

The Whipple Virus

By Joyce Julep

Chapter 1

“And as the new virus sweeps across Europe, and the first positive tests pop up here, we can be certain at this point that it’s only a matter of time before its status is upgraded to a full-scale pandemic. It’s not a matter of “if,” but “when.” It’s coming, and we need to prepare.”

Warren Du Pont blinked at his TV, adjusting his body nervously as he sat amongst the satin pillows and cushions on his oversized sofa. He knew that watching the news didn’t do his anxiety any favors, and yet still, the dark intrigue and allure of the new virus drew him in, seemingly forcing him to watch with rapt attention as country after country shut down. It had all happened so fast. Just a couple weeks before, a new and unexplained virus had started causing fevers, chills, and weakness among certain young to middle-aged men in the Middle East. No one seemed to be dying yet, but the unknown disease had the scary ability to incapacitate its victims, rendering them completely bedridden, unable to work. It had quickly spread to Asia, and then to Europe, moving like wildfire through the male population, wrecking untold havoc on the economy and social life of the two continents. There had been as-yet-unsubstantiated reports of women being affected by the virus too, although these reports so far were dubious at best. Some women had apparently come forward, pointing to unexplained and rapid weight gain, particularly in their breasts, but so far, these effects had not been accepted by the scientific community, which was far more focused on the negative and crippling symptoms suffered by the men.

And now the virus was on the doorstep of the United States, with the first few cases having popped up several days before. Warren had felt like there couldn’t have been a worse time for a scary pandemic to hit than right now. He was all alone in the mansion he had lived in ever since he had been born — the old housekeeper, Anna, had been forced to leave to go join her family in Europe as the virus hit. Warren had heavily depended on Anna for almost everything, and now that she was gone, and with the promise of a serious pandemic to come, he had found himself panicking. It didn’t matter that Warren was 26 years old — he had never held down a job, and years before, he had dropped out of college after only a couple semesters. His parents had both died when he was very young, so he had more or less been raised by a succession of housekeepers, some good, some not so good. He hadn’t graduated from college, because he hadn’t needed to; he had never had a job, because he didn’t need to work. The du Pont family fortune was somewhere in the range of \$250 million. But Warren had wanted to do all of these things...he just couldn’t.

Having lived a cloistered, pampered life, Warren struggled with extreme anxiety. He wished that he could have lived a more normal life, being self-sufficient, and taking care of himself, but his agoraphobia, and his overall inability to stave off panic attacks whenever he went into public, made him a shut-in. And now, with this unknown, scary virus on the rise, he was afraid that he would be locked away, all alone, in his gigantic mansion, with no one to take care of him.

As the news blared on the TV, Warren felt his heart rate starting to climb, as his chest began to seize up.

“It’s ok...it’s ok,” he spoke to himself out loud, sitting up cross-legged on the sofa and forcing himself to do the breathing exercises that his psychologist, psychiatrist, and therapist had told him to practice whenever he felt a panic attack coming on. He breathed deeply in and out, in and out...he looked down at his arms and legs. At 5’6, and only 130 pounds, he was a smallish man, with weak limbs, and pale white skin, made so by his lack of exposure to sunlight.

In and out...in and out...

He looked across the room to one of the long, stylish mirrors that graced the wall. Sandy-brown hair, big blue eyes...Warren constantly had to remind himself that, even though he couldn’t really take care of himself, and even though he wasn’t much good at producing anything of value for society, he wasn’t that bad looking. He had even gotten to the point where he had created an online dating profile, with his profile picture showcasing his pleasing face, and in particular those big blue eyes. But when the first girl had sent him a message (“Heyyyy cutie... has anyone ever told you that you’ve got pretty eyes?”), he had been seized with a crushing wave of anxiety, and swiftly deleted his entire profile. There was no getting around it — Warren du Pont suffered from disabling anxiety, and now he was all alone, in his 12,000 square foot mansion, on the eve of a terrible biological calamity.

“But it’s ok!” he repeated again out loud to himself, feeling his chest start to loosen a little. “She’s coming today. I won’t be alone for much longer.”

“She” was Irina Stojkovic, a middle-aged housekeeper who was an immigrant from Croatia during the Bosnian Wars. Warren had found her on a website for high-end, live-in housekeepers, and she had come highly recommended by everyone she had worked for. Warren had to admit, too, that Irina’s profile picture was the main reason for hiring her. It had shown her dressed in a maid’s outfit, which showed off her prodigious bust, staring straight up at the camera with captivating light green eyes. Warren had been immediately drawn to her — everything about her profile, and especially her picture, just screamed “matronly.” She looked like exactly the person he needed to clean, cook, and otherwise care for him.

After a few more minutes of steady breathing, Warren managed to stave off the panic attack. He suddenly felt hungry, so he slid off the sofa and made the long trek to the kitchen downstairs. The mansion was so big that it took him almost a minute to get there, from the opulent upstairs lounge he had been sitting in. When he got to the kitchen, he went straight to the freezer, opening it up to reveal a striking volume of frozen meals, packed so tightly together in the huge freezer that they looked like a brick wall. He picked the nearest one out, made a little slit in the plastic top, and stuck it in the microwave. This was how Warren ate nearly all his meals...it didn’t matter that he had enjoyed a full-scale kitchen at his disposal for years. He had tried to cook for himself once a year ago, and had been forced to stop when the pasta water boiled over, causing angry hissing sounds on the stove that scared him, compelling him to abandon the endeavor. Warren knew he was pathetically incapable, just as he knew that his diet wasn’t too good, from the constant intake of frozen food and restaurant take-out...but there just wasn’t much that he felt like he could do about it.

With four minutes left on his frozen meal in the microwave, the doorbell suddenly rang. Warren nearly jumped out of his skin, feeling his heart leap up into his mouth. Was it her!? It couldn’t be her...it was only...and here Warren looked at the clock on the wall. No, it was already 3pm! How could he have missed that!? Like most of his inactive days, time seemed to blend together

for Warren. He abandoned his food and scampered towards the front door, his socked feet sliding perilously on the smooth antique wooden floors. Two or three times, he nearly wiped out going around corners. Warren didn't know why he was acting this way, but if he had stopped to reflect, he would have realized that two things were happening in his brain simultaneously: first, he was absolutely thrilled that Irina had arrived — he wasn't going to be alone anymore! Finally, someone had come to take care of him when he needed it most! Second, and perhaps more subtly, Warren was desperate to make a good impression on her. And the last thing he wanted to do was to keep her waiting on his doorstep. He had been planning on greeting her at the door as soon as she arrived, but he had just lost track of time.

But at last he was there, standing in front of the big, looming front door. Through the opaque glass, he could see a dark, indistinct figure standing there, a little taller than him. Warren swallowed nervously as his heart continued to hammer away in his chest. This was it...this was the moment of truth. There was no backing out now. Any instinct he had to flee back up to his room was overpowered by his more powerful instinct to invite this matronly presence into his house. Swallowing again and taking a deep breath, he unlocked the big door, and, with effort, opened it.

Before him stood Irina Stojkovic — there could be no doubt that it was her. She appeared to be wearing the exact same maid outfit that Warren had seen in her profile picture. He felt his eyes go slightly up to hers. She seemed to be a couple inches taller than him, though Warren registered that she also was wearing heels. Her outfit exquisitely highlighted her wide, powerful hips, and showed off the bare, firm fullness of her thighs. But Warren couldn't help but be drawn towards her most conspicuous assets: her breasts. They looked even bigger in person than they had on her profile. Warren wasn't an expert on female cup sizes, but he correctly guessed that Irina's firm, heavy rack had to be at least a double-E size. Time stood still for a long moment as Warren stood rooted to the floor, taking in his new housekeeper with his mouth slightly open. Gone were his plans of confidently smiling at her and warmly welcoming her and inviting her in — Warren found that he couldn't even speak, let alone project any air of confidence or authority.

"You must be Warren," said Irina, her intimidating light green eyes boring down into his as she tilted her head slightly to the right, looking down at him. She had an unmistakable Eastern European accent, although she had been in the United States long enough for it to have lost its original thickness. Now, it came out in a delightfully musical tone, seeming to flow gracefully off her tongue.

"I...I...y-yes...yes, th-that's...that's me!" he squeaked, feeling his face flush a deep crimson as he struggled to pronounce his words.

"Awww, it's very sweet, you know," said Irina, taking a step towards him, engulfing him in her shadow as she extended out her hand for him to shake. Warren saw that she had long, sharp black fingernails, well-manicured, that matched the wavy flows of long, full, black hair that tumbled from her head down onto her shoulders.

"S-Sweet?" asked Warren uncertainly, accepting her handshake and shivering slightly in overwhelmed delight as he felt her larger, warmer palm encompass his, squeezing it with an undeniably strong, yet patiently gentle force.

“Yes,” breathed Irina down at him, her full red lips now curving up into a smile. “It’s sweet to see that you’re exactly the same in person as you were on the phone.”

“I...I am?” asked Warren, looking up into her pretty eyes. He noticed that she hadn’t let go of the handshake yet.

“Haha! Yes you are!” laughed Irina, throwing her head back and chuckling a little before looking back down at him. “You were soooo nervous on the phone; I could tell. And now, in person, haha, look at you! Shaking like a little leaf!”

“I’m s-sorry!” Warren managed to force out, reddening further still. “I...I j-just get so, uhhh...it’s not easy for me t-to — ”

“Warren,” interrupted Irina, squeezing his hand a little harder as she reached up her other hand to fix a bit of his hair that had fallen into his face, “You don’t have anything to be sorry for. I’m here to help you, ok? You hired me — not the other way around.”

“I...ahh...heheh, yeah...ok,” chuckled Warren, laughing a little despite himself as he nodded his head. Irina smiled again at him and let go of his hand, rising up again, slightly above him. Warren estimated, somewhere in his subconscious, that without her heels, they would probably be around the same height. Irina, though, clearly weighed much more — in contrast to his flabby scrawniness, her body was firm, thick, and vigorous...not to mention ridiculously busty.

“Well alright!” said Irina pleasantly, straightening up and picking up her suitcase that she had put down by her feet, “Would you like to show me inside then, Mr. du Pont?”

“I’d...be glad to!” answered Warren, smiling broadly for the first time. He was recovering from the initial shock of seeing her, and he couldn’t believe his luck. She was more beautiful than he could have ever imagined, and she clearly knew how to set him at ease. But even though he had gotten over his shock, Warren still didn’t have the necessary confidence to take the simple initiative of inviting Irina inside. Instead, he just kept standing there, awkwardly smiling, unconsciously waiting for her to make the first move.

Irina waited a few seconds longer, expectantly, with her eyebrows up, until she appeared to realize what was going on. With a little chuckle, her eyebrows went back down, and she strode past Warren, her heels clacking enticingly against the marble floor of the mansion porch, before seeing herself inside. Warren followed her, tottering closely behind as he pushed the door to and locked it.

“This is quite the estate you’ve got here, Warren,” said Irina impressively, looking around approvingly.

“Uhh..haha, uh, y-yeah...my great grandfather was — ”

“A chemical industries magnate, I know,” said Irina, nodding.

“Y-yeah...but, well...” said Warren, flushing again as he felt like he was going out on a limb.

“But what, Warren?” asked Irina, looking at him.

“It, uh...it m-might have been nice to know him, at least,” he said. “And my p-parents too. It’s just...so, uh...so weird, to have all this money, and uh...th-this house...and not really even know the people who gave it to you.”

“Oh you never knew your parents?” asked Irina kindly. As she spoke, she reached out, almost unconsciously, and straightened Warren’s t-shirt, which had been a little lopsided on his left shoulder. He noticed her gesture, but was busy trying to answer her without stuttering too hard.

“Y-yeah, they, uh...they died when I was r-really young,” he answered. He wondered why he had suddenly sprung this information on Irina, more or less the moment she had walked into his house.

“Aww, you poor thing,” she cooed sympathetically, brushing his cheek a little with her finger. “So you’ve lived most of your life with no parents to take care of you.”

“Y-yeah, just, um...just a lot of different housekeepers, haha,” he said, unearthing the confidence to chuckle.

“Well if it makes you feel any better, I lost my parents when I was very young too,” said Irina. “I was able to escape the Siege of Sarajevo during the Bosnian War, but my parents weren’t so lucky.”

“I’m...so sorry!” said Warren, feeling somehow inadequate. His parents had died in a car accident, which was bad enough, but Irina’s had actually died in a war.

“It’s ok, like I said, I was very young,” replied Irina, straightening up and looking past Warren into the distance. “Losing them made me strong. It made me learn how to fend for myself, in a new and unfamiliar environment.”

“Th-that’s...good,” said Warren, feeling still more inadequate. He knew that losing his parents hadn’t made him strong — in fact, it had made him more dependent on others, and less able to do things on his own.

“But maybe that just comes with my culture too,” suggested Irina, looking back down on him, seeming to read his mind. “In Eastern Europe, we’re a little...how do you say...hardy, haha. Tough. We know how to take care of ourselves.”

“I...heheh, I w-wish I could be like that,” said Warren genuinely.

“Well, we can’t all be strong, now, can we?” said Irina gently, her light green eyes calmly regarding him. “It’s ok to admit that sometimes, you just need to be taken care of.”

Beepbeepbeep!

The microwave timer suddenly went off, signaling that Warren’s meal was ready.

“What was that?” asked Irina, her brow suddenly furrowing slightly.

“Oh! Haha, uh that was my, um...my lunch,” admitted Warren, a bit sheepishly.

“Mmmm, heating up some leftovers from last night, huh?” asked Irina.

“Um...heh, n-no, actually,” said Warren. “It’s just a...you know...a frozen meal.”

“A what!?” exclaimed Irina, striding over to the microwave and opening it.

“A...f-frozen meal,” repeated Warren, not understanding her reaction. Irina took out the plastic-covered tray.

“What’s this?” she asked bluntly.

“Uhh...chicken tenders and mashed potatoes?” offered Warren, confused.

“No it’s not,” said Irina flatly, stepping over to swipe up the empty meal box with her free hand and flashing the ingredient list in Warren’s face, “You see all that, Warren? Look at all those ingredients. Does that look like real food to you?”

“I...d-don’t know,” he answered, totally out of his depth.

“Processed chicken product, bleached flour, dehydrated potato flakes...” read Irina, looking back up at him and shaking her head. “This isn’t food, Warren. Please don’t tell me that you’ve been eating this stuff regularly.”

“I m-mean,” he stammered, now starting to panic again, “S-Sometimes I order t-take-out from restaurants.”

“Take-out!?” asked Irina, her eyes going a little wider. “But Warren...you cook sometimes, don’t you?”

Warren gaped at his new housekeeper, trying to answer her, but he found that nothing was coming out. He could feel his chest beginning to seize up again as a cold sweat broke out on his brow.

“What am I saying, of course you don’t,” murmured Irina, almost to herself, as she stared at him. Then, realizing that her incredulity was about to thrust him into a full-blown panic attack, she spoke up, changing her tone completely.

“Oh Warren,” she said warmly, smiling at him a little ironically, “I’m SO glad that you brought me in here. Some things are going to change around here, and trust me, they’ll be changes for the better.”

Without wasting any more time, she walked to the garbage can and dropped Warren’s meal straight down into it.

“H-hey!” he exclaimed, a little affronted despite his rising anxiety, “I w-was...uh...gonna eat that!”

“Oh I know you were,” said Irina, “But now that I’m here, Warren, there’s no way that I’m going to let you consume that kind of garbage...no sir.”

As she talked, she walked to the freezer, throwing it open to reveal the brick-like wall of frozen meals.

“My goodness!” she murmured, again almost to herself. “Look at you, Warren. You really, really needed me, didn’t you?”

Warren didn’t know what to say, and he was even more at a loss when Irina started taking his frozen meals out of the freezer and tossing them straight into the garbage. As she moved about, Warren couldn’t help but notice how her massive, heavy breasts jiggled and swayed with every motion. The black maid top that she was wearing barely seemed able to contain her massive mammaries, and Warren thought that he could even hear the fabric stretching as she bent down to throw away his food.

His preoccupation with her body distracted him for several long moments, but eventually, he was able to recover himself enough to protest.

“H-hey! Ir-Irina! D-don’t throw all my food away! I w-won’t have anything left to eat!”

“Oh yes you will,” she countered, undeterred by his protests as she continued to empty his fridge. “From now on, I’m cooking for you, ok Warren? Anything that you eat is going to be prepared by me, understand?”

“I...uhmm,” said Warren, having no idea how to respond.

“Aww, ok,” said Irina kindly, momentarily pausing in her task to come up to him and put a warm, caring hand on his small shoulder, which she gently squeezed and kneaded as she looked down into his eyes. “Normally I’m not this pushy, but Warren, you hired me to take care of things around here, and you can’t deny that you are one of those things, can you?”

“N-no,” he breathed, feeling intoxicated and excited by her proximity, and her physical touch.

“And you also can’t deny that it’s a bit of a dangerous time to be a man right now,” added Irina, “What with this new virus cropping up everywhere. The last thing I want is for you to get sick because your body has a weakened immune system that comes from a poor diet. If all you eat is frozen food and take-out, that’s not doing your body any favors, Warren.”

“N-no, it’s...it’s not,” he agreed, bowing his head slightly in shame.

