wire, ready to snap at any moment. And the more Mia teased him – leaning in to nibble his earlobe, brushing his crotch with her big hand, purposefully taking big deep breaths that inflated her breasts even more against him – the more his tension rose to a fever pitch.

On their way to the elevators they passed dozens of people; the Landmark Resort was busy, especially at this time of the year, and everywhere they turned, vacationers were walking past, eying the odd couple. Mia, of course, being naturally confident as well as the owner of the resort, strode past the crowds with her shoulders back, her boobs thrust out, and her head held high. She wanted everyone to see her and Thomas...and everyone did. Thomas, on the other hand, tried fruitlessly to hide his face, turning away from the people they passed as he sought to shield himself behind the locks of Mia's hair.

"Awww, is my little pet embarrassed to be seen with me?" she cooed into his ear, turning a final corner and making straight for the golden elevator doors.

"N-No Mistress, of...of course not!" Thomas stammered back, suddenly afraid to be perceived this way by her. "I just...I was just..."

"You were showing how fresh and untrained you really are," Mia finished, pushing the elevator button. "I thought as much. Luna and Ava are good pet-sitters, but they aren't real trainers like *me*."

The elevator dinged and opened, and right as Mia said "me," she had grabbed Thomas's balls and given them a little squeeze, causing him to yelp out. Mia chuckled as she stepped into the elevator, enjoying how truly dog-like his little yelp had sounded. But as soon as she started stepping into the elevator, she relaxed her hold on his balls and whispered sexily into his ear:

"I can feel your little cock digging into my torso, Thomas...mmmm, I can feel it. You really want to cum, don't you?"

"Y-Yes..." Thomas breathed, knowing that there wasn't any way it was going to be that easy. As the doors closed behind them, leaving just the two of them alone in the elevator, Mia set Thomas down on his feet. His little legs shook and quivered, barely able to hold him up next to the 6'3 pillar of strong, voluptuous female flesh that looked about ready to burst out of its

workout spandex. Thomas had never felt so small – she was a full 13 inches taller than him, and probably outweighed him by 200 pounds. In every sense, she was his superior; her dominant smile told the whole story.

“My goodness, just look at you,” she purred, after pressing the button for the Burgundy Suite, “I don’t even think you’re gonna make it to the suite in this state, Thomas. Look at those weak, tiny little legs! You’re already totally exhausted, aren’t you?”

Thomas nodded, not being able to form words at the moment. As soon as the elevator doors had closed, confining him inside with this goddess he worshiped, his mouth had gone totally dry.

“Sooooo tired,” Mia whispered down at him, shaking her head slowly, “Sooooo weak from how hard you are, from how much you want to cum...”

She let him tremble there for a few more long moments before finally coming to his rescue. Slowly turning around, letting her big ass cheeks bounce right around his upper chest, she squatted down, the muscles in her immense, powerful thighs rippling underneath her feminine plush exterior, presenting Thomas with the twin globes of her gargantuan ass cheeks. Thomas blinked, his mind going totally blank. Mia turned around to cast him a flirty, furtive glance, taking evident delight in toying with him. With her eyes still fixed on him, she bounced her left cheek...it wobbled and rippled crazily in front of him...and then she bounced her right cheek, throwing its immense weight around in the same series of crazy jiggles. It was incredible how effortless the movements were for her, but it suddenly came into Thomas’s head that each cheek probably weighed at least half as much as his entire body...and she was just bouncing them and throwing them around like it was nothing.

“Well come on then!” Mia laughed sexily to him, raising an eyebrow. “Step aboard!”

Thomas stared down at the immense, fleshy cheeks before him, which Mia was now quivering invitingly. Her ass, her hips, and her thighs were so thick and juicy that Thomas could hardly believe that her black spandex shorts were holding it all in. Trembling from his arousal, he shakily climbed up onto Mia’s back, using those firm, fleshy cheeks as stairs. He felt his feet sink slightly into the soft, sumptuous exterior of her ass flesh as he made his way up, but they didn’t sink too far; her ass was so firm and strong that the muscle beneath didn’t give way in the least. Before he knew it, Thomas had alighted onto Mia’s back.

“All ready, little piglet?” Mia chuckled, punning on “piggy-back ride.” Thomas nodded, but, it turned out, he wasn’t ready at all – when Mia stood up straight, he found that his legs were too small and weak to wrap around Mia’s waist. There was no way for him to maintain a firm hold on her. She was simply too big, too voluptuous, too curvy.

“Aww, what’s the matter, piglet?” Mia breathed back at him, “Can your little legs not fit around my curves? Haha no matter then – guess you’ll just have to stand on my big ass until we get to the room.”

Thomas obeyed, happy to not be worried about falling off her completely. He gingerly lowered his feet down, and, even though Mia was standing up straight, her ass was so big that he could easily find a footfall, one foot for each cheek. He glanced down in awe, marveling at how tiny his feet looked, sunk into that firm, pillowy ass flesh. His erection was pressing up against her upper back, and he was trying his hardest not to think about it...to be anywhere in her vicinity, let alone standing on her ass, was pure, transporting sexual torment.

He was about to peer over Mia's shoulder, just to get a glimpse of her perfect breasts, when Mia suddenly issued a gently-delivered but firm order:

"Okay now Thomas, I want you to close your eyes now. And you are not to open them until we step out of the elevator. Mmmm, that's right, there we go."

He immediately did as she asked, and then, his world shrouded in darkness, he felt Mia's huge hands take his and guide them around her body to the huge, fleshy orbs of her breasts, encouraging him to hold onto them for extra support. Thomas did so, again amazed at how small her breasts made his hands feel. He couldn't see the comparison, but the mere feeling of all that hot, soft, voluminous boob flesh surrounding his hands was enough to make him feel small all over again.

