

I woke up with a smile on my face. Today was going to be a great day; my life was wonderful in all the ways that mattered. I had a funny, lovely, sexy wife. A proper house in the suburbs, and a purpose in life as a giant. That purpose was to help people find their rest in the Vale.

Humans accumulate energy as they live, which clings to their souls. When they die, they loop back around and collect more energy. Never truly finding rest. That was until giants appeared in the world. Giants have a stronger pull on energy than normal people, so when someone dies with a giant nearby, that energy is sapped from them, allowing their soul to reach the Vale.

I lay there next to Eve, drinking in the sight of her like every morning, her red hair spread over the pillow. She was so serene in these moments; she would be full of passion and desire when she awoke, but for now, she was beautiful, dreaming. I rolled over to check the time: 7:00 am.

We had plenty of people sign up for our breakfast service in an hour. I decided to surprise her. There's a difference between cereal mornings and burrito mornings. With the schedule we had today, she deserved a burrito morning.

I slipped out of bed and got dressed, turning back to look at her before departing, the fire of her hair, the layer of the blanket like snow on the mountains of her breasts, her feet sticking out from the blanket with a bit of red on her heels and toes from our little game last night.

I turned away and made my way to the kitchen, ringing the little bell at the door to give our guests a warning before the service. I got all my ingredients in place before going to the fully functional house we kept on the counter for the breakfast service volunteers. I pulled the building's removable roof off and scooped up the final ingredients.

Today we had Jessica, Shela, Jack, and David. I made it a habit to get to know the people I served. All were bare in the doll house, freshly showered with the house's amenities. And well rested in their beds were put the finest silk sheets.

"Good morning, everyone. Today I'll be making breakfast burritos. Now's your final chance to back out. I know heat is not how some people want to go, so any objections?"

No one raised objections. I smiled down at them and placed them among the ingredients. I chopped up the sausage that would make up the majority of our protein this morning. Everyone would be mixed in with the sausage, but I didn't plan to chop them; I'd just shrunk them to bite-size the night before.

When my chopping was finished, I oiled the pan, put the sausage in, and set a timer. As I moved the sausage with a wood spoon to make sure it got thoroughly heated, David began running towards the pan, eager to start, but I blocked his path "gotta let the sausage cook a bit first, I don't want to burn you, when the sausage is softer I'll turn the heat down a bit and put you and the others in the pan"

David seemed disappointed. I get it, making him wait for rest, but I'd rather prevent unnecessary suffering. I moved him back to the others and went to shred some cheese and lettuce for the burritos.

When the time came, I turned down the heat and held out my hand for our guests to climb on. As I swiftly escorted them to the pan, I laid a short spell over them to enhance the flavor. I plopped them on a sausage, warmth flowing up and caressing their heels. They each took turns flopping onto the meat, feeling it bend under their weight and covering themselves in its flavor.

I told them to get to know each other if they caught my drift, while I got some tortillas soft for the burritos. I pulled out four tortillas for each of our guests, with one as the center. I draped a damp towel over them and microwaved them.

When the tortillas were done, the microwave beeped loudly. I hoped it wouldn't wake Eve up before everything was ready; she could never resist picking the tinies out of the pan and gobbling them up. I loved her enthusiasm, but it undermined my cooking.

I laid out the now-warm, fluffy corn sheets and grabbed the handle of the pan. Looking down, I could see they had taken my advice. Jessica was stepping on David, pushing his face into the sausage floor below, forcing him to take minute bites from it so he'd be stuffed full for Eve and me. Jack and Shela were going more vanilla —or salty, if we want to get specific about flavors. Their sweat and the creampie he was giving her would give our breakfast a little kick.

I gave the meat one last stir, knocking all the tiny morsels into the gaps between them and coating them with the flavorful juices at the bottom of the pan, then scooped them into wraps, topping them with cheese, lettuce, and a bit of salsa.

As I finished wrapping up our breakfast, I heard her footsteps. She came out in a bra and panties, they were the same color as her hair, she was less modest than I was, but that's what made us work so well. She was a perfect hourglass with defined muscles. 6'5", which was the most she could bring herself to shrink to for her day-to-day. Her appearance was one of her prides, and I couldn't argue that it was definitely worthy of pride; it was my pride to have her as a partner.

She had a bit of a pout, "K, you should have got me up, you know I love watching you cook. And the half-prepped tinies are the best. Please tell me you saved at least one."

I felt bad about letting her down, but my surprise breakfast was better than letting her sleep.

"Come on, babe, sit down, I made them just the way you like 'em. How's your sleep? Dream of that tiny town I kept whispering about to help you visualize a wet dream."

She blushed just a bit; her blush made the sunset jealous with its beauty. "Ah, no, I never seem to get the dreams I want; they're always random and unsexy, but hearing you trying so hard to set a scene, your deep, gentle voice really helped me drift off."