“Aw but I’m not saying this to make you feel bad,” insisted Irina, taking him gently by the chin and lifting it, so that she was staring directly into his eyes. “I just want you to know that you don’t need to worry or be afraid anymore. I’m gonna take care of you, Warren. I’m going to give you good food to eat, and I’m going to do everything in my power to protect you from this incoming pandemic.”

“Th-thank you,” replied Warren, feeling a sudden well-up of emotion inflate inside him, and tears formed at the corners of his eyes.

“What a sweet little man you are,” intoned Irina deeply, and she suddenly engulfed him in a hug that lasted for several long moments. Warren felt her huge breasts squish and splay out against his upper chest, and he smelled her sweet, slightly rustic scent. For the first time in years, he actually felt safe.

A little while later, Irina went to the grocery store and bought a whole fridge-full of delicious, healthy food. Warren was sitting on a stool in the kitchen, watching her bustle about as she cooked him a hearty meal of spaghetti and meatballs. Just watching her move about was fascinating to him — her curvy body, her confidence, her skill...everything seemed to blend together into one impressive whole.

“Now I have to ask you,” said Irina, “When was the last time you had any face-to-face contact with anyone?”

“I...uh, I mean I’ve signed the receipts for, um...my delivery food,” said Warren.

“Hmmm,” mused Irina, stirring the pot of tomato sauce. “How many of these people do you see a week?”

“M-maybe five?” ventured Warren.

“Five?” asked Irina, looking up. “Yes, Warren, I think you should take your temperature right now.”

“B-but...I feel fine,” he protested, feeling a surge of anxiety.

“You know the course of the virus though,” said Irina, “The fever hits first, before the malaise, or anything else. I’m not trying to alarm you, Warren — I just want us to take all the precautions we can. This virus, by all accounts, is very contagious.”

“O-ok,” he said, fetching a thermometer from the kitchen drawer. He turned it on and inserted it in under his tongue. He could feel his heart thumping along in his chest, and his fingers were starting to tingle from the stress of waiting. But he found himself reassured as he looked at Irina, moving about confidently in the kitchen, cooking him a lovely meal. He was safe...safe with her.

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The thermometer was done — Warren took it out and looked at it...and his body turned to stone.

101.4.

Chapter 2

“That’s it...iiiiice easy breaths,” breathed Irina soothingly as she turned the car onto the road. “In and out...in and out.”

Warren was sitting in the passenger seat, staring straight forward as he felt his chest heave and deflate, over and over, from the herculean effort he was putting in to remain composed. It had been a full half hour since he had realized that he had a fever, and it had taken nearly all of that time for Irina to calm him down and convince him that the best course of action was for her to drive him to the doctor’s office. Somehow, Warren had been able to stave off a panic attack, though he was fairly certain that it had been Irina’s gently embracing body against his that had finally pulled him back from the brink. Her breasts were so big and soft and warm, and her steady, gentle embrace had been so insistent and so caring, that Warren had actually gotten his breathing under control. If he had been alone, he knew that upon realizing he had a symptom of this new and frightening virus, he would have probably collapsed on his kitchen floor, clutching his tightening chest in blind panic...heck, he would have probably passed out. It had happened before, when he had been particularly stressed.

Irina kept her eye on him as she drove down the road, glancing over to check on him often. Once or twice, when his breathing quickened, she actually reached over and squeezed his knee tenderly with her hand in a gesture of reassurance. Whenever she touched him, there was something almost electric that seemed to spark up inside her, and this internal feeling was so surprisingly intense that it almost made Irina draw back a little.

What was going on with her? Here she was, the first day on her new job, and already she was fussing about with the homeowner, throwing out his processed food, hugging him to stave off his panic attacks, driving him to the doctor’s office as she hummed and cooed comforting words at him...Irina knew that she was caring and matronly by nature, but this? It all seemed to be moving a bit too quickly, even for her.

‘It’s because he’s soooo small,’ she thought to herself, merging onto the highway. ‘He’s an adult, but his body feels like a child’s...and his skin is soft like a baby’s.’

Surely that was it — Irina knew that Warren had lived a sheltered life, and she reasoned that of course his isolation had “softened” him, and prevented him from properly growing up, both physically and mentally.

‘But he’s got a head on his shoulders,’ Irina reminded herself, speeding up to merge past a tractor trailer so she could catch the next exit. ‘He may have bad anxiety, but he’s not a pushover. You saw how he reacted when I tossed his lunch in the garbage...I shouldn’t have done that. I really need to take a step back and show him some respect...and anyway, apologizing will take his mind off his fever.’

“Warren?” Irina ventured out loud.

“Yeah?” he asked, turning towards her.

“I want to apologize for being so bossy. I’m...I’m not your mother, Warren — I’m your housekeeper, haha! And it really isn’t my place to, um...to tell you what you can and can’t eat.

And in any case, I shouldn't have thrown your lunch out like that. I just...haha, i couldn't help myself! But I promise to do better."

"O-oh...oh, Irina, that's...that's ok," Warren answered, blinking as he looked over at her. His mind had been somewhere completely different, stressing about the real possibility that he had contracted this new virus. But now Irina was...apologizing to him!? But after a couple seconds went by, Warren remembered how, yes...she had kind of overstepped the line a little there.

"I mean...I appreciate you looking out for my diet," he added, smiling at her as she drove.

"But I shouldn't just take it upon myself to govern your life like that," replied Irina, shaking her head as she exited off the highway.

"Um...haha, no, I guess not," admitted Warren, chuckling a little. "Still, though — I could see where you were coming from. I'm not...mad or anything, haha."

"Well that's nice to hear," declared Irina, turning to smile at him full-on, since they had stopped at a red light. "I want this to be a mutual relationship we have here, Warren. I want it to be... um...what's that English word...haha, I can never remember it...it means when two animals help each other out?"

"Symbiotic," grinned Warren, his face flushing slightly as the two of them clicked together mentally.

"Yes! That's it!" laughed Irina, nodding her head as she hung a left turn towards the long white rectangle of the doctor's office up ahead. A minute later, they were both stepping out of the parked car. Irina had made sure that Warren had on his surgical mask properly, since it was not protocol for any man who was suspected of having the virus to mask himself in public, in order to prevent the spread — at this point, scientists weren't really sure how the virus circulated in communities, but they suspected airborne transmission...hence the masks.

Warren had enjoyed coming to a point of understanding with Irina in the car, but as they walked into the doctor's office waiting room, his mind quickly shifted back to the anxiety of his current situation. The waiting room was packed with people, and evidently, most of them were there for the same reason as he was. All around, he saw masked men, some of them looking noticeably short and frail, waiting anxiously to be seen by the next available nurse. Most of them had their wives or girlfriends there with them, and Warren was not able to avoid noticing already that there was an evident size difference between many of the couples. Lots of them weren't that noticeable at all (like me and Irina, he thought, reminding himself that they were basically the same height when she wasn't wearing her heels), and in a number of couples, the masked men were bigger and taller than their partners, as expected.

But in a disturbing number of couples, Warren saw the clear effects of the virus's symptoms. The men in these couples looked noticeably shrunken, small, and frail, and some of them had wasted away to the point that their feet weren't even touching the floor as they sat in the waiting room chairs. And it wasn't only that — just as they looked diminished, their female partners looked...well, augmented. Accentuated. Burgeoned. There was too much consistency in the pattern for it to be an accident, surely. Their breasts looked much bigger and fuller than the breasts of any normal woman, and their skin seemed to shine with a healthy radiance that made

Warren do a double-take every time he looked at one of them. The women of the shrunken men looked positively voluptuous — they filled their chairs with the thick, curvy bulk of their enlarged hips and butts, and even their arms and shoulders looked stronger and bigger as they sat back in their seats, looking effortlessly feminine and powerful.

Warren noticed, though, that their accentuated physiques clashed blatantly with the expressions on their faces. None of these women looked like they were happy, or ready to accept this new reality. Instead, they all looked intensely concerned, with many of them bending down to whisper to the shrunken, masked companions next to them. Many of them were holding hands with their infected men, and the inevitable hand comparison between the women's strong, fleshy hands and their men's thin, bony hands...well, it was striking to say the least.

Warren felt like he was going to be sick for a moment, but he made it a point to focus on his breathing as he checked himself in, feeling Irina's presence behind him. A moment later they sat down, and began the long wait before they would be seen. Irina glanced around, taking in the whole surreal scene herself as she tried to make sense of the flurrying volley of feelings she was experiencing right now. She felt so bad for all of the couples in the room — many of them looked positively miserable, and she even noticed a couple in the corner who seemed to be quietly arguing. What looked to be a skinny 4-and-a-half-foot-tall man was attempting to take his mask off, but his wife or girlfriend wasn't letting him. She had her hands on either side of his head, whispering earnestly to him as she shook her head. The man was trying to pry her hands off the sides of his head, but in addition to the fact that he looked weak and feeble, his partner was a good foot-and-a-half taller than him; it also looked like she outweighed him by at least 100 pounds. There wasn't any way he was going to physically overcome her. After an extended episode of whispering arguments and struggling, he seemed to give up, folding his arms huffily across his shrunken chest as he sat there, legs dangling slightly in the chair, as his partner gently laced her fingers soothingly through his hair.

Irina watched all of this with a sense of confused and perplexed fascination. She was having to reconcile two distinct and disparate plains of thought and feeling in her mind. On one hand, she had no trouble acknowledging the pain and difficulty that all of these couples were going through. She could just smell it in the air — the virus had destroyed the traditional power mediator between men and women, and now, the power dynamics were firing off in all directions, confused, aimless, chaotic, like tendrils of electricity in a plasma globe. No one knew how to approach the current situation.

And yet, at the same time, she couldn't avoid realizing that she felt...excited. Just seeing all of these burgeoning, larger women fussing over their smaller husbands made her feel a strange sense of elation, like she was witnessing a sheen being pulled back, exposing the reality that had been there all along. Irina was trying to make sense of this buoyant barrage of exhilaration she was feeling — it wasn't enough to say that she was drawn to this situation because she was good at caring for people. None of that explained the excitement she was feeling in the midst of all this confused suffering. There was something else going on, something deeper down inside herself...something darker that she didn't yet feel comfortable engaging.

She sighed out and turned to look at Warren. She had only just met him that day, but already, she felt proud of him. She would not have expected the man who was a hair's breadth away from a panic attack to be sitting here next to her, in a room-full of virus patients, looking relaxed.

“Heheh, you seem to be doing better,” she said aloud to him.

“Well, it’s just that...haha, I was just thinking,” said Warren through his mask, looking slightly up at her (in addition to having better posture, her ass was bigger than his, so she rose up higher than him when they sat). “This is the most people I’ve been in a room with in...years.”

“Years?!” exclaimed Irina, her eyes going a bit wide. “Oh, Warren! Really?”

“Haha, yes,” he chuckled, his voice sounding relaxed even as his eyes darted nervously about. “I think...I think you help make it easier for me, Irina.”

“Oh I do?” she asked, feeling warmth course through her at his words.

“Yeah,” he replied, nodding his head. “It’s nice just...you know, being here with someone else. I’m not sure I’d be able to, um...to be so calm in here otherwise.”

“Well that’s...very nice, Warren,” said Irina, crinkling her eyes kindly at him. He was so cute, sitting there with that little mask over his face. He had been so scared before. But it suddenly occurred to Irina to remember her professional position, and to not allow the strange well of these amplified matronly instincts to compromise her role. She was his housekeeper, nothing more, helping to look after him during this trying, confused time.

A little while later, Warren’s name was called, and he stood up to go into the back, Irina rising with him. As soon as he stood up, though, Warren became a bit lightheaded, and he couldn’t help backing a bit into Irina, who reached out to steady him with her arms. The twin bulges of her breasts were pressed gently into his back, and Warren fought a strange and unwelcome urge to back into them harder.

“Easy, easy,” Irina was saying. “You ok?”

“I’m...yeah...I’m fine,” he said, a little shaken, but regaining his balance nonetheless.

“You’ve got it,” piped up a voice from the corner. Warren turned to look in the direction of the voice. It was the 4’6 man, the same man whose wife had prevented him from taking off his mask before.

“What?” asked Warren, feeling his heart rate increase. Irina’s hand was on his shoulder, guiding him toward the open door, but for some reason, he had to hear what this other man was saying.

“You’ve got the virus,” said the man flatly through his mask as he nodded his head. “First fever and then dizziness...yep, better buckle up, partner.”

His wife’s large hand quickly muzzled him, covering the entire expanse of his masked mouth and chin, as she whispered down to him harshly.

“Jim! That’s enough!” She looked up apologetically at Warren and Irina. “I’m so sorry,” she said to them, “Just ignore him, please.”

Irina kept guiding Warren toward the door, away from the man, and Warren didn't have time to respond before they were out of the waiting room and walking down the hallway.

"It's ok Warren," Irina was saying. "Don't worry about that guy."

"I'm...not...it's ok," Warren was saying. But he was worrying about it. Only deliberate breathing exercises prevented his heart rate from climbing uncomfortably high. It felt like his stomach was slowly tying itself up in knots. A few moments later, they were in an exam room, with Warren hopping up on the white-papered table and Irina sitting down in a chair by the door.

"It'll just be a few more minutes," the nurse was saying. "Nurse" — and here she glanced at her clipboard — "Sarah will be in to see you shortly."

"Ok, thanks," nodded Warren, and he and Irina were alone again. A few seconds of awkward silence passed between them. Neither of them really knew what to say. Irina didn't want to say anything that stressed Warren out about his potential condition, but she also didn't want to just start making small talk, which would have been a poorly-disguised attempt at deflecting his attention, and would only make things worse. For Warren's part, he didn't want to air out his anxieties so blatantly, since he was resolving to do his best to manage his own emotions without help, but he also didn't want to just keep sitting there in silence. He felt like he owed Irina's presence something — he felt like he needed to make her laugh or...to provide her something in return for her accompanying him.

"So...um, what do you like to do in your, um...in your spare time?" he asked her, hating how artificial his question sounded, but still preferring it to the silence that had hung in the air before.

"Well!" answered Irina brightly, appreciating Warren's interest, "I like to sew a lot. Before I became a housekeeper I actually ran a sewing business."

"Oh you did?" asked Warren. "What did you sew?"

"Clothes, mostly," said Irina, smiling at him. "It started with me making clothes for my friends, you know, Christmas gifts and things like that, but they all liked them so much that they encouraged me to start my own business."

"That's so cool!" exclaimed Warren. He wished that he had skills like that.

"What about you, Warren?" asked Irina, leaning forward a little in her chair. "What do you do for fun?"

"I, uh...nothing as neat as that," he chuckled. "I...watch a lot of TV and...stuff like that. But I like to play, uh...online chess."

"Chess!?" replied Irina, her eyebrows going up. "I love chess! Was never really good at it myself, but I always thought Judit Polgar was succchh an inspiration! Chess was such a "man's" world for so long, but she really broke into it, didn't she?"

"Yeah, she was...she is...really a great player," laughed Warren. Things were starting to actually seem normal. A short, soft knock came suddenly at the door, and Nurse Sarah walked

in. Warren had sat up a little straighter when he heard the knock, but as soon as he got a look at this nurse, he felt frozen in position. Irina likewise found herself uncharacteristically stunned.

'My goodness!' she thought in awe, and she too unconsciously sat up a little straighter.

This nurse was huge. The top of her golden-blond head was only a small number of inches lower than the door frame itself...she had to be at least 6'4. But it wasn't just her height that had made Warren's mouth open and his eyes go wide — it was the sheer size of this woman. She seemed to fill up the entire doorway as she walked in, her thick, vigorous hips gyrating in curved elegance right and left as she moved the huge pillars of her thighs, which strained the confines of her blue scrubs outfit. Warren had never seen anyone fill out a scrubs uniform like that before — they were generally a very baggy outfit, but not on this woman. Her amazonian body filled it out completely, top to bottom. Warren was no expert on cup-size for bras, but it looked like this nurse had at least E cups. Her bare arms looked strong and firm, with an elegant feminine bulk that sent the silver bracelets on her left arm singing and tinkling out into the exam room. Warren had to blink rapidly a few times before his eyes were able to hone in on the nurse's face. Her body had quickened his breath, but her bright, smiling face quickened his heart. She was absolutely gorgeous, her high cheekbones complimenting the healthy fullness of her cheeks; her plush lips were accentuated by a striking blood-red lipstick, which Warren subconsciously connected to the red nail polish she was wearing on her pointed, manicured fingernails. Her sea green eyes locked on his, seeming to hold his stare in an ocean of her own.

"Hello there, Mr. DuPont," came Sarah's full, feminine voice. She turned and looked down at Irina. "And...you're not Mrs. DuPont, are you?"

"I'm...not actually," answered Irina, blinking a few times rapidly, trying to take in the sight before her. She recovered fairly quickly, though, and laughed. "How did you know?"

"Just a guess," Sarah chuckled. "Couples usually sit next to each other in those chairs while they're waiting. But anyway...Mr. DuPont, you have a fever of 101.4, is that correct?"

Warren could only manage a nod.

"Mmm, ok," said Sarah kindly, moving toward him. Both Irina and Warren were amazed by the voluptuousness of the nurse's movements — with each step, her thick, curvy body seemed to quiver and undulate of its own accord. Irina was watching with unabashed fascination, while Warren was doing his best to keep it together, to prevent himself from trembling.