The sound of her deep, feminine voice cooed in his ear:

"Oh my god, Thomas...your hands...they're sooooo small! I mean, your entire body is tiny, but your *hands*! They're positively *teeny*. They look ridiculous compared to my breasts – I can barely even feel them!"

Thomas knew that Mia was watching him, checking him for obedience, and so he successfully fought the urge to look down at what she was describing and kept his eyes tightly shut. He felt the entirety of both arms suddenly shake and bounce up and down, and even though he wasn't looking, he could tell that Mia had cupped the underside of her boobs with her hands and was shaking and quivering them playfully.

"Now when it comes to MY hands, hahaha..." Mia laughed, "Of course I can handle my big boobs with ease! I can bounce them around, no problem...but not you, Thomas! You'd need both hands to even hold ONE of my boobs up, and I doubt you could even do *that* for very long."

Thomas knew there wasn't any point in trying to argue with her – he knew she was right. The elevator had nearly reached the Burgundy Suite floor, and Mia used the remaining time to slowly back up against the smooth, golden elevator wall, carefully balancing Thomas's body on her ass as she did so. Thomas was holding onto her boobs for dear life, and he could feel each one of his legs rising and falling in tandem with the flex and gyration of each one Mia's mighty ass cheeks as they undulated with her backward steps.

“Don’t worry, baby,” Mia purred to him as she began to perform a series of slow, languid, sexy swayings of her hips in an impromptu dance. “I’ve got you.”

Part of Thomas was terrified that he would slip and fall off, but the bigger part trusted Mia completely, even though, from his perspective, the whole scene was disorienting. All he could feel were the immense heaves of her breasts, and the powerful flexes and gyrations of her huge ass cheeks under his feet, dominating his body with their every move, and compelling his legs to move up and down with their erotic movements. There could be no doubt of the skill and dexterity that she was exhibiting, effortlessly keeping him upright throughout her slow, silent dance. As she doubtlessly had intended, her movements deepened his arousal, and his submission to her.

When at last the elevator dinged open, Mia was ready with another command.

“All right now, piglet,” she hummed pleasantly, “It’s time to slide down off me now. No, no, don’t step down. Just let go, Thomas...let go.”

His heart beating like a hammer in his chest, Thomas did as he was told, and Mia straightened her posture and shook her ass cheeks such that Thomas could no longer maintain his footing. Letting go of her breasts, he slid down her back, groaning out in paralyzed arousal as he felt his pulsating erection slide between the fleshy crevice of her ass cheeks. Suddenly, right as his head was sliding down towards her butt, Mia leaned forward and thrust her ass high in the air, catching Thomas’s head between her cheeks, and squeezing it tight, so that she was actually holding him up with her butt. Thomas felt his lower legs brushing helplessly against the floor as his little hands went up instinctively to try and pry his head out from between the immovable cheeks. He may as well have been trying to extract himself from the clutches of a marble statue – Mia’s butt completely overpowered him. But even still, Thomas still kept his eyes closed, like the dutiful pet he was. His sense of hearing had already become heightened, and he could hear her mighty heartbeat pulsing through her ass on either side of his head.

While his ears were completely submerged like this, he could only barely make out that Mia had said something, a deep, garbled sound...he couldn’t understand...maybe she was talking to someone else? It was a sign of his submission that, at this point, Thomas didn’t really care whether other people saw him like this or not. He was hers, totally hers.

After a few seconds, Mia finally relaxed her ass cheeks, allowing Thomas to alight on the floor on his own two feet. Somehow, being squished by those bodacious butt cheeks had given him some kind of strange injection of strength, and he was able to stand on his own two feet without his legs shaking. Eyes still closed, he began to step out of the elevator.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Mia’s hissing voice shot through his veins like ice water.

“I...I-I...” he stammered, feeling the panic beginning to rise in his chest. He could feel the intensity of her body heat as she stood next to him.

"I told you," came Mia's exacting voice, "To follow me on all fours."

"O-Oh! I'm sorry Mistress! Of course!" exclaimed Thomas, immediately dropping down to his hands and knees. At this point, he knew that it was a terrible idea to try and excuse his misunderstanding, and it barely even occurred to him to consider it. Once he crawled across the threshold of the elevator on all fours, he opened his eyes, eager to drink in the delicious sight of his Mistress from his abject position. She looked bigger than ever, looming over him, her curves looking almost impossibly delectable in her workout wear.

Silently smirking down at him, she turned and walked slowly down the hall towards the Burgundy Suite, her huge ass bouncing and bobbing in crazy gyrating undulations with every step she took. Thomas crawled after her, his mouth open, practically panting like a dog as he sought to get as close to her as he could. But Mia knew exactly what she was doing – her long strides were too much for Thomas's shorter limbs to keep up with (especially on all fours), and whenever she slowed down enough to have him almost catch up to her, she sped up again, tantalizing him with the alluring prospect of her steaming body, always so close, yet so far away.

When she finally reached the door of the Burgundy Suite, Thomas felt utterly worn-out, partially from the energy he had to expend crawling along behind her, but mostly from the agony of his arousal. He was sweating, breathing hard, and now sitting up at her feet like a dog.

"Whoops!" Mia exclaimed, dropping her keys on the floor. Without even moving her feet, she bent down, angling her huge ass for Thomas so that it seemed to swell and grow in his vision. It felt like his eyes were about to pop out of their sockets – her ass was just...soooooo, so big, so perfectly shaped, so strong, so...he couldn't think of more superlatives. His mind had drawn a blank, wiped clean by the overwhelming power of those giant cheeks.