I kissed her hand. "Happy to have you happy., Eat up —we have a big day, but our first session doesn't start until you finish breakfast. I know how much you love them, but I have to make sure you eat first."

At the mention of our sessions, she began savoring her meal. She was always horny even before the growth, but being giant made her near insatiable; these sessions were to help keep her focused between stops, but I had to enforce breakfast first, or else she'd jump straight into fucking me.

I savored my burritos in turn. I gave her Jessica and Jack; they were a bit meatier, and while I enjoyed a good tiny, no one I'd met could match Eve for enjoying this, so although I never told her, I always gave her the bigger tinies.

I watched her pick up the burrito and take a bite, pearly whites cleaving corn and sausage; each bite she was happy to have found, but that mischievous glint in her eye was waiting for the special bite.

I knew she found it when she closed her mouth, and her eyes flashed with excitement. My spell was set to activate once in the mouth, making the tiny human's flavor unignorable. I could see her tongue working back and forth, hitting her cheeks. For just a brief moment, I saw Jack in her mouth before she pressed in underneath her tongue and asked me for some juice.

I went to the fridge to get some orange juice. Sometimes, swallowing a tiny was like swallowing a pill, you needed some liquid to go with it. I poured us two glasses, then set one in front of Eve. She took a drink that must have looked like an orange tsunami to Jack.

I saw her swish it in her mouth, big bulges in her cheeks as the liquid went back and forth. The undertow of the juice must have pulled Jack in, or she was likely bumping against the roof of her mouth. This little game continued for about 30 seconds before she swallowed in one big gulp.

I was about finished with my first burrito when she began her second. Shela had crawled to the end of my burrito, so my last bite was the most flavorful for me. I held her in there, pressed her against the roof of my mouth, then flipped her under my tongue. Before taking a swig of juice, I didn't swish. I found it filled my guests with tension they hadn't signed up for, so I let Shela settle in the liquid for a second before tipping my head back and swallowing her whole.

Eve had been working on her burrito while I savored Shela. She was using a knife this time, not just her hands like her first burrito—a slow game, one slice at a time. Jessica would make up two bites rather than one if she were unlucky.

After each slice, Eve would take the slice she made and let it sit in her mouth for a few moments before chewing and moving on—delicious food, but not magical. That was until about slice three, when Jessica yelped as the knife hit her, and Eve stopped cutting. Instead, she decided to pluck out this one special ingredient from her dish.

Jessica was placed between Eve's lips, and her eyes went dewy as Eve began to lick and tease Jessica's lower half. The tiny woman was trying to hold out. Still, Eve was an expert in pleasing, even without magic. I saw Jessica shake in Eve's mouth, orgasm racking through her before Eve sucked her the rest of the way into her mouth for a quick plunge into some orange juice.

I could only assume Eve was playing Kraken, a food game we thought up where your tongue is a sea monster, the tiny in your mouth is its prey, the kraken stirs up the sea and trying to grip its prey, you were supposed to play until you caught your prey but sometime we cheated and just swallowed when that took to long.

I continued to eat while I watched her play kraken; the little wrinkles that crossed her face hinted she was so close, but Jessica must have been surprisingly good at kraken. As I absent-mindedly watched, I felt my spell activate. Yet, finishing my bite distracted, I felt a warm wetness fill my mouth, and there went David. The spell was also a signal to avoid just killing them like that.

He's heading to Vale, and a dead tiny lacks that mouthfeel of a struggling one, so I just finished chewing my bite and swallowed. As I swallowed solemnly, Eve appeared to have caught her prey and swallowed in triumph. With no special ingredient left, she devoured her remaining bites in a frenzy.

I had a few bites left of my burrito when she was done. She got up, and I felt her magic run through me. I didn't resist; I dropped my burrito, feeling myself shrink out of my clothes, but not my ring, which I'd shrunk with me. I'd finish my meal later; we were already on the way to the bedroom as she scooped me up to be used as her toy.

I wondered what she'd have me do this morning, the first session was always me shrunk to tiny and her at human size, we had tried lots of things over our relationship, some favorites like putting me in her mouth or pressing me deeply into her cunt.

Some we haven't repeated. I wanted to try non-fatal vore. I went down with a rope, then climbed back up after 20 minutes. She wasn't too pleased. "Sorry, K, I like my vore to stay down; it felt wrong coming back up."

I was drawn from this memory as the feeling of sheets brushed my feet. I looked up to see her removing her panties, exposing her slit. "K, today I'm gonna set you at the end of the bed. I want you to run from your end until you reach my clit, I'm gonna try to crush you with my legs, so dodge, ok? But no magic, it's less fun when you use magic."

And so our first game of the day began, my muscles pumping against the give of the mattress, the ripples in the sheets mountains to surpass while dodging her legs, each crash of them reducing mountains to plains and forming new ones where none had risen before.