"Aww, now I know it must be a scary time for you," purred Sarah, coming over and snaking a large, manicured hand onto Warren's shoulder, covering it completely. She turned back to Irina. "For both of you. But you did the right thing, coming in here. Let's just check that temperature again, why don't we?"

With her huge hand still wrapped comfortingly around Warren's shoulder, Sarah hooked a long finger under Warren's mask and lifted it. Warren inhaled sharply at the easy power of her movement — she hadn't asked him to do it. She had done it herself. Taking a thermometer, she inserted it under his tongue and held it there for several seconds until it beeped.

“Hmmm, 102.2,” murmured Sarah, licking the front of her teeth behind her closed lips. “A bit higher than it was before, I see.”

“Oh god,” moaned Warren quietly, starting to panic again. But the huge, powerful hand on his shoulder was suddenly massaging it insistently, as that full, deep, feminine voice cooed in his ear.

“It’s ok, Mr. DuPont, it’s okaaaay,” she was saying softly. “Deep breathing, in and out, in and out....eeeassssyyyy.”

Warren shut his eyes and did as he was told. A couple seconds later he opened them again, looking toward Irina. It had suddenly occurred to him that this nurse was saying exactly what Irina had told him before. Meeting his eyes, his housekeeper smiled genially. It seemed that the same thought had occurred to her.

“That’s what I’ve been telling him,” chuckled Irina, trying to lighten the mood, even as she was dealing with strange, conflicting feelings inside herself. She wanted to be the one rubbing Warren’s shoulder like that. She wanted to be the one who...who looked like this nurse...who could overwhelm someone just by being in the same room. A prickle of possessive envy stung her subconscious.

“Warren deals with some anxiety issues and...I’ve been teaching him some breathing exercises,” Irina continued, trying to normalize the situation in her head by continuing the conversational exchange.

“How very lucky,” intoned Sarah to Irina, not even turning her head away from Warren as she used an otoscope to check the inside his ears, “That he has someone like you. Say “aaaaa,” Mr. DuPont.”

“Aaaaaaaa,” said Warren, feeling an odd excitement at being empirically examined by this gorgeous amazon of a nurse. She smelled good too...a scent he couldn’t place, but that Irina had immediately recognized as sandalwood.

“Well ok Mr. DuPont,” said Sarah, tilting her head slightly to him as her eyes steadily held him, “I have to be honest — with your high fever, the tiny cutaneous lesions in your middle ear, and apparent pharyngitis in the back of your throat, this looks like a classic case of the Whipple Virus.”

“Is that...?” asked Warren, feeling a sense of impending dread.

“Mmhhh, yes, that’s what we’re calling it so far,” nodded Sarah, “Since its symptoms resemble Whipple’s Disease. But we’ll come up with a better name soon. The name just caught on in the media. But anyway, we’ll have to wait for the results of a blood test to officially confirm.”

“Oh nooooo,” moaned Warren again, and he put his face in his hands, now truly trembling. Irina was up from her chair in an instant, and a moment later had her arms wrapped around his shaking body.

“Shhhh...Warren it’s ok...it’s like she said, remember? It’s gonna be ok.” Irina wished that her physical presence and voice had the easy power and timbre of Sarah’s, but she wasn’t about to let this amazonian nurse commandeer Warren this time.

Sarah watched Irina steadily, a few moments longer than Irina would have expected for a normal nurse. What was this nurse doing?! She seemed to be studying them both, and as she did so, she licked her teeth subtly with a long red tongue.

“So you’re not a couple,” ventured Sarah to Irina, “But you can stay with him? Keep him safe?”

Irina nodded silently.

“Good,” said Sarah, preparing the blood test, “Because if he was all alone, there’s no telling who would snatch him up as he gets smaller. It’s important that Whipple’s patients have a female caretaker, or else...well...it’s a good thing he has you is all I’ll say.”

Chapter 3

Irina felt something jump inside her as her nipples pricked up, becoming erect in thick impinges through the fabric of her maid's outfit. This nurse, Sarah...her words...and the casual yet matter-of-fact manner in which she had just spoken to Irina, it made the housekeeper feel a surprising array of emotions. She couldn't identify them specifically, but she did know that Sarah's words had caused her to hold Warren's body to her a little tighter. Irina felt her E-cups squish over Warren's shoulders as she continued rubbing his back, looking past him at the nurse. Once again, Irina was struck by how Sarah was steadily regarding her, those sea green eyes unblinking. In the professional setting of the doctor's office, this kind of eye contact was not normal, and Irina was beginning to feel uneasy because of it...but strangely, she felt a raw sense of intrigue as well.

"So...he, um...he wouldn't be safe just, out in the world, then?" Irina asked as she continued comforting Warren.

"Oh no," answered Sarah softly, slowly shaking her magnificent mane of wavy blond hair. "The degeneration from the virus will increasingly weaken him, both physically and mentally, and if he was wandering about, without protection, there's no telling who would snatch him up."

Irina couldn't be sure, but she thought that she saw an energetic gleam in Sarah's eye as she finished her answer...but Irina blinked, and the gleam wasn't there anymore. Irina's sense of unease only grew, though, when Sarah again extended the tip of her red tongue and deliberately licked her top front teeth...a muted, harmless gesture in and of itself, but in the context of the situation, Irina couldn't help but get the sense that if she hadn't been there, this nurse would be taking advantage of Warren.

"Do you...uh, are you...protecting anyone?" Irina found herself asking. She knew that this kind of question was inappropriately personal, but the quiet gravity of this nurse's behavior was making her feel a bizarre kind of desperation, a strong desire to know what was going on in Sarah's head.

"Oh yeah, I've got one at home," Sarah remarked, her full lips turning up at the corners into a quiet smile. "And that's all I've got for now."

"For...now?" asked Irina, leaning forward a little. She didn't understand, but Sarah's words were stirring something deep within her subconscious.

"Well there's no telling how many poor, frightened, short, skinny little men are going to be loose on the streets before long," Sarah said dryly. "As much as I would like to think that wives and girlfriends will do their duty and take care of their ailing partners, well..." — and here Sarah let out a sigh, inflating and deflating her huge chest as she did so — "I know that some women will not be able to stomach having the alpha role hoisted upon them. It's a sad but true reality that a number of men are going to find themselves alone as a result of this pandemic...and that's not even taking into account the myriad numbers of single men. This could be quite a dire situation."

"I...I see," nodded Irina, holding Warren a little tighter to her still. She could tell that his breathing had normalized, but she still didn't want to let go of him...not with Sarah in the room.

“S-so,” continued Irina, “You’re...uh, you’re going to take some of these men in, then?”

“We’ll see,” replied Sarah, that slow, mysterious smile still etched across her gorgeous face. “If certain men seem to be of the correct...disposition...then yes, I might start a little collection at home.”

Irina couldn’t believe what she was hearing. This nurse was talking about these men...these virus victims...like they were some kind of collectables, like they were objects to possess. And she was talking about it with such slow, easy confidence that Irina didn’t know whether to feel repulsed or fascinated. She knew that she should be feeling put-off by Sarah’s words, but instead, she couldn’t avoid realizing that she wanted to know more about Sarah’s attitude, her approach. The deep, internal, and unnamed stirrings continued.

“Well let me run that blood test,” said Sarah with warm professionalism. “And if the results come back positive, I’ll be asking you a few questions, Irina.”

“Me?” Irina asked, surprised.

“Well yes,” said Sarah pleasantly, turning to leave, her huge ass bouncing alluringly in her skin-tight scrubs, “As I’m sure you’ve been hearing on the news, this virus can affect women as well, although obviously not with the deleterious effects that it has on men.”

“I...I thought that was just, uh...hearsay,” said Warren, surprising Irina with the clarity of his voice. He was sitting up straighter on the exam room table, and looking straight towards Sarah. Irina didn’t know why she was feeling a sudden burst of erotic tension. She saw that Warren’s jaw was set, and that his cheek muscles appeared to be tense. Was he...facing down this nurse?! Irina couldn’t be sure. But she turned to look at Sarah, and saw with another jolt that the nurse was blinking softly, slowly, as she tilted her head slightly to the side, her smile widening. Sarah wasn’t making it any secret that she thought Warren was the cutest little thing — and in her expression was the soft, voluptuous condescension that made Irina so confused. She was upset that this nurse was treating Warren like a little kid, but she was also just...well, intrigued by the gentle power of Sarah’s disposition.

“Oh you wouldn’t be saying it was hearsay, little guy,” said Sarah softly, turning back around and taking a step towards him, “If you had seen the things I’ve seen. It hasn’t caught on yet in the media, but it will.” She looked back up at Irina, her expression quickly changing, becoming more normal and “adult-like.”

“Anyway!” chuckled Sarah, breaking the tension of the moment and turning back around, “I’ll do that blood work-up. You all sit tight — I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

Irina and Warren found themselves alone a moment later. Once Sarah had left the room, Irina had loosened her grip on Warren without realizing it. After a few seconds of awkward silence, they made eye contact. They were searching each other, and neither of them knew what the other was thinking. Irina thought that Warren might have been feeling self-conscious about her touching him, so she let go of him completely and took a step back, disguising her motion with a light little sigh.

“Well! Uh...hmmm,” she said, simply wanting to fill the void of silence in the room. “Are you...um...how are you feeling, Warren?”

“Better than I was initially,” he answered. “Thanks for helping me not have a freakout there.”

“Haha, well! It’s...of course, it’s no problem,” said Irina warmly. She was trying her best to ensure that her voice carried the respect for Warren that had been plainly lacking in Sarah’s tone.

“I...I don’t really know about that nurse,” said Warren, shaking his head and looking at the closed door.

“Yeah!” returned Irina, happy that Warren was speaking about all of this out loud. “The way she was speaking to you...”

“Yeah...” mused Warren, furrowing his brow. “I...I didn’t like it.”

“Neither did I,” said Irina quickly, nodding her head. But in truth, she didn’t really know how she felt.

“I think...I think she’s scary,” declared Warren, sitting up straight and looking at Irina.

“Haha, what? Scary?” laughed Irina, her big breasts jumbling and jiggling together as she fought through her internal agreement with Warren. “What’s scary about her, Warren? Haha, I think she was just, you know...maybe a little bit of a flirt, is all.”

“No,” said Warren, shaking his head, still looking at the door, “There’s something going on with her. Something wrong...something dangerous.”

“Aw, I think you’re being a bit dramatic, ok?” said Irina kindly, reaching out and rubbing Warren’s shoulder. “I know all of this probably feels like it’s moving so quickly and everything, but...but Warren, I just want you to know that, as long as you have me on, you’ll never be one of those...one of those men that she was talking about, with no one to take care of them.”

“Thanks Irina,” said Warren, his brow unfurrowing as his lips cracked into a smile. “Maybe...uh, maybe I was going a bit overboard there, haha.” His face fell a little as he shook his head again. “I just knew I had the virus...I knew it.”

“Now, you know, there are already treatments prescribed for it,” said Irina, hoping that he wasn’t about to descend back into a kind of panic. “It’s not a death sentence by any means.”

“No, but...” ventured Warren, as if he didn’t want to speak it into existence, “But I am going to get smaller...and weaker...just like she said.”

“Well, some men are affected more than others,” said Irina diplomatically, still rubbing his shoulder, “And anyway, look at it this way — if you’re smaller, it’ll be that much easier for me to take care of you, haha!”

“Heheh...yeah,” chuckled Warren, looking around at the floor, and then back up to her. Their eyes locked together again, and for several seconds, they stayed that way. Warren was struggling through feelings of panic and dread that were thankfully beginning to subside, but as he locked eyes with Irina, he felt an inexorable sense of helplessness, as if his power and independence were draining out of him...he thought about how small he could get...how weak...how pathetically helpless...and how much he was going to have to depend on her. But the accompanying emotion to these thoughts was not the dread and panic that were subsiding within him. Something else was there, something that felt almost...excited, in a twisted way. But that wasn't true — he wasn't excited! How could he be!? Warren blinked and shook his head, looking away from Irina as he chuckled nervously, his eyes indistinctly looking down at the floor.

For her part, Irina knew this time that she was definitely feeling that strange prickle of deep, subconscious instinct that was bubbling up inside. What was it!? Something...maternal-like, maybe? It was hard for her to place it; all she knew was that in this moment, she had a sudden vision of bathing a naked Warren in a bathtub, gently sponging his small, skinny body as her huge, inflated breasts wobbled and jiggled gently under her ministrations. He was the size of a child...not much more than 3 feet tall...and she had grown enormous and buxom, absolutely gigantic compared to him.

She felt her clit twinge as she blinked, snapping out of the vision as she came back to the doctor's office. What was going on!? She didn't want Warren to shrink like that! She wanted him to recover...to get better. But why was she struggling with these bizarre feelings of... looking forward to him shrinking? After a few seconds, Irina decided that it must just be the unprecedented oddity of the situation that was making her think like this.

“But I'm...uh, I'm sorry your fever's worse!” said Irina, putting her hand up to Warren's forehead. “Are you feeling bad?”

“Not bad, really,” said Warren, shaking his head, even as he felt another little pleasant shudder that accompanied Irina's touch. He felt a bit too much like a juvenile when she touched him like that, but at the same time, he liked the tactile feeling of her soft, warm flesh on his own. Like Irina herself, Warren was struggling with competing emotions. “Just...uh...heheh, yeah, a little warm, is all.”

“Well when we get home I can make you a nice cool drink,” said Irina, taking her hand away.

“I...yeah, that sounds nice,” said Warren. He kind of just wanted to sit in front of the TV and watch his favorite programs — he wanted to take his mind off the reality of what was happening. But a cool drink made by his housekeeper sounded nice too...in his mind's eye, he saw her E-cups swaying back and forth sexily as she bent down, offering him the drink as he lounged on the sofa. Her huge jugs were in his face...their sweet scent softly descending into his nostrils... now they were enveloping his face...his entire head, in their soft, warm, pillowy embrace. Warren inhaled through his mouth and blinked a few times rapidly; his cock had gotten a little hard. What on earth was happening to him!? Why was he thinking these things?? He made eye contact with Irina without meaning to, and they both laughed nervously.

A short knock sent both pairs of eyes darting to the door, which was already opening. The wavy blond mane of the amazonian nurse appeared from high behind the door, with the rest of her

curvy, buxom figure following close behind. Irina and Warren both felt their breath catch in their chests as they stared; this woman had a way of locking attention onto herself by simply moving about...by simply existing.

“Well, he’s positive,” announced Sarah casually, speaking directly to Irina, “No surprises there. But it’s just good that we have official verification.”

“That’s...that’s ok,” said Irina, putting her arm around Warren without thinking as she massaged his shoulder. “We expected that. It’s ok Warren...we’ll get through this.”

“Th-thanks...Irina,” muttered Warren hollowly as he stared down at the floor. His face had gone a little pale.

“You absolutely will,” declared Sarah, nodding her head as her eyes glanced down at her clipboard. “As long as he takes his medication as prescribed.”

“Oh yes...of course, yes,” responded Irina, looking up at Sarah. “What is the medication, exactly?”

“For him it’ll be a triple combination of specific anti-viral drugs,” said Sarah, handing Irina a sheet of paper from her clipboard. “It’s important that he takes them twice a day, once in the morning, and once at night, for as long as the shrinking persists.”

“And that...th-that’ll stop me getting smaller?” asked Warren, making an effort to look up into the nurse’s eyes. He didn’t know why, but it felt like a titanic effort, just speaking to this woman in a normal voice. He could only hold eye contact for a second before he had to look away. She just made him feel so...small.

“Oh no sweetheart,” came Sarah’s soft, warm voice as she smiled down on him pityingly, “You’ve got the virus, and nothing’s going to stop you shrinking down to however small you’ll become. The anti-virals are to protect your internal organs, to shield them from the worst effects. Otherwise the virus will just have its way with your brain, your heart, your lungs, and so on.” Sarah looked over at Irina, and her voice changed, now suddenly business-like. “That’s why it’s so important that he takes this medication twice a day. He’ll survive getting smaller, but he won’t survive if the virus has free reign over his vital organs.”

Irina nodded, squeezing Warren a little tighter.

“I’ll make sure he takes it, just like you said,” Irina stated firmly. As soon as the words were out of her mouth, however, she drew back internally. Was she condescending too much to Warren again? She wished that this nurse would speak directly to Warren like the adult that he was...it wasn’t lost on her that Sarah was speaking to her like she was his mother or something. It made her uncomfortable; but it also made her feel...something else, something difficult to place.

“You can hand this receipt with my signature to the pharmacy down the street,” said Sarah, passing along the prescription to Irina. “And I’ve actually got the first dose right here. It’s important that we get these drugs in him as quickly as possible.”

Sarah had put down her clipboard and was slowly pouring a dark-colored, syrupy liquid into a tiny measuring cup.

“10 milliliters in the morning,” said Sarah steadily, holding out the cup to Warren, “And 10 milliliters before bed.”

As she held out the medication, the bracelets jangled lightly on her bare arm. Irina found herself marveling at how strong and well-formed this nurse was...how strong she looked...and yet, paradoxically, how feminine she looked as well.

‘She has to work out a ton,’ thought Irina, staring at Sarah’s arm. ‘I should exercise some more myself.’

