

## Jacob's Bad Day

story by an anonymous commissioner

written by Ubersalamander

Shining sun, perfect temperature, and just enough of a breeze to dispel any air in danger of stagnation: in short, it was a beautiful day. Children played, couples roamed the parks, and even those people at work on the weekend were glad for the delightful weather during their commute. It seemed that everyone in the world was enjoying the day. Everyone, that is, except Jacob.

His day had started dark, and had remained so for hours. For reasons he didn't know, he'd woken up unable to reach his light switch, or the floor, or really anything. He'd spent the entire morning- what was left after he awoke, anyway- using his sheets to descend from his mattress and onto the floor. Then, after a fifteen-minute mental breakdown, he began his trek to find help. Fortunate for the predicament, he'd found it financially necessary to still be living with his parents.

Fortunate still, their room was across from his. He didn't even need to squeeze under the doors; his size allowed him to simply walk beneath the half-inch gaps as easily as walking into a mall. However, the immensity of the room within was more akin to a stadium.

He barely recognized the place. The lights were off, but this room received enough natural light for him to see that the furniture was enormous. But, he was used to that already. What disturbed him was the lack of evidence of his father. The man was on a business trip, not dead. Yet, it appeared as though all trace of him was hidden from sight. Pictures had been removed from their frames, and his personal effects were nowhere to be found. From his place on the floor, Jacob saw the man's shoes had been shoved into a jagged pile under the bed. His clothes were barely visible within the dark closet.

Meanwhile, his stepmother was everywhere. From the plain of the floor rose numerous landscapes and hills formed from her clothes cast haphazardly to the ground. Her pictures were still up, at least the ones of *only* her. And still her makeup, jewelry box, and other such things were right where they ought've been. The room even smelled like the sweet perfume that wafted behind her as she paced through the house. It was as if his dad was long buried... except, he'd only been gone a week.

Moving across the floor, Jacob encountered a mound of fabric in his path. He had no particular destination, but he went toward the mound anyway, for curiosity and boredom if nothing else. But, as he grew closer, the cut of this particular fabric became clear to him. It was a pair of panties; black, lacy, and designed to impress. Every step closer struck him with a new wave of his stepmother's musk crashing into his nose. How he wished he could hold up the panties for a better look. His mind ran wild trying to imagine her body shoved into such delicate fabric, but the results were intangible, vague, foggy images that gave him nothing except a desire to see more.

He approached the lace. A tentative hand rose from his side and stroked along the swirls of the panties' construction. He'd never done anything like this before, despite the lust he'd felt for his stepmother all these years. Living together, that lust had blossomed into a crush so fierce that he felt chasing women his own age would be akin to cheating on her. When cracks began to show in his father's marriage to her, Jacob thought that maybe he would finally get his chance. And yet, despite his starving passions, he'd never done anything like this. Though temptation had always gnawed at his spine, he'd never watched her change, or so much as touched her underwear, even when it sat in the hallway fallen from her laundry basket. As long as she was married to his father, she was off limits. It didn't matter how revealing her clothes were, or the flirtatious remarks she made when they were alone. She belonged to his father alone, and that was that.

The sound of the front door to the house opening and closing roused him from his stupefaction. He heard jingling keys, and a handbag or purse being dropped. Staccato tremors reverberated through the house. They were coming closer, and closer, rattling his bones when they culminated beyond the bedroom door. Mom was home.

The door flew open, and a whirlwind shoved Jacob into the discarded panties. The room erupted with light, and a massive figure stood over him. Even her business attire was revealing; the black skirt she wore barely covered the juicy globes of her backside, and hugged a set of thighs and hips that could hypnotize man and woman alike. Her cleavage was free for all to see, barely contained within a purple blouse and still clearly visible despite the jacket she wore over it all. The tungsten bulb overhead radiated across her skin, giving it the warm, inviting smoothness of rich molten chocolate. Her legs were of a different texture, and Jacob saw they were covered in elegant nylons that terminated just above the hem of her skirt- depending on the angle at which she stood. As she stretched and let loose a small yawn, he saw the clips of a garter belt shining in the bedroom's comfortable glow.

“Jacob! You home?” she yelled to the rest of the house. “Jacob?” She waited for an answer. Then, “Good, didn't want him here tonight.”