Her face took on a brief look of sincerity. "You remember the safe word, babe?" I returned her look. "Hypno," her sincerity was again covered by a mask of playfulness. "Then let's begin."

She positioned my past her feet, the first challenge before entering the shadow between her legs. I could see the red that caked her feet from our previous night—a little cat-and-mouse with tinies, shrunk and given 5 minutes to hide before we came to crush them—Eve had been the victor last night, with a score of 8 over my 6. I washed my feet, but she seemed excited to let it set, a reminder of her service and pleasure.

I barreled forward towards the valley, her feet stomping where I was leaving hills behind me, and often where she thought I'd next be. Still, I could sense her movements, see the fine detail of her legs even from here to dodge, so when she would stomp somewhere else, the creases would flatten, making my victory that much easier.

I knew she wasn't going easy on me; she knew I could take it, and the game was always more fun to win when the other person wasn't letting you win. Although losing would mean a punishment, my last loss had me put into a special butt plug cage, and I was in there until our appointment 6 hours later. I didn't know what she'd do if I lost this, but that was for future K to worry about.

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Her feet continued to rain down, each slam distorting the bed and often giving me more momentum when she stomped behind me. I was almost past her feet, which would put me between her calves, two walls of muscles I had willingly lost to in the past, but not today. I was about a foot away from crossing that threshold, so when her foot stomped behind me, I braced for rebound, flying forward before tucking in for a roll.

I flew through the entrance of the valley to lust. When I rolled, I knew the gauntlet ahead, I'd take the moments her movements flattened my path to advance forward and occasionally steal a touch against her skin. At this scale, I could see every detail of her legs, the line where her muscles became visible before disappearing into her leg.

She was giving it her all; the smell of sweat and giant pheromones filled the valley. She compelled me to greater risk if only to taste her like I'd done many times before, call it affection or ever-growing giant power. Still, she seemed to change taste every time I tasted her, always pleasant, constantly goading me to taste again tomorrow.

I could look up to see her eyes staring down, following my steps. She was biting her lip, the foreplay, the power, I could feel her shift resisting the urge to touch herself and break this moment. I knew when I reached my prize, two fingers would press me harder into it than I could muster at this size. But if I took much longer in this little game, she might just snatch me up and let the vice of pleasure squeeze me dry.

I reached where her ass met the bed, grabbing handfuls of firm flesh, I began to climb towards her sex, each grip becoming harder as her pussy leaked in anticipation. When my hands gripped her labia, she began to buck, leading me to grip harder, invoking a stronger pressure that caused her legs to start to come together before her restraint returned and stopped short of blasting me with wind pressure right next to her cunt.

Each grip, I could feel her shake, her legs twitching to clamp close in bliss. The final moments, when my hands gripped her clit, then my tongue began to lick, her hand flew to her pussy, rubbing herself to completion, pressing me hard into her spongy bean, each lick giving a flavor that today was like Creme Brulee. A sweet vanilla with a smoky undertone.

Her squirt washed over me, only her fingers keeping me from washing away. When the flood ended, I felt her spell fading as well. As I slowly grew back to human size, I shifted around to hold her close and cuddle for just a little longer before we had to prep to leave for our appointment with the forestry department.

We lay there for five more minutes before we had to get up I pulled her close and let my magic flow into her. I could feel her resisting. "Wait, K, why are you trying to shrink me?"

"You lost, honey. Time for your punishment, I'm feeling really stinky after that little task, so I think you should wash me. But I'd hate to make you work, so you'll be my soap. No backing out, babe."

She sighed with mock horror, giving up the tiniest fraction of resistance. "No, K, you cruel man, don't press me into your body like just some bar. My little heart can't bear being just an object."

I did my best not to chuckle, not even to react; nothing I could do truly punished Eve, she was horny for just about anything I could do to her. But one of her favorite bits was to be nonchalant, treating people like objects, even if her big heart couldn't keep up the ruse for more than a session. This was her punishment, but if she would enjoy it anyway, why not play into it?

"Ah, ah, Soap doesn't talk, soap is gripped tightly in my hand and used to clean my filth."

Her 6'5" height slowly began to diminish as she continued to resist my magic weakly; this would eventually get her small enough, but that would take too long; we'd be late if she kept this up.

She spoke in a sultry voice, "K, Baby, don't treat me like this. I've been so good, you enjoyed the game, right? We don't have to do this."

I reached out to press a finger to her shrinking lip and gave a shove of magic, shrinking her faster to 6'0" before the slow shrinking resumed. "Shhh, no speaking soap or I'll have to push harder in our little magic struggle, that was just a taste, but I can be so much more forceful."

I saw her resist the urge to smirk. "No baby, please, be gentle with me, I'm so delicate, a sexy flower. If you don't stop your brutality, I'll wither away."

I knew what she wanted; if she wanted force, I'd give it to her. She knew the safe word, and so I began to slap her, each connection flaring my magic and reducing her height by 3 inches. "You brat, the only way you can learn is by my hand."