But Irina snapped out of her thoughts when she heard the soft, flowing laughter of the nurse, who had been about to hand Warren his medication, but had drawn it back out of his reach.

“Aww honey,” chuckled Sarah, shaking that great mane of her head gently down at him, “I can’t hand it to you with you shaking like that. Here, why don’t you just open your mouth and I’ll give it to you myself.”

Warren hated that his hands were shaking like they were, but at the moment he couldn’t control it. The news that he was indeed infected, coupled with the mysterious, scary, and powerful presence of this gigantic nurse, had set his body trembling. He had control over his breathing, but his body seemed recalcitrant toward his brain’s insistence that everything was ok. Even still, with Sarah bearing down on him, he looked up into her sea green eyes and reflexively opened his mouth, ready to deferentially accept his first dose.

“Actually,” Irina cut in, holding up her hand in between Sarah’s hand and Warren’s mouth, “I’d... like to give it to him...if that’s alright.” Irina was acting on pure instinct now — something inside her had risen up and definitively asserted that she was going to be the one to give Warren his medicine. The thought of this nurse gently feeding it to Warren was intolerable.

“Of course!” smiled Sarah, handing off the medication to Irina. She watched silently as the housekeeper slowly tipped the cup into Warren’s awaiting mouth. Irina couldn’t help but feel like this was a private moment, and she wished that the nurse wasn’t there watching them. But she quickly dismissed these odd thoughts as she focused on making sure Warren got all of the liquid down.

“Thanks...Irina,” said Warren after swallowing it all down. “I’m sorry, I...uh, heheh, I don’t know why I’m shaking like this.”

“He has a high fever,” said Sarah, looking at Irina. “It might be a good idea to bathe him in a nice cool bath when you get home.”

“B-Bathe...him!?” asked Irina, her eyes snapping up to Sarah’s. The steady green of the nurse’s eyes twinkled, and Irina grew afraid. Did Sarah...!? Did she somehow know about the vision Irina had had just a few minutes before??

“Well yes,” replied Sarah pleasantly. “A nice cool bath, or a cold washcloth on his head...cool drinks...you know, nice things to help keep his body temperature down. And that medication should help as well.”

Irina blinked as Sarah picked her clipboard back up. The housekeeper felt confused. Was she freaking out about nothing? This nurse seemed so casual and nice, so professional. And yet, that twinkle in her eye...

“Now before you go,” said Sarah, “I need to ask you a few questions, Irina. Is that alright?”

“Yeah...uh-of course,” nodded Irina. She realized that she was still squeezing Warren’s shoulder, and she loosened her grip.

“Have you noticed any unexplained tightening in your clothes or shoes?” Sarah’s voice was professional and matter-of-fact.

“Um...no, nothing I’ve noticed,” answered Irina.

“Mmhm,” muttered Sarah, writing on her clipboard. “And your exposure to Mr. Du Pont has lasted how long?”

“This...haha, this is actually my first day on the job,” chuckled Irina, not quite sure why she was laughing. “I, uh, I literally just met him today.”

“Oh, how about that,” remarked Sarah, looking back and forth between them as she smiled amiably. “Now your breasts, Irina. Have you noticed anything unusual about how they feel? Tenderness? Swelling?”

“Not...really, no,” replied Irina.

“And as far as your overall mood,” continued Sarah, nodding as she spoke, “Have you had any unexpected mood swings?”

“Mood...swings?” asked Irina, feeling a cold dread growing inside her.

“Unusual thoughts that you had never had before?” asked Sarah, looking at her steadily. “Strange fantasies that hearken back to something primal in you? A nurturing, protective, mother instinct?”

Irina couldn’t answer. Her words were caught in the back of her throat. Sarah had just described exactly what she had been struggling with over and over, all afternoon. Did this mean that she had the virus too? Her eyes were locked onto Sarah’s, and as the seconds passed by, a glimmer of recognition appeared in the nurse’s eyes. Irina didn’t even have to answer; Sarah was already writing it down. And the housekeeper felt her fear grow as she saw Sarah’s mouth curl into something like a grin.

“Here,” breathed Sarah, tearing off a piece of paper and handing it to Irina, “There’s my private number. I know all of this is a lot to take in at once, but I want you to know that you can reach out to me if you need to talk about any symptoms you might be having. Your little guy there...

he's got his medicine. But if you have anything concerning going on in your head, I want you to reach out to me, ok Irina? I'll pick up."

"Th-thanks," said Irina, having no idea how to feel as she accepted the number.

"I don't do this for everyone," said Sarah, inclining her head slightly as she rose up to her full height, "But something about the two of you...I want to help in any way I can." She looked down at Warren, focusing the full energy of her eyes on him. "Because if this little one was out there all alone...if someone else were to get ahold of him...well." A short exhale of laughter escaped through Sarah's dilated nostrils. "Keep him close, Irina. Keep him close."

The nurse turned on her heel, her incredible ass shaking and bouncing behind her, and a moment later she was gone. It felt like she had sucked up everything from the room in her wake. Irina and Warren just sat there for a few long seconds, neither of them saying a word, neither of them having any idea what to think. The car ride home was similarly silent, with Irina glancing over at Warren every few seconds, concern etched over her face. Warren's high fever, combined with the sedative effects of the initial medication, combined to overpower his anxiety, and he simply drifted off in a stupor in the passenger seat, his eyes closed and his mouth slightly open. Irina noticed that he had fallen asleep once she stopped at a red light, and as she looked down at his sleeping body, she could feel a gentle warmth spreading out from her loins into the rest of her body. Her clit tingled again, and she could feel herself getting wet. He just looked so vulnerable, so small, so helpless...and she was getting aroused by the idea that he had fallen into her lap. He was hers to take care of. She was going to be the one to see to his every need.

Her hardening nipples pressed into her bra as the warmth continued to spread over her body like gentle electricity. Irina shook her head as the light turned green. There it was again...all those crazy, bizarre thoughts. The same thoughts Sarah had asked her about. Irina had her number. She would try and hold off calling — Sarah scared her...made her feel weird...but at the same time, Irina somehow knew that she would be calling the nurse at some point. She had a feeling in her bones.

On the way back home, external reality seemed to be converging together with the strangeness in her brain. Billboards were going up everywhere she looked: "Mass Testing in the Superdome," "Shrinking and Single? Call the Hotline," "Stop the Spread: Wear a Mask," were just some of the messages going up. But even more strikingly for Irina was the sight of women walking hand in hand with their smaller male partners. It was everywhere. Some of the women were only a head taller, but some of the men had already shrunk considerably, to the point where a few of them looked like children. It made Irina shiver...both in discomfort and in something else...pleasure? Anticipation? She had no idea.

A few minutes later, she had woken Warren up and was helping him into his house.

"Would you like that cold drink we talked about?" asked Irina, smiling at him. She was resisting the urge to ask him if he wanted a bath — she badly wanted to bathe him, but she knew this wasn't appropriate.

"Heheh...yeah," chuckled Warren, crossing the threshold of his house.

“I’ll get right on that,” replied Irina, and she swung the big front door closed. Its heavy, clanging shut reverberated through Warren’s skull. He suddenly felt like a prisoner in his own house.

Chapter 4

Early the next morning, around 4:30 am, Irina awoke suddenly from unsettled dreams. Both occurrences were unusual for her: she almost always slept right through the night, and she rarely recalled dreaming anything at all. But now, as she lay wide awake, staring up at the ceiling of the housekeeper's quarters, she had a feeling, and a lingering image in mind, from the dream she had just been having. She felt the remnants of a strange warmth and fluidity... strong...and calm, loving patience, the most motherly feeling she could have imagined up to that point. She had just been trying on a bra in her dream, but really, what she had been doing was using the whole thing as an excuse to expose herself to...to who? She knew that someone had been watching her...a male...and she knew that she had been chuckling softly at his gaping, gawking reaction. She could almost see him now, as the dream began to fade; she had been sitting down, and he had been standing up, right next to her, but the top of his head had only reached her nose. Sandy brown hair...and...had those been big blue eyes looking at her breasts, wide and totally overwhelmed? Had it been Warren in her dream?

Irina just lay there for several minutes, staring up at the ceiling, as the dream faded quickly from her memory. Deep down, she knew that it had to have been Warren. Was this what that nurse, Sarah, had been talking about? About the strange, unusual feelings going on in her head?

'If you have anything concerning going on in your head, I want you to reach out to me, ok Irina? I'll pick up.'

Sarah's words echoed in her head, and in a sudden fit of energy, Irina very nearly reached over and dialed the number that the nurse had given her. But she quickly relented, feeling a little foolish.

'It was just a little dream, nothing more,' said Irina to herself. 'And besides, it's 4:30 in the morning. It would be very rude to contact her right now, unless there was a significant emergency. Just relax, Irina.'

She gathered herself back under the covers, turned over, and tried to go back to sleep, but her mind was moving too quickly to revert back to sleep. She was thinking back to the events of the previous day, once they had returned from the doctor's office. Warren had taken to lounging on his favorite sofa upstairs in his bedroom, watching TV as Irina had put a cold washcloth on his head and prepared him a nice cool drink made from fruit that she had found in his refrigerator and freshly squeezed. She had been surprised Warren had even had fruit at all in the first place.

'He looked so cozy there, on his sofa,' Irina thought to herself. 'All covered in blankets...god his skin is so pale...it's like he never goes out and gets any sunlight at all...well of course he doesn't Irina he's agoraphobic...well maybe not officially...or maybe so, who knows...anyway go easy on him...he was just diagnosed with the Whipple Virus he's actually taken it quite well all things considering...maybe he's in shock though...god he's such a small, vulnerable little man...in my heels I'm actually a little taller than him...I definitely outweigh him too...if it came to it, I could force him to do things and he wouldn't be able to stop me.'

Irina paused in her thinking — what on earth was going on!? Her mind was moving so fast, especially considering that she had just woken up more or less in the middle of the night. And

the things she was thinking about...how small and vulnerable Warren had looked on that sofa, and how he had reached his hands out, almost like a little child, to accept the fruit drink she had made for him...she suddenly realized that her nipples had gotten hard through her nightshirt. Irina shuddered to herself, even as she fought inwardly with the desire to reach up and fondle her nipples, and even to reach down and start playing with her clit. Was this the effect of the virus, working its insidious way upon her? These thoughts were definitely out-of-the-ordinary for Irina, even though it was true that she could make herself feel good, taking care of other people. She had always been this way — it truly gave her pleasure to know that the people entrusted to her care were safe and cared for.

‘But not sexual pleasure,’ she thought to herself, countering herself. ‘Not this way.’

She didn’t know what to think about it all, and for the next 20 minutes, she tossed and turned, trying in vain to quiet her thoughts, to return to sleep. But it just wasn’t working. Her mind was too busy, and her body...well, her body was right along for the ride. Irina had never felt this energetic so early in the morning, and she was decidedly a “morning person.” But after nearly half an hour, this switching up positions in the bed, and going back and forth, back and forth, just wasn’t going to cut it. Irina could feel herself getting more and more irritated internally, and finally, she reached over to her nightstand and turned off her 6 am alarm.

“May as well get some work done early,” she muttered to herself out loud.

Less than five minutes later, she was fully dressed in another one of her maid’s outfits, bustling quietly about the house in search of early-morning tasks to accomplish. It wasn’t hard at all finding things that needed cleaning, fixing, or both. Most of the large mansion was covered in a thin layer of dust, and some rooms, which seemed not to have been entered for years, were much, much dustier still.

‘Geez, the dust alone is gonna take days...maybe even weeks to clean up,’ Irina thought, shaking her head in affable censure at the thought of Warren sitting all day on his sofa, oblivious to the dust buildup in his gigantic house.

‘That can’t be healthy for him,” Irina thought, dusting the areas, aside from his closed bedroom, that Warren frequented the most first. ‘He’s already sick — the last thing he needs is some respiratory illness to go along with the Whipple’s.’

Pretty soon, Irina had lost herself in her work. She was dusting and tidying as she went, picking up stray little pieces of refuse or trash that had gathered in the corners of some of the rooms, all the while spraying her bright, citrus-flavored dusting spray around, leaving each room that she visited sparkling-clean. She had even started humming to herself without realizing, and while the actual images of her dream had faded, the warm, fluid feeling in her bosom had only seemed to intensify. Every room she spruced up and cleaned made her feel a little cozier, like she was that much closer to finishing preparations for the nest. Somewhere in her mind, Irina knew that the strength of this driving “nesting instinct” was uncharacteristic, even for her, but she soon lost herself in her work, and cheerfully dismissed any errant fears of the virus.

Three hours later, Irina had cleaned nearly all the rooms on the third floor of the mansion. The only room left to do on the floor was Warren’s bedroom, which remained shut. For a long, strange moment, Irina stood outside his door, debating with herself whether to knock and wait

for a response, to knock and then go straight in, or to not even knock at all and to slip quietly in, without waking him.

'Wait a minute, what are you thinking?' she chastised herself suddenly. 'You can't go in there! He's sleeping! His door is closed! Off limits!'

Irina had to chuckle to herself and shake her head a little as she made her way down to the main floor. As if she had the right to just go barging into her employer's bedroom!

'But he's sick,' she reminded herself, proceeding to the kitchen as she decided to go ahead and have breakfast ready for Warren when he rose. 'It wouldn't be crazy just to check in on him.'

She resolved, as a sort of pact within herself, to knock quietly on his door if she hadn't heard anything from him by 10. In the meantime, she continued busying herself with cleaning and breakfast preparation. It wasn't lost on her, by 9 am at least, that even though she had been working at a more-or-less constant rate since 5, she hadn't tired in the least. If anything, she felt more energetic than ever. Looking down at her arms, she noticed that they looked a bit more defined than they had been before. Was she just seeing things? Or...was it the virus working on her?

"Ah," she said dismissively, brushing it off with a wave of her hand, "I've been working for hours. Of course I'm a little more...how do they say it here in the US...pumped up? Haha..."

10 am approached rapidly, and although she continued busying herself around the house with countless chores, Irina could feel herself becoming more and more concerned. Did Warren always sleep this late? Was his fever higher? And oddly, at the same time, she felt anxiety emerging from an entirely different part of her brain. The last thing she wanted was to knock on his door, wake him up, and make him feel like he was being bombarded by his new housekeeper. It wasn't her business to be his...his mother, or anything like that. With a bit of a shameful lurch in her stomach, Irina remembered how she had just thrown his lunch away the previous day, without even hardly thinking about it. She had apologized about it, yes, yes, but still...it was exactly that kind of over-motherly, busybody-type interference that she needed to avoid. But still, the Whipple Virus...and the way he had just dozed off in the car...and had he already started to lose weight? Irina didn't know, and as the clock struck 9:45, she herself felt bombarded, by the competing urges within her.

Thankfully, Warren spared her the decision she was about to make by emerging from his bedroom sleepily just after 9:50, rubbing his eyes as he made his way slowly downstairs, still dressed in his pajamas.

"Oh! Good morning Warren!" said Irina brightly, trying not to make too much of a show of herself as she watched him descending down the stairs towards her. She had felt something twinge within her when she saw him. He definitely didn't look too much better.

"Good...morning, Irina," replied Warren, sleep still weighing down his voice. "It...uh, smells really nice upstairs."

"Oh yes, I've been cleaning all morning," she said with a smile. "I hope I didn't disturb you."

“Not at all,” he said, reaching the bottom of the stairs and making his way uneasily towards the kitchen. He too had been disturbed by unsettling dreams, but unlike Irina, he hadn’t woken up. Instead, his dreams had deepened, and when he had woken up, he had realized that his pajamas were nearly soaked through with sweat. He had put on a new pair, but in doing so, he realized that the waistline was a little looser than he remembered it being before. Still though, they were pajamas...they were meant to be loose.

‘Surely,’ he had thought, ‘I’m just freaking out over nothing...already, and I just woke up.’

“How are you feeling?” asked Irina, making up a healthy omelette for him. “Did you take your temperature yet?”

“Uh, yeah,” answered Warren, shrugging his shoulders slightly. “Not much better. 101.3.”

“Well...that’s...that’s a bit lower than yesterday, though,” said Irina encouragingly. “Feeling as... feverish, in general?”

“A little,” said Warren, grimacing slightly as he sat down on a stool at the counter. “Just...really tired.”

Irina had glanced for an instant at Warren’s exposed forearms, which he had crossed on the counter as he leaned in slightly.

‘He definitely looks smaller,’ she told herself, turning back around to focus on his omelette. ‘I know I’m not imagining that. He was small to begin with, I know...but...oh god, I’m not even sure. Am I losing my mind?’

She turned back around and looked again, disguising her motion with a quick little smile.

‘Smaller,’ she agreed to herself, turning back around, trying to ignore the impinges of her nipples that had started pressing into her maid’s outfit.

“What’s, uh...what’s that you’re making there?” asked Warren, peering with slight trepidation as he leaned over the counter.

“This is an omelette for your breakfast,” answered Irina, not turning around as she jostled the ingredients in the pan. “I hope you don’t mind, but I thought it would be a good way for you to, you know...start the day. With some good cholesterol, protein, omega-3s, and the um...the essential nutrients in the peppers and mushrooms I put in.”