The little man was too stunned to go out and meet her. He knew he should; he needed the help, and allowing her to find him near her panties would not end well. But, her words confused him, and her beauty was awe-inspiring enough. With the added tons brought by her sheer immensity compared to him, Jacob was lucky he could still think at all. He could only watch as the enormous, shapely muscles of her leg flexed before rising into the air. They carried forth the authoritative heel she wore to work, and then set down with a crash and quake that would've knocked Jacob to the floor if he wasn't already on his back. Then, the other leg rose. The little man watched it swing through the air... until the sole of the shoe blotted out everything above it. As it lowered, he didn't even have time to scream.

The six-inch heel jutted like a spike, and ripped through the air like the bowsprit of a dark, vicious ship. It landed before Jacob in slow motion, shaking the ground with its almighty *tok!* He snapped his head upward, for he knew what came next. The worn ridges of the shoe's sole dropped atop him like he was any common piece of dirt. Grains of sand he could hold in his palm were forced into his body as the weight above increased. The scent of grimy rubber filled his nostrils, and his body was shoved into the discarded underwear until his the floor stopped his descent. The weight on him increased to unimaginable levels, so omnipresent that it was more like being submerged in a mile-deep pool. He couldn't move, couldn't breathe. He couldn't even think.

And then it was over. Far over his head, her juicy ass quivered with the next in her line of steps. It had taken a little over a second for his stepmother to fulfill her title literally. The answer to how he survived was the same as to how he'd been shrunk in the first place: no idea.

Jacob groaned. His body ached with a soreness unlike any he'd ever experienced, but the real pain came from within. She'd stepped on him! Like a piece of chewed gum or an insignificant coin, she'd stepped right on top of him without even knowing!

“But it's not her fault... I'm just so damn small...” he reasoned. “I just have to get her attention.” He shakily climbed to his feet and looked up to a sky filled with *her*. She was like a mountain looming over the world below; her head may as well have breached the clouds. Her skirt, while simply short before, did absolutely nothing at this angle. Were it not for her enormous thighs, Jacob would be able to see whether or not the panties she wore were similar to the ones he was standing on. Regardless, she'd turned around and was facing him, but her attention was glued to her phone.

“Hey! Hey! Down here!” Jacob waved his arms and jumped as much as his aching frame would let him. He screamed, desperate to get her attention, and cried out in elation when she looked up from her phone with a furrowed brow. However, she never looked down. Her eyes darted back to her phone. And then, she started pacing.

Her footsteps shook the world like crashing meteors. Jacob could barely stand. Every merciless stab of the heels seemed to get closer and closer as his stepmother meandered in circles above him. He had to get away. Half running and half crawling, he made his escape in the only place

he could think to- under her bed. He was close now, almost there... *Thoom!* The heel landed on his right, the sole on his left, and the blood-red arch curved overhead. The impact tossed him, luckily, the last bit of distance to safety. Climbing to his feet and looking back, he saw the discarded panties he'd encountered once again mashed beneath the uncaring shoe of his stepmother.

After a moment, he heard her sigh. "Ugh, finally!" she said. "Not only did I have to work on a weekend, but they text me before I can even sit down." As if to emphasize the point, the springs above Jacob's head creaked and moaned as they warped beneath her weight. He watched those devilish heels clatter to the ground and be kicked away. Her nylons were peeled away and thrown. Then came her jacket, and her blouse, and her bra, all tossed into the floor around her bare feet. An errant sleeve fell too close for Jacob's comfort. On instinct, he dashed to a nearby object for a place to hide. The little man took refuge behind the cylinder, but unfortunately, he didn't find out that the surface was sticky until he was already stuck. While the giant woman stood and shimmied off her skirt and panties, the little man struggled to unstick himself from whatever the large, pink object was. He was almost free of it, carefully peeling his skin from its surface, when the cylinder was plucked from under the bed.

Rocketed into the air at unbelievable speed, Jacob's stomach entered his mouth. From where he was stuck, he couldn't see his stepmom's face. Instead, his vision was filled with her plump lips, glistening from the gloss she'd worn to work. His heart leapt when the twin pillows pursed. She'd seen him! She was about to kiss him, and then end this nightmare he found himself in! But then, like a blast from a shotgun, a high-pressure spray of saliva struck him in the face. Again, again, again she spit, rotating the object he was stuck to so that thick globs of the fluid converged and rolled down its length. When she was apparently satisfied, Jacob heard the bed creak again. The world was a blur as he was moved and turned, until finally he noticed the giant woman's thighs on either side of him. The object inched toward their intersection. He gasped when he saw the yearning maw ready to swallow him up.