I hit her on the small of her back, 5'9", then pushed her forward on the bed, spanking her repeatedly, 5'6" , 5'3" , 5'0". Each connection reduced her, showed how powerless she could be if she wanted. After I'd gotten her to 3'0", I stayed my hand.

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"You ready to relent soap, or will I have to break you a little more?"

Her diminished form was married in red, and each slap of mine covered more of her when the next one came. She couldn't keep a smirk off her face, "I'd love to see you try."

That provocation deserved a special reward. I stood up, turned my back to her, and began to fall. I would crush her under my body; she either had to shrink out of the way or yell the safe word so I'd shrink myself.

I could hear sheets rapidly moving, fabric falling. When I slammed into the bed, I felt nothing but sheets under me. I looked over at her bra, the only clothes she had, I could see the fabric move as she pounded against it, they engulfed her form in its generous F cups.

I removed her bra from on top of her; her red hair made her look like a matchstick. She was 4 inches tall now; her perky breasts and rear were still clearly visible, though greatly lacking by her typical standards.

She blew me a raspberry but couldn't resist smirking, "No fair, that was a wild escalation."

I had a much stonier face. "That's what you get, soap, and now you're perfect."

I scooped her up and hurried to our shower. We had a soap saver that would be perfect. I opened the bag, put my tiny lover in with the soap, and sealed it tight.

I rested my hand on the side of the bag with the soap and began scrubbing, starting at my left shoulder and slowly moving down my arm in small circular motions. I could feel the soap pressing her into me, grinding against her like a smooth pestle, lathering her, then lathering me,

I swapped to my other shoulder and arm. I decided to go for long pulls down my arm rather than my previous circular motion. The soap pressed down on her, pushing her forward. The friction would be unbearable without the soap.

When my arms were done, I moved straight to the pits—giving a deep scrub into my hairy corners, before moving down my body in circular motions once more. I didn't give much thought to how Eve was doing. If she was begging me for more or less, I couldn't hear her over the water.

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This scrubbing continued until I reached my dick. Why put something between my love and my lovemaker? I opened the bag to scoop her out; her body was coated in suds and slippery to the touch. But she had a little force field around her head, keeping the water and soap from her face.

I took her tiny form and wrapped it around my dick, washing my it and using her body to jerk me in what was something akin to a hand and thigh job combined. I bit my lip as she expedited my plans, acting on her own to improve the experience by adjusting the pressure of her grip.

I felt my dick swell and my muscles stiffen as I drew close to completion, each drag of Eve a pleasurable torture. I could feel myself moments from release, I entirely pulled her from my dick and sprayed my cum over the front of her tiny form.

As the water and relief washed over time, I could still feel my sticky essence on my dick. My little cleaning tool would have to do, I lightly pinched her legs together before I began to wipe her against my dick, the vestiges of my explosion leaving me clinging onto her.

The water and semen coated her, washing off any suds she once had; she was useless for soap, so I'd have to wash her. I took the bag and began to scrub her clean of the cum, but her smile told me this was one of my better punishments for her.

When she was free of my cum, and I was finished washing, I took her small form back to the bedroom and threw her towards the bed. Breaking my spell, she rapidly grew back to her 6'5" and fell onto the bed.

"Get dressed, honey, we have places to be, and we have to keep a certain dignity outside the worksite."

I left the room to finish that burrito in the Nude. My clothes were cluttering the floor around the table, so when I was done, I scooped them up and took them back to the bedroom to see how Eve was doing.

She had yet to get dressed, and I could see why. She had a pair of panties laid out on the bed, and was laying shrunken men and women along the inside, then she put them on, they'd be firmly pressed against her sex. My only question was, when did she get them?

"Oh, K, I was just getting ready. I thought I'd be done when you got back. Um, I might have held a separate recruitment, you know, for people who wanted to be trapped on us, maybe crushed as we go about the day."

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I couldn't help but smirk, "You say us? So did you line up a pair for me, or am I just roped into this and gonna have to make my own pair?"

Eve returned the smirk, "Well, I have been feeling in a dominant mode this morning, even if you put me through punishment. So no, you do it, make a set for yourself, and put them on. That'll make me very happy, and you know you don't like it when I'm not happy."

I laid out my own clothes, then spread my boxers. Eve handed me a group of tinies, and I began to insert them into my underwear. This sort of thing was not uncommon for Eve, so we made special adjustments to our clothes—little pockets in the white undies where we could shove tinies.

For Eve, many smaller pockets, shallow pockets, were in 1 line that curved her underside; each tiny would be secured from the waist down. Still, everything else was free to grip her body or get drenched by her moist folds, and the thought alone of all the tinies in her panties kept them that way.