“I...oh...ok,” said Warren slowly, feeling guilty. He wasn’t really accustomed to eating breakfast in general, and he certainly wasn’t used to having these kinds of home-cooked, healthy ingredients. It all seemed a bit overwhelming for him...and he wasn’t exactly the biggest fan of mushrooms. Still though, he knew that Irina was right — he knew that he needed to eat healthily in order to keep up his health and stave off the worst effects of the virus; but just seeing his housekeeper standing there in her maid’s outfit, her large breasts bulging the front of it, and her sizable ass ballooning out behind it, as she waded him breakfast...well, it made him feel an uncomfortable array of emotions. He was feeling aroused by the sight of her body, and yet, at

the same time, he was resisting this arousal, and arguing within himself that this new hire was again overstepping the boundaries of her job.

“Oh...do you...do you not like eggs?” asked Irina with concern, turning around and looking at him. Warren noticed how her E-cups swayed and bounced slightly with her movement, but he did his best to ignore their motion, looking up at her and smiling slightly, shaking his head.

“Heheh, uh, no, no, I do,” he answered. Even though he felt weak and slightly feverish, he was heartened to hear that he could make his voice sound more or less normal, and even, he thought, authoritative.

“I’m just not used to eating these kinds of...haha, fresh meals, you know,” he added, dosing his words with lightness to disguise his uneasiness. “But...thank you, Irina, for, um...taking it upon yourself to make it for me. But I hope you know that...well, haha, you know, that you don’t have to do this every morning. I mean, it’s not something I expect from you as...as part of your job or anything.”

“Oh that’s good of you to mention, Warren,” responded Irina, maybe a bit too quickly for her own liking, “But it’s honestly something I enjoy doing. Cooking food for people, that is. I know that it wasn’t really in the job description for the housekeeping job I applied for, but, well...I’m happy to do it.”

“Well...thanks!” said Warren, smiling. Internally, he was shrugging off his initial misgivings. What was he afraid of, anyway?

“Alright, here we are!” announced Irina a short while later, bringing the plate of omelette over to him. “Salt and pepper on the counter there...I hope you like it!”

“Hey, thanks Irina!” said Warren, accepting the plate. He found that he was actually fairly hungry...and anyway, he could eat around the mushrooms.

“Did you already take your medicine this morning?” asked Irina as he ate. Warren nodded silently, looking up as he gave her a bit of a queer look. The housekeeper quickly backtracked, holding up her hands and smiling.

“Haha, I’m sorry Warren — I don’t mean to be nosy or anything. I was just...uh, heheh, just making sure it hadn’t skipped your mind.”

“No, no, I took it,” said Warren. He hadn’t been able to disguise his apprehension that time. This new housekeeper really did seem to be taking a bit of undue interest in the day-to-day routine of his life. Warren was happy for the emotional help and support that Irina had given him the previous day, but his anxiety surrounding his strange attraction to her, combined with his unease around his virus diagnosis, made him feel a bit defensive of his own independence.

“Of course you did, of course,” nodded Irina, internally chastising herself for stepping over the line. “I was just...you know, thinking back a little to yesterday. But I know you have everything under control.”

“Yeah...but, uh...well thanks anyway,” said Warren, turning back to his omelette. A few seconds of awkward silence slunk by, and Warren felt a need to inject something light into the void between them. He looked up at Irina, who was wiping down the counter, and pointed to the omelette with his fork.

“Mmm!” he exclaimed, smiling. “That’s really good!”

“Glad you like it,” smiled Irina. She stood there looking at him for a second or two, and then lightly shrugged her shoulders, moving off to the far part of the kitchen to put away the breakfast ingredients. She felt like she needed to get away from him...she was becoming concerned about giving herself away to him. Even in the way that she had looked at him just then, for a second or two too long, Irina worried that Warren would somehow deduce that she was having inappropriate feelings about him. The housekeeper herself wasn’t at all comfortable about the strange, unpredictable, and unreasonable feelings that were welling up in her. When Warren had told her that he had indeed taken his morning medication, her first instinct had been to feel left out, like he had done something alone that they were supposed to do together. If she had pursued this flash-reaction and further, she would have realized that it arose out of genuine disappointment — she hadn’t realized it, but she had actually been looking forward to pouring out Warren’s medicine that morning, and giving it to him herself.

Warren finished the rest of his omelette in silence, scrolling through apps on his phone in the process. He briefly considered eating the mushrooms, out of simple deference to Irina, but he quickly decided that he didn’t owe it to her to eat everything she made him. She was the one working for him, after all, and in time, she would learn which foods he liked and which ones he didn’t.

He hopped down from his stool and carried his plate to the sink. Irina happened to be going in the same direction, to wet a wash rag to wipe down the counter with, and the two of them arrived at the sink at the same moment.

“Uhh,” said Warren nervously, not understanding why his heart had started beating faster in his chest, “That was...that was delicious Irina, thank you.”

“I’m glad...glad you liked it!” she answered, registering that her heart had started racing as well. He looked shorter to her as well...the top of his head was even with her eyebrows. Even though Irina was wearing her 2-inch heels, he looked shorter to her than he had the previous day. A twin jolt of electricity went through her nipples, and she felt them again standing at attention, pressing through her bra. She needed a distraction, and fast.

“Uh...not a...not huge fan of mushrooms, huh?” she remarked, smiling crookedly down at his plate.

“Ah...haha, um, no, not really,” he responded, blushing a little sheepishly as he forked them into the garbage can. “But, uh...no worries! The rest of it was great!”

“I’ll be sure to keep that in mind,” Irina said amiably. She watched Warren cleaning off his plate, and then, without thinking, she reached down and fastened her hand around the dish, blurting out, “Here, I’ll take that.”

But Warren didn't let go. Instead, he merely looked up at her, his big blue eyes regarding hers for an instant. That was all Irina needed to let go of the plate and back away, shaking her head.

"Goodness, haha! Warren, I'm sorry, I'm in your way again. Let me just...hehe, let me just let you go about your business and...and I'll get to work elsewhere."

Warren had felt a pang of possessive annoyance when Irina had tried to take his plate from him, but seeing her back up like this, all discombobulated, made him feel sorry for her. Embarrassed, even, that his look could have made her feel awkward. And he couldn't help it, but his eyes glanced down, seemingly of their own accord, at her gently swaying breasts, before flitting back up to her face again. He felt his balls rise slightly as blood started trickling into the base of his cock. Were her...nipples hard!?

"Oh...Irina, uhh...d-don't...don't worry," he laughed nervously, hoping that she hadn't seen him look at her breasts, "I appreciate your, uh, your willingness to help, haha. It's just that, uh...I mean, I can still do...you know, my own dishes and all. I don't expect you to just...haha, do everything for me, you know?"

"Oh, oh yes, yes of course, Warren!" answered Irina immediately, nodding vigorously. She hadn't realized it, but her nodding was slightly jiggling her plush E-cups, and Warren couldn't avoid taking notice again. This time, she did see him look, and she felt her nipples get harder still. She fought off the sudden and powerful urge to step forward and embrace him, squeezing him between her fat tits.

"And," added Warren, standing up a little straighter, surprising himself with his assertiveness, "I know that...like, some things are gonna get harder for me to do, because of this virus. But, uhh...I've been thinking that it's probably a, uh...a good idea for me to get in the habit of doing as much for myself as I can, you know? Just so I can feel...um, like I'm not just having everything done for me. Heheh, sorry if I'm rambling. Does that make any sense?"

"That makes total sense, Warren," agreed Irina, nodding deliberately again. She had to push down her immediate response which was whispering itself in her ear: 'He's got it backwards — he needs to get used to having things done for him, so it'll be easier to deal with when he gets smaller.' But Irina kept up her appearance of concurrence.

"I really admire your determination to remain strong throughout all this," she adjoined, "And...haha, well, don't let me stand in your way. Like I said yesterday, I just enjoy taking care of people. I've been doing it my whole life, so...hehe, yes. You don't hesitate to tell me when I'm coming on too strong and I'll...I'll back off."

Irina had been slowly walking towards Warren as she spoke, reversing her initial retreat from him. Her instincts were proving too strong. Even as she spoke of her admiration for Warren's determined independence, she could feel herself, as if by magnetic attraction, drawing herself closer to him. The primal foundation of her brain was yearning to compare their statures, their bodies. Once Irina had finished saying "I'll back off," she had ironically positioned herself directly in front of him, so that their height difference could be the most noticeable. She blinked down at him, smiling sweetly, even as he looked her up and down and blushed a deeper crimson. It was clear now that her earlier estimations of his shrinkage had been too conservative: she could see now that the top of his head only came up to her eyes.

Warren found himself looking straight into her neck, which rose and undulated slightly as she swallowed. He felt his cock hardening even further, and tried willing his legs to back up. But a more foundational part of his brain, the same primal foundation that had compelled Irina to walk towards him, was holding him in place. He looked down and saw that her huge breasts were even with his shoulders. There was no question now: he could see the thick impinges of her nipples through her top. A cold sweat broke out across his forehead.

“Huh,” said Irina softly, her voice quivering slightly, “I think you’re smaller, Warren.”

Chapter 5

The next few weeks passed by with a strange semblance of normalcy, despite the obviously visible nature of the slow changes that were beginning to take place. Little by little, day by day, Warren was getting shorter, and it wasn't just his stature itself that was shrinking. Before he had caught the Whipple Virus, he had only been 5'6 and around 130 pounds, quite small for a man by any conventional standards. But now, not only was he shrinking off and on, around a quarter of an inch a day, but he was also getting skinnier and skinnier. His bones, already visible in the joints of his wrists and ankles, became more pronounced under his skin as the fat and muscle mass that he had begun to slowly melt away.

Like his height, his weight did not diminish with any kind of marked regularity. Some day he lost almost 3 whole pounds...and other days he didn't seem to lose any weight at all. It was all so surreal, so oddly disorienting, that Irina's daily measurements of his height and weight (per Sarah's recommendations) took on a kind of curious, almost humorous regularity, which in a way made up for the strange uncertainty that hung in the air. Both of them were struggling with their own internal feelings, but for the moment, both Irina and Warren were determined to cloister them away inside, not letting them out into the danger of the open.

But even though the specter of the Whipple Virus seemed to loom over everything in the background, Warren had taken it upon himself to ensure that everything else more or less functioned normally. Yes, Irina was his new housekeeper, so that was a change, and yes, he had been diagnosed with a new and frightening virus that was sweeping the globe, but everything else was working the same. He had made sure that he had communicated his expectations to Irina about her level of involvement in his life, and...well, he was getting treatment for the virus.

Everything else proceeded along with a delightful kind of normality. Warren spent his days watching his favorite shows, playing video games here and there, and otherwise living the secluded, reclusive life he had been living before. Irina moved about the house, making sure everything was spic-and-span, tackling large cleaning projects by the day, and respecting Warren's wishes that she not be too overprotective of him. Everything was proceeding along at a slow and steady pace, and the two of them coexisted under the semblance of balance and courtesy.

As the days turned into weeks, however, neither one of them could ignore what was happening. With Warren, it started with what he was watching on TV. One morning, he couldn't help but notice, about an hour into watching his go-to news program, that none of the news anchors who had been speaking had been men. And just as he had noticed this, he was hit over the head with the realization that the women who were on camera had...larger assets than Warren had noticed before. And it wasn't just the anchors — the side reporters, the women who were being interviewed...everyone just looked...bigger, curvier, and more heavily endowed. He had felt his brow crease on its own accord as he made this discovery, just as he felt his cock awaken in his pajamas. He got up from his lounging couch and peered closer at the TV. Was this all really happening? Were Julie Winters's breasts really...that much bigger!?

"I'm Julia Winters," came the crisp, clean, and slightly husky voice of the lead news anchor, "And now for today's top story: the Whipple Virus has now left no continent untouched, with the

first case being reported at an international research facility near the Ross Ice Shelf in Antarctica...”

Warren rubbed his eyes and looked closer. There wasn't any doubt: that red dress that she was wearing was being pushed to the absolute limits by those mammoth breasts. She hadn't had those two weeks ago...surely he would have noticed! How had he not noticed until now!? And it wasn't just her breasts — her bare arms and shoulders looked rounder, fuller, and more robust, all in an alluringly feminine way, to the point where when Warren was staring at her body, it sucked nearly all his attention away, and he could barely hear what she was saying.

“We now go to Aly Singleton for more on the social fallout from the virus's spread...Aly?”

Warren's attention snapped away from the news anchor's body — he felt himself inhaling in expectation as his eyes widened slightly. Aly Singleton had been giving him his local news for the past year or so, to the point where Warren subconsciously thought of her as a trusted, loyal friend who had his back. He was holding his breath to wait and see if she looked any different. Julie Winters was a little older, in her 40's, with brunette hair...an undeniably matriarchal type of figure. Aly Singleton was in her mid-20's, with a fresh, round face...and blond. Warren had a little crush on her. Suddenly, the image of that huge, ferocious nurse, Sarah...flashed in his mind...her hungry, honing green eyes...and how effortlessly she had dominated him with her huge body. He had been trying to push that young woman out of his mind ever since she had strode into that exam room. But at every opportunity, she came pushing her way back in. She was blond too.

But Aly Singleton was onscreen now, and Warren's mouth dropped open. He could only see her from the waist up, but that was all he needed to see. Her breasts were huge, so much so that they almost touched the table. Just like Julia Winters, she was wearing a dress that showed off her arms and shoulders, which were undeniably larger and fuller than Warren had remembered them being before. And her face...Warren had always been attracted to her, but now he was realizing that something had changed there as well. Her cheeks were fresher...rounder...even more attractive. And her features looked somehow sharper and more enticing. Those blue eyes of hers too...they looked larger and even more deep-set, seeming to look through the screen straight into Warren's mind with an almost-coquettish confidence. She opened her mouth to speak, and he could tell that her lips were fuller too.

“Well Julie, with the world now in the grips of this virus for a couple weeks now, things are beginning to look a little bit different. You don't see unaccompanied men on the street much anymore, and if you do, let me just tell everyone listening that they are encouraged, by the Centers for Disease Control, to call the hotline listed below here. It's important that we band together to stem the spread of this virus, and that starts by pouring our resources into the most pressing problems, and unaccompanied men, especially if they're confused and in the streets, is one of the biggest issues we're having right now.”

“Because they're helpless against the Whipple Virus's contagion, right?” asked Julie Winters.

“Precisely Julie,” replied Aly Singleton, swiftly nodding her blond head. “Men who don't have the benefit of a caretaking female are most at risk for the worst scourges of this virus. Without treatment, rapid shrinking, accompanied by sudden-onset weakness and muscular degeneration, can strike within a matter of days. We've even received reports of previously-

healthy men shrinking two, even three feet, and losing over two-thirds of their body weight, within days of the initial infection.”

“Goodness, Aly,” said Julie Winters, shaking her head, “That’s awful.”

“This needs to be taken seriously,” continued Aly Singleton, turning to look straight back into the camera. “So please, everyone, spread the word and call the hotline. And don’t let the men try and talk their way out of it, claiming that they’re immune to infection, or that the virus doesn’t even exist. We need to fight this misinformation whenever we encounter it. And Julie, let me also just say, we’re hearing about new symptoms of this virus, serious ones, and some of them aren’t strictly physical. The psychological aspects of —”

“Hi Warren!” came Irina’s voice, from around the semi-cracked door, suddenly snapping him out of his engrossed, horrified reverie.

“Oh! Ir-Irina!” exclaimed Warren, stumbling back a little from the huge TV on his wall. He felt like he had been caught doing something private, and he wasn’t able to keep himself from blushing with embarrassment. He fumbled around, trying to find the remote to turn the volume down.

“I’m sorry if I startled you,” Irina said kindly, still just poking her head through the door without actually walking into the room. “I didn’t want to interrupt what you were doing, but I was just cleaning your bathroom and I noticed...well, this.”

Irina pushed the door all the way open now, and Warren took an instinctive step backwards. He wasn’t sure how much of it was his mind playing tricks on him, but every time he saw his housekeeper, she looked bigger. This morning was no different. Her breasts looked bigger than ever...were they F-cups now!? Surely she had gone up a size...or maybe even two?? Warren tried not to think about it, but with her standing there in front of him, it was nearly impossible to focus on anything else. Wherever he looked, her body stared back at him, compelling him to the unavoidable conclusion: she was bigger...Her arms, her legs...everything just looked a little larger and fuller. Her hips looked wider; and she looked taller too. Her 2-inch heels gave her a boost, but Warren could tell now that he wasn’t looking straight into the middle of her neck anymore — now, his eyes were only just above her collarbones.

“Warren?” asked Irina searchingly leaning forward and peering at him, “You see this here?”

He quickly realized that she was shaking something in her hand. His stomach clenched when he saw that she was holding the plastic thimble cup of the medicine that he...had forgotten to take that morning.

“Oh! Oh...my god...Irina, thank you!” he stammered, stepping forward to take the cup from her fingers. “I guess...haha, I guess I forgot to take it this morning. But I...uh, I’ve always remembered before. This is the first ti—...uh, yeah, don’t worry, it won’t happen again.”

Irina knew that she needed to try and stay as calm and casual as possible during this interaction, but when she had seen the full thimble cup on Warren’s sink, she hadn’t been able to repress a flash of concerned exasperation. Didn’t he realize how important it was, how essential it was, that he take his medicine like clockwork? Had he been intentionally missing

doses?! He definitely was looking smaller to her, but she had to remember that their daily measurements had so far confirmed that he wasn't shrinking anywhere near as fast as he would have been without treatment. Still, though...every dose was important. Maybe she needed to call Sarah and talk to her about this...?

