

Drunken Shower Adventure

(Not officially cannon {yet?})

By Hollewdz

The door to Quinn's apartment finally heaved open at 10:45pm. Quinn had the worst day. First, she did badly on her chem exam. Next, some asshole bumped into her, spilling coffee down her shirt. Finally, to top it all off, she had to work overtime at her night job, because she can't afford to say no to her shitty boss.

"I'm home," Quinn sighed, exhausted.

"Welcome back, Goliath! It's been so *boring* without you- Wait, why does it look like you've gone mud-wrestling? And without me? No fair!" Jaz bubbled from the kitchen counter.

"It's not mud, shorty, it's like, a *crème latté* with extra whip or something," Quinn slumped onto a barstool, dropping her bookbag and work clothes to the floor. "Y'know what? Today was awful, and I'm awful, so I'm gonna drink. I'm picking up so many bad habits from you, y'know that?"

"Gasp! Holier-than-thou, Quinn?? Drinking to cope?! Who *are* you!?" Jaz jabs, sauntering over to Quinn's elbow and leaning into it. "Do you even *own* liquor?" Quinn scowled and indignantly stood up, leaving Jaz to sputter to the floor. "Of course, you've just never *seen* it because I'm not an alcoholic like *some people*," she smirked.

"Chug, chug, chug!" Jaz sings, watching his mammoth roommate down liquid equivalent to a swimming pool. After a few minutes of this, Jaz noticed Quinn would be out of commission before she knew it.

"You're gonna have a killer hangover tomorrow if you drink any more!"

"Oh piss off," Quinn groaned drowsily, knocking back another shot-and-a-half of bacardi.

"No seriously, you're gonna hurt yourself, Quinn," Jaz shot back, now realizing that she just instantly swallowed something about his size, and was losing her senses far too quickly.

"No, seriously, *piss off*," Quinn glared, while plucking Jaz from the kitchen table. "You're so-*hic!*- annoying right now, be quiet."

"wait, wha-" Quinn dropped Jaz unceremoniously into her bra, nestling him tightly between her tits. A couple one-and-a-half shots later, Quinn realized she still hadn't showered yet.

"Quinn!! Stop this, get me out of here!" Jaz shouted into the too-warm flesh around him.

He was getting beyond nervous now that he'd realized that his pseudo-guardian was now nothing more than a stumbling, clumsy, and reason-impaired giant with no filter or self-control.

Quinn stood and lumbered herself into her bathroom, shedding her coffee stained shirt and pants. She turned toward the mirror and laughed like it was the funniest thing in the world. "Oh my god!! You're so tiny!! Look at you, stuck there!" she sputtered between hiccups. "Do you *-hic!*- like the view?" She shimmied, shaking his entire world. Her boobs slammed into him from either side, pressing him into her warm chest in a dizzying whirl.

"Q-Quinn!! You're scaring me, please, take me out from here!" Jaz called out from his cushy prison. As hot as Quinn was, this wasn't the way he wanted to get under her clothes.

"Aw-ha-ha, you're no fun!" She scooped him out and set him on the bathroom counter. Quinn eventually took off her remaining articles of clothing, tossing them to the ground. "As much as I love the sm-*hic!*-smell of coffee, I like being clean more," She shuffled over to the tub and turned the handle. The bathroom filled with steam, and Quinn slowly turned to look at her prey.

That's what Jaz felt like, anyway, prey to be toyed with and used. He gulped, looking this giant woman up and down. She'd been so guarded before tonight, always asking if he was okay with things, making sure to both give him privacy, and never let him invade hers, as much as he may have tried. He was grateful, now, that he hadn't been found by some crazy lady who was *always* this way, someone who didn't see him as a person. In fact, this was the first time since waking up small that he had felt like he was less-than. Quinn had made sure that he still felt like he was his own.

But he didn't have much time to ponder about his person-hood, with a crazed giantess looming over him.

"It seems that i've-*hic!*- misplaced my loofa..." Quinn quietly started, "and that I'll need some help reaching all of my-*hic!*- hard to reach areas." She eyed him hungrily. "I'd like to thank you for volun-*hic!*-teering."

"Wait-" Jaz squeaked out, but it was too late. Quinn grabbed him almost uncomfortably tightly, and stepped into the steaming shower.

Quinn first went for body wash, her rose scented one. The one Jaz had caught whiffs from time to time after Quinn stepped out of the shower. He had always wondered if he could shower with her. *Be careful what you wish for*, he thought grimly, as the pink goo draped over his body. Quinn then took to rubbing him all over her soft and supple body- from her neck, to her chest, underarms down to her thighs, ankles and heels. She pulled Jazz away and he caught his breath, heaving. What a sensation, like sliding over a satin mattress, being pressed firming into it. Jaz couldn't contain himself any longer, and his manhood betrayed his at least semi-composed stature.

"what's this?" Quinn cooed from above, water running down her chest. "Looks like my washcloth is getting excited~"

"It's not like I've had any choice in the matter!" Jaz quipped, still sticky with that rose-scented soap.

"I'm getting-*hic!*- getting excited, too..." Quinn slowly lowered Jaz, and he gravely realized where he was headed. *Oh god, here we go.*

Jaz's whole body was pressed into Quinn's womanhood, where the velvety walls enveloped him. Back and forth, pressed firmly against Quinn, it was like a rollercoaster rocking him to sleep. He could feel something hardening, growing. *ah, this must be Quinn's...* Jaz realized. *Could I make this end faster if I were to...*

Jaz knew what he had to do, so he dove right in, kicking his legs up into her vagina and clinging to her clit for dear life. The walls around him shook as Quinn shuddered in pleasure. "*Fuck*, do that again," she moaned, pushing Jaz's legs further inside her. She massaged his back, trying to lose him from her clit, to no avail. In fact, the action only made Jaz cling all the more desperately to it, bringing Quinn to her knees with a heavy slam.

"*Fuck!*" She exclaimed, now tensing herself repeatedly. Jaz thought his lower half would be crushed from the pressure and vacuum, but he couldn't afford to be sucked into her. He feared he'd never see daylight again if he gave in now. With this in mind, he ravenously sucked, tickled, squeezed and toyed with Quinn's clit until a wave of pressure overcame him. *This is it*, he thought, *Nearly there*.

Overhead, Quinn was panting and quivering, shuddering from the pleasure. It was all too much, the alcohol, her toy roommate. She gasped, grabbing at the shower railing, collapsing completely to the shower floor. Hunched over, she came, wave after wave, from the personalized toy that kept on giving. *Why didn't I do this sooner?*, she pondered drunkenly. And with that, she was out cold.

Epilogue:

After Quinn passed out, Jaz was able to lose himself from his flowery prison and make the short drop to the bathtub floor. He took a few minutes to recover, and wobbled his way over to Quinn's front. But before that, he definitely had to admire the view. Such a timid, stern girl, splayed out in front of him like a turkey on thanksgiving. Rear end high overhead, and tits pressed into the floor, Jaz trekked towards the giant's face. Her body was like an environment all it's own, water dripping down her sides like a cave, and echoes of her soft breathes bouncing off the tub walls.

Finally, staring into the face of a slumbering giant, Jaz yelled something he knew for certain would not only wake her, but would sober her completely.

"Quinn, the water bill!!!"