Mine had three pockets, one on the ass side of my boxers, where only the head of the tinies stuck out of the broad and deep pocket that lined the ass. One right beneath my balls, where a few lucky tinies would be secured from the waist down, letting them get a bit handsy with them before they were crushed. And one final pocket dangerously close to my dick. This pocket was deep enough to keep the tinies from seeing what was coming. As soon as I got hard, I'd hit them with my wood like a battering ram.

I watched as she took a handful of tinies and secured them in place one by one, starting from the ass side forward. She put them in before tightening the little elastic straps. This went on until a tiny blonde woman got the spot of honor, right next to Eve's Clit.

I was a lot less meticulous. I put five in a line near my ass, two got the honor of my balls, and seven more were pushed into the pouch in front of my dick. My special underwear was already pretty tight. I was a shower, so my tip was already touching the pocket. If I started to harden, they'd feel it immediately. And that pressure would only build until they popped.

I pulled my boxers up when they were full. I didn't count this as me serving tinies going to Vale, this was me serving Eve a lovely morning. I didn't know these people, I didn't care. And that pleased Eve more than when I first got to know them.

I pulled back the sweats I'd shrunken into earlier as Eve pulled on a pair of tights, increasing the pressure on the tinies even more. I could see her blushing, her eyes dewy. Whoever she chose was handsy.

I pulled my shirt over myself; it was one of those silly graphic tees they sold at those traveling giant carnivals for those who wanted to use their gifts but didn't have the stomach to send people to Vale purposely: all the thrill and none of the possibility of malfunction.

The shirt bore a giant finger in scarlet and gold ink with the words "Julia swung me, and now I'm covered in Prints." Eve joked she could make a better shirt with her fingerprint in crushed, tiny blood, but she never got around to it.

As I finished pulling my shirt over me, I heard Eve asking me for help, her tone a little comedic as she hefted her tits. "K, could you get my bra on me? I only keep them this big cause you enjoy them like this."

"I wouldn't mind them a little bigger," I said with a wink as I got behind her to help secure everything.

"Ah, no perving Mr 'get dressed' if you want my tits bigger you'd best fuck me." I could tell she had a mischievous look on her face even from back here. I could accept, and she'd really do it.

But I just gave a light chuckle. "Yeah, you're right, we do have places to be. Thanks for being the voice of reason." All the bra hooks clicked into place as I finished speaking.

"Wait, No, NO, K, Come on, it would be fun," she spun around so fast I feared the jiggle of her breasts would undo my work, a pouting look on her face.

"Sorry, babe, we've got to get going. But if you get moving, I'll make sure to give you so much praise tonight, and imagine how much praise the forest department will give you for restoring the forest with me."

I went and grabbed a tight blouse. Eve liked to flaunt what she had. She still kept that pout the whole time, hoping to strip me with guilt for making my lovely, horny goddess wait for her desires, what type of servant was I to deny her ...

"Eve, no mind magic to get me to fuck you, if we're late because you can't stop being slutty long enough to get to the place where you get to be slutty. I won't fuck you for the rest of the day."

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That shattered her. I could dish out actual punishments for her, but I just hated seeing her like this. She got on her knees, the blush draining from her face. "No, No, K, K, baby please don't, I can be a good girl, I can be serious, look, this is my serious face, my serious clothes. Let's get to the woods."

I grew myself and my clothes a little to gain some extra muscle mass. And scooped her into a bridal carry. "Eve, honey, calm down. I know you're very passionate. We have to make it to the woods for work, I'll indulge all your fantasies out there."

That returned some of the rosy aura to her cheeks, along with being in a bridal carry. Everything that needed to be done was done, so it was time to get on the road. I carried her out to the car and gently placed her in the seat. The tinies could handle a little pressure like that, but the bumps of the drive would be a far deadlier experience.

I scooted into the driver's seat. I could feel the pressure of the tinies on my ass. I felt something crack within a tiny, but they were still holding on as I slid into place. I closed the door when I was in place, put on my belt, then put my keys in the ignition.

Pulling out of the driveway, I knew we had a trip ahead of us: 1 hour to make it to the spot the Department of Forestry wanted us to go to. Overall, a short trip, but for Eve, this could be a torturous time, being locked in place. The stimulation of the tinies would give her something for a good portion of the trip, but I knew no tinies would arrive at the forest intact in either of our pants.

It was about 20 minutes into the drive when Eve started sliding around, trying to use the seat to press the tinies in to stimulate her even more. Each time she pressed down with her weight and slid forward, her eyes would close in satisfaction.

By 30, we'd reached the edge of the woods, 30 minutes of dirt road ahead of us. When we transitioned from the pavement to the dirt, there was a bump. Eve was ready. As soon as she had even a second of air, she pressed her hands to the roof and shoved down. I was not prepared as my butt left its seat and my full weight fell onto the tiniest when I landed again. Warmth spreading around my cheeks and into my crack.