"I can be so *clumsy* sometimes," Mia chuckled, shaking her head at Thomas between her legs as she retrieved her keys. She was so athletic and flexible that her legs were both still completely straight, and the crown of her head was nearly touching the floor. She winked at him from between her legs, straightened back up, and unlocked the door to the Burgundy Suite. Heart pattering, Thomas crawled in after her.

The entrancing smell of sandalwood, jasmine, and chamomile immediately washed over Thomas as he entered, and the familiar low light from the lamps already established the suite's sexy, mysterious ambiance. Dozens of unlit candles were sitting there, many of them around the un-dressed massage table, apparently waiting to be lit. Thomas had a feeling that he'd be tasked with lighting them all sometime soon. But he couldn't focus on any of that right now – all he could do was stare up at Mia, who had closed the door, locked it, and turned around to face him, her hands on her thick, voluptuous hips, gently swiveling them in a long, erotic oval before him.

“Alright my little pet,” she purred down at him, “Now’s your time to shine. I want you to undress me. All of me.”

Thomas felt his heart leap in his chest, and, despite his exhaustion, he sprang up from his sitting position and practically bounded over to her. Mia chuckled, her ample curves shaking with her mirth, seeing how eager he was to get close to her, and, even better, strip her naked! But this task proved to be more difficult for Thomas than he could have possibly expected. He started with Mia’s socks, managing to peel them off without too much trouble, even though they clung to her shapely lower legs to such an extent that he actually had to grit his teeth to get them off. Her sweat smelled so pungent and sweet – he could already feel his head swimming from it.

“Mmmm, good, little pet, good,” Mia cooed encouragingly. “Now my spandex.”

The black spandex shorts proved to be far more difficult to remove than the socks. Try as he might, her spandex were so tight that he couldn’t even get a full hand underneath the waistband. Grunting and breathing hard, he tried a variety of maneuvers to try and stick his hand all the way under, but he just couldn’t manage. They were too tight, and he was too weak.

“Try one cheek at a time, sweetie,” hummed Mia pleasantly. “Maybe that’ll be easier. Try and get a couple of those little fingers under there and start peeling.”

Thomas did as he was told, focusing on her left ass cheek first, which was right around his upper chest level at this point. After a minute or two of arduous work, he finally managed to get two fingers under her tight waistband, and then, gritting his teeth once more, he made to peel the spandex downward. But peeling them off proved to be even more difficult than getting his fingers under the waistband. After a couple inches, the spandex simply wouldn’t budge. They were far too tight around her giant ass cheek. Even though Thomas was practically hanging from the waistband, using his entire weight to try and peel them off, they weren’t moving.

“Awwwhahaha,” Mia laughed sympathetically, after admiring the sight for a few humorous moments, “Okay little guy...I think it’s safe to say you’ve tried as hard as you can. Can’t ask for more than that, now, can we?”

With one hand, she shooed away his hands from her waistband, and then, using only her forefinger, she slipped it deep underneath her waistband. Grinning down at him, she shook her left ass cheek with her hand, making it go crazy with jiggles. Thomas swallowed; he knew there was no way that he could make all that ass move like that, even with both of his hands. And then, with a smart, easy flick of her finger, Mia peeled the entirety of her spandex off both ass cheeks. Thomas stood there blinking in stunned silence as she bit her tongue at him, sticking it into the side of her mouth through her smirk. She was just...so much stronger than him. He already knew that, of course, but this simple act of superiority emphasized that truth harder than it had been hit home before.

“See?” she quipped, stepping out of her spandex, “Nothing to it!” Before Thomas could react, she had tossed the empty shorts to him. He caught them, his eyes almost fluttering from the divine smell of her sweet scent that emanated from them, and from the sheer intensity of her remnant body heat that still radiated off them. He was shocked how small they had already shrunken down. Holding them up, he could see that they actually weren’t much wider than his torso.

“Crazy, right?” Mia chuckled. “Go ahead! Try and stretch them out!”

He did, straining with all his strength to stretch them out sideways, but it was useless. He could barely stretch them at all, hardly even an inch. Again, the deep, feminine sound of Mia’s soft laughter danced in his ears.

“Come on...” she urged, “Is that really as far as you can stretch them?”

“I’m...t-trying...my hardest,” he grimaced, getting red in the face. Mia stood there, watching him struggle for several more seconds, before abruptly bending down and taking hold of the spandex herself.

“Here,” she hummed, obviously enjoying herself, “Let me give you another hand with that.”

Strrrrrreeettttchhhhhh

The synthetic fabric whined out into the air. In the blink of an eye, Mia had stretched it so taut that it looked like it was about to rip in half – Thomas now found himself staring at a pair of shorts that were about five times the width of his torso. And what’s more, Mia wasn’t even breaking a sweat – he could see the taut muscles and tendons in her strong hands and wrists, but they were completely still. She wasn’t straining in the least.

“HmMMM, now let’s seeeee,” Mia mused aloud, stretching the spandex out to five times the width of his torso, then six, then back to five again, then six, all right in front of his astonished face. “What should I do with such a weak little pet? Oh! I know!”

Before Thomas could react, Mia had looped the spandex over his body and let it go, releasing it and snapping it back into place around Thomas’s body. Suddenly, he was completely trapped, unable to move a muscle, as he tottered back and forth, arms fastened helplessly to his body by the incredible tightness of the spandex. Still wearing her gym bra, with the creamy fleshiness of her hips, thighs, and pubic mound shining sexily in the low lamplight, Mia put her hands on her hips, her mouth open in delight, watching Thomas struggle to maintain his balance.

“Whoop! Woah there!” she laughed, narrating his difficulties like a commentator. “Nope! Almost! Easy now! Aaaaaand...there he goes!” The last bit had come out humorously as Thomas finally lost his balance and fell flat on the floor, his hands and feet moving helplessly out of the spandex, his arms and legs totally useless. Lying there on the smooth hardwood floor, he

squirmed like a little worm, trying in vain to stand up, with Mia standing over him and taunting him the whole time.

