

Finally, I've found it. The secret, experimental uniform I'd secretly overheard one of the four devas talking about. Now that I've gotten this close, no one could possibly stop me now!

"Hmhmhm, did you really think you could get all the way here without being noticed?" A familiar voice coming from the open door behind me, drives a chill down my spine. Turning slowly, I confirm that it was none other than Houka of the devas himself, leaning casually on the open door frame.

The devas are the top dogs of the school, no normal student can even hold out for even a second against him. If he were to attack me now... Turning to the suit behind me, my only hope is to get into the uniform before it's too late!

Frantically, I strip myself, clambering to exchange my clothes as quickly as possible, but little do I know, that's exactly what Houka had in mind, as he patiently waits for me, a pathetic, nobody of a student to dawn the otherworldly robe.

Getting fully dressed, it doesn't take long for me to suddenly feel something strange happening to my body. It feels like it's tightening around my figure, constricting every part of my body with force, but I soon realize it isn't just a feeling. The clothing itself is actually moving and morphing like a horrible living monster, assaulting and violating me. "'Wha... what kind of uniform is this!?!'"

"Hahaha. Did you really think someone as weak as you could possibly handle a uniform made from 100% lifefiber?" Houka taunts, looking down smugly while pushing up his glasses. "I've been meaning to find a proper test subject for it, but for someone like you, you'll simply be consumed by it before you can even... huh?" I hear him suddenly stop his belittling speech, but I'm in too much pain and shock to notice why.

Houka looks around the room in a panic. The thief had suddenly vanished without a trace, and the only exit is the one he's standing in front of. 'With the power of the suit, has he become so fast as to get past me in an instant?' Houka thinks to himself.

"L-lockdown the facility!" he screams into his communicator. "Don't let anyone leave this school!"

"Uhhhg, what?" I slowly regain my senses, hearing Houka's echoing voice, as if it was through a megaphone.

"Hmph, what a pathetic state I've been brought to by this mortal flesh bag." A strange voice whispers to me, echoing softly in my head.

"Wha- who... ah..." Looking around, searching for the source of this new voice, I suddenly realize the world around me has become a very different place. Everything in the room towers above me like massive skyscrapers. The ceiling itself even seemingly stretches out as far as the clouds could. The gaps in the floor tiles are like massive ditches; every little scratch and detail is clearly visible to me like tree bark.

Looking down, I realize I'm wrapped in a black leather, tight, and extremely revealing outfit. "Wha- what happened to the uniform?" I say to myself. This definitely wasn't the uniform I put on a moment ago. It can hardly be considered clothing with how little it covers. My chest is bare aside from straps running up the sides and wrapping around my arms, and even my junk is completely exposed! Pulling and tugging at the strange outfit, I try to find some way to take it off, but the way it wraps around me with no zipper or buttons, it doesn't even seem possible...

"You dare to even attempt ripping me from your flesh, mortal?" The same mysterious voice spouts, causing me to pause my efforts. "I'm the only thing that you could even hope to have keep you alive in your current position."

"Wah? Is... is this outfit... talking?" I question it in disbelief.

"Indeed, I am the godrobe, Chisai, the flesh eater. You are the first human to ever trigger my transformation in proper, but this result is utterly pathetic."

"Huh???" I'm completely lost with that's happening at this point.

The godrobe seems to sigh heavily, bothered by the trouble of needing to explain things. "My power comes from absorbing the body of my hosts. This should hardly be noticeable to one who has a developed and refined body, but your body is so weak, it required taking over 99.9% of your body mass just to make the transformation."

"N-no way..." This can't be happening. I've been reduced to the size of an ant in the deepest, most dangerous part of the school. As if the Devas and club members weren't scary enough before...

"However, you did manage to survive the process nonetheless." Chisai continues with just the slightest tone of enthusiasm in his voice. "Do you feel it; my power coursing through you?"

"Eh?" I don't really notice any difference at first, but as I go to move my arms I realize they feel basically weightless. Flexing my muscles I suddenly feel an almost electrifying surge pulsing through them that creates a satisfying tingling feeling. "Whoa..." Looking to test this power I slam my fist into the ground and like a bullet, my fist pierces through the solid tile, my hand barely feeling a sting from the impact.

"Hmhmhm, it's marvelous isn't it?" Chisai remarks proudly "And that's far from the extent of what it's fully capable of... if only you hadn't lost so much of your mass..."

"...he just seemed to vanish..." I hear Houka's voice coming from down the hall as the echoes of what sound like several people walking briskly towards the room. "... I swear I only took my eyes off him for a moment. I-I don't know what happened."

"Hmph." The sound of the dismissive and disdainful interjection rings in my ears and chills me to the bone, as I fully recognize the sound. Turning to the doorway, my fears are confirmed as I see towering before me, the almighty and illustrious student council president, Lady Satsuki...

Her presence has always been intimidating and demeaning, her gaze always looking down upon any and all students and teachers of the academy with disgust and pity. Even the devas themselves grovel at her feet... but now, as she enters the room, slowly walking towards me, her body alone is of towering like the spire of the school tower she normally stands upon. Each of her steps makes her larger and larger in my view, her colossal body is like a goddess of unmatched beauty... and terror. Her feet stop just in front of me, and I look up at her face as I watch her eyes gaze down towards me and I freeze solid.

"Hmm..." she whispers softly, scanning quickly over the area around me before looking back up. Did... she not even notice me?

"Hey... don't just stand here, you idiot." Chisai whispers to me allowing me to break from my paralysis as I look down at him. "Get out of here quick! I don't want to get set up as her prop again."

"Wha- but- where..." I stutter frantically, my body shaking.

"There's a vent there." The uniform tugs my left arm, gesturing to the side. "Hurry, before they start to figure out what really happened!" I scramble to the vent my legs seeming to lung me forward like taking a step in low gravity, but at fast-forwarded speed. The power of the suit seems overwhelming to me in my panicked state, I can't control it at all. Like an awkward grasshopper, I frantically jump my way to the vent, my tiny body easily sliding through the spacing between the metal filter.

"Search the school," Satsuki's commanding voice echoes like thunder in the room "I want guards monitoring the halls like vultures. Have them report any and all suspicious details... no matter how small."

Panting in fear and shock, I try to think of my next move. I'm nearly helpless in this tiny state, my chances of taking on even a single student in a uniform seems like it will be a challenge, no matter how powerful my suit may make me.

"Is there... ANY way for me to get back to normal size?" I question the suit.

"Hmm... just regrow your cells? You biological creatures can do that right?" The robe responds with it's ignorant and yet still somehow patronizing words. I simply sigh in response.

I need someone to help me get back to normal and out of this stupid suit. There's only one person I know who's willing to oppose the school. If I'm lucky, she may still be stuck in the school. It's already past regular school hours, but I know she often gets after school challenges from club members. I just have to think of where she might be.

Crossing to the other side of the vent, I enter into an open gigantic hallway. With more concentration and precision, I zip across the floor at sonic speed, well, at least from my perspective. I'm only really moving at regular jogging speed, the speed of a normal house fly. However, with my incredible speed and tiny profile, I slip past the frantic hall-monitors, desperately searching for me, with ease. With how busy it is, I doubt who I'm looking for will be roaming the halls at this point, there's one place that I know I could check.

As I navigate my way through the school, I soon find myself face to face with the towering, sliding door of her home classroom. There's not enough of a gap for me to slip under it easily, despite my miniscule size, but perhaps I may be strong enough to open it with my new power.