"I'm so glad that little boy's not home. I really needed this." Did she mean him? He was a grown man! But, there was no one else she could be talking about.

Either way, he had no time to dwell on that. Her fingers worked her clit while Jacob was brought closer to her dripping labia. She was wasting no time. As the elastic lips greedily passed over the tiny man and sucked up the dildo he was attached to, the woman let out long, deep moan of pleasure. His breath came in short gasps- the tight cave squeezed him against the hard rubber as he was shoved further and further inside her, the tunnel making way for him as he was pushed in to depths unimaginable. Then, the push became a pull, and he was smeared along the drooling walls in the reverse direction. The sticky coating peeled from his skin, like a bandage being pulled away slowly. The pushing came again, then the pulling, then the pushing again, until he was being shoved back and forth at ridiculous speeds. Every time the direction shifted, the bonds holding him in place weakened. Finally, at the cusp of an inward thrust, the dildo released him completely. He landed on the bottom of the monstrous cavern, gasping for breath. For a moment, Jacob rejoiced... until the enormous toy came back. It ran over him, smothering him against the interior of his stepmother's sex, and all the while her purrs and moans reverberated everything. Then, everything constricted. He was mashed between the dildo and the woman's powerful muscles. Fluids drained around him. After a moment, the hard rod retreated. It left the tunnel entirely, leaving Jacob caught on the muscles at the opening. They slowly constricted until all light was cut off and he was sealed within his stepmother's dripping womanhood.

He heard her phone ring, the sound muffled by the tons of flesh between him and the source.

"Hello?" She answered. "Oh, hey girl!" It was one of her friends. Jacob felt free to ignore the conversation and think about his own situation.

In some ways, he'd had a wish granted. He'd always wanted to get inside his stepmother, and now he was. Only, he was trapped. He tried to move toward the exit, but the tight, wet confines resisted all his attempts at movement. The only thing he accomplished was a stifled purr and a shift in

pelvis from his giant parent. Another attempt to move brought down a set of powerful muscles to quell whatever tingle he was causing.

“Oh, Jacob's fine.” Hearing his name in the conversation above piqued his attention. “Yeah...” she continued. “No, he's still single. Still living here... I know, he's a handsome boy... Well, I think he has a crush- on me! Yeah... I feel sorry for him. Try to give him a show when I can, and tease him a little... I don't know. It might be bad, but I do feel sorry for him. He's just... kind of... pathetic. He's always moping around here since he lost his job. I think I'm the only woman he's seen in weeks! Anyway, he's out tonight. And I just got a text from *him*. No, not Jacob! *Him!* Alright, talk to you later, goodbye!”

As she hung up the phone, Jacob felt warm- warmer than just the heat of the flesh around him. Despite the harsher side of her words, he wondered if maybe he had a chance with her after all! That is, assuming he could escape her pussy. What he couldn't shake however, was the sense of foreboding he'd gotten in the last bit of the message.

When his stepmother had said, “*him*,” Jacob could've sworn he felt the muscles around him quiver, and even more fluid begin to flow.

Even now, Jazmine still felt tingles deep within her. She flexed her vaginal muscles, squeezing her iron walls together until the sensations subsided enough for her to stand up. From his texts, Ken would be here any minute. Girlish excitement fluttered in her chest as she retrieved the box hidden at the back of her closet. It had been a gift from Jacob's father, never worn. But, as she gingerly lifted the leather and steel lingerie from its packaging, she could think of no better occasion.

The garments may as well have been painted on. Every curve of her voluptuous form strained against the confines of the lingerie, making the leather groan with even her slightest movements. Her ass swallowed up the thong like it was nothing, and the bra struggled to contain her mammoth breasts. A new text message lit up her phone, a joyous squeak breaching her lips as she read, “Almost there.” She gazed long at herself in the mirror, making a few adjustments. She fluffed her hair, examined her make-up, and poked and prodded her rolling curves into fitting under her lingerie more flatteringly. All the while, the tingling inside her grew. She let a finger explore her labia, but resisted temptation to go further. Her womanhood clamped down once again, seeking to stave off the pleasure until *he* arrived. Finally satisfied with her appearance, she took her place on her knees before the bed. “The door is open for you, Master,” she sent back.