'No, what am I even thinking?' she had said to herself in reproach as she brought him the medicine, 'This isn't even a big deal...it just skipped his mind this. Nothing to blow out of proportion. You have to remember to keep a respectful distance.'

"Heheh, that's ok Warren," she said out loud, now back in the present as she handed him the little cup. "You don't need to promise me anything. I just wanted to bring it to you."

"Well...haha, thanks," chuckled Warren, taking the cup and promptly downing it. Why had he felt a need to tell Irina that he wouldn't forget again? Why did he feel so embarrassed right now? Why...was his heart beating so fast? The two of them stood there in silence for a couple moments that seemed longer than necessary, with Warren looking awkwardly aside at the wall and Irina looking down on him steadily, a slight smile on her face. She was fighting the sudden urge to take him up in her arms and squeeze him. He was 5'4 now, and down to 113 pounds. In her heels, she rose up above him by 4 inches...or was it maybe even more? Irina hadn't been measuring herself, since she didn't want to further fuel any unwanted thoughts...he knew that if she found out she was getting bigger, it would be harder and harder for her to control herself around Warren. But just looking down on him now...yes...he was looking especially small.

"So, uhmm...ok, yeah...thanks...Irina," said Warren awkwardly, managing to bring his eyes up to meet hers. Irina knew that he was telling her to leave, and she swallowed down any impulse to start a conversation, respectfully nodding as she backed out of the room.

"Of course," she said pleasantly. "Anytime."

Warren stood there alone in the room for a minute after Irina left. He was annoyed with himself at having missed his dose, but more than anything else, he was confused about how he was feeling. He had noticed a look in her eyes as she smiled down on him...something that was hard to put his finger on. Did Irina...think he was cute...or something? Or maybe she was just eager for him to take his medicine? Warren didn't know, but that look in her eye, coupled with the weight of her physical presence, made him want more. He found himself wishing that she hadn't felt pressure to leave the room. Warren knew this was all his doing — he had been the one who had made it clear that he wanted to do as much for himself as possible. But this feeling he was having, this strange yearning for some kind of...what was it...intimacy...with her? He really wasn't sure. But it made him feel uneasy, even as he reminded himself that he was doing a great job so far controlling his anxiety.

The rest of the week proceeded along in similar fashion to this brief encounter between them. Warren tried to conduct himself normally, doing everything he would ordinarily do, but as each day passed, the changes that he had seen in the news broadcast that one morning became less and less subtle. To begin with, he couldn't watch anything on TV without noticing more and more that things were different. It wasn't just TV anchors anymore — men were barely to be seen anywhere on TV. All men's sports had been cancelled; they only played women's sports now. Women were the presenters, the actors, the voices in the commercials. And the

commercials themselves...they were clearly beginning to cater only to women now. "Is your husband being extra sour about his size? Nothing fits him anymore? Try Tammi's hand-stitched clothes for shrunken men! They're not kid's clothes — they're for your tiny man!" Or bras: "Finding that you're carrying a lot more around these days? Don't worry, it's happening to all of us, and Victoria's Secret is here to help. Introducing the Maxi-Bras, the D-cups, E-cups, F-cups, and all the way up to K-cups! For all you out there who have to take extra good care of your men, your jugs deserve a break."

Warren couldn't escape it — no matter which way he turned, he was met with the telltale signs of the new world order. He felt irritated that he couldn't make use of his go-to means of escape. He tried playing more video games, but he found that his reflexes, as well as his eyesight, were all getting worse. He couldn't move his fingers nearly as fast, and the previously-crisp graphics on his games were looking blurrier and blurrier by the day. What's more, he was feeling more and more tired, and he started taking naps in the middle of the day — he had never taken naps before. All the while, he tried to push out of his mind the inescapable implications of his diagnosis, but this was becoming increasingly hard, as everything seemed to be closing around him.

It certainly didn't help that Irina had to measure him every day. This meant that he had to stand close to her for at least half a minute. This wasn't a problem initially, but now he felt consumed by anxiety by the thought of being close to her. He felt like he was close to losing control each time — she was just so much bigger than him, and he was painfully...sensually aware of this every time she measured him. He could feel her body rising up next to his; he could smell her light, sweet, earthy scent. Sometimes her fingers would brush his shoulder, or the top of his head, as she measured him, and Warren would feel an electrical charge go through his body each time.

He felt frustrated at himself — what on earth was going on!? Irina was his housekeeper! His employee! And what's more, he wasn't even, like...that attracted to her or anything. Sure, she was pretty, but...nothing justified the internal reaction he was having around her. It was even beginning to manifest in physical ways. He had to focus not to get an erection when she was close to him, especially when she was casually calling attention to his shrinking when she was measuring him. And her breasts...Warren had resolved not to even look at them anymore. They had gotten so big, and if he did so much as glance at them now, he could feel himself having a helpless physiological reaction. He didn't just get hard — he actually found himself fantasizing about sucking on those big, hard nipples that protruded through her top. He had even woken up one morning from a dream in which he was doing just that, except he was naked, and no larger than a foot tall, cradled in her large, warm arms as she whispered cooing words of encouragement down at him.

Irina knew that Warren had noticed her nipples, which became hard and erect whenever she was close to him. She couldn't help it — she even saw his little mouth puckering up for an instant, like an instinctual twitch, before his eyes flitted nervously away. She felt like she knew what was happening inside him; she could tell he was becoming increasingly nervous around her, and she could tell that he was making it a point to look anywhere but her chest. The end result was that he was often looking past her, at the wall, whenever he was talking to her. Part of her thought it was cute, but another part had a more intense reaction. She wanted to feel his lips on her nipples; she wanted to hold him, to squeeze him, to care for him. She felt a strange feeling, like she had somehow earned this privilege because of the dichotomy in their behavior

around each other. She was the one who made eye contact with him; she was the one who instigated each night's measurements; she was the one who enjoyed the easy sense of confidence around him. More and more, he was behaving like a younger person, almost like a little kid. She was the one who was the adult in the exchange. Their increasing size disparity seemed to coincide perfectly with their disparity in behavior. Why couldn't she feed her harmless desires?

'Get with it Irina,' she would tell herself over and over, as she shook her head, cooking or cleaning. 'You're letting all of this get to your head. You don't actually want any of this. It's just...it's just the virus, doing weird things to your mind. Just think if you actually acted on any of this. He'd fire you in an instant. Always remember your place.'

So the two of them struggled apart, silently, with their own irrational impulses, keeping up the normal pretenses in their interactions, and going to bed at night to be alone with their troubling dreams.

One day, Warren had been feeling particularly insecure about his intensifying infantile feelings around Irina. He had accidentally run into her turning a corner, with his face actually getting smushed up in the top part of her huge, squishy cleavage. Irina had laughed it off, but Warren had immediately gotten red and fled to a far corner of the house, to the library, to escape the power of her presence.

'I'm just gonna...find one of my mom's old books and...and read it,' he thought, climbing the ladder to reach one of the top shelves, 'Just to get my mind off things.'

He spotted an elaborately decorated book, *The Saga of the Volsungs*...that would do just fine. He reached for the book, but stretched too far and slipped off the ladder. He had overestimated his reach, and the strength of his grip on the ladder. He fell down hard to the floor, and even the floor was carpeted, he banged his knee hard, so hard that it took his breath away. The overwhelming pain came an instant later, and Warren found himself literally bawling his eyes out, clutching his leg, and rolling over so that he wasn't lying directly on his shoulder, which was also starting to bruise. But he wasn't crying just from the pain, even though it was intense. He was crying because he now finally had to accept how much, how desperately, he needed Irina. And it made him very, very afraid. He tried to get up, but found that he couldn't. He was stuck, and she didn't know where he was.

Chapter 6

Far away in another part of the house, Irina was busying herself cleaning the mansion's old drawing room, which was significantly dusty and cobwebbed from years of disuse. Irina couldn't help but imagine back to when Warren's parents had been alive, and when they had hosted elegant parties in the mansion, drawing rich and prominent guests from the highest ranks of society. It was all rather sad, really, that this time had passed, and that a grownup Warren was the only one still living there.

'Well it's not sad, though,' Irina said to herself as she cleaned and dusted. 'It's just...the passage of time. Still, wouldn't it be nice if...maybe sometime...Warren could get to a point where he could open himself up and have some people...over?'

She halted this train of thought in her head almost as soon as she had embarked upon it. In the first few days...even weeks, of his virus diagnosis, Warren really had put on a brave face and shown some signs that he was gaining confidence and momentum. Irina had even found herself believing there, for a moment, that he was turning an emotional corner, and was going to use his diagnosis as a catalyst to become a new man...someone who had left his nervousness and agoraphobia in the past.

But Irina knew the opposite was actually true. As the days had turned into weeks, and Warren's shrinking became more and more noticeable, she had seen him revert back into himself, as he became more and more awkward and timid around her. Irina didn't negatively judge this regression in the least — if anything, it made her own internal struggles that much more difficult to cope with. Just seeing the way he would glance up at her, and then dart his eyes away in panic when she met his stare...or the way that she'd feel his shriveling body seize up a little when she accidentally brushed him with her fingers as she measured him...all of this just made Irina feel her erotically-charged maternal instincts that much stronger.

At this point, whenever she was in the same room as him, it was almost inevitable that her nipples would harden, seemingly on their own accord, and that she would feel a deep, almost painful churning deep within both of her large breasts. These physiological responses to Warren's presence would be accompanied by an almost unbearably searing desire to cuddle him, to reassure him, to whisper in his ears, to cradle him...to breastfeed him. Irina had long since stopped trying to pretend that she wasn't having these desires. They crowded in amongst each other in her head whenever she stopped working, and whenever she laid her head down to sleep. She was undeniably troubled by the irrationality, the impossibility of these powerful longings, but unlike the first couple weeks, when Irina had stressed herself out worrying about them, she was beginning to feel more brazen with them. She was becoming less shy about going over his small, shrinking body with her eyes; more and more, she would allow Warren to catch her looking at him, and whenever he did, she felt a sweet clench in her loins as her breasts began churning again.

In the back of her mind, she knew that she too had been infected by the Whipple Virus, and that her desires were merely symptoms of the disease setting in. But Irina was gradually deciding that she didn't care why she felt this way. The fact was that she did have these desires. That was what really mattered. And the way that Warren had just accidentally smushed into her breasts as he turned a corner...well, it was all Irina could do to keep herself from grabbing him right then and there.

But she had managed to just throw her head back and give a flippant little laugh. She would have been more proud of herself if Warren hadn't immediately blushed crimson, blinked up at her a few times in alarm, and run away. Irina had watched him go, her smile still lingering even as it began to fade a little. Now, half an hour later, as she cleaned the drawing room, she questioned her own reaction.

'Was I too casual with him?' she wondered. 'Was that unprofessional of me to laugh?' In her uncertainty, she cleaned faster, her body fueled by the added boost of the virus energizing her cells. Irina hadn't realized it, but her productivity had increased by almost 50% in the past two weeks. She had always been productive, but the added energy from her infection, coupled with her steadily increasing size and strength, gave her a formidable amount of endurance. In less than twenty minutes, the entire spacious room was sparkling, looking brand new.

'Oh I was totally fine!' Irina shot back at herself, standing to admire her handiwork as her big chest rose and fell a little. 'He's the one who was acting all out-of-sorts. Poor little guy...he's only, what...5'4 now? I wonder how tall I am?'

Irina stared hard at nothing in particular in the drawing room. Suddenly, everything seemed frozen in time. She had resisted measuring and weighing herself for weeks, simply because she didn't want to encourage her sexual and maternal feelings around her employer. Somewhere in her mind, Irina knew that if she began to focus on how much bigger she was than Warren, how much taller, how much stronger, how much more substantial, then the floodgates to her lust would open, and she would be unable to control the roaring currents that followed. She KNEW that there was a connection between Warren's dwindling stature and her increased feelings of motherly, erotic affection for him. If she started measuring herself, well... then she wouldn't be able to help comparing her body to his at every given opportunity.

Irina's pussy lips started to engorge with blood, and her clit began to ache with repressed pleasure. She suddenly thought of Sarah, the image of that incredibly sensual and voluptuous nurse coming to the forefront of her mind. She still had the card with Sarah's personal phone number on it...and Sarah HAD encouraged Irina to call if she was having trouble with...what had her words been, exactly? If there was "anything concerning going on in your head"...that was what Sarah had said. Well, there was certainly plenty going on in Irina's mind that was concerning her, but she wasn't quite ready to call Sarah yet. Something was holding her back — the way that Sarah moved, the way she talked, the way she behaved...it all had a strange and alluring splendor to it, a kind of majesty, but Irina felt that if she actually called Sarah, then she would be pulled further and further into something that she wasn't sure she wanted to be a part of. It was hard for Irina to parse out what exactly was keeping her from reaching out, and if she had thought about it a little more, she would have realized that she had some misgivings about this young nurse. There was something almost scary about her, a calmness and easiness in her enormous body that was...unnatural.

But Irina brushed aside these thoughts without thinking too deeply on them. She didn't need to call Sarah — she had everything perfectly under control! And because she did, she reasoned, there was nothing wrong with checking on her measurements, just to see if she had actually gotten any bigger, and by how much. A fresh glee seized her as she practically skipped towards Warren's bedroom, where she kept the measuring tape she used to record his stats every evening. Irina knew that something had changed in her mind...something had broken down,

leaving her subconscious desires the space to flow forth more freely. But at the moment she didn't care. She was just excited that she had finally managed to convince herself that it was ok to indulge a little bit. Irina didn't realize it, but it had been the memory of the sensuous nurse that had landed the deciding blow.

A couple minutes later, Irina had taken off her 2-inch heels (which, she now was free to realize, were a little tighter than she would have liked them to be), stood with her back to the wall, and marked her height with a tiny pencil mark by the doorframe of Warren's bedroom. She had half-expected to find him hiding away in there, but was relieved to see that he had fled off somewhere else. Feeling decidedly unprofessional, yet taking a strange delight in what she was doing, Irina took the measuring tape and extended it out down the wall, holding the bottom with her foot and pulling it tight right at the pencil mark. She looked at the number and her heart seemed to buoy and throb in her chest.

175 centimeters.

That was WAY taller than she had ever been before! At most, in her bare feet, she had measured just over 167 centimeters...and NOW!? Irina was breathing fast, her big chest rising and falling so rapidly that she was almost heaving with excitement. She WAS growing! It was actually happening! It wasn't all in her imagination! She turned the tape measure around, eager to see how she measured up to Warren's 5'4...she stared blankly at the inch reading for a moment, and then her mind comprehended: just under 69 inches...and 60 inches was 5 feet even...so...she was almost 5-foot-9!!

Irina could hardly believe it — in her 2-inch heels, she had been 5'8. She enjoyed the little height boost, but now, in her heels, she was nearing an inch under SIX FEET. "Six feet" had always sounded impossibly tall to Irina, but now it wasn't so far out of her reach!

'Calm down...calm down,' she said to herself as she floated towards the scale, stepping on it with an almost mechanical enthusiasm. Everything about this moment seemed so surreal to her. And yet still, in the back of her mind, she was moving quickly. She didn't want her employer to catch her measuring herself in his bedroom — it would have been immensely embarrassing for her. But the drive of her increasing erotic energy was propelling her forward without regard for her more customary concerns.

'Now I weighed...what? 72 kilos when I last weighed myself? Maybe 73?' Irina couldn't quite remember. She also wasn't the best at converting kilograms to pounds, and Warren's scale was in pounds. Still, it was enough to measure herself against his weight the previous night, which had been 111 pounds. Her heart pounded in her chest as she stepped on the scale, and she waited with bated breath as the mechanical blue numbers spun and garbled themselves around, until...

181.2 pounds.

Irina's eyes got so wide they started getting dry almost immediately. She blinked a few times and kept looking at the number. It was...SO much more than Warren weighed! 70 whole pounds more!! Irina quickly stepped off the scale and turned to look at herself in the mirror, twisting and rotating her body around slowly as she admired her larger curves. Now that she had actually given herself leeway to notice these things, there wasn't any doubt: she was

noticeably bigger everywhere, and most particularly in her breasts, hips, and butt. She had been a curvy woman before, but now she realized that she was starting to approach the proportions and contours of all those women on TV. And just like that, it went off in Irina's head: this must be happening EVERYWHERE. Of COURSE she was bigger! She had the Whipple Virus! That's what it did to women!

Irina actually laughed out loud in an uncharacteristic and burst of pleasure. She was experiencing a flood of emotions, emotions that had been pent up inside her for some time. She unhooked a couple latches on her bra to let her enlarged breasts breathe a little, and she undid a couple buttons on her maid's top. Why had she been ignoring all these things for days? Weeks!? Irina's brain was pinging on all these fun ideas of what to do now — she needed to go out and buy herself some newer clothes! Some heels with a bigger sole...hell, why not a bigger heel spike too?? She chuckled again out loud, thinking about buying some large platform heels that would make her well over 6 feet. What would Warren say then!?