Staring up, the wall of the door is taller than any skyscraper I've ever laid eyes on. Will I really be able to move this thing? Lining myself up, and leveraging between the wall and the door, I pull with all my might. I strain the muscles in my body as the incredible energy surges through my entire body. Despite my effort it doesn't seem to budge at first, but then, like a catapult releasing from its tension, the door is suddenly sent flying open at incredible speed.

"Whoa!" I scream as I fall to the floor. Am I truly this powerful? This door alone must weigh several hundred tons from my perspective, yet I sent it flying! Or did I...?

Suddenly the massive column of an enormous leg swoops by me, the air current it creates throws me into the air, flying forward a couple yards. A giant hiker boot lands right next to me with an incredible, echoing boom, the single step is like force of a collapsing skyscraper. Not truly comprehending what's happening, I scramble away frantically. The sheer size of the enormous creature is enough to terrify me, despite how powerful I felt a moment ago. Looking up however, my terror turns to elation and hope, as I realize it's exactly who I'm looking for; Ryuko

Ryuko is well known for her rebellious nature, her defiance of the student council president is an inspiration, and also... her curvy, seductive body that she openly reveals in her transformed uniform has always left my heart racing. Seeing her up close- no, seeing her towering over me ominously, her stripped, billowing panties in plan view, and just her normal steps quaking the ground around me, I feel my heart is about to burst from the excitement, nervousness, and terror. Of course, she doesn't seem to notice me at all.

"Jeez, what's got these hall monitors all riled up?" Ryuko whines. "Damn, Satsuki. What's she up to this time? This lockdown is some serious bull crap." she walks over to her usual desk, swinging her bag over the back of the chair and slouching down into the seat lazily. "I should probably just lay low here for now. Mako might still be here at the school too."

This is my chance! I sprint over to her running down the towering rows of desks and chairs until I'm right beside her. She turns around to pull stuff out of her bag and I try to get her attention, waving my arms around and jumping around, but even as her view crosses past me, she doesn't seem to take notice at all...

"Ughh, no way..." I drop to my arms slowly, coming to the realization that I'm so tiny, these giants don't even notice me even when I'm trying... No, that can't be it. I-its just kinda dark down on the floor at this time of day. Yeah, I just have to get up where she can see me.

I jog over to her massive white boot slowly, it's scale quickly becoming larger and larger in my view. I soon stand face to face with the titanic shoe, easily comparable to that of a large house. It's daunting enough on its own, but slowly looking up, a smooth, pale spire sprouts from it stretching hundreds of feet above me, and that's only as high as the knee. The girl seated before me is of unbelievable scale, and completely unaware of my existence.

I begin trying to climb it, lifting my arms up, I manage to reach the rim of the rubber sole and pull myself up. The next part however proves to be much tougher. The smooth outer layer of the building-like hiker is difficult to keep my grip on as I try to find scratches and dents in its surface to use as foot holds. However, my efforts are wasted as Ryuko suddenly moves her boot ever so slightly, causing me to lose my grip and fall.

"Agh..." I land back on the wooden floor lightly, despite the relative high height. Damn... if just climbing her shoe is that hard, how am I going to climb all the way up her leg?

"Sigh... What are you doing messing around like this?" Chisai speaks up in a depreciating tone. "You do realize you could easily jump to her knee from here right?"

"Huh? R-really?" I stare up at the towering pale spire of smooth skin that extends hundreds of feet above me. The thought of simply jumping that height in one go didn't even cross my mind, but maybe the robe is right. With how fast my legs could propel me while running, it seems like it should be possible. I crouch down slightly and jump up like catapulting from a trampoline, but my height barely reaches past the flaps of her boot. I soon crash back to the ground clumsily.

"Well, I don't mean that easily..." my robe mocks my pathetic attempt. "Focus my energy into your legs. Wait until you feel it burning your muscles, but don't hold it too long."

I do as it says, bending my legs and flexing my leg muscles. I can feel the energy flowing into them, building up, and surging from my body. I wait only for a few moments before my leg muscles are burning like they would after a long bike ride. I spring up with force, air rushing

across my body as I rocket into the air. Looking up to my target, her massive leg is like a smooth peach road I'm speeding down, the details of her skin clearly visible to me. Soon, I'm flying up past her knee just as my momentum seems to slow.

I flutter forward, at the pinnacle of my jump, the platform of her knee still a short distance away. Flailing in the air like a panicking swimmer, I manage to scrape by the very edge of her highway wide knee, clambering to grip it as I slide down its slope. I soon find myself laying out flat against the smooth, hairless skin of her knee, my dick ending up pinned to it as I desperately try not to fall. Her bare skin radiates a subtle heat, the scent of her musk after a long active day blankets the air around me, and my revealing outfit leaves little to block between her skin and mine. I lay still for a few moments, afraid that I may fall if I try to get up... but also just to enjoy the sensation a little longer.

I slowly climb up the side of her knee, her sweat stained skin sticky enough to keep my grip. Reaching the point where I feel safe, I stand myself up and realize the platform of her knee doesn't feel stable at all. The small micro-movements of her leg cause tremors that jostle me around back and forth and I worry that a sudden movement will send me straight off. Keeping low, I scurry up her thigh towards her blanketing skirt. I realize that if I were to jump down off the other side of her leg I'd be able to see... no I'm not here to perv! I need her to help me!

I soon reach the point where I get past the ceiling of the desk and am able to look up at Ryuko directly. Leaning forward, her shoulders rest on the desk and her arms raised to support her head in a lazy posture. Her chest bursts forward, the breasts beneath her loose uniform still quite noticeable. I suddenly stop in my tracks, taking in the astonishing view. It almost feels like she's letting me rest my head on her lap, but the scale of her from my perspective still makes it a little intimidating. As she looks up at a book on her desk, I'm just barely out of her field of view. I'll have to try to get closer.

I prepare myself, once again tensing my leg muscles as I crouch down and concentrate the powerful energy into them. Energy arcs out of my body, trickling across Ryuko's thigh... it didn't even occur to me that she might feel it.

"Uh?" Ryuko mutters quietly. I look up quickly, believing that she spotted me, but in an instant, the view above me is engulfed by the black silhouette of her massive hand. Crashing down on me, the force of her slap sends a shockwave through the soft fat of her thigh causing it to jiggle tenderly. I'm helplessly flattened into her skin, my powerful, tensed muscles not at all able to resist the overwhelming force. Her strength is unbelievable, as I'm pinned down into her thigh, I'm completely unable to move under just the might of her single hand. I suppose I should've expected this kind of power from someone who rivals Lady Satsuki.

As she lifts her hand off of me, I turn myself over to look up at her confused and curious expression. "What the...?" To her I must be nothing but a tiny bug that she can barely see. Before I even have time to get up, her massive hand comes back in, her index finger and thumb

collapsing on me as she plucks my body from her thigh and soon drops me into the palm of her other hand.

"Wait... are you human?" Pulling her hand up to her face, my view is suddenly filled with just the top half of her face as she leans in to get a closer look at me.

"Uhhh ye-yes! Umm, i-it's nice to meet you." I try to say casually to her, my nerves getting the best of me. She was always pretty intimidating to talk to even at normal size. Her attitude, strength, and of course, her attractive body make her basically unapproachable, especially for some normal guy like me. At this size though, she's like a terrifying and vicious monster of a woman. My heart is beating out of my chest and I can hardly stop myself from trembling in front of her, and things only get worse as her expression suddenly changes to that of pure disgust.