Through all this, Jacob was along for the ride. Stuck inside his stepmother, his world was shaken in all directions as she squeezed herself into the tight sexwear. When he tried to move, the tight, powerful vaginal walls squeezed him in place. Even moving his arms brought down their oppressive wrath, and so he resigned to remain motionless while his stepmother carried him through the giant outside world. Finally, everything became still. Heartbeats filled his ears; not his own, but the omnipresent pulse that ran through the fleshy cavern holding him. After a few minutes, he heard another thumping join the soundscape. Footsteps, starting far off and growing closer, and closer until they stopped right outside where his stepmother was. He heard a zipper, and then a man's voice: “Kiss it.”

“Yes, Master,” Jazmine whispered. Her lips met the black snake hanging flaccid before her, its length such that she had to bend to reach its tip.

“I've been texting Jacob. Is he home?” the man asked. Jacob recognized the butter-rich voice of Ken, his best friend for years. Was he...? Were they...? The tiny man knew Ken and Jazmine worked at the same place. Hell, Ken had gotten his mother her current job. But he'd never thought they were...

Jazmine tore her plump lips from the tip of Ken's cock. “No, sir,” she breathed, the warm air cascading down his shaft with her words. She planted another kiss where her mouth lay.

“Do you think he'll be gone long?” Ken asked.

Deep within his stepmother's pussy, Jacob couldn't believe what he was hearing. Every word, every kiss, came down to him, muffled through her body, but still completely understandable. How could she cheat on his dad with his best friend? It was wrong! If she was going to cheat on his dad with anyone, it should be him, at least! Anger grew in him, but even that was snatched away when he heard her response.

"I hope so," Jazmine said, her lustful brown eyes glued to Ken. "I hope he's gone for the whole weekend. I hope he's gone as long as you're here- even if that's forever... Master."

At her words, Jacob's mind reeled. How could she? He loved her! She loved him! But, even as these thoughts materialized, her womanhood flexed its walls, and fluid leaked from unseen orifices. "You can tell me more while I satisfy myself," he heard Ken say. "Stand up." Jacob felt his stepmother climb to her feet. Then, there was a short, harsh motion, as if the woman had been pushed over. He heard the bed creak beneath her body, and saw a flicker of light as her lingerie was pulled down until it no longer sealed the entrance to her pussy.

Jazmine's enormous breasts pitched and churned as Ken had his way with them. With her back on the mattress, he stood between her legs and tore away the leather panties she was wearing. As his hands drank in every inch of her wobbling curves, his manhood grew harder and harder until it began to push against her labia under its own strength. "What if Jacob never came back?" Ken continued.

The woman moaned as he pushed himself inside of her, forcing her walls apart to take his massive rod. "We could do this forever!" she managed to cry out. "I'll dress slutty for you and no one else!" Her voice echoed with waves of pleasure as the dark train filled more and more of her up, while Jacob could only stare at the massive cock coming ever closer to his location.

"You dress slutty for someone else?" there was a tinge of anger in his words.

"For Jacob!" She breathed out a moan as more inches entered her. "I felt sorry for him! He's so pathetic sometimes... nothing like you, Master!"

As Ken's length finally filled her up, Jacob could only watch as the enormous pole barreled over him. His stepmother's moans echoed around him, and he was mashed between the hot, pulsating shaft and the walls of her canal. The giant man began thrusting, and Jacob was smeared between the couple's genitals with every push and pull. Like the dildo before, his body buckled under the iron cock, and compression kept his lungs from ever filling with anything except the pair's fluids. But, he didn't care. Hurt as much as the fucking did, it was nothing compared to how his heart had broke.

"Beg," Ken demanded.

"Please cum in me, Master! Fill me up and I'll never leave you! Not for my husband, not for Jacob, not for anyone!"