I could empathize with the meteoric experience those tinies felt for the briefest moment. On some of our crazier nights, I would undergo potentially lethal treatment. At least lethal for a normal human, giants, regardless of size, were immensely durable. We also heal a little quicker, although her amazing ass kept me healing in bed for a week after the force broke most of my bones.

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As I thought of her generous underside, I could feel it begin to harden—the pressure building. Not enough to crush them yet, but I could feel them squirming, trying to avoid the pressure. Usually, prolonged pain was not how I did my duties. Still, certain tinies enjoyed and signed up for this, often to play the victim and to resist before their rest.

I looked over at Eve; she was biting her lip, trying to avoid an exclamation of her bliss, to avoid disturbing my driving. But when she saw me looking, she couldn't help but share. "K, that was awesome. I have so much fresh blood sticking to me and making a mess down there. Please, babe, could we take a quick break?"

She was putting on doe eyes, and a glance at the clock showed we had time. I pulled to the side of the road and got out, walking to the passenger side. When I opened the door, Eve had already pulled her tights down.

Her panties were soaked crimson, clinging to her and displaying the outline of her cunt. I hooked my pointer on them and peeled them away. They stuck to her slightly as I pulled them down. When I looked inside, there were no remains of her toys, just white panties turned crimson.

When I looked up, Eve's underside was coated in red, warm, and sticky blood. I'd have to clean her up. While it's not unusual for a giant to have some blood on them by accident, those who didn't want to be sent to Vale could be a bit squeamish—and this was definitely more than an accident.

I went to pull a cloth from the glove box to wipe her clean, but as I started to lean in, Eve took my hair in her hands, pulling my head towards her pussy. I could hear the barely restrained lust in her voice when she spoke, "K, come on, we have to hurry, clean this up, babe, you're always so good with your tongue, you can get this done in no time."

I tried to resist, but couldn't break free. Each attempt led her to tug my head back in place with my hair. It would be quicker to go with it, and so I began to lick her clean. Starting near her slit. The mixed taste of iron and salt was terrific when it came off her. Each pass left her thighs and slit a moist pink, washed with my spit.

While I worked, she kept me pressed on her, the smell of her sex filling my nostrils and activating my previously contained urges. I could feel my dick throbbing every time I licked a new spot clean. I could feel tinies shuffling by my tip, and that stimulation was building me up.

I had cleaned around her slit and started on her taint, each drag of my tongue sending shivers through her body. Eve was never a selfish lover; when pleasure was had, she tried to share. I could feel a spectral hand on my balls, squeezing and massaging them while I worked, rewarding me for pleasing her.

The hand gave one powerful squeeze as I reached the edge of her ass. I could feel the pair of tinies under my balls pop, their warm juices washing over my own taint and marinating the bottom of my dick. It was too much; I could feel churning, each passing moment bringing me closer to the edge.

But I still had a duty to do. I licked her firm cheeks —her smooth surface, her smell, her taste. I knew the tinies in front of my dick were in for a ride. As I finished cleaning her, the hand gave one last squeeze, and I was over the edge. I released all over my boxers, the warm substance starting to cause a wet spot on my pants. Eve's eyes did not miss.

In one swift motion, she let go of my hair and pushed me onto the ground, pouncing on me to suck on me through my pants. The force of her mouth and my dick was too much for the tinies; I felt them pop one by one, causing the warm blood to flow onto my dick between bouts of suction. Eve was having a small feast, drawing the salty, iron taste filtered through pants.

I let my lust lead my body, and what my hands wanted was to squeeze her bountiful tits. When she came up briefly from sucking dick, I lurched up to grope her, feeling them compress slightly in my hands, how their warmth and mass filled my hands.

I was a mindless gooner, a vessel possessed by sex; her tits were always perfect. I could feel my urges activating my magic, trying to shrink down towards my hand, to snuggle between her mounds and never leave that valley.

But she pushed me down firmly; the look in her eyes said she wasn't finished, she wasn't gonna let me escape my reward. That look, that soft command behind them kept me down, her willing victim.

She kept at this for another minute before I could collect my composure enough to speak. "I-E-Eve, I'm covered in gunk. We don't have time to clean and drive. You're walking, strip, and getting growing. We'll store our clothes in the car, and you'll carry it. I need the mouthwash treatment."

This was meant as a collection of orders, but Eve took this as a prize for being a good girl. "Oh, K, thank you, thank you, thank you. I knew you'd let me have fun, you're such a good hubby."

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She entirely stripped and threw them into the backseat, starting to grow before I could even entirely remove my own clothes. She kept herself at 6'5", but that was not her best form. She rose as I continued to strip. By the time my pants were off, she was 10 feet tall; by the time my shirt was off, she was 30 feet tall. When I'd finally stripped fully naked, she stood at a proud 60 feet tall.

I barely had time to throw my own clothes into the car before her hand descended to snatch me from the ground and pop me in her mouth. The inside was warm and wet; she was salivating so much it was like a swimming pool in her mouth. I could soak clean in it, but there was a more fun way to get clean.