“Come on, little pet!” she laughed. “Get up! Let’s go – stand up! What’s the matter? It’s only my spandex! Why can’t you get out of them? Are you really that weak? What’s the matter?”

Whether from the simple exhaustion of his physical efforts, or the more complex exhaustion of his entire spirit, what came out of Thomas’s mouth shocked even him. It was like a flame of his old self had suddenly flared up deep inside him. He was angry.

“I...c-can’t get up,” grimaced Thomas through his teeth, “Because you took so much of my strength away...you bitch!”

Mia raised an eyebrow, and before Thomas could apologize, she was already responding.

“Ooooh a “bitch,” am I?” she smiled slowly. “You know, Thomas...I’m not sure you wanna use that word before you know what I’m capable of. I can be a lot meaner, you know.”

Without any ceremony, she stretched out her bare foot and put it directly into his crotch, slowly beginning to crush his cock and balls.

“Aaaaaaughh!” cried Thomas, “W-Wait! Wait! I-I’m...I’m sorry, Mistress! P-Please...please stop!”

“Stop?” giggled Mia. “But why? I can feel your little cock getting even harder under my toes. Obviously you’re enjoying this.” And then, without warning, she suddenly descended her huge bulk down and plopped it straight onto Thomas’s chest, pressing all the air out of his lungs in an instant. His little face was straining up at her from in between her thick thighs, with her monstrous ass spilling well over both sides of his body as she softly, sensually ground herself into him.

For long, torturous moments, Thomas tried to say “Please! Please!” over and over, but no sound came out – he was only left to mouth the words. Mia teased him, putting her hand to her ear and inclining her head sideways, pretending to listen for the voice that never came. After a bit, she had had enough of this game (and Thomas was beginning to pass out) and so she said:

“Well, because I’m a nice bitch, I’ll help you up, little pet...and I won’t even use my hands!”

She rose up to her full height, and pursed her lips in an adoring little pucker.

“Awww,” she cooed, “It looks like your hard little cock is in pain, Thomas...straining against all that tight fabric.” She leaned down and folded the spandex up, so that his cock sprang out of its prison.

“Mwah!” Mia planted a kiss directly on the tip of Thomas’s cock, and then worked her way up to his face, kissing his body over and over through the tight spandex. By the time she reached his face, she could see that it was beet-red all over again, barely able to contain his arousal.

SHHHWWWOOP

Mia locked her plush lips all the way around Thomas’s mouth and kissed him powerfully. The suction of her kiss was so powerful that, as she straightened back up, she was actually able to lift Thomas up off his feet, bringing his entire body up with her. Moaning as she shimmied her upper body back and forth, she managed to trap Thomas’s cock in between her tits, making it go under her bra strap. She began kissing Thomas more intensely, her huge tongue lapping hungrily at the inside of his mouth as she sucked in again, robbing his lungs of air. At the same time, she was flexing her tits, squishing their soft, sensual weight around his poor, tormented cock, not letting him have a moment’s respite. Thomas whimpered out into the depths of her mouth.

“Heheh, is that it, then?” Mia laughed into him, in the midst of her aggressive kisses. “You still think I’m a bitch?”

Thomas was completely unable to answer at this point, and could only nod and shake his head...until Mia finally gave him enough air for him to gasp: “Y-You’re...not...a bitch!”

“Mmmmm, but what if I want to be a bitch?” she asks him, flexing those huge tits mercilessly around his cock. “Unless you find the perfect word to call me.”

“G-Goddess!!” burst out Thomas, almost crying the word. All in an instant, he totally lost control and came all over Mia’s giant tits. He would have passed out from the intensity of the sensation, if Mia had not suddenly flexed her tits again, holding his cock in a painful, vice-like grip that kept him alert.

“I didn’t give you permission, pet,” she said in an icy, terrifying voice. “You’d better clean that up. Pronto!”

Remembering that his hands were useless right now, Thomas immediately extended his tongue to go lick his cum up – he was already burning inside from contrition at having sinned against his Goddess by cumming of his own volition. This would show her – eating his own cum off her tits would show her just how sorry he was! His heart leapt at the opportunity to display his submission. He was about to enthusiastically lick it up when Mia suddenly stopped him.

“On second thought,” she said, reaching out and palming his little face with her huge hand, “I’ll wash this off in the shower. What I want you to do now, pet, is prepare the massage table...for afterwards.”

A few seconds later, she had easily freed Thomas from her spandex prison, and was sauntering off to the shower, leaving Thomas standing there watching her go. He had just cum, but he felt unfulfilled and empty inside. He had violated his role – he had shown his lack of dedication, his unworthiness, his weakness. He looked up at the massage table, and at the neatly-folded pile of linens next to it, complete with all the unlit candles around it. He heard the shower turn on, and a determination fired up inside him. He would prepare the massage table alright – he'd made it so perfect, so romantic, that Mia would be pleased with him when she came out all clean and ready for her massage. He would make her proud.

Twenty minutes later, Mia emerged from the steamy cloud emanating from the open bathroom door, and she had to smirk at what she saw. The linens were only loosely affixed to the massage table, with Thomas apparently having been unable to pull them tight. Only half the candles around the table and the room were lit, with the ones out of his reach conspicuously without a flame. The bottle of jasmine and chamomile oil, however, were right where they needed to be: next to the table, ready to be rubbed on Mia's immaculate skin.

"I guess it was the best you could do," Mia chuckled, pouting playfully at Thomas's exhausted, earnest face as she pulled the linens tight in a matter of seconds, and went around lighting all the candles he couldn't reach. Within a minute, dozens and dozens of candles were flickering animatedly around the massage table, awaiting what was about to happen. Thomas felt his breath catch in his chest as he watched Mia stretch her perfect body out on the table, sighing as she did so, the immense mounds of her ass jiggling in the candlelight.