As if those were the magic words, a shiver went through the entirety of Ken's dick. Gallons upon gallons of cum erupted from its tip, rushing out into Jazmine's womanhood as a flash flood of viscous fluid. Jacob screamed as he was swallowed up by the giant man's seed, buffeted around the cavern and then squeezed against the shaft as his stepmother orgasmed as well. Stuck on the rod like he'd been to the dildo, the tiny man was carried along when Ken pulled his cock from the older woman's dripping slit.

"I bet Jacob could never fill you like that. Not even him or his dad at the same time," Ken chuckled.

"No, Master, of course not. They're both nothing compared to you."

Ken didn't respond to the comment. He merely said, "Next."

From his position on the tip of the still-hard dick, Jacob watched the gigantic brown mounds that made up his stepmother's ass jiggle and wobble as she flipped over and presented it to her master.



At least she'd cleaned herself. That's all Jacob's shattered psyche could manage as a thought. As he was brought closer and closer to her puckered hole... at least she'd cleaned herself. Her cheeks rose on either side of him, eclipsing everything else from view... His face mashed into the wrinkled anus... Forced inside with help of Ken's cum and the strength of his cock... at least she'd cleaned herself.

In and out, back and forth... the motions were all the same as before, but the space was much tighter. He had no where to go. The little man was trapped in a cum-filled pocket between Jazmine's colon and Ken's dick. The sealed bubble made finding his breath a chore, but it kept him from touching his stepmother's colon directly. Some things can never be clean.

Outside and above, Jazmine moaned and squealed. She was no stranger to anal, but Ken was so big. Not like that limp-noddle husband of hers, or the stepson that lusted after her. She buried her face in the mattress, and her knuckles turned white as she squeezed her blanket. In truth, she felt sorry for the boy. It seemed like an insult for him to lust for her so much, only for her to give herself to his best friend. And give herself she did; a slap on her wobbling ass from Ken reminded her of why she did it, and forced all thoughts of Jacob out of her mind. She let a hand slither to her crotch, and she began to finger herself.

“Did I say that you could touch yourself?” Ken asked, his voice bouncing with his efforts.

“N...No, sir...”

“Then why are you?”

“I'm... sor... ry... Master.”

“What were you thinking of? It wasn't your husband, was it?”

“No! Never!”

“Then who?” he slowed his thrusting, ever so slightly. “Jacob?”

“No! Well, I... a bit...” she stammered. She couldn't lie to him, so she continued. “I... I was feeling... little bad for him... He... wants me...”

“Do you want him?”

“No! Of course not! I could never! He's just a... silly little boy! You're a man!” she tried to accentuate the point by tightening her anus muscles around his iron-hard shaft. “Jacob... is pathetic! He always has been! He... can never dream... of competing with you, Master. You're the only one I want... I need...”

“Prove it.”

Jazmine clenched her muscles as much as she could. She changed from a passive object to be used into a sexual beast intent on pleasing her lover. Her body rocked with his, but at his command she bucked against him, eager to take in as much of him as she could. She gritted her teeth, but bore him valiantly, all her thoughts on satisfying him as much as she could. “Any... thing for... you, Master!” she grunted. “We already... fuck... on my husband's bed... We can... fuck on... Jacob's... too...”

Ken laughed. “You'd do that for me? Fuck in your stepson's bed?”

“Of course!” she gasped. “Any... thing... for...”

Ken laughed again, and panted from how hard they were going. “Alright, I believe you. You may touch yourself.”

Her hand shot down between her legs in an instant. “What do you say?” Ken continued after a moment.

“Th... thank... you... Master.”

It was hard for Jacob to hear from so deep within her. Most of what he heard was just the squelching that followed the zenith of every thrust. The bubble he was trapped in was squished into a more condensed glob by his stepmother's tightening anus, in turn constricting his body. The nonstop thrusting was making him sick, and his little blob was shoved and squeezed up and down Jazmine's rectum by the giant black freight train plowing over everything within the woman's colon. For a time,

the couples' conversation came down to him as little more than muffled tones from a world away. But, when Ken slowed his thrusting, Jacob was able to catch snippets of their chatter.

His heart fluttered a bit when he heard his name, but again the few hopes he had were dashed by subsequent remarks. How could she do this? Was it punishment? He'd tried to be the best stepson he could be, given the circumstances. Or, was she right? Was he really just a child in her eyes? Just a silly little boy to be teased...