"Huh?! Is that...? Ugh!" Her reaction is loud and booming to me, I cover my ears and look down, my body beginning to tremble despite my efforts. That's when I realize... my bare, revealed penis is standing fully erect. It must have been from when I was pressed against her thigh, I did notice it feel good down there and with it out, loose and free in the open, it seems to have just naturally erected without me even noticing. Having been down on the bare thigh, having tickled her and looking like this in this perverted uniform... this isn't a good first impression.

"R-ryuko, th-this is just a misunderstanding! Please I need your-" I stutter to try to explain myself, but I'm quickly interrupted by her powerful, ear splitting voice.

"Who the hell do you think you are!?" Her head lowers slightly leaving me directly in front of her terrifying, colossal mouth as it erupts with her furious voice, the blasting air threatening to send me flying. Specks of her spit spray from her mouth, a couple of which strike and splatter onto me like a fired paintball. She's so overwhelming and imposing, I can't stop myself from shaking in fear. "Were you climbing all over me you fucking pervert! Did you think I wouldn't notice? I'll kill you!" In rage, her fingers begin to clench slightly, arcing over me like long claws. I shiver uncontrollably, tears quickly building in my eyes, my body totally paralyzed... but seemingly so is she. Her tensed fingers threaten to collapse on me with a titan grip, her expression is utterly disgusted and furious, but several moments go by without either of us moving an inch.

Slowly, her expression seems to change to that of mere annoyance. She said she'd kill me, but she seems hesitant to actually harm me. Perhaps she took pity on me; my feeble, tiny body cowering so pathetically in front of her. Maybe she's more gentle than I originally thought.

"Tsk... I don't see anything special about him. He's just a sad, tiny pervert." She whispers, seemingly to herself, looking down at her chest, before turning her attention back to me. "What the hell am I going to do with you? You deserve to be pummeled, but... you look so weak."

With the situation calming down a bit, I find the courage to speak up again. "R-Ryuko, I'm sorry, I was just trying to-"

"Ah, I know what you deserve." She interrupts once again with her booming voice. Is it possible that my voice is too quiet for her to even hear?

Suddenly she spins her whole body to the side as she spins in her seat. The rushing air from her movement is like a tornado, and my body is once again nearly blown clean off her hand. I hear as her massive boots clomp to the ground with a distant boom. She then attacks me with her fingers from her free hand, once again pinching me like a bug and swings me down low to the ground. For a brief moment I think maybe she's letting me go, but quickly I'm plunged into darkness as she drops me into the dank and humid cavern of her gigantic hiker. As she holds it up by the back flap, the angle of the sole causes me to roll down to the very deepest part before she sets it down again.

The smell is potent and rich with body odor. I choke a little as my lungs adjust to the thick air of my new environment. I barely have time to look up and see the enormous hallway of her grand hall sized shoe before the only small amount of light is extinguished. Slowly peeking in, the enormous white sock of her foot crawls and slithers its way into the tight confines of the boot. The rustling sounds it makes are like a monster tearing through a thick jungle and as the light fades, that sound becomes my only way to sense it approaching. Panic ensnares me as I'm cornered in this horrible prison, the reeking smell only becoming more concentrated as the outside air is blocked from the sheer girth of the enormous foot. The rustling eventually stops and I realize that with me far enough inside, her toes aren't quite able to reach me, that is until she proudly lifts her foot into the air.

"Maybe this'll teach you a lesson." She says confidently, looking at her boot with a smug expression.

With her foot 90° up, I fall down landing into the soft net of her sock. The surface feels spongy and damp, the stench multiplied as my nose gets closer. I feel the side of my body begin to get wedged between the sock and the sole of her shoe, but in the darkness I can barely tell what's happening. Then in an instant she slams her boot back onto the ground with a tremendous thud. My body is suddenly engulfed, pinned between her damp sock and her boot sole. I quickly come to guess where I am as I feel toes bend and clench around me as she wiggles them in delight.

"Huh...? Don't be ridiculous, it's not like it's that bad in there." Ryuko's muffled voice is just barely audible to me beneath the avalanche of cloth and flesh. Is she actually crazy!? This is unbearable! I can hardly breathe as her toes press me down and play with me like a toy. Even with my super strength I can only push the fabric of her sock far enough away to catch my breath. My body slowly becomes damp with her sweat as the moisture from the sock swallows me. The minutes feel like hours as time passes and Ryuko goes back to reading. I fear for my life as I begin to wonder if she's forgotten about me, and the weight of her foot slowly feels like it's getting heavier... or maybe it's me getting weaker.

After ages of her foot being motionless, she readjusts her foot and suddenly I'm pressed down into the sole of her shoe with an insane force. She's merely stretching her big toe, the strength



of just it alone is too much for me to fight back against. "Ah! Shit, I nearly forgot about him." I hear Ryuko say in the faintest whisper.

After foot retracts from the cavern, I'm dropped me out of her hiker like an annoying pebble, and I land onto her soft hand. I gasp in the clean open air, my lungs almost having forgotten what it feels like.

"Well... did you learn your lesson?" she says adamantly, but looking at her face, it's clear that she feels a little guilty for what she did to me.

"Ryuko... I'm so sorry. I need your help." I plead with her, my eyes still watering from the intense vapors of her boot. I'm almost afraid to ask her for anything, but she's the only one I know of who could possibly help. "It's this robe! It shrunk me."

She looks away from me, her cheeks getting a little blush with embarrassment. "Shut up... I didn't mean to leave him so long..." she once again seems to mutter to herself as if talking to someone else.

Right... she can't hear me... even from here, standing right in front of her face she can't hear my tiny voice, but I have to talk to her. It's my only hope. Maybe if I get closer to her ear.

I ready myself, building up energy in my legs again to jump over to her shoulder. She turns back to look at me right as I feel it burning my legs, and I launch myself at her. I don't want to overshoot and jump past her shoulder so I aimed closer to her neck, however as I soar through the air I realize my momentum is quickly dissipating, and I begin a downward trajectory long before I get to her neck. I barely have time to look down as I fall into the small opening in her slightly unbuttoned uniform.

"Huuuh!?! " Ryuko yells in a surprisingly girly voice. I land and bounce onto her soft breast at an angle causing my tiny body to ricochet off towards the opposite breast and then down between the two, into the black fold of her massive, chasm-like cleavage. I desperately try to avoid sliding down between the mountains of plump flesh, terrified of being horribly crushed again. Not only is my heart racing in panic, but I can hear the muffled, echoing drum of her heartbeats as well beating out of her chest. "Wha- what the hell!!! Get out of there!" Ryuko screams in her typical intimidating tone. I feel the g-forces as she props up her breasts with her arm, reaching into the opening of her shirt with her other hand. The massive fingers assault me mercilessly in a frenzy, squashing me into the fat of her breasts and trying desperately to wrap themselves around me in a panic.

I don't resist at all. I don't want to be here either! Not like this! Yet despite that she fumbles and flails my tiny body around clumsily, even going as far as to push me down between the two mounds. The pressure is intense, even with my toughened body, it feels like I'm getting crushed between two king sized mattresses pressed together under a collapsed building. My boosted strength allows me to only barely press back against the walls of soft, plump flesh. Finally, she

manages to pinch my tiny legs between her fingers and with a single, rocket power pull, I'm ejected from the confines of her shirt and left dangling upside down directly in front of her bright red, flustered and utterly furious face.