"He wouldn't even be able to speak!" Irina laughed out loud, finally speaking with her actual voice. This had the effect of drawing her back a little, though, and she quickly re-hooked her bra back on, looking anxiously at Warren's open bedroom door. There was no sign of him, though, and Irina chuckled to herself again, breathing a sigh of relief. She left the top button of her blouse undone as she squeezed her feet back into her heels, put away the measuring tape, and quickly left the bedroom. She was having too much fun — she'd wait and go shopping the following day.

For the next several hours, Irina distracted herself by cleaning, and then re-cleaning several more rooms in the house, singing out loud as she merrily worked. At first, she didn't think anything of Warren's absence, chalking it up to his embarrassment at having run directly into her breasts. But as the afternoon turned to evening, and after she had made a delectable vegetarian chili for dinner, Warren's continued absence began to worry her. Whatever he was doing, Warren almost always came downstairs to eat around 6. But 6 came and went...as did 7, and still he had not turned up. Irina ate her own dinner by herself, trying not to think too hard about it all, but when 8 o'clock rolled around without any sign of Warren, she really began to think something was wrong.

She started by calling his name gently, then louder, and when he didn't answer she started to fear the worst and began searching for him, room by room, calling his name over and over. She felt almost sick to her stomach...when she had been enjoying herself, getting off to her own enhancing effects of the Whipple Virus, Warren had probably fainted somewhere in the house from the virus's effects on him. He might have fallen, or had a dizzy spell and hit his head, or... she shuddered to think...he might have suffered one of those rare Whipple Virus strokes that the scientists had talked about on the news.

'And the whole time, I was just laughing and having a fine old time,' she thought to herself viciously. Her search became more and more frenzied, until the only room left for her to search was the old library at the far end of the house. Irina burst in, her face flushed from the exertion of the search.

"Warren!?" she cried out into the dark room. "Are you in here??"

“I’m...here!” came a small and pitiful voice from the base of one of the bookshelves, near the ladder. Irina’s heart leapt in her chest as she swooped over, and she saw the miserable sight of Warren, his skinny little body curled up in pain, shaking as he clutched his knee.

“Oh my god!! Warren!!” she cried, almost beside herself with relief and pity. “What happened to you!?”

“F-fell...off the ladder,” he said weakly, trying to raise his head up to her. “And...hit my knee... my shoulder...can’t walk...might be broken...I d-don’t know.”

“You poor, POOR thing!” Irina exclaimed, feeling an onslaught of those same maternal feelings overwhelm her. “Here, let me...let me pick you up and take you to bed!”

Warren was in no position, and in no mind, to resist. He had spent hours on the floor, trying to move, but the effects of the fall, combined with the preexisting weakness in his virus-riddled body, prevented him from making any headway. He had tried calling for Irina for a time, but after a short while his voice had gotten hoarse and he had given that up as well.

Contrastingly, even though Irina had spent the last 20 minutes calling for Warren, her voice was as vigorous and robust as ever, if a little husky.

“Goodness!” she cried in surprise as she felt his cold skin against her warm flesh, “You’re as cold as ice!”

“I’m...I’m...g-glad y-you found me,” Warren stammered, his teeth chattering along with his trembling body.

Irina couldn’t believe how turned-on she felt right now. When she had been panicking and searching for him, that had been all there was on her mind, but now that she had found him, she was experiencing another flood of erotically-charged emotions. Her nipples were rock-hard instantly, and she could almost FEEL her mammary glands churning deep within her huge breasts. She was WET. She wanted to yank down her top and stick a fat, engorged nipple in his mouth. And something told her that if she had in that moment, Warren would have just started sucking away without a second thought. But still, something held her back. She was upset that she felt this way in THIS situation...it was time to call Sarah.

“Come on,” she breathed down at him, bending down low, and sweeping him off the ground with surprisingly little effort, “Let’s get you warm.”

About ten minutes later, Irina had just gotten finished handing Warren a mug of hot spiced cider that she had prepared from the kitchen. He was tucked into his bed, with ice packs on his right shoulder and his elevated right knee, with strict instructions from Irina to take the ice off after every 15 minutes, and then put it back on 15 minutes later. Warren had wordlessly complied with all her orders. Even though he was still in a lot of pain, and reeling from the disorientation of his ordeal, he couldn’t help but be in awe of his housekeeper. The way she had just effortlessly swept him up in her arms, and carried him all the way through the mansion, up the stairs, and into his bedroom, truly emphasized her strength and endurance...not to mention the size comparison between the two of them. Warren had been hypersensitive to the proximity between their bodies for over a week, and now he had literally been in her arms, with his face

and body squished up against her huge boobs, for minutes on end. He had hoped that Irina hadn't noticed the erection that had quickly risen from his groin. Of course, she had.

"There now, it's all ok Warren," she said soothingly, petting his face lightly with her hand. This gesture, which would have been decidedly off-limits before, now came to her naturally; she didn't even have to think about it. "Drink that cider down and I'll bring you up your dinner, ok?"

"O-ok," said Warren, nodding. "Uh...th-thank you...Irina."

"I'm just so glad I found you," she responded, shaking her head. "That could've been a lot worse than it was, Warren. It's my fault that I let you go missing for that long."

"N-no, I...it's...it's not your fault," said Warren. Something about Irina's choice of words there..."let you go missing"...sent off alarm bells in his brain. But he was too grateful to her help now to dwell on it much.

"Well, you just watch some TV there, alright?" she said, "And I'll be back with your supper in... uh, in just a few minutes."

"Great...thanks Irina," said Warren genuinely, flipping on the TV.

Irina left the bedroom, making straight for her own quarters. She went directly to her nightstand, pulled open the drawer, and fished out the card with the number Sarah had given her weeks before. Irina was breathing heavily, and her heart was starting to race. Why exactly this was she wasn't sure. Was she...nervous? The image of the gigantic nurse massaging Warren's small shoulder with her huge hand flashed through her mind.

She shook her head, clearing it, and took out her phone, pausing before she started entering the number. It was 8:30 at night...perhaps too late to be calling? Irina lowered her phone, thinking that maybe she was just acting hysterically.

'What am I even calling her about!?' she thought to herself. It was a question that she wasn't quite able to answer. Where to begin?? She was confused about the intensity of her own erotic feelings towards Warren, about her strange new preoccupation with her own size, especially compared to Warren's...AND she didn't know what to make of her increasingly powerful urge to...BREASTFEED him?? There was so much to talk about. But most of all, Irina was upset that she had experienced these intense feelings at a fever pitch right in the middle of Warren's most vulnerable moment, when he was actually in real distress. This didn't seem to be ok, and she needed someone to talk to about it.

"But if you have anything concerning going on in your head, I want you to reach out to me, ok Irina? I'll pick up."

Sarah's words echoed verbatim in Irina's head. She woke her phone back up and dialed the number. The dial tone droned twice as Irina's heart hammered away in her chest. She sat down on her bed, hardly daring to breathe.

"Hello?" came a deep, feminine voice from the other end. Sarah's voice.

“Uhh...h-hi...hi, um...S-Sarah?” Irina had been caught off guard by the nurse actually picking up. She wasn't really sure what she had been expecting, but it wasn't a nearly-immediate answer.

“Yes, this is Sarah,” the nurse replied pleasantly. A loud stretching sound echoed out in the background. Irina had no idea what it was...it sounded almost like...a thick roll of masking tape being pulled out. “Is this who I think it is?”

Again, the nurse's tone caught Irina off guard. She sounded so...pleased.

“This...this is Irina,” she said, trying to keep her voice steady. “Uhm...remember me from bef—”

“Oh I remember,” said Sarah cheerfully from the other end. Again...that stretching sound...echoing out behind her. “I'm so glad you reached out to me, Irina! How can I help?”

“Haha! Uhm...oh, wow...heh, uh...where to begin?” laughed Irina, feeling an intense sense of relief.

“Begin wherever you feel is best,” said Sarah calmly, staring down at Jeff Stintum, whom she had just finished strapping to a table with leather restraints. She held up a complicated-looking pumping device to Jeff's face, and his eyes grew wide with fear, even as his long, thick cock stood completely to attention, directly up in the air. She grinned at Jeff and shook the device in his face, flicking her tongue back and forth at him.

“I'm just running a little experiment at the moment,” continued Sarah pleasantly into the phone as she tilted her head to her shoulder, holding the phone in place with no hands as she glanced behind her. Two small men, both of them well under 5 feet tall and very skinny, were kneeling, their clasped, upheld arms in restraints, at the far end of Sarah's living room. Both had been dressed in mouse costumes, complete with drawn-on whiskers and prosthetic ears. Sarah bared her teeth at them and hissed, causing them to tremble and fear and back up from her on their knees. Aside from a cat-ear headband that she had on, Sarah was completely naked...but a huge, black, latex catsuit lay on the ground in front of the two mouse-men...a threat of what was to come.

Sarah turned back to Jeff and ran a huge, red-nailed finger down his big cock, causing him to shiver in pleasure. On the other end, Irina blinked, confused. Did Sarah have a huge pet cat or something?

“So, anyway, like I said, just running a little experiment...while I play a little game,” resumed Sarah amiably, taking up her phone again with her hand. “Tell me what's been going on, Irina. How're you doing? How's Warren?”

Chapter 7

Irina felt her entire body come to a pause. This nurse...Sarah...remembered Warren by name!? Enough time had elapsed since Warren's Whipple Virus test to make Irina assume that Sarah wouldn't remember either of them, and yet she just casually, conversationally had asked, by name, how Warren was doing? It was impressive, and a little unsettling.

"He's...uh, he's fine," said Irina automatically. Her eyebrows creased and she shook her head at herself, clearing her thoughts. "W-wait...wait, I'm sorry Sarah, I don't know what I'm saying," she backtracked. "No, Warren isn't doing fine, actually. That was, uhh...that was one of the main reasons I called you, actually."

"Mmmmm, well go ahead," said Sarah agreeably as she lowered the complicated-looking milking machine onto Jeff's hard cock. "Tell me what's been going on, Irina. Just try and relax and...free-form it, ok? Don't feel any pressure to go in any particular order. Start wherever you want. Jump around. Whatever's most comfortable for you."

"O-ok...ok, uhm, thanks," said Irina. She wasn't used to being on the receiving end of anyone telling her what to do or how to behave, but somehow, with this nurse — even though she couldn't have been older than her mid-to-late twenties, by the look of her, and therefore a good deal younger than Irina — the maid couldn't help but feel like she was naturally sliding into the submissive role, whenever she was speaking with Sarah. If she hadn't been so eager for answers, she might have puzzled more over this strange phenomenon.

A loud machine-like drilling suddenly sounded over Sarah's end of the phone. Irina's eyebrows came together, wondering what on earth the sound was, but she quickly thought better of asking about it. Sarah was probably cooking or...or...beating some eggs...or something.

"Sorry about that," chuckled Sarah, putting a huge hand over Jeff's mouth, covering it completely (along with a good half of his lower skull) as she made the "shhhhhh" motion at him with her long index finger. She tilted her head at him, her sea green eyes boring down into him, and then she took her hand off his mouth and left, walking away from the table he was strapped to. She had secured the milking contraption in place, and there it remained, jackhammering away at Jeff's cock, which had already started spewing a fresh load into the empty jar Sarah had screwed onto the end. From Irina's end, the machine sounds faded away, only to be replaced again by the sudden sound of violent kissing.

"Heh...uh...you got a pretty big cat there, huh?" chuckled Irina, feeling like she had to say something to acknowledge the strangeness of what she was hearing.

"Oh she's big alright," responded Sarah, staring down at the two little "mouse-men" who had their bound hands up-clasped towards her, as if in supplication. Sarah was standing in front of the two men, staring down at them with her teeth bared, and in between her and them lay a huge latex catsuit.

"I feel sorry for any little mice unlucky enough to find themselves stuck in my house, let me tell you," chuckled Sarah. "But anyway, please go ahead Irina."

“Uh, right, so...uhm,” said Irina, getting her thoughts straight again, “So...Warren got hurt today, and...and I just feel so awful about it, Sarah.”

The maid suddenly found that hot tears had appeared from the back of her eyes. She blinked at herself in surprise, and the tears started falling down from her eyes into the carpeted floor at her feet. Even just hearing herself say “Warren got hurt today” was enough for her to feel an upwelling of unexpected and powerful emotion. Up until this point, Irina hadn’t actually realized how much she had been internalizing and bottling up inside herself.

“Mmhm,” said Sarah, toying the exposed cocks of the two men at her feet, toying with them one by one. “Was he trying to do something normal, and he overestimated himself?”

“I...y-yes...yes, that’s exactly what happened,” said Irina, her voice shaking slightly with emotion. She hoped that Sarah couldn’t hear how much this was affecting her. “He was...uh, he was trying to — he had climbed up a ladder to...to reach a book he wanted. Warren’s got this big mansion, you see, with a library and —”

“Mhm, I figured,” said Sarah. “Personal housekeeper...last name Du Pont...you know.”

“Right, right,” said Irina, nodding to herself. “Uhm...so he...he fell off the ladder, apparently, and...and he hurt his knee and shoulder pretty bad...not broken, but badly bruised, I think...so that he, uhm...he couldn’t walk, actually.”

“Ouch...poor little guy,” said Sarah, pointing down at the catsuit. Immediately, both of the small men shuffled forward on their knees, their hands still bound with the leather bonds, and, with awkward effort, each managed to pick up a separate foot of the catsuit. The flaccid legs of the catsuit itself looked huge compared to the men — it seemed like, at least girth-wise, neither of them would have had trouble fitting into a single one of the legs. And height-wise, they wouldn’t have stood much taller than the suit’s enormous buttocks. Sarah pointed at the tiny mouse-man on the left, and she extended her bare right foot at him. He began laboriously sliding the suit onto her foot, and up her leg.

“And see, Sarah, the thing is,” said Irina, “That he went to the library because...because he accidentally ran into me.”

“Ran into you, huh?” said Sarah, wiggling her toes against the man’s chest.

“Yeah...yeah, we were both coming around a corner at the same time,” said Irina, “And...well, we kind of ran straight into each other.”

“I imagine that wasn’t much skin off your nose,” chuckled Sarah.

“Skin off my...?” asked Irina confusedly.

“Oh...oh! Haha, I’m sorry,” laughed Sarah, shaking her head at herself. She had been distracted by the feel of the leather tightening around her calf, her knee, and her lower thigh, and by the sheer eroticism of the sight as the tiny mouse-man struggled to pull it up over her huge, shapely leg. “Sometimes I just use English idioms without thinking. You’re from Eastern Europe, yes?”

“Uhm...yes,” said Irina. She had never encountered an English-speaker who had apologized to her for using idioms.

“Croatia?” asked Sarah.

“I...y-yes...yes, actually,” stuttered Irina, utterly surprised. “I...was able to come over here to the States after...after I lost my parents in Sarajevo.”

“Sarajevo, damn,” said Sarah on the other end. “That’s rough, Irina. But I know you’re strong. And you bring other people strength too. I could tell, just seeing you with Warren.”

“Th-thank you,” said Irina, more tears pooling in her eyes. Why was she getting so emotional like this!? She NEVER got like this.

“But I’m sorry — what I had been saying before,” continued Sarah, extending her left foot for the other mouse-man to start with left leg, “Is that when you and Warren ran into each other, I bet you hardly felt it, at this point, no?”

“Uh...heh, no...yes, you’re right,” said Irina, wiping her eyes and recovering herself. “And Warren...well, I don’t think it was so much that he was actually hurt by the impact as...embarrassed. His face went...uh, right...”

“Right smack into your tits?” finished Sarah.

“Yeah,” said Irina. “And then...he just kind of ran off. He was like blushing and everything. I totally embarrassed him.”

“Well I’m sure he was more embarrassed by his own erection than anything else,” remarked Sarah, jiggling and jostling her big hips as the two small men now worked in tandem to lug the catsuit over her huge curves.

“His...erection?” asked Irina, surprised again.

“Well yes, his erection,” said Sarah matter-of-factly. “Surely you’ve noticed by now that Warren has started to get spontaneously hard around you.”

“I...uhm...I have noticed that, yes,” admitted Irina, blushing into her phone. “But...but only recently, actually. Like, really recently. 20 minutes ago, when I was carrying him to his bed after I had found him.”

“Ohhhh, you were carrying him, were you?” asked Sarah, wordlessly ordering both of the mouse men back down as she reached down to thread her right arm into the catsuit. “Of course, so naturally, he had an erection.”

“Um...y-yeah...yeah, ok,” said Irina. She didn’t really understand why her carrying Warren would automatically give him an erection, and even though she didn’t say anything about her puzzlement, Sarah understood from the other end.

“It was his proximity to you,” said Sarah, stretching her right arm through the catsuit’s confines. The loud noise of stretching leather whined out through her living room, and Irina heard it on the other end. “That was why he was so embarrassed to run into you, you see? He wanted to get away quickly, before you noticed that he was hard.”

“Oh...uh...ok, I see,” nodded Irina. “Is that...um...is that one of the effects of the virus, then?”

“Mmmm, hard to say,” mused Sarah, switching her phone to her right hand and threading her left through the catsuit. “I don’t know what Warren’s...sexual proclivities are exactly, but I have to say Irina, that brief time with him at the hospital pretty much convinced me that he was submissive.”

