

Since the pandemic first hit, caretakers for Tinies had become a necessity. People to get the food they would need, order things off screens, or facilitate communication for their shrunken wards. This was a government job that came with decent pay and plenty of benefits, not to mention a stipend to cover the tinies' needs.

There wasn't a rhyme or reason to who got infected and who didn't. No caretaker I'd ever met grew even after spending days with their ward, so it wasn't infectious; I could best describe it as someday a person would wake up with a hot tingle in their body, like they were edged for hours, before they eventually repeatedly orgasmed themselves 2" tall.

Some people became pleasure addicts after that; I had avoided such a fate. That, along with a list of other things, is why they had been so quick to make the caretaker system. Before this, hordes of tinies would get crushed in the streets seeking pleasure, or the unfortunate incident of a girl getting swarmed when she was masturbating with an open window.

Anyway, back on topic, most caretakers are randomly assigned, but if a tiny has a certain request or a connection to someone, they will get someone they know. Or people who want to be caretakers can get training for their loved ones. I fell into the requested group; she would have the best trainer for the job. Me.

I was assigned to Rose as my caretaker; we were both ecstatic. I know I'm breaking a lot of boundaries here, but she was always cute, even before she became a giantess in my perspective. We had been sharing a giantess fetish for ages, so me getting it was perfect- something she would happily tell me each night.

I had been Rose's friend for a while now; we'd met through an earlier job. I had been on her case when she began her transition, making her appointments, getting her HRT, and connecting her to support groups. She had dropped from my cases two years back, her needs stabilizing and no longer in need of those services. But we had stayed "close friends" since.

A distinction I had to keep on record because to say I was her dom and she was my puppy would have been grounds for firing.

Now, as one might expect, many of these relationships had the caretaker as the dominant force. The caretaker met tiny desires and did daily tasks on their ward's behalf. But what could the tiny do if the caretaker decided it wasn't in their interest to cater to the tiny? Lots of personal gain or new toys, that's what.

Rose, on the other hand, was my giant puppy. She would do just about anything for me, so I would run my hands over her scalp and call her my good girl. I was in the position to control my own financing with the experimental TinyTech start-up my agency had invested in, giving me access to review the products.

But I can't say I didn't also use it for both our pleasure. As a Puppy's sex drive was always giant, and I was the person reviewing my charges, something my boss either overlooked or didn't

know. So I would use some of my stipend on Puppy. Including hiring the tinies who had become sex addicts.

She wasn't the one who asked me to do this; I did this because I found it so hot to have my giant pet just rut all over them. She was afraid of hurting them, but I always made sure they had the best personal protection, and me fingering myself to her using them made her even more horny, putting her in a mindless bliss.

That was how I had the accident.

I had just finished vetting our volunteers for the day and sending them with lube into Rose's Fleshlight; it was custom ordered for her, just right for her 5" cock.

As they went in, I turned to her; long black hair cascaded from her head, pooling below her shoulders, her smooth-shaven body on full display. I know it's wrong, these thoughts I have; professionally, I should never think of a client this way, but she was my Puppy, I had got her through transition, and cared for her for years.

I had always been there for her; I was her world. Through every change, she trusted my words and longed for my gentle praise. Today was for both her needs: to please herself and to please her owner.

I ran my hand against her leg and raised my voice as gently as possible. "Puppy, dear, are you ready? I have the treats getting your toy all nice and wet for you."

She looked down, big puppy eyes shining on me with a sincerity that could convince the ocean to part. "Yes, Mistress. Puppy is ready; Puppy wants to rut for Mistress."

I nuzzled her leg and said loudly, "Good Girl! You make Mistress so happy when you're in a rut. Such a mindless cutie, yes you are, just a precious little puppy"

I could feel her shiver at my words, and as I began to pull my own clothes off, a mini earthquake could be felt as the vibrations sped up at my increasing nudity. Her cock started to grow harder the more skin I showed.

Once there was nothing left to expose, I began the climb, up her leg to her belly button, a small cave on her form which I would use during these sessions so I could get the best view of what puppy would do from above what puppy was doing.

I got myself seated in her navel and brushed my fingers along her like I was testing a wall for unevenness; her skin was smooth, flawless in my eyes and to my touch.

"Puppy, they should have had plenty of time to get your toy ready; feel free to use it whenever you're ready to please Mistress"

I felt her shiver in excitement one last time before she snatched the fleshlight and began to drive her shaft into it. I could hear the wet sounds of lube and the shocked screams of our tinies that I

had learned were a constant turn-on; they knew it was coming but always screamed when it began. They would realize screaming only kept me wet, needing to touch myself, which only made Puppy hornier and in need of a longer rut.

I could already feel it, that need. I let it build, needed to let it leak just a little so when I began in earnest my grool would splash on puppy, signaling her most desperate rutting as she knew mistress was getting her own satisfaction on puppy.

After what felt like a torturous minute of waiting, hearing the screams and that wet churning as puppy thrust in and out, I couldn't hold any longer. My middle and ring finger curled as my pointer and pinky made a base around my cunt so I could drill my fingers deep into that aching hole.

I was in heaven, my juices running down my thighs as I worked myself, fingers deep in and my thumb rubbing my clit, it was bliss. I let out a loud moan as my first orgasm hit. That mix of my moans, my grool, and that stimulation on her shaft led Puppy to start panting and picking up speed as I could tell she was going mindless in pleasure.

So during my body's recovery when I was unfocused, Puppy slammed hard, I fell from her, and in a brief slip I was rolled into Puppy's toy.