"You fucking pervert! Now you're asking for a beating!" Her powerful, erupting voice makes my ears ring in pain, the rushing air blast mighty enough to cause my tiny body to swing and flail around wildly as I dangle from her fingers. I'm nearly ready to cry... it was an accident, but I can't even tell her. Raising her arm up with her fist clenched and aimed directly at me, I tremble at the thought of her enraged and unhindered punch sending me flying, but then, to my surprise, she swings my dangling body underneath it. "I'll squash you in the most humiliating way possible, you stupid bug!"

Without another passing moment, she slips her pinched fingers into the short sleeve of her uniform, and I'm plunged into near total darkness once more. My entire body slaps against the skin of her armpit, its surface layered with a slimy remnant of half dried sweat. The odor is suffocating, especially as my nostrils are physically enwrapped in the viscid sweat. With the thickness of mud and the stickiness of glue, my body becomes plastered to her just from the momentum alone, but that doesn't stop Ryuko from making sure, as she then presses her index finger into me with force, squishing me into her soft skin that folds in around her fingertip. Since when did just the strength of one finger become so overpowering to me?

"Let's see how you like this you stink'n perv!" Ryuko's muffled roar seems to vibrate through her body. I feel as she slowly lessens the pressure of her fingertip as she goes to pull her finger away, only to be followed by her full arm crashing down on me. She squeezes her arm to her body, flexing her bicep and causing an audible squelching sound as the slimy sweat tries to escape her colossal smothering. My body is hopelessly unwrapped in her swampy pit. In my desperation to breath, I muster up all the energy the uniform can give me and press back against the enormous mass of her bicep. Doing so only seems to open a gap to allow the thick, slimy sweat to gush in and flood me. In my panic, I lose my concentration and the fat crashes back down on me. I simply begin to squirm in terror and helplessness, as my body is pressed by Ryuko's incredible muscles. My inability to breath soon causes me to pass out...

"...Hey... come on... wake up, you stupid perv!" A rattling voice echoes in my ears as I slowly regain consciousness. The dim light of the dusk lit classroom is still enough to make me squint as my eyes adjust from being in complete darkness. As I open my eyes, looking up, the roof above me is completely dominated by a veiny, sparkling wet eye. "Oh shit... you're alive! Thank goodness..." Ryuko sounds genuinely relieved as she closes her eyes and leans back in her seat.

I look around and realize I'm left laying on the surface of her desk, her books and other clutter brushed off to the side to give me space. My body still feels sticky and moist as the remnants of her globular sweat slowly dry on me. My nostrils are still flooded with the musky smell though

thankfully not as intense now that it's mixed in with the fresh air. My muscles feel sore all over, strained not only from being squeezed, but also from trying to resist. I feel weak and defeated. Ryuko has utterly dominated me in the most humiliating and effortless ways. I knew she was strong, but I feel completely helpless and too terrified to even make a move, but at the same time, her strength could be my best hope of resisting the school.

"Tsk... you deserved that, you know, for being such a perv..." She looks down at me with a disgusted glare, but I notice that it seems more gentle and regretful than before, as if she's just putting on a tough girl act. There's a glint in her eyes, a faint wetness, like she was nearly about to cry. Was she actually concerned for me? I guess being so strong, she can't always control herself when she gets mad. Maybe she's not so bad after all. "J-just get out of here, before I actually crush you like a bug."

I stare up at her studying her face. Her expression flusters as she tries to look angry and mean, but her cheeks seem to be slowly turning more red the longer I look. It's actually pretty cute.

"H-hey, I told you-" she leans in slightly, raising her voice to try and intimidate me, but her blasting vocals are suddenly cut short as the classroom door slides open with a bang.

"Found you!!!" A cheerfully exhilarating and gleeful voice echoes from behind me. For a brief moment part of me worries that it's one of the monitors searching for me, but turning to look, the sweet looking expressive girl at the door doesn't seem to have any special uniform.

"Eh? Mako!" Ryuko is bewildered by the sudden appearance of the girl. A mix of embarrassment, relief, cheer, and even worry seems to flicker in her expression chaotically.

This Mako girl, I never used to notice her until she started hanging around Ryuko all the time. She's an underachiever who can never keep up with club activities, and typically just sleeps during class. An average, weak school girl who gets pushed around and stepped over constantly in the competition to achieve status and power in the school. I'd normally look down on her even as a fellow average student, but in this situation, as she rushes into the classroom like an excited puppy, her booming steps echoing louder and louder, I suddenly get a foreboding shiver down my spine. Papers and clutter fly about as she blows past and crashes into desks haphazardly, with a blooming and bright smile on her face. The closer she gets, the more the chaos around her feels like a raging storm from my perspective, and before she even makes it down the row of desks, she suddenly takes a few running steps off the chairs and desks before launching herself into the air.

"Ryuko!!!" Mako cheers as Ryuko and I are both shocked and stunned, unable to react to her sudden action. Mako whips her legs forward like preparing to splash into a pool; her skirt flutters up like a parachute, completely revealing her well used white panties. She seems to hang steadily in the air, slowly drawing closer towards us, and her shadow begins to envelope the platform of Ryuko's desk... with me along with it. It all feels like it's happening in slow motion, yet I can't seem to react in time, as Mako's colossal body seems to grow ever more massive as

it descends down, her butt aimed directly on my position. I barely get the chance to let out a half scream before the white, bulging wall blights out the sky and impacts me like a stadium crushing meteor.

The explosive impact of her crashing rear end is deafening, flattening, and utterly consuming. I can feel my body squish and mold from the unbelievable force of the impact, my bodily fluids wanting to burst out of me from all ends. I suppose even at normal size, a small girl slamming into me like that would knock the wind out of me, but while the initial impact hit harder, the pressure doesn't seem to let up...

This can't be... the suit is supposed to make me hundreds, even thousands of times stronger! My muscles should be hard like steel, able to withstand a collapsing, concrete wall like a sheet of paper, yet the weight of this girl... this average, tiny girl... is smothering and compressing me like dough. The massive wall of fabric radiates a smoldering heat. The scent of sweat and lingering gasses seems to billow forth from within, trying to weave its way through the thin gaps in the threads to escape the pressure of her mound of meat on the other side. The air even has enough potency to singe the taste buds of my mouth. The monolithic ass intoxicates every sense of my body with unbelievable displeasure, and yet now, when I need the strength most, I can't seem to even move a single muscle.

Mako leans back and forth and side to side playfully and restlessly, completely unaware of my presence, yet making it impossible for me to adjust to the feeling of the pressure. The muffled sounds of the girls speaking is completely unintelligible underneath what must be an entire lake full of fat and fabric. Ryuko's voice in particular is almost completely inaudible as she seems to struggle to explain, but I hear an outburst of her distressed voice before Mako suddenly stops moving altogether.

Slowly, I feel the steel bending pressure lift off me. My eyes flooded with tears, I can't even bring myself to open them at first, but as I soon realize the smell and feeling of the fabric hasn't moved away from me, I curiously take a look at my surroundings. Darkness, though not complete, still engulfs everything around me, the white fibers of the panties slightly more visible due to their color.