I made my way to the middle of her tongue and tapped twice. The flood's pace increased, her mouth began to work, the pools sucked into the air, their volume claiming me in their wake as I pinballed around her mouth as she began to swish her spit.

Each impact into her cheeks was a soft padding that shot me across the dark expanse of her lightless mouth, each impact against her teeth firm walls that divided me from her spit as it traveled between them, before sweeping back and washing me away once more.

Then it all stopped, and light poured in as Eve opened her mouth. "K, I found a river, you know what time it is?"

Arousal filled my mind; there was only one thing I could think of with me in her mouth. A short game of kraken before work never killed anyone, but actually, it killed a lot of people, but who was counting?

I took this moment of light to inhale a fresh breath of air that tasted like her before the scene outside began to change. She was lowering herself until her mouth was in the river. A flood ran over me, before the darkness followed.

I could feel her stand as the water shifted along with her, and the ripples that began as her journey on foot continued. Those ripples would give me an advantage in kraken, my movements lost in her own.

The simplest move would be to float and hope her tongue kept missing, but what fun was an easy game. I began to swim towards her left cheek, feeling the water's ripples change as her tongue broke the surface of the water.

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When I reached them, I kicked out toward the middle again, and I felt an immediate response from Eve, her tongue slapping against her cheek, the wave carrying me along and out of the way. This was the opportunity to really poke the kraken.

I took another breath and dove. I would get to the base, hopefully, poke her, and run into a spot her tongue couldn't curl. But in the dark, I could just as easily hit the wrong place and get caught. I put it into fate's hands; either I win a little longer or lose now.

The currents beneath were ever shifting, each movement of the tongue changing my course slightly, but she would never guess I was under the water; each current change was an upward motion, not a sweep underneath.

I stretched out my hand and felt it hit soft muscle, the base of the mouth. I kicked off in the direction of what I hoped was the back of the mouth.

I felt the water carry me in the direction I chose, as Eve's tongue tried to curl backwards to catch me, but I had succeeded in taunting the kraken; I got no bonus points or favors. But when you had a lover like Eve, you didn't need favors. What I did need was some air.

I debated just making an air pocket, but Eve would feel that, and would take it as an invitation to use magic of her own for this game. So I just swam. My lungs were pleading to exhale and take in new breath, so when I broke the smooth surface, I didn't register the change.

I had enough time to breathe once before her tongue shot out of the water and wrapped me up. She had stopped moving, so when I broke the surface, I gave myself away. She held me in the fold of her tongue, and I felt her head tilt.

The sound of water flowing clued me in that she was swallowing. This little maneuver was, in part, her claiming victory and keeping me from entering her stomach. When the flow stopped, the light poured in.

She stuck her tongue out and plucked me from its bumpy surface. I could see we were in a big clearing. Stumps littered the view for miles around; the lumber had been collected, but forestry wanted to have everything restored as soon as possible. My personal platform lowered me to the ground so I might address our contact.

I walked off her hand with a smirk; our contact's face was beet red. "Sorry, travel difficulties, usually I'm much more professional than to start naked, my lovely wife, though, well, she prefers

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the birthday suit more than clothes. That's kinda what you get with giants." I ended with a little chuckle

Putting out my hand, "I'm K this lovely little lady is Eve."

He took it, still flustered and obviously staring, "Uh,- I'm Tom, you usually introduce your 60-foot wife as little lady?"

"Oh yeah, good joke, right? Most guys are too lost in looking at her wet, flowing cunt to catch that. Good job at staying focused. I like that. Even if Eve would probably enjoy you just mentally jerking it."

Any color he had lost flew right back into place. "You're always this blunt?"

"Nah, but having my dick free to the wind really cuts through the social contract, thought I'd avoid the whole dance here. So you get going, we do our magic, you pay us. Good?"

"Yeah, uh, good. I'll just go, um, you mind if I leave a camera over there, proof you're doing your job?"

"Yeah. Eve won't mind, but you gotta send us a copy later."

The look of confusion quickly gave way to realization. "Oh, goddamn it, I'm paying for your porno."

"Yep, and unless you want to be the audience or a snack for a horny giantess, I suggest you move."

I let my energy loose and began to grow. Each passing second brought numerous inches, which only accelerated as I grew larger. When I finished growing, I was about 55 feet tall. I could go bigger, but I enjoyed Eve being larger than me. Not that we didn't occasionally have fun with her, big enough to take my cock, but small enough that she acted more like an onohole than a woman.

I took a second to breathe. The smell of the woods was wonderful, earthy, and fresh. It's a wonderful fragrance to make love to. Potent, Fertile. Words I would apply to Eve on all but her worst days.

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I gazed down at where Tom had been standing before my growth. He wasn't there anymore; he was running fast, a trail camera set up to catch trees regrowing, and if not the whole picture, at least the sounds of passion.