"Alright, little pet," she purred at him, turning her head sideways so the sparkling jewels of her eyes struck him hard in the soul, "Time for you to make it all up to me."

Chapter 12

It was difficult for Thomas not to tremble as he approached Mia's glorious naked body, all stretched out on the massage table under the warm winking light of the innumerable candles in the Burgundy Suite. She had her face turned to the side so that she could watch his daunted approach, smiling warmly at how clearly overwhelmed he was with her curves. How could he not be? At a mere 5'2 now, Thomas still hadn't managed to wrap his head around just how big Mia was compared to him. It wasn't just that she was 6'3 now, or that she likely outweighed him by 200 pounds at this point – it was the sheer perfection of her proportions, of her skin, of her curves...on her stomach like she was now, Thomas could see those immense tits (the ones he had recently cum all over in a moment of weakness) squished so profoundly that the creamy, pillowy breast flesh was actually billowing up beyond her upper arms as she lay there on the massage table. Her arms and legs looked powerful and strong, many, many times stronger than his own, and yet still somehow retained the femininity and plushness that made Thomas weak in the knees. And when it came to her ass...well, Thomas had given up trying not to stare at it. In the warm flickering light, it rose up before him, gently jiggling with every slight movement, every breath, that Mia made. Now standing next to the massage table, Thomas was astounded that Mia's ass actually came up to the middle of his neck. A few weeks before, when he had been 6'5, Thomas had been used to bending down to attend to clients; now the massage table was even with the middle of his stomach, and he had to get up on a little step-stool (which Mia had happily provided for him) in order to reach her whole body.

"There we go, my little pet," Mia purred, as Thomas gingerly ascended the step-stool. "And take it slowly, now. I want you to take me all in...to savor me. Mmmmm, yeah, that's right – oil up my legs first...ohhhhhhh good...that's perfect, Thomas. Peeeeeerfect. And I want you to use those little hands to reeeeeeally get in there and massage me. Slowwwwwly, Thomas, slowwwwwly...understand?"

"Y-yes...Goddess," Thomas whispered. He was so aroused now that he was barely even able to speak. He knew what Mia was really telling him – yes, she wanted him to massage her muscles slowly, but actually, she was saying that she wanted him to be able to notice himself shrinking – and her growing – while he rubbed her. She wanted him to *really savor* it, even though he still felt a degree of ambivalence and helplessness about it. He knew that the jasmine and chamomile massage oil was the agent of the size exchange, but there was nothing he could do to stop it from happening. And really, if he was being honest with himself, Thomas knew his rapid heart rate wasn't the result of anxiety – it was excitement. Searing, helpless excitement at the prospect of watching Mia take more of his size in real time. A part of himself hated how excited he was to see her huge body grow even bigger at his own expense, but that part of himself, the "old Thomas," was dwindling down smaller and smaller, along with his body, with each passing minute he spent with Mia.

"Theeeeere we go," sighed Mia, the firm flesh of her thighs lightly wobbling in the candlelight from Thomas's touch. "Get those little hands deeeeeeep in there, Thomas. Deep tissue massage, mmmmmmm...show me why I hired you, little pet."

Thomas grit his teeth as he tried his best to give Mia what she wanted, but his hands were so small and weak compared to how they had been that it was difficult not to get frustrated with himself. And it wasn't just his dearth of hand-strength – Mia's legs were so strong, so thick, and so firm, that they proved difficult to infiltrate. Thomas could feel the immense, powerful muscles underneath the plush layer of feminine flesh that covered everything, and yet, he couldn't get anywhere close to the penetration that he wanted. He even got up on the massage table itself and knelt down, using the weight of his entire body to try and soften up Mia's calves and hamstrings as he dug into them with his thumbs, and then his elbows, but it all proved hopeless. He couldn't penetrate more than an inch or so, anywhere. He could hear the soft, mellifluous chatter of Mia's occasional chuckling; obviously she was enjoying the whole experience, and had never really expected him to give her a "proper" massage. The whole point was displaying her huge, wondrous body out for him, with the implicit message: 'You can't handle this. *At all.*'

And, of course...the shrinking. It wasn't long before Thomas was sure that he could feel Mia's big legs lengthening and thickening beneath him. Now that he was actually sitting on top of them, he could feel the subtle changes as the minutes passed by. Of course, Mia's body had been massive to begin with, but after 10 minutes had passed, Thomas was sure that it covered more of the massage table than it had before...a LOT more. There were still about 8 inches of space on either side of her body, but there wasn't a doubt in Thomas's mind that Mia looked bigger, wider. And she was getting thicker too, if that was even possible. Ever so slightly, as he continued to rub her legs with the massage oil, he could feel his own body rising up, as her already-impressive frame thickened and grew even stronger than before. After another 10 minutes, in the midst of what felt like a trance, Thomas briefly came to and looked down at his own legs...and gasped out loud. When he had gotten on top of her legs to rub them, he had spread both of his legs to steady himself, and had been amazed to see how, spread this way, his knees barely could accommodate Mia's thick thighs – there wasn't more than a couple inches of spare space on either side. But now...the size difference was far, far more dramatic. To Thomas's astonishment, he saw that he was now straddling ONE of Mia's thighs, and that his spread knees had NO room on either side. How much had she grown already!? Or how much had he shrunk!?

"Getting overwhelmed, little one?" Mia cooed at him, turning her head slightly so that she could smirk at him over her shoulder. "Or do you just like what you see?"