"Wait, w-where did he go?" Ryuko's confused voice haunts me as I realize what's happened; my tiny body has been left plastered to the rough, damp fabric of Mako's panties... I try to move, but I feel hopelessly weak, as the fibers of the underwear seem to entangle and sew into my own uniform.

"Ohhhh! Is this another one of your imaginary friends?" Mako's playful and ever enthused voice is painful to hear from her sheer obliviousness to my suffering.

"No! He was... Hold on... show me your butt..." Ryuko commands, and without more than a curious murmur, Mako complies. I feel the g-forces as her massive body twirls around and bends forward. A burst of light dawns on me as the blanketing skirt is lifted off my prison, I

breath a gulp of the rushing fresh air and with it, a sense of total relief fills my body. "Oh, fuck... hold still Mako." Delicately, Ryuko moves her fingers in and pinches me between them, like pinching up a small bug stuck in a spider web. She seems to pull my body from the panties without any resistance, despite my own efforts previously being useless.

Plopping me down onto her fingertip of the opposite hand, she then brings me up close to her face to inspect me. "Man... you sure are tough for a little guy. I thought for sure you would've... you know... popped."

Taking the comment as a sign that it's okay, Mako spins back around curiously and seeing Ryuko focused on her fingertip it doesn't take more than a second for her to spot me. "Whoa! He's real!" In a flash her face pulls close enough to me that her nose is nearly nugging me as she stares cross eyed at me. "Huh? What's with that outfit?"

"He's some sort of weird pervert... he started climbing all over me and stuff... so I was kinda... punishing him." Ryuko seems hesitant to tell the story, obviously avoiding details she didn't want to mention.

"What!?! You can't just climb on girls like that little bug guy!" Mako scolds me with an eruptive voice that seems to have no throttle for volume, and being so close, I feel my body physically vibrate. "You were even climbing on my panties! That's totally unacceptable!"

"Well, that wasn't- " Ryuko tries to speak up to defend me, but the high energy Mako doesn't leave her any time.

"Don't worry, Ryuko! I know just how to handle something like this." Mako looks at Ryuko with a serious and resolved stare as if to promise her that she knows what she's doing, but the look Ryuko gives her in return is only of confusion and concern. Without another word, Mako rushes behind Ryuko's desk and begins kicking chairs and shoving desks disorderly.

"Mako... I don't know if that's..." Ryuko turns around to watch Mako, leaving me concerned and terrified about what these giant girls plan to do next. I try to move again, I need to get out of here, but I realize I don't have the strength anymore.

"Wha- I... I can barely even move... Chisai?" I call out to my uniform for an explanation.

"Hmm? Are you done harassing these girls yet?" The uniform acts like everything was my doing and intention, like I was enjoying the whole situation. I guess fabric doesn't take damage from being crushed. "It seems your bodymass that I was using as fuel is beginning to run low."

"Is... is that why they seem so strong?" So I've been slowly getting weaker this whole time. That's why Mako seemed so unbelievably powerful despite being a normal girl! "Chisai, give me more energy... take my bodymass!"

“What? Don’t you comprehend what will occur if I do that?” The uniform warns me. “I believe you’ve already gotten us in a bad enough spot as it is.”

“I need to be stronger, I need more energy to survive this! Just do it before they kill me here!” I plead with fabric.

“Hmph... if you insist.”

Ryuko turns back to me with an exasperated and pitying look, and she’s just in time, as my body begins to shrink before her eyes. I look around feebly, as the platform of her finger begins to stretch out around me. The racket of Mako throwing desks around, seems to amplify to ear splitting magnitudes. Even the more subtle sounds like the sound of Ryuko’s breaths and even the micro movements of her shifting finger seem to make an audible rumbling sound. I look up at Ryuko, her concerned and bewildered face beginning to blur and look further and further away. I start to feel regret as the sudden realization of everything getting so much bigger terrifies me. It’s not long before my butt sinks down into the groove of her fingerprint. The area of her fingertip soon becomes the size of a small soccer field. I’ve shrunk down maybe even 10 times smaller than I already was, but at least I can feel the energy beginning to revitalize my body once again which gives me at least some recompense.

“Wha- he just... how did he get even smaller?” Ryuko’s near whisper of astonishment is like a distant, booming eruption, and in response, Mako finishes her rearranging and zips back over to stare at the tip of Ryuko’s finger.

“Whooooooooa! He’s like barely even a bug now. He’s just a grain of sand~” Mako once again pulls her face uncomfortably close, this time bringing her grinning, agape mouth right next to the fingertip, staring down at me. Her unrestrained, close up voice causes me to cover my ears in pain which does little to disrupt the glass shattering sound waves. The rushing air from her breath is like a tremendous hurricane that forces me to lay lower and clutch the grooves of the fingerprint just to avoid being swept up by it’s mighty force. “This will be an even better punishment now!” Without warning, or even giving me a chance to react, Mako’s colossal hand appears above me like an alien mothership, it’s shadow large enough to cover the area of a small town. In an instant her index finger and thumb swing down, crashing into one another like two monolithic skyscrapers, with me pinched between them, as she unwillingly abducts me from Ryuko’s fingertip.

The force is unbelievable... my body, once again fully re-energized and fueled with an inhuman power, is once again smothered between two massive walls of flesh. The pressure feels almost identical to when I was crushed in Ryuko’s armpit, but now, this is just a pair of fingers. I push back against the bumpy walls of her fingertips, but the skin alone seems so much more thick and rigid that I can hardly get it to budge. “This can’t be...” I mutter as I give in, the walls collapsing in on me again. She’s just a normal girl, and yet I’m completely trapped, crushed and squeezed between her fingers, my only saving grace being my tough, steel-like body resisting being flattened. She can’t be this strong!!

"I did warn you." A faint murmur of that obnoxiously belittling voice barely reaches my eardrums through the walls. "While it is true that you were getting weaker, surely you should have realized what the effect of becoming even smaller would be." the fabric mocks me, in my lowest moment. So in fact, that entire time that I believed Ryuko was an exceptionally strong woman, she was actually only putting in the same amount of strength into her actions as a regular girl playing with a bug would... Now being even smaller than before, even if I feel 10 times stronger, I've only made these girls 1000 times more powerful.

"Hey! Mako!!" Ryuko's panicked voice rumbles like a muffled music concert, banging and crashing sounds accompanying it.

"Trust me! This is exactly how you need to deal with a tiny pervert." Mako assures her as I feel the g-forces of her hands moving around wildly. The sounds of ruffling clothes and skin slapping echo in my dark prison ominously. I feel the pressure on my body intensify as Mako is clearly handling something with both hands.

"Wha- Mako?! Why... this isn't... hey!!!" Ryuko's voice begins to get more and more girly, entirely losing her usually rough, tomboish attitude as she squeals in shock and embarrassment. In my stupor I can't understand what's happening, but soon the pressure is let off of me completely, as the blinding light illuminates everything once more and I find myself falling down towards an open plain of brilliant peach colored skin.