“Submissive?” asked Irina, blinking to herself. She could hardly believe that the conversation had all of a sudden become this intimate, and she squirmed a little in place, feeling uncomfortable.

“Yes,” declared Sarah, stretching her arm all the way through the catsuit, “But that was just from brief and preliminary observation. The details you’ve told me, well...now I’m sure of it, Irina. He’s helplessly aroused by you, and he doesn’t know what to do about it.”

“He...he doesn’t know wh-what to..uhm...but how can...wow,” stammered Irina, having no idea what to alight on first. Her heart had started beating quite rapidly in her chest, behind her F-cups. She was definitely uncomfortable, and the anxiety she was feeling was not pleasant to experience in the least...and yet, that wasn’t the only reason why her heart was beating quickly. Irina couldn’t hide from it — she was actually EXCITED at the thought of Warren wanting her sexually...of him being helplessly aroused around her.

“It’s ok, Irina, it’s ok,” chuckled Sarah, snapping her fingers down at the two mouse men beneath her. “You can relax, alright. It’s just me and you here talking. Nothing more than that.” The two little men beneath Sarah, at her wordless command, had scurried over on their knees to the coffee table in the living room, and had brought out a large wooden step stool, which was so heavy that both of them had to push it across the floor towards Sarah, who was watching them struggle towards her, her arousal building.

“Ok...ok,” answered Irina, taking a couple of deep breaths to steady herself. “So...ok, uhm... WHY is Warren so attracted to me, then?”

“First,” replied Sarah immediately, as the first little man stepped up on the stool, “I’d like YOU to tell me how YOU feel about this, Irina.” Even though the stool itself was a good 6 inches high, the top of the man’s head didn’t even reach the bottom of Sarah’s massive breasts, which were still protruding out of the catsuit. It was unzipped, from the bottom of her defined abdomen all the way up to her neck. The little man started zipping up the catsuit from the bottom, and then reached as high as he could go, right up to the bottom of her breasts.

Irina was silent on the other end. She definitely had feelings about all of this...a LOT of feelings. But she didn’t know where to begin, or how much to share, or if she should actually be sharing at all.

"I know that's one of the main reasons you called, Irina," said Sarah gently, her full lips cracking into a wide smile as she looked down. The second little man had climbed awkwardly onto the shoulders of the first one. The top of the second man's head was now only a couple inches lower than Sarah's shoulder. He immediately reached for the zipper, at the bottom of Sarah's breasts, and began the long and arduous task of zipping the suit up past her breasts.

"That's why I gave you my number before," Sarah continued. "Just from watching the interaction between you and Warren, I suspected that you might already be experiencing the psychological symptoms of the Whipple infection. But I thought it would be impertinent at the time to mention it, so I just gave you my number."

Irina's head was spinning. This nurse, whoever she was, seemed uncomfortably, disturbingly perceptive. It took Irina a few seconds just to wrap her mind around how accurately Sarah had read her, and was still reading her. On the other end, Sarah waited patiently, grinning down at the little man, whose skinny arms were shaking with effort as he struggled with the zipper, going notch by notch.

"Ok...uhm...ok, yes," said Irina, suddenly deciding that she would open up to Sarah about everything. Her emotions and hormones felt like they were beginning to bubble out of control inside her, and she needed answers. She needed an explanation...something to calm her down, or at least focus her energy.

"So yes, I have been noticing a lot of...feelings I've been having recently," Irina said into the phone. In speaking these words aloud, she couldn't help but feel like she was crossing over into a new world.

"Mhm," said Sarah, nodding slowly as she took a deep breath, reminding herself to keep control. She glanced back over at Jeff strapped to the milking table. His little body was spasming uncontrollably, and the large jar screwed onto the end of the milking machine was already about a quarter full. Sarah felt her vaginal walls contract as she had a controlled orgasm, her eyes rolling back in her head briefly before turning her attention back to the mouse man struggling with her zipper.

"I've just...I've felt so wrong in feeling this way," continued Irina, figuring that she should just go ahead and plow forward, "But there's no other way to put it. My breasts...uhh...my breasts have been getting bigger recently...MUCH bigger."

"Yep, yep," said Sarah brightly, nodding her head as she winked down at the top mouse man, who was beginning to tire in his labors. The zipper wasn't even halfway up her breasts yet.

"And...and I get AROUSED just thinking about it," Irina kept on. "Which is weird, I know, but... but that's not even the main thing, Sarah! Because it's not just that my breasts are bigger...I can...I can FEEL the milk inside them. It's...it's like, uhm..."

"Churning?" offered Sarah, holding up a huge hand in front of the man's face. Immediately, he struggled to get off the other man's shoulders, and both of them stepped off the stool and knelt back down at Sarah's feet.

“Y-yeah...yeah, that’s a good word for it,” said Irina. She briefly thought of asking Sarah if she too was experiencing these things, but she quickly decided that wouldn’t be polite. SHE had called SARAH, and not the other way around.

“And,” continued Irina, feeling extra uncomfortable about this next part, but pressing on ahead nonetheless, “This is the real thing, Sarah. When I found Warren just a little while ago, and he was hurt, and he was all cold and shaking and desperate...the way he just...just reached up at me, with his skinny little arms...Sarah, I’m not even kidding here — my nipples were, like, rock-hard...and...and all I really wanted to do right then was to stick one of them in his mouth. Isn’t that crazy!? Am I crazy!?”

“Not in the least, Irina,” said Sarah pleasantly, smiling down at the two mouse men as she zipped up her catsuit the rest of the way with an effortless flick of her fingers. “You found Warren when he was highly vulnerable, and scared, and weak, so of COURSE you wanted to care for him, nourish him...NURSE him. It makes complete sense.”

“It does!?” asked Irina incredulously. “But...but this is all so crazy, Sarah! I mean...wanting to breastfeed a grown man!? And...and my employer, at that!”

“Well let me tell you,” chuckled Sarah, posing in front of the two groveling little men in her catsuit. It was skin-tight on her. “Our definition of a “grown man” is about to change dramatically. And don’t worry that you technically work for him. That’s completely irrelevant at this point.”

“O-ok,” said Irina, wondering how Sarah could be brushing past all this so easily. “But...what does it all mean, Sarah? Is this just the virus in me, making my hormones go all insane?”

“Oh I’m sure the virus is part of it,” said Sarah, striking another sexy pose in her catsuit as she bared her sharp red fingernails at the two men. “The augmented breasts, the accentuation of the matronly instinct, experiencing the actual sensation of milk production in real-time...yes, these are all common symptoms of the Whipple Virus in women. Have you measured yourself recently?”

Irina had to pause again for a few seconds. Sarah just seemed to be uncovering each one of her embarrassing secrets, one by one.

“You’ve realized that it’s not just your breasts that are growing, haven’t you?” Sarah was making a real effort not to sound too pleased. She distracted herself by bending down, grabbing the heavy stepping stool with a single hand, and lifting it up over the heads of the two men as she put it back under the coffee table where it belonged.

“I...yes,” admitted Irina. “I, uh...I measured myself for the first time today, actually. Weighed and measured.”

“Well?” asked Sarah.

“I’m...almost 5’9,” said Irina quietly. “And I’m over 180 pounds. I’ve never been this big before, Sarah.”

“And how about Warren?” asked Sarah. “How small is he now?”

Irina felt her nipples engorge even more intensely, pressing hard into her top. Her pussy was becoming noticeably wet.

“He’s...only 5’3 now...and...111 pounds.”

“Whew...quite the gap starting to open up, between you two, isn’t there?” chuckled Sarah, blowing a low whistle out of her full lips. She walked back over to Jeff at the milking table. The jar was now about two-thirds full; Jeff’s body hadn’t been moving at all for the last few minutes, since he had passed out cold from the overstimulation. Sarah felt herself orgasm again, and she grit her teeth, turning off the milking contraption. She unscrewed the jar, walked over to the kitchen, and promptly put the jar in the refrigerator. It clinked against the numerous other jars just like it in the fridge.

Irina was breathing hard now. She was so very turned-on, to the point where she was completely distracted and had no idea what to say next.

“You’re aroused by it, aren’t you?” said Sarah, closing the fridge and going back past the unconscious Jeff to stand in front of the two mouse men. “Just the reality of how much bigger you’re getting than him...and how he’s only going to get smaller and smaller, while you get bigger and bigger.”

“Yes...yesss,” nodded Irina, almost moaning the words. In a partially unconscious motion, she reached down inside her panties and started rubbing her clit with her free hand. She was already so wet that the squelching sound was audible. Sarah was silent on the other end for a few long moments. She was allowing whatever was happening there to happen, without any interference from her. In any case, the conversation was about to come to an end. Once again, she bared the claws of her fingernails at the two tiny men.

“S-sorry...sorry about that,” said Irina suddenly, snapping out of her brief reverie as she stopped rubbing herself. “I just...got a little carried away there.”

“It’s completely fine, Irina,” said Sarah kindly, reaching down and skillfully undoing the bonds of the little men with her fingers. “Everything you’ve described to me — it’s totally fine.”

“It is?” asked Irina. “But...but it all just seems so...WEIRD and...and, uh, like...uhmm...it’s hard to describe. Like...”

“Like the normal power dynamics between men and women have been turned upside down,” finished Sarah, tossing the leather bonds aside.

“Uhh, yes...yes, that’s...that’s actually it exactly.” Irina couldn’t help but be impressed by this young woman — how could it be that she was only working as a nurse, even though she was so young!?

“There are bound to be little bumps in the...uhh, heheh, sorry, um...it’s going to feel awkward, to you and a LOT of other women, Irina, for a little bit,” said Sarah patiently. “But it’s important to remember, one, that there’s no indication that this virus is going to harm you, ok? It’s the men

who are the ones at risk for serious degenerative conditions. And two, of COURSE you are going to want to embrace the caretaker role! You obviously care about Warren, and heck, you're even employed as his housekeeper! Haha, so it shouldn't surprise you at all that you have these feelings...these urges. Embrace them, Irina."

"O-ok...uh, yes...yes, thanks, uh...I will!" replied Irina, feeling a great weight lift off her.

"Oh and one more thing," said Sarah. "Be patient with Warren's dwindling sense of his own masculinity, ok? He didn't look too manly already when I saw him, but understand that he's going through a lot now, both mentally and physically. You might feel the urge to dismiss his struggles, but bear them patiently...and firmly. His care is what's important. More and more, he will depend on you, and the more he does, the more his struggles will melt away...and here's the real kicker...uh...here's the real fun part for you Irina: you get to watch it all happen."

"Ehhyeeeah...yeah, I, uh...I do," answered Irina, having absolutely no idea what to think, despite her relief at Sarah's words.

"Alright well, I gotta go," said Sarah, "But please, Irina, call me again anytime if you have any questions or you just wanna talk, ok?"

"Ok...uhm, th-thanks...thanks SO much, Sarah!" exclaimed Irina. She suddenly realized that she was itching to get back to Warren, to check up on him in his bedroom.

"Anytime," said Sarah kindly. "Bye now."

Sarah hung up the call and tossed her phone across the room, over the men, onto the red sofa in her living room. She bared her teeth and hissed at the two little men again, who shrank away from her in fear.

"Alright," she trilled, "You two know the game. I'm closing my eyes. You've got two minutes to hide. Whoever evades me gets to go freeeeee! Oooooo, how about that?"

Her eyes flashed with lascivious pleasure as she inclined her head down at them. Her voice deepened.

"But whoever I find first...is staying with me...for a looooong time."

Chapter 8

Irina was more conscious of her body than she had ever been before as she hurried back to Warren's bedroom. For the first time since the pandemic began, she actually allowed herself to dwell on everything about her growing body: the tightness of her maid clothes, the heaviness of her steps, the increased weight of her large breasts as they swung and bounced against her stronger, augmented torso...the more she thought about it all, the more she noticed how different everything felt. It was true that Irina had certainly noticed these changes before, and taken note of them...after all, how could she not, especially when Warren was shrinking so dramatically compared to her?

But the phone call with Sarah had changed everything. Before, Irina had felt almost guilty thinking about her increased size, and her accentuated energy, and her greater sense of power in general — all of those things, in her previous thinking, were the direct result of an opposite reality for Warren. Irina hadn't realized it, but she had been subconsciously thinking that she was literally "sucking" the size and strength out of Warren herself. It made sense — he was diminishing, getting shorter and skinnier each day, and she was growing taller and fuller, curvier and bustier. Of course it made sense that she had been feeling subliminally guilty! Sarah had helped her see the reality of everything for what it was: none of this was her fault. It was simply the luck of the draw: this is what the Whipple Virus did to men and women. How had Sarah explained it again? It turned the power dynamics between the two upside down...yes...that was the perfect way to describe it.

'Of COURSE you should embrace the caretaker role!' Sarah's voice echoed in her head as she rounded the staircase and started ascending the stairs, going two at a time without even realizing it. 'These feelings...these urges...embrace them.'

"Embrace them," Irina whispered to herself thoughtfully as she climbed the stairs rapidly, "Embrace them...embrace them..." She felt tremendously liberated — a great invisible weight had been removed from her shoulders, just in talking with that...that nurse. Sarah had assured her that all of her...maternal instincts, mixed with all that relentlessly erotic and...and intimate desire...well, it was totally normal. Expected, even, for a woman who was infected with this virus. Irina figured, from what Sarah had told her, that it would be a strange thing indeed if she wasn't having these feelings...all this aching in her breasts, the almost-unbearable tenderness in her nipples, and the churning sensation deep within them, which communicated to her, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that her growing body was hard at work, making milk.

Irina had reached the second floor, the floor of Warren's bedroom, before she even quite realized it.

'Whooo, that was quick!' she thought to herself, and then, quite suddenly, she was unable to prevent herself from chuckling out loud. Of course it made sense — she was getting bigger and stronger! Her legs were longer and more powerful; she had more endurance than she had ever enjoyed before. She looked down at her big chest, and she could see her twin breasts heaving up and down, squished and pressed tightly into her small little top, a top that had so obviously become WAY too small for her.

'EVERYTHING is too small for me!' Irina suddenly realized. She had noticed her shoes becoming too small before, but as she stood there on the stairhead, she caught sight of herself

in the full-length mirror on the wall. Her body looked like it wasn't too far away from bursting out of her maid outfit. Her breasts were squeezed so tightly that they were literally beginning to bulge over the top of her top; her cleavage was so tight that she had trouble sticking even a single finger down in between the twin squashed mammaries. And her hips! Well, she hadn't realized it before, but they were starting to actually bulge out over her maid skirt — she had become so curvy that the firm, vigorous flesh of her bare hips was visible over the top of her skirt lining. There was even a long line of bare flesh, from her lower belly, that was showing, due to her top being neither wide enough nor long enough to contain her torso. Her black tights looked like they were a day or two away from splitting down her legs. Feeling giddy and excited, Irina turned around to get a look at her ass, and her eyebrows went up — the sizable, bulbous bottoms of both of her cheeks were plainly visible, not quite in a lewd display because of her black tights, but nonetheless in a less-than-proper and overt presentation that was more “college girl out on the town” than “professional housekeeper.”

Irina laughed to herself as she shook her ass in the mirror, watching in awe as it shook and jiggled dramatically, far more than she had ever seen it move before. And she had barely even moved...

‘God,’ she thought, admiring her ass for a few more long seconds, before turning back around and bouncing up and down a little on her toes, watching her breasts bound and carom about on her chest like they had minds of their own, ‘Of course little Warren was all hot and bothered around me! I mean...LOOK at me! And then imagine his little 5’3 body just...running into me... heheh, he got so red in the face...awwww, poor little babyyyyy, and then he ran off and hurt himself...ok, ok, gotta focus here.’

Irina realized that she had gone a little red in the face herself, just thinking about how tiny and skinny Warren would look if he were standing here next to her, doing comparisons in the mirror. She felt a little twinge of guilt again when she remembered his small, shaking little body when she had found him, all cold and alone, on the floor of the library, and that desperate, hollow look in his eye...but she quickly managed to shoo this thought away from her mind. It was like Sarah said: it was up to HER now to take care of him, and right now, he was all warm and safe in his bed, with ice packs on his injuries...waiting for her.

‘Mmmm, he’s waiting for me,’ Irina purred to herself, and she once again reminded herself to focus as she turned toward Warren’s bedroom door. She could have admired how sexy, how bodacious, how motherly she looked in the mirror for a long time, but she had important things to do, things that she knew would bring her far more pleasure than she could have by herself...if she could only manage to keep calm and control herself. Even now, she knew that the power dynamics between her and Warren were still fresh and tender. He was still a man, after all, and he still had his pride...or at least some of it, left. She didn’t want to take things too quickly and risk losing him, or alienating him, or, heaven forbid, compelling him to fire her. But somewhere in the back of her mind, as she put her hand on the bedroom door and pushed it in, Irina indulged in a forbidden thought for the first time:

‘He can’t fire me,’ a little voice said, deep in her mind. ‘He can’t make me leave...he can’t make me do anything anymore.’

But all of this was subliminal to Irina's conscious thinking as she opened Warren's door, and beheld him there in the bed, looking tiny, pitiful, and utterly delicious, ice packs still on his banged-up limbs.

"Aw, there he is," she cooed, realizing immediately that she sounded too sultry. She laughed, a musical, joyful laugh, one that was designed to mask the overt eroticism that had been dripping from those first words.