I had no time to look back from our fleeing contact as Eve pulled me in, shoving my head into her tits. I could still see Tom fleeing, but that pressure and warmth that cushioned the back of my head made that unimportant.

"Hey, mister, Eyes here when we're working, that little guy's uninterested, so don't look away, you'll miss the best parts."

She hefted her breasts, squeezing my head between them, before making circular motions, massaging my temples with her bountiful flesh. I was in a haze, work losing out to pleasure, and I could stay here forever.

She leaned forward, and I was buried deeper in her cleavage, blocking the light from reaching my eyes. I could feel her magic flow; I was unaware of what it was, but it would be a pleasant surprise either way. I didn't care to know; I was in heaven. Nothing else mattered but this moment wrapped in tits.

Then she jerked me lower, onto my butt, my face was near her cunt.

"This is my best part in my opinion, so why not treat it to yours?"

"My Face?"

"For Starters"

She finally shoved me to the ground, and my body lay flat as she pressed her pussy onto my face. And she began to grind, using my nose to rub her clit with each cycle. And as she rode, she wrapped her hands around my cock.

"Here's your other best feature."

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When she moved up my face, she pulled on my cock, and when she slid down, so too did her hands. She repeated this motion, letting her hands and her scent bring me closer and closer. I could feel myself nearing the edge, my sperm ready to erupt.

Then I felt it dispel, no physical release, my first load was ready, but would go unspent.

Eve called down with a teasing voice, "Babe, not yet, we need to really give them their money's worth, don't mind the spell, we'll just repeat a few times, and your load will blanket the forest."

She didn't give me time to respond before she renewed her effort. Each time she slid, her juices lubricated my face and allowed her to go quicker. The pressure built up again, and I was biting my lip, every urge telling me to cum. I felt my balls tighten.

Then nothing, my urges were silenced at her whims, but I still felt a desperation, a pressure of a building load. But she was under no such spell. I felt her muscles tense over my face as her cunt shot her pleasure all over my face, draining into my mouth.

I felt that need, but she sat there on top of me, just letting the afterglow fade. When she started again, she didn't say a word. There was no sliding this time, just slamming her perfect pussy into my face, as she rose and fell, so did her hands.

Each slam of her pussy, matched that on my shaft, and I was beginning to feel light, not just in bliss, but because she was definitely giving me a concussion with her titanic ass. I'd heal, but going dumb in more ways than one was becoming noticeable.

With one final slam, both my head and my cock were empty. She didn't enchant my balls to build again, and the result was all-consuming. Each time my penis contracted, I shot forth a new eruption of cream that fell like slush to the earth.

My dick was a volcano, and where its lava hit the earth, it planted seeds. Each took the essence of the stumps that surrounded us. Tiny saplings of cum built themselves up before solidifying into wood that would make my currently raging hardwood jealous.

I felt Eve scoop me up, continuing to jerk me to keep my eruption going with just a hint of magic and spreading my seed throughout the woods. By the time my dick was done, no tree in the forest was left unfertilized.

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We both began to shrink to our normal sizes. She lay me down on the ground and gave me a soft kiss before going to check the camera. It was coated in my cum. And I heard wet squelching as my essence was wiped from its surface. She sat and watched it for a few minutes, occasionally mumbling to herself about the recording.

Eventually, she addressed my limp form directly, “It’s perfect, babe. I got you cumming in great light, and it’s long enough to be satisfying to rewatch. You held out perfectly.”

“Oh, wait, no, you didn’t. You’re lucky you have a wife who can keep you under control, then,” she added with a bit of spunk.

I propped myself up and finally understood what magic Eve had performed when I was deep in tits. Before me stood two women. My perfect naked Eve, and an equally ideal clone wearing nothing more than a beret. Who had been filming us to her standards.

Both Eves came to my side and, with their combined strength, held me up to show me their handiwork. The video started unfocused, but after my delve into her bosom, it focused on my dick. Each time she cast her spell, my veins grew larger, the tension building until the explosion cut the footage out in white.

It wouldn’t be called cinema by most people, but Eve was most definitely proud of it. I tried weakly to give her enthusiasm, but couldn’t quite muster it over my combined exhaustion and injuries.

“Eve, Babe, can I take a nap? You know in the special place.”

Eve finally seemed to come down from her high and looked at me with compassion.

“Oh sweetie, yeah, give me a second.”

She pulled out a small object, then grew it a little larger than me. It was our special butt plug, it split in half to reveal a cushioned inside, the perfect place for a recovery on the road—a cocoon of intimacy.

The director, Eve, pulled it open while Prime Eve delivered my form into the capsule. I curled up and could already feel its cushioned surface pulling me into slumber. When I placed the capsule, it was sealed, blanketed in darkness; I let sleep take me, a smile plastered to my face.

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Today had been a great day.