I land daintily with a bounce and a flop, the almost rubbery texture of the landscape of smooth skin feels soft and tender. "Ehhhh!? W-w-wait, Mako!" Ryuko's unrestrained shrill rumbles my world like a tremendous earthquake, my body shaking not only from the blasting soundwaves, but also from a vibration emanating from underneath where I lie. As her breath peters out, I notice it's not just her voice creating the quakes, but also a deep, vigorous drumming that vibrates through me like a gigantic truck engine. It takes me a moment, but I soon recognize it as the sound of a powerful, racing heartbeat, as I slowly look up to prove where it is I am. Ryuko, now laying down on a row of desks that Mako arranged, her beet red, blushing face looks down at me on her bare chest. Her eyes barely peek over her chin, her head framed between a border of curving peach hills. The sight is unlike anything I could imagine, laying on top of Ryuko's gorgeous, sexy body, but at the same time feeling like I'm in a deep valley looking out onto a vaste, beautiful landscape... My heart begins pounding at racing speed from my nervousness, arousal, and also unimaginable fear.

"Hehe, hey, mister speck~" Mako's delighted and excited voice echoes from behind me. Suddenly, the mountains of plump meat are assaulted by a pair of colossal hands, the slapping of the fat resonating in the air like a dropped bomb. "You wanted to touch Ryuko's big, humongous boobs right?" Mako's hands begin groping and messaging the tender fat and Ryuko can barely hold back from moaning in response as she squints and bites her lip. I flip myself over to face the true threat to my existence.

Mako's gargantuan, sky engulfing body hangs over me. Her arms, grappled to the mountains beside me, stretch up what must be over a kilometer into the air, slowly becoming more out of focus in my vision as it climbs higher. Her face is like a billowing cloud hanging above me like a threatening storm. Her expression is smug, but also a little disgusted, like a pervert who's caught someone peeping on them. "Well, now you can have as much of them as you'd like~" she threatens with an uncanny delight in her voice, and without another second to let me contemplate those words she pulls the bulging tits together, the avalanche of succulent fat engulfing me a hundred times over in a single instant.

"Aauhh~ Mako..." Ryuko moans, in embarrassment, discomfort, and pleasure. She fidgets and squirms, her arms quivering as she fights between the desperation to push Mako off of her and the urge to simply submit.

"See, you have to give them so much of what they want that they'll never want it ever again. I'd use my own boobs, but yours are so much bigger and better Ryuko~" Mako cheerfully explains like she's teaching her how to cook, despite Ryuko's disturbed reactions. "Mmm, although... I wonder if it feels good to have a tiny, pathetic boy trapped and rubbed around in between your boobs."

The force is unlike any other time I was crushed before. Mako massages and needs the sensitive breasts together forcefully. My body is grinded by the shifting smooth walls, pressed and twisted in all directions, my exposed privates yanked and tugged wildly. The monolithic mass of fat is completely inescapable and the pressure is enough to make me feel like I'm going to pop.

"Ah! Right, I guess he'll need a breather." Mako suddenly halts, releasing the massive tits that collapse and sag to the sides as if exhausted themselves. My body drops back down into the valley between them with a wet and sweaty smack. "I'll give you a break before round 2." she says to both of us, simply sitting up and looking at us like a pair of adorable exhausted puppies, as Ryuko and I both lay together, hot, and panting heavily. The rise and fall of Ryuko's deep breaths are like powerful ocean waves that rock me up and down. Her body is growing warmer as her blood pumps faster, and I feel like I can't do anything to relieve my own heat. I'm already drained of my energy once again, and even if I were to try to escape, I don't think I could make it out of the valley before 'round 2'...

"Huh, w-what? What is it?" Ryuko suddenly speaks up.

"Ah, so you've finally taken notice, have you, Bloodsucker?" Chisai seems to respond in turn before a short pause of silence.

"A... godrobe?" Ryuko whispers looking down at me in sudden bewilderment. "No way..."

"Huh? Wait, \*huff\* are you \*huff\* talking to her!" I exclaim between my gasps for breath.



"Not her, her godrobe." Chisai answers, sounding somewhat defeated. "I was hoping I wouldn't get noticed in this pathetic state..."

So... Ryuko's outfit... talks to her too?! Why didn't I realize it sooner! I thought she was just talking to herself or something. No wonder she's so powerful once it's activated... and why it seems so exposing... These Godrobes are crazy.

"Please, you have to explain to them! This is all a misunderstanding. I need you to talk to her for me!" I plead desperately with the fabric, knowing that it put me in this whole mess to begin with, but with my suit running low on energy, I need to end this now!

"Hmm..." Chisai's response seems hesitant, but it seems it's too late...

"Alright~" Mako engulfs her hands into Ryuko's breasts once more with an even more terrifying boom than before. "Ready for round 2?" She says with a bright grin as she leans her face down towards her hands to taunt me. I begin to tremble in anticipation.

"No wait!" Ryuko grabs Mako by the wrists, which seems to snap Mako out of her sadistic escalation. "I... I don't think he's actually a pervert..." she looks down at the speck between her breasts apologetically, though unable to see my relieved and overjoyed expression. She figured it out on her own!

"So... this whole time he was just trying to get my attention for help..." Ryuko finishes relaying everything to Mako, after I convinced Chisai to tell my side of the story.

"Hm... he talks to his clothes too..." Mako responds, clearly processing the information in her own way.

"Hey, little dude." Ryuko holds me once again on the tip of her finger, barely sitting up from where she was previously lying on the desks. She looks down at me with a completely ashamed and guilty expression. "I'm really sorry for all that... I know what it's like to be misunderstood..." her voice is gentle and remorseful, a complete opposite side to her rude and belligerent disposition that I know her for. She really is a sweet-hearted girl under that rough exterior. Even after all this I'm glad I came to her in the first place.

"We have to make it up to him!" Mako suddenly leans into Ryuko's face, getting herself uncomfortably close to both Ryuko and myself. The rush of air from just the movement of her enormous body is nearly enough to send me soaring clear off Ryuko's fingertip. "We did a lot of bad things to him, saying sorry isn't good enough!"

"Eh...? Well, I guess that's true..." Ryuko replies, cautious and worryingly. Ryuko seemed mostly unfazed by Mako getting in her face so abruptly. The two of them clearly seem to know

each other quite well. Perhaps that's why Ryuko is hesitant to agree with Mako, who clearly is never thinking on the same wavelength as most people...and she's right to worry.

"Give him a kiss!" Mako nearly shouting as if under the pressure of defusing a bomb.

"Huh?!" both Ryuko and I exclaim in shock from the suggestion, but clearly Mako doesn't think that response is good enough, as she blinks heavily as if frustrated from our stupidity. Mako then shoves Ryuko back down onto the desk, this time pinning her down by the shoulder and then moves to snatch Ryuko's hand that I'm so delicately placed on, holding it tight and still. "Sigh... you really don't know anything about these kinds of things do you?" Forcing Ryuko's hand where she wants it, my body is pressed into the surface of fingertip by the g-forces as she whips the finger forward. I only get see a flash of what's happening as I'm sent careening towards Ryuko's mouth in an instant, she only barely has time to shut her lips together before the fingertip slams down onto it.

The impact surprisingly feels soft, Ryuko's plush lips becoming a shock absorbing surface that my body is smothered into. The moist, sticky, and delicate skin feels like it molds around my body despite how incredibly tiny my body is. My lips, my whole body, is forced into hers so aggressively, it almost feels passionate in a strange way. The force however quickly lets off as the fingertip lifts back off, leaving me laying on what I realize is an entire highway width of soft, pink skin.