Their thrusting continued again, saving him from hearing any more of the humiliating conversation. Instead, his stepmother's moans shook the world almost as much as Ken's enormous cock. And this time, there was no warning for the orgasm. The dick merely erupted, filling the tight cave until Jacob's air bubble burst from the pressure around it.

The next thing the shrunken man knew, he was outside, struggling to keep his head above the surface of an absolute lake of cum. His stepmother's vagina was in front of him; he could see it and her ass both oozing with the hot fluid Ken had left there. Then, the woman's enormous body dropped. Her luscious curves flew downward until her glossy lips hung overhead. Her eyes scanned the area he was swimming in. Was she... looking at him?

"Your cock is covered in so much cum, Master," she breathed.

Above Jacob, and above Jazmine, Ken's smooth voice descended. "Mmmh... yes, you've done well tonight, Slave. Now you can clean me up."

Her eyes focused more closely on the tip of the dick. Maybe she had seen him!

"Mom! Down here!" Jacob cried, trying his best to yell and wave his arms without sinking into the salty depths below him. "Please see me!" Her face drew ever closer to the tip. "Yes! Down here!" Jacob's heart soared. He could deal with all that hurtful stuff later; for now he just needed to be rescued. He watched as her eyes came closer, and closer. Her plump lips, gleaming in the bedroom light, parted just before they met the dripping, creamy sea. Was she about to say something?

His hopes were dashed when her mouth cast everything in shadow. Her breath rushed over him as a warm wave. Tears welled up in his eyes, and his throat constricted with emotion. His stepmother's tongue rounded her sparkling mouth. Her lips puckered and descended. They slammed into Jacob, pushing him down further into the sea of cum. It was a kiss; Jazmine had finally kissed him, in a way. But then, the lips opened wider. Her mouth dropped in a rush to taste her lover's seed. Finally, the glistening, dripping lips sealed off the outside world, leaving the tiny man to face the future in total darkness.

"Mmmm..." her moan shook the world. Jacob could see nothing, but he could hear- and feel- everything. Ken's cum was like quicksand, constantly fighting to pull the tiny man to certain death beneath its viscous surface. All the while, the great monster that was his stepmother's tongue lapped at the massive cock like it was an ice cream cone, cleaning up any drops rolling off the throbbing tip.

Saliva mixed with the seed, eventually giving Jacob an easier time keeping himself afloat. However, the giant tongue loomed closer and closer. He could feel every lick sending a pulse through the puddle of semen as more and more of the fluid was taken up by the muscle's ceaseless efforts. Finally, the inevitable happened. A wall of bumps and ridges crashed into him, picking him up with the last drops of cum. Fluid drained away around him, and there was a massive *gulp* that jerked the tongue. But still Jacob remained, glued to the tongue while his stepmother's lips parted and light flooded inside.

"Ahh!" she moaned, showing off a mouth empty of all except Jacob. Of course, she didn't know that. To her, every speck from her lover's dick had been licked up and swallowed, and now swirling around deep inside her belly. "Did I do good, Master?"

"Yes, Slave, you did." he replied, stroking her cheek as she looked up at him. His huge cock, still hard despite the back-to-back orgasms, lay across the shining surface of her glossy lips, asserting his dominance even as he praised her. "Would you like some more?"

"More than anything in the world," she whispered, entranced.

Ken stood there a moment, relishing the feeling of her warm breath on his cock. "Go ahead," he said finally. Her mouth opened and the tip slipped inside. She sucked it for a moment, and then let it slide inside.

Jacob could only watch in horror as, once again, the enormous dick rushed toward him, forcing anything around to contend with its size. He was unable to move as the bellend slammed into him with its spongy skin coated in an adhesive-like stickiness. It gripped him, and scraped him along Jazmine's taste buds until a layer of saliva loosened his bonds. He didn't have time to think about his "good fortune," though; as soon as he was free from the tip, it barreled over him, mashing him into the giant tongue as it moved forward. The shaft followed, the hardened nature of it a more painful experience than the more forgiving skin of the tip.

The cock rested a moment, and the world quaked again with another one of his stepmother's moans. Jacob could feel Ken's heartbeat pounding through a cable-like vein in the shaft. It was another reminder of how small he was. He was beyond notice, even in the couple's most sensitive parts. The normal function of their organs were no longer everyday occurrences able to be ignored. Now, for Jacob at least, they were his world.