"Uhh...I...I..." Thomas stammered, unable to even begin forming a complete sentence. Mia chuckled softly at him and gently wobbled her lower body from side to side, so that the glistening flesh of her legs jiggled and shook in a mesmerizing, flowing rhythm. Her ass, which wasn't even oiled up yet, looked huger than ever, and with Thomas sitting like he was on Mia's thigh, the fleshy curve of her ass rose all the way up to his upper stomach.

"Are you done with my legs already, Thomas?" Mia asked sweetly, flexing her hamstrings playfully, making Thomas's entire body buck up with each flex. "I think you kind of rushed through them, don't you? Because, let's be honest, I knowwww how much you've been

looking forward to oiling up my biggggg, faaaaaat ass.” With the slightest, deftest twitch of her glutes, Mia sent her astonishing ass cheeks jiggling and wobbling back and forth, back and forth, while Thomas sat there before them, his eyes as big as saucers, and his cock rock-hard despite having cum quite recently. It was positively surreal to see Mia’s colossal ass gently twerking like that in the candlelight...it made Thomas feel a helpless, animalistic sense of obsession and desire. ‘Her ass...it’s gotta weigh over half what my entire body weighs,’ he thought as he watched it jiggle teasingly at him. ‘Or maybe more...’ He wanted to touch it, to feel it, to oil it up and sink his hands into it...and to feel it slowly grow beneath him, milking him of his size, his manhood, his everything.

“Mhmmm, yeeeah,” Mia laughed softly, her eyes narrowing in sexy delight over her shoulder as she watched him, “You can’t wait any longer, can you, Thomas? You’re already about ready to POP...I can just feel it. But are you allowed to pop right now, sweetie?”

“N-No...” Thomas forced out, shaking his head. He was starting to feel lightheaded, and his hands and feet were beginning to feel prickly; his mind was too engaged with Mia’s ass to realize that it was because so much of his blood was rushing into his already-engorged, purpling cock.

“Nooooo,” Mia intoned meaningfully from behind her shoulder. “Remember, I control my little puppy’s cum – and he is NOT to cum until I give him permission...riiiight?”

“Right,” Thomas nodded through gritted teeth. It felt like his face was on fire, like his entire body was on pins and needles.

“Good...so what are you waiting for?” Mia smiled back at him as she suddenly stopped her twerking, with her ass continuing to quiver with the aftershocks of her movements. “Oil her up, baby – get her glistening!”

Thomas didn’t need to be told twice, and the next moment, he was sinking his small hands deep into the soft, warm, pillowy flesh of Mia’s massive ass cheeks. It was ridiculous how long it took him to get the whole thing shining with oil...several minutes, in fact, since his hands were so small now, and her cheeks were so huge. Mia moaned softly every once in a while, teasing Thomas with a little flick or jiggle of her butt that sent her flesh alive and quivering against his naked body. She was so immense, so curvy, so smooth, so warm...everything about her felt like he was touching something beyond a mortal human.

‘She...she really is a Goddess...’ Thomas thought, with that same helpless, searing arousal that he felt whenever he was in the vicinity of her ass. ‘And I’m just...just a little pet to her...nothing more...just look at me compared to her!’

It truly was a sight to behold, and the more he rubbed the oil into her huge ass cheeks, the more he felt them inflate underneath his touch, getting wider and wider, higher and higher, inflating more and more with each minute that passed. And Thomas knew that it wasn’t an accident that

his hands were looking smaller, and his arms were looking weaker – as Mia’s big body grew still bigger underneath him, he could feel himself becoming smaller, skinnier, lighter...and the effect was dramatic when the body comparisons were so direct like they were now, with him actually sitting on top of her. It was impossible to ignore the fact that her ass cheeks had now grown big enough for him to fully embrace by spreading his arms wide – he actually tried this, and found that, with his arms spread as wide as they could go, there was very little room on either side. Mia’s hulking ass took up almost all the space! Thomas swallowed nervously, precariously close to being utterly overwhelmed, and he chanced a glance down at the massage table.

He couldn’t see the table at all anymore. Mia’s ass and thighs were so thick now that they completely covered the table. On both sides.

‘No...it’s...that’s...’ he thought desperately. ‘That’s not possible...how could she....how could she grow that much...already!?’

“Huh...” Mia mused pleasantly, “My ass is getting so big now that you might actually be able to make out that tattoo on my left cheek...”

Thomas looked down...and saw it. On the lower outside part of Mia’s gently jiggling left cheek, he saw a tattoo of a tiny man...a tattoo he hadn’t been able to see before. And, with Mia laughing softly, with her head turned to the side, she tweaked her left glute, sending the flesh aquiver, and making it look like the tiny man was dancing.

Thomas really was trembling now. Glistening like an idol in the low, flickering light, Mia’s heavenly ass rose up before him, as high as his chest now, gently quivering with every breath she took. Thomas felt something snap inside him. He couldn’t resist it anymore; he just couldn’t. A memory suddenly sprang up in his mind – the sheer bliss and euphoria of being in the elevator with Mia, and her pressing her giant ass up against him, so that his legs were dangling off the floor.

‘And that was then,’ he thought breathlessly. ‘This is NOW...her ass is SO much bigger compared to me now!’

With shaking hands, he grabbed his cock, and, with an audacity only the truly desperate and helpless can understand, he slid his engorged length right into the tight, fleshy chasm in between Mia’s mighty ass cheeks. The tip of his cock, now completely buried in the glistening flesh, was pointed directly at the small of Mia’s back.

“Oooooop...I think I feel a little something back there,” purred Mia, again turning her face slightly to the side so that she was glancing at Thomas over her shoulder. In the low light, her eyes were glistening back at him like sapphires, giving her a strange, otherworldly beauty. “Is my little pet getting distracted?”