"Mmm mmmmm!!" I hear Ryuko murmur in distress and panic like a scared puppy, but to me it's like hearing the rumbling of an active volcano. I feel the vibrations of the blasting air trying to escape underneath the thick walls of sultry flesh, as Ryuko resists the urge to open her mouth. I then realize, I'm right in the center between the two hills of her lips. If Ryuko were to open her mouth, I could fall into her gaping maw to be swallowed as unnoticeable as a drop of saliva. The thought has me shaking with fear, but at the same time, the sticky surface has such a pleasant feeling and smell, I feel like I'm getting lost in them. Knowing that these are the succulent lips of a famous, attractive, and sweet girl... I can't resist the urge to embrace them, as I lean my face back into the soft, squishy mass. Ryuko probably can't tell what I'm doing, heck even Mako who's staring down at me can't even tell. At this moment, I really do feel like the pervert they thought I was, but my calm, serene time doesn't last long, as Mako once again becomes restless.

"Come on, Ryuko! You call that a kiss?" Mako's booming voice once again shows her disappointment with Ryuko's 'knowledge', and it comes as a blaring signal to me to prepare for what comes next... "I'll show you how it's done~" Mako's slightly sultry voice sparks in my ears like the start of a wildfire. I turn over only just in time to witness Mako's lips fall towards me like a collapsing roof.

"MMMMM!!!" Ryuko holds back a scream, the giantess left in total shock and panic, although once again, she doesn't fight back against Mako's advances. Mako's lips lock in and kneed with Ryuko's sensually, the chaotic girl proving not to be as inexperienced as she seems. While

Ryuko continues to resist the urge to move her lips at all, Mako starts off merely gumming at Ryuko's lips playfully, but soon enough she can't resist biting at the succulent lips of her best friend. As for me, my tiny speck of a body is utterly consumed by the pairs of whale sized lips. The simple, small movements of her rubbing her lips are like an endlessly repeating avalanche of plump flesh consuming my whole body, only giving me brief chances to catch a breath when her lips pull back to readjust. I'm completely smothered and dragged between the enormous pink monoliths like a full body massage and despite being unable to resist, the feeling of all that plump, sensitive flesh molding around me, rubbing at my quickly growing erection, is an overwhelmingly blissful experience. It soon becomes clear that I'm not the only one enjoying it either, as Ryuko begins to relax her lips, giving in completely to the temptation.

Backing off for a few seconds, Mako opens her eyes and stares directly into Ryuko's, letting out a small giggle before leaning back in, ready to go to the next level. As the pair of lips lock, this time I find myself unpinned, trapped in a nearly pitch black gap between the lips. I stare up, barely able to make out the image of Mako's blanketing puckers beginning to part, revealing a fifth gigantic mound that seems to force its way through the growing gap like water from a bursting dam. It slams into me, proving to be even more soft and squishy than the lips themselves, but also more forceful, bumpy and soaking wet with a thick, slimy, and sticky liquid. Ryuko doesn't resist as Mako's monstrous tongue forces its way into her mouth, dragging me along with it.

The two school girls makeout passionately, Mako's tongue aggressively thrusting and wrapping itself around Ryuko's. The massive, slimy, serpent like tongues engulf me, the size of just one alone large enough to stuff a gymnasium full to the ceiling. At first the only sounds I can hear are those of the sopping flesh and squelching saliva which echo in these monsters' chamber, but soon the moans and wails of the girls boom, rumble, and vibrate the sensitive flesh all around me, and so too my tiny dot of a body. The bumpy textures of the tongues roll across my body, the liquids soaking me enough to saturate my hair and uniform almost instantly. The pummeling attacks of Mako's thirsty tongue crash down on me like a monster truck through mud. What little strength I do have to fight back seems completely useless against the almost gelatinous form of the smothering monsters, my arms and legs becoming enwrapped and consumed no matter where or how I move them. I'm wholly lost in the battle between these whopping behemoths, likely too small to even be noticed. It's too overwhelming... I'm going crazy between the panic, the pleasure, and the deep terror, as I nearly pass out.

Just before I hit my limit, a blast of beaming light envelopes me as I'm exposed to the open air once more. I gasp desperately for breath coughing up thick saliva that still continues to slowly wash over me. My eyes slowly open, adjusting to the light and I see an erotic, fulfilling view of Ryuko's bright red, sultry and indulged face as she too gasps for breath in her dazed respite. The view almost tricks me into believing that I'm responsible for her satisfied expression, but as I hear Mako's resounding giggle, I slowly realize where I am: plastered and glued to the soggy, wet, mound of Mako's tongue as she lets it hang outside of her mouth. Saliva slowly oozes down the gargantuan slab of meat, gathering in waves and pulling me along with it like a dirt being washed away. Clumping up and bulging at the tip, it's only a short time before the surface

tension gives out to gravity, my body submerged in the massive glob of slobber as it drips down onto Ryuko's mouth below.

Narily avoiding dripping directly into Ryuko's gaping mouth, the drop oozes down onto her bottom lip and most of the slimy spit begins sloshing down towards her chin. My tiny granular body is left helplessly lying once again on Ryuko's soft lip. This experience has all been too much for me to handle... This was supposed to be a reward, an apology for what they did to me, and while it did feel good in some wild and magical ways, I feel like I've been used like a toy; I'm worn out and totally exhausted. Ryuko's deep panting exhausts warm, humid air that envelopes the space around me, her subtle moments swaying me back and forth rhythmically, a surprisingly relaxing moment of rest that I'm thoroughly grateful for.

"Hmm? Ah, there you are speck boy!" Mako's elated voice screeches in my ears sending a chilling spark of panic through my body. I don't even have time to look, as her massive finger slams into Ryuko's lip, as she wipes me off like a soiling smudge on Ryuko's beautiful face. "Hehe, I almost forgot about you actually. You can't really blame me, because of how pathetically insignificant you are~" her harsh words screaming counter to the playful way she says it. Bringing me up to her face, close enough that her eye becomes a disturbing, veiny wall in my view, she stares down at me intently. "Mmm, it looks like you enjoyed our apology~ Good thing your pee pee is out in the open like that, or it would probably be too small to see."

I realize in horror that her words are true, my penis stands fully erect in contrast to how I really feel about the terrifying situation. I can see a twinkle in her gargantuan eye that tells me she's enjoying this and clearly wants to play with me more. I can barely stutter out intelligible sounds between my panting let alone convince Chisai to tell them to stop. I'm exhausted and at the brink of being totally unable to resist, tears filling my eyes with worry.

"Hmm, what else do boys like you want?" Mako ponders to herself, pulling her fingertip away from her face and gesturing in a thinking expression. I can only begin to fear what this utterly chaotic girl will think up next... "Ah! I guess I'll let you see mine too." she continues, and without any hesitation, reaches for the bottom of her shirt and pulls it up, revealing her bra covered chest to me. "Just a second~" she says awkwardly as she pins her chin to her upper neck to hold up her shirt, while using her hand to instead reach around her back. Fiddling with it for a bit, she soon pulls the hand which I'm precariously placed up to her bra to press in fabric and loosen the strap in the back. The wall of fabric before me is impossibly daunting... the height of a mountain, but like a bulging cliff face that nearly stretches out directly overtop of me.

"Ah~" Mako hoots as the resounding snap and the rumbling echo of the rustling fabric fill my ears. She slowly pulls her hand away from the bra, letting it drop like an artist pulling the veil from their masterpiece. The bloated bags of tender fat slump forward as gravity tries to pull them over, the elastic, smooth skin catching and holding them from collapsing down on my insignificant body. "What do you think, little guy? Are they big enough for you? Hehe~" Mako mocks me as I stare up in awe of the overwhelming mountain of silky, pale flesh. Easily millions of times heavier than myself, the enormous tit's sway and jiggle to her playful movements.

