

The Landmark Resort By Joyce Julep

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 heellllooooo!” 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 suuuure 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."

"Aaaauugghhh...pllleeaasse!" cried Thomas, the tears now truly streaming down his reddening face, "Please I-let me c-cuuuummm!"

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

"Ohhohoho plllleeeease!!" 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 aaaaaaall 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.

"Uuuuggghhh!"

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? Hmmmm?"

"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.