Thomas wanted to answer, but at the moment he simply wasn't able to. His entire body felt like a coiled spring, ready to snap into a thousand pieces. He felt like if he started thrusting his cock in between Mia's cheeks, he wouldn't be able to hold himself back. He had already cum without her permission once tonight, and he shuddered to think what she would do to him if he lost control again. So, caught in a kind of hellish, impossibly-pleasurable limbo, he simply sat there, his little legs sprawled out against the thick, strong pillars of her thighs, with his poor cock drooling precum in between the megalithic wonders of Mia's ass cheeks.

"Oh yeah," Mia laughed, this time louder than before, sending ripples of vibration through her entire body, tormenting Thomas further. "You really are about to lose it, aren't you? And to think – my little puppy on the verge of disobeying me TWICE in one night! Noooo...no, no, no...this won't do, little one. This simply will...not...DO!"

Her voice was teasing and playful, but what happened next showed that Mia wasn't kidding. With a sudden, fluid movement, seemingly impossible for someone so huge, her body lifted up off the massage table, her arms spread wide to balance herself, and her ass sticking up so that Thomas, although terribly shaken by the sudden shift, didn't fall off. The next thing he knew, he was moving backwards...or, more accurately, Mia was walking backwards, and Thomas, with his arms and legs, was holding onto her ass cheeks for dear life. He had no idea where she was going, and received another surprising jolt when...

THUD

He felt Mia back him into something smooth and hard. Looking aside, Thomas could see that she had backed him straight up into a large glass door, the door that led to the bathroom. Mia must have closed it on her way out before the massage, because now, with Mia's full weight backed up against it, the door didn't budge.

"There!" Mia smiled, arching an eyebrow down at Thomas as she turned her head over her shoulder to look at him again. "I could feel you starting to lose control again, sweetie...so I thought I'd help you out a little. You know, to spare you from the punishment I would've had to inflict on you if you'd disobeyed me."

"I'm...I'm s-sorry!" Thomas managed to force out, as he struggled against the splayed-out weight of Mia's massive ass cheeks as they pressed him into the glass door, with his feet kicking far up off the ground. "I w-was...I was..."

"You were helpless," Mia finished, nodding slowly as she winked at him. "I know. It's becoming something of a theme, isn't it, Thomas? You...so little...so small...completely at the mercy of my big body...god, just look at you back there, your little legs dangling off the floor, my giant ass pressing you into the door...haha, I bet my ass weighs almost as much as you do now! How about that, Thomas? Hmmmmm? How does that make you feel?"

Thomas didn't have the faintest idea how he was supposed to answer that question, particularly when Mia, in the midst of asking it, had started to shake and gyrate her ass against the glass door, further stimulating his already-turgid member. That was another thing that Thomas couldn't believe was happening – his cock, which had been 9 inches when he had been 6'5, was the only part of his body that hadn't gotten smaller. It was still as long and thick as it had been originally, only now, with his fast-diminishing stature, it seemed bigger than ever. At this point, it was so long compared to the rest of his body that, with Mia's ass pressing it up against himself, it came all the way up to the middle of his chest.

"Too turned-on to answer," Mia trilled happily, her hair flowing like a divine waterfall over her face as she turned back again to admire his helplessness. "A poor, weak little puppy, pinned up off the floor, stuck between my thick ass cheeks, with nowhere to go, nothing to do but accept the grinnnnnding and the twwwwwerking against your little body as it gets smaller and smaller and SMALLER...hahaha ohhhhh yes!"

Mia started slow, with steady, building pressure against Thomas's body as she pressed him harder and harder into the glass door. After a few minutes, it felt to Thomas like she was going to completely press him flat...but he didn't have time to worry about that, because, with this slow, sensual pressing, Thomas could actually see Mia's ass slowly growing up against his body in real time, as its grip around his cock grew tighter and tighter, hotter and hotter, until the head of his shaft felt like it was made of white-hot molten metal. And then she took it up another notch. Turning her smirking smile back at him over her shoulder, Mia started twerking her mammoth cheeks, right and left, right and left, over and over, against his hapless, trapped body. Very quickly, this slow, sensuous, merciless rhythm pushed Thomas to the point of hyperventilation, and in his panic, his eyes darted desperately about, more out of sheer animal instinct than anything rational. They locked onto the tattoo again, the tattoo of the little man that had been essentially invisible up until half an hour ago, when her cheeks grew large enough for Thomas to see it. And now there it was – the little man – dancing and jumping around as Mia twerked her huge cheeks back and forth. The little man's dance seemed to mock Thomas, and seemed to laugh at his predicament. He was free to move and dance about, while Thomas could barely move a muscle. He could feel Mia's ass growing and expanding around him, restricting his ability to move. When she had first pinned him to the door, his arms and legs were somewhat free to flail about. But now, increasingly, he found that he couldn't even move them. Mia's ass was so huge that it was actually pinning his arms and legs to the door as well. Thomas could still move his hands and feet, but doing so only made him feel more fruitless, more pathetic, and more helpless.

"Oooooo I can feel you getting smaller and smaller," Mia moaned out, wiggling her ass against the door as Thomas felt his entire body rampaged and tossed against the glass like a little ragdoll. "Can you feel it, Thomas? Mmmmm, I know you can. You can feel my huge ass swelling up against your tiny, shrinking body. Because I'm taking your size, Thomas. It's going into me. I'm taking it from you, growing taller and thicker and bigger and stronger than ever before...all while you get so small, so weak, so utterly helpless and pathetic. Awwwww, don't look at me like that – don't try to pretend this isn't EXACTLY what you were made for, little pet. I

KNOW you love it. You can't hide anything from me, not with that big cock pressed up against your chest like that. Haha wowwww, you're even harder now than you were before. How is that even possible, Thomas? Mmmmm, I know how – because I control your cum, don't I? I say when you can cum, and when you can't. You disobeyed me earlier, but you know a second failure is not an option. Youuuu know. And that's why, even with these GIANT ass cheeks pressed up against you, twerking you silly, I KNOW that you're not going to cum. Say it, Thomas. Tell me."