The enormous shaft was on the move. It was slow at first, but gained more and more speed as the giants' passions grew, just like before. Jacob wasn't rolled; he was mashed, smeared, scraped across Jazmine's tongue with even the slightest movement from the colossal cock. In the deepest parts of his mind, he knew he should be thankful, if only just a bit. He knew the tip of the dick was sliding down his stepmother's throat at the cusp of each thrust. How could it not? The thing was a monster. Every push from Ken came with more force than the last. He gripped his lover's face, her ears, anything that could be used for support. It had started as oral sex, but now it was a full face-fucking. Jazmine choked and gagged. Spittle flew from the sides of her mouth as every instinct told her to reject the thing being forced down her throat. But, her love was too strong. She greedily took every inch of his girth, slurping along its length while her gag reflex merely massaged Ken's tip. All the while, both of them were totally unaware of the shrunken man struggling to survive in the chaos within his stepmother's mouth.

Finally, it happened. Much like the times previous, Jacob felt a shudder run through the beast trapping him. He never saw the eruption, though. All he knew was that a white wave had overtaken him, and now he was drowning. He squirmed and struggled, but the enormous weight on him moved in its own time, without any regard for the shrunken man it lay atop. As it unsheathed itself from Jazmine's mouth, her lips pressed around it tightly to ensure no drops escaped her maw.

"Mmmm," she moaned again, shaking the liquid as Jacob broke its surface. He gasped for fresh air, but there was none to be had that wasn't saturated with the smell of cum. He drank it in anyway, breathing from his stepmother's breaths. Beneath him, her monstrous tongue squirmed. It sent tremors up through the thick liquid. Then, it leapt up. Jacob was caught atop it with the puddle of cum. The tongue tilted itself like a mountain, and Jacob was forced over its tip as the fluid cascaded down to the bottom of her mouth. When all was collected at the muscle's base, she slowly lowered it until the sea-beast sank beneath the surface of the cum-and-spit ocean. For a moment, Jacob was caught beneath its slimy underside. Fortunately, he was pushed out and back to its topside as the fluids flowed to make way for the massive object.

"Don't swallow," came the muffled voice of Ken.

Light poured in passed the woman's lips as she opened wide for her master to see. Jacob saw his friend peering down at him, but he knew the giant would never see him in the slimy pool. Still, he called out to him, on instinct if nothing else. Of course, neither Ken nor Jazmine heard. Instead, his tiny voice was easily overpowered by his stepmother letting out another delighted moan. The tongue below began to move again, and Jacob's world became a blur. He saw his stepmother's mouth all around him, and occasionally the form of Ken would whirl by, framed by the woman's glistening lips. Jazmine swirled the cum around in mouth as though it were a fine wine, savoring it, letting it wash over



every individual taste bud, her entire maw yearning to feel the warm, sticky cream. Her mouth watered with the taste of her lover, the added saliva allowing her to swish the pool around faster and harder. Atop teeth, along gums, and over every bit of her tongue Jacob was washed, only stopping when Ken said, "Ok."

The tiny man's ocean slowed until only a gentle current was tugging him in a circle over the tongue. He saw his former friend looking down at him, one last time. "Now you may swallow," the giant man finished.

The mouth closed. Jacob flowed along with the fluid to the back of it. The tongue shifted once more, and pressure sucked him down the long, fleshy tube of his stepmother's esophagus.

Toxic gasses assailed him as he fell with the glob of spit and cum into her stomach. He couldn't breathe. His eyes stung. His flesh burned.

"Can I please have some more, Master?" his stepmother's voice was all around him, vibrating the hell he found himself in.

"You're pretty thirsty toady!" the man's voice was muffled, far away, and hard to hear over the constant groaning of the woman's innards, but Jacob heard the words. Only, he was too broken to care.

Kissing. Sucking. Sloshing. And finally, moaning. These sounds were omnipresent as the tiny man slipped further and further into unconsciousness. Then, there was a gulp. He looked up just in time to see a white blob fall from the organic ceiling. It landed directly on him. Buried, concussed, and too weak to struggle, Jacob let the fluids consume him. With his last attempt at breath, he inhaled nothing but salty, saliva-filled semen while the world around him quaked as the stepmother he loved prepared for yet another round of debauchery with her master.