“Want to touch them?” she offers whimsically as she begins to move her finger closer to the bulging mass. I begin trembling in fear as the wall utterly consumes my field of view. I raise my arms up and brace myself as if I hope to stop the tremendous mountain of fat from crushing me completely.

To my surprise however, Mako instead merely touches the edge of her finger to her skin, leaving me sat directly in front of the enormous wall. Pleasantly and seductively, Mako slides her finger up the surface of her enormous breast. It's like a mesmerizing waterfall of skin rushing past me as I'm elevated up the side of her tit. Looking up her smug, devious face looms over me above the horizon of skin, and a small pink hill I see in the distance is getting exponentially larger in my view by the second. Her finger smacks into the bottom of her gigantic nipple with a deep thump. The tiny nipple, even smaller than her fingertip, is still the size of a three story building to me. The bumpy, rounded texture of it is like that of a solid rockbed of fused boulders and... wait, is it... erect?!

“Mmm, I can't see you anymore mister speck~” Mako's booming voice humiliates me as I realize the mass of her nipple is enough to block my view of her face. “Hmm, maybe I'll leave you on top instead.” Slowly, she forces her finger upwards, the gigantic fingertip catching the edge of her nipple, bending and straining the solid looking mass for a moment before it slides off and flicks back into place like rubber, the snapping sound echoing like a popping tire. Then, without warning my world is flipped sideways as she dumps me off the tip of her finger, my body rolling down the rutted surface of her fingerprint and falling onto the nipple.

Despite it's look, the nipple's bumpy veneer is actually fairly soft like squishy rubber of an inflated workout ball. I press my arms into it with force as I try to get up, and almost as if by response everything begins vibrating intensely as Mako lets out a soft murmur of a moan. “Mmm, it feels so good, your little body touching my sensitive nipple~” I turn to look up at her as she stares at me with a sultry, extra wide smile. Can she... really feel my tiny body? I can feel as the mass of her titanic, megaton breast shifts and sways like a sailboat in a storm just to the force of her small breaths, and yet just the strength of my arm pressing into her nipple can- “Hehe, just kidding! I can barely even see you from here, let alone feel you haha.” she giggles at her own tasteless joke. “Although, I do like the idea of a cute tiny boy trying his best to make me feel good~” For just a brief moment, I thought I had power, or at least some sort of feeling of influence on this titaness of a woman, but my only influence is a spark in her brain that pleases her as she teases me in my ultimately pathetic state; stranded on a school girl's tiny nipple.

Meanwhile, Ryuko slowly sits up, her face still bright red, looking off to the side, as she covers her still bare breasts with her arm. Mako however, realizing this, bursts out in protest. “Ryuko! Stop covering them up! Let's see those big titties~”

“Huh?!” Ryuko looks up at Mako, before turning back to the side sheepishly. Slowly, she relaxes her arm allowing her breasts to drop like water balloons.

“Hehe, do you like the view, little guy? Mine don’t even compare to Ryuko’s badonkers huh?” Mako gestures teasingly to me, as I’m left totally astonished. Ryuko’s breasts are basically the talk of the whole school, her transformed Godrobe leaving little to the imagination, but still, seeing them loose, dangling and jiggling is something most of the school has dreamed about seeing. “Hey, Ryuko, why don’t you shake those titties around and give the little guy a good show? Hehe~”

“Tsk, are you serious Mako?” Ryuko turns to Mako with a narrow glare. Mako turns to stare into Ryuko’s eyes, her expression almost in shock to see her friend look at her like that. “Is this really all just for him? Do you even understand what you did to me? How you made me feel?” Ryuko’s glare slowly turns to sadness and nervousness as she looks down sheepishly. Her eye’s glint with a small trace of tears, as she fidgets around her arms pressing down onto her skirt between her legs and pressing her bare breasts together in an unintentionally sexy way.

Seeing this, a soft and gentle smile wipes onto Mako’s face, as she leans towards Ryuko ever so slightly. Grabbing her hand tightly and messaging it soothingly, she manages to get Ryuko to look back into her eyes. “Hmhmhm~ you’re a lot more needy than I thought you were~” Mako teases as I watch as the two girls slowly shift closer together. For them it must barely feel like movement, but to me it’s like watching as a massive ship I’m sailing on goes full speed, straight into a mountainous shore line.

“M... Mako...” Ryuko begins breathing heavily once more, her eyes slowly shutting as she lets Mako take control. I begin backing away from the cliff edge of the nipple I’m on, an instinctual reaction that I know makes no difference to the current danger I’m in. I can’t do anything to stop the magnetic pull of these astonishing titanesses, Ryuko’s moon-like breast carrening straight towards me. I simply let out a tiny whimper as my body is utterly consumed in the ocean of tantalizing, jiggly fat.

The girls begin making out once again, this time with true effort exerted from both of them as they begin embarrassing and squeezing each other tightly. The emotional connection between the two that had been left bottled up seems to explode in passion and lust... and I’m trapped right in between the overwhelming love. At first, I’m able to take shelter in the gap created by Mako’s solid, bulging nipple, but as they begin shuffling and actively rubbing their bodies against one another, the nipple is bent and shoved forcefully into the mass of Ryuko’s tit.

Mako forces Ryuko back down onto the desk, the weight of Mako’s full body pressing down on me, and Ryuko, with her exceptional strength only puts more pressure on me as she pulls Mako in tighter to her. All this, and stuck between both of their massive, bulging chests, my body feels like it’s being totally flattened. I feel like I’m dying, but at the same time, I can feel their overwhelming passion overflowing into my own libido. The sound of their racing hearts and impassioned moans are like the echoes of desire and lust in this crushing void that drive me completely insane. The wrath of these utter goddesses that crush and grind my body between their moons is an intense experience of deep and heavy sexuality that is simply beyond what any mortal can handle. With this uniform however, I’m a near demi-god, my body just barely

able to withstand the incomprehensible power of these almighty beings. My mortal mind ascends as my bulging erection unloads and everything goes black...

The girls, seeking the privacy of a quiet, undisturbed night together, huddle into a large, but still rather tight cupboard, their clothing long since totally removed. Cuddling together for warmth and comfort, Mako shifts in her sleep nugging her face into Ryuko's forcefully, causing Ryuko to slowly squint her eyes open as she awakens. Looking at her partner that she loves so dearly, Ryuko gently lifts her arm and rubs Mako's head as she snores like a lion. It was truly a wild evening of intense love and passion, and thinking back she suddenly remembers what it was that sparked this whole incident and allowed her and Mako to finally express their love.

Glancing down to her opposite side, she looks down at where she left the miniscule speck of a boy; peacefully and soundly placed on the plain of her bare breast. Utterly exhausted the little guy has totally passed out, completely helpless in her care. She can't actually see him with it being so dark and him being so small, but somehow, she still knows he's there, safe and relaxed. She softly blows him a kiss, an affectionate action that wraps his tiny body in a warm breeze that causes him to stir ever so slightly in his heavy sleep. She doesn't know if there's anything she can do to help him get back to normal size, but deep in her heart, she promises herself to protect the little spark, keeping him with her for as long as he needs.