"I'm...n-not going to...to c-cum!" he bumbled out, nearly at the point of tears now. His vision had started to swim before his eyes, from a combination of so many things at once: the sheer pressure of Mia's ass weight pressing him up against the glass door, the tantalizingly erotic torment of her twerking cheeks against his compressed cock, the smooth feel of her perfect skin, all oiled up and sliding in searingly slick cadence against his dwindling form, and, of course, the gorgeous, mocking, dominant energy of her piercing eyes whenever she turned around to admire her handiwork, or more specifically, her ass work. Mia gave a loud, exultant laugh and reached a huge hand back, slapping her ass and which sounded out like a thunderclap into the air. Thomas felt an electric jolt of unbearable pleasure course through him in response, as his whole body, and most particularly his cock, absorbed the vibration of Mia's titanic slap. For longer than Thomas could measure, she kept him like this, totally elevated off the floor, his little body pressed into the glass door by her mesmerizing ass as she twerked and ground his body down, slapping her ass over and over, making him smaller and smaller while she grew bigger and bigger.

Half an hour later, when Mia finally stepped forward away from the glass, Thomas's body remained stuck on the glass, even without the aid of anything to hold it up. She turned around, and her black-manicured hand went up to her mouth, not doing much to repress her laughter at what she was seeing. Thomas's entire body was a deep, dark red, and his cock was purple; his eyes were crossed and unfocused, and he seemed to be fading in and out of consciousness.

"Well!" Mia chuckled, her bright, deep, feminine voice instantly rousing Thomas from his reverie as his eyes refocused directly on her. "It looks like my little pet finally remembered his place – shrunken, exhausted, and plastered up against a glass door..." She stepped forward and cupped his big swollen balls in her hand, juggling them playfully. "Without losing his load like he did last time! Mmmm, nice job, Thomas! Very well done!"

Thomas opened his mouth and tried to say "Thank you Goddess," but what actually came out was just a dry rasping sound. Mia nodded her head, pursing her gorgeous lips, seeming to understand completely.

"Ooooo, and what's this?" she added suddenly, pointing with a long finger at the glass next to Thomas. He tried to turn his head, but as he was completely stuck to the glass, he couldn't even do that.

“Awww, I’m sorry,” grinned Mia. “I forgot you can’t even move. Here sweetheart, let me help you.”

She gently gripped Thomas by his shoulders, and Thomas was shocked at how huge her hands felt against his body. With her giant ass in his face before, he hadn’t been able to properly compare his body to hers, but now that Mia was facing him, the full reality of their size difference was starting to become clear. Her hands felt GIANT around his shoulders, and everything about her, from her enormous tits to her full, strong legs, and thick wide hips, seemed bigger. Even her face seemed huge as she peered close at him, winking as she geared up to peel him off the glass door. And the next moment, that’s literally what she did. With a long, syrupy squelching sound, Mia peeled Thomas off the glass, with long strings of slick oil hanging onto his body as she pulled him away and set him on his feet before her.

“Oh...GOODNESS!” Mia intoned, her eyes going wide as she brought both hands up to her face, cupping her beautiful visage as she stared down at Thomas. “Just LOOK at you now!”

Thomas stood there, open-mouthed. As happened so often these days, he had no words. He was staring straight forward into Mia’s navel. He had shrunk down...all the way to 4’7...and Mia was now a towering 7’4 in her bare feet. The next moment, her navel got right up in his face, as Mia stepped forward and cupped the back of his head with her huge hand, gently pressing him into her fleshy stomach, and measuring the top of his head up against her body.

“Yep...” she hummed happily. “Just barely taller than my belly button, Thomas.” With her hand, she directed his head up towards her, so that he made eye contact with her as she peered down at him over her protruding breasts. “How’s that for a comparison, huh?” She turned her head back to the glass and nodded toward it. “Or THAT?”

Thomas turned to look at what she was talking about, and it instantly became clear what she meant. High up on the glass (at least, high to him), about 5 feet up, there was the huge, butterfly-shaped oily imprint of Mia’s ass cheeks. It took Thomas a few seconds to realize that the small, skinny little imprint in the middle of the two massive ones was...him. HIS imprint. The mark HIS body had made. It was laughable how tiny he looked, just compared to her ass! It really did look like a butterfly, with his little body standing for the small body of the butterfly itself, and Mia’s giant, outspread ass cheeks standing for the butterfly’s wings. There wasn’t any question now – her ass weighed more than his entire body...a LOT more. Thomas even began to wonder whether there was more mass in a single one of her ass cheeks than in his whole body.

“Oh, and haha! Check this out!” Mia laughed, stepping closer and pointing at the oil marks. “You can see the little “rings” here...where my ass grew! See, it started there...and then...mmmm, it grew bigger there...and then, ohhh boy, it REALLY grew there...and then it had another spurt...and then another...and another...haha, it’s like reading tree rings!”

The whole scene, with the height and size comparisons combined with the ridiculous reality of the oil marks, was proving too much for Thomas. His cock, which was pointed straight upward at his chin now, was still purple, and, quite apart from his own will, was threatening to explode in a shower of cum. Mia, as if sensing this like a predator in the forest, suddenly stopped her fun and bent down towards him, casting his entire body in her shadow as she put her hands on her knees, looming over him as her eyes gleamed in the candlelight.

“Your cock, Thomas,” she murmured, barely above a whisper, yet in a tone that was as dominant and commanding as ever. “I think it’s time we deal with it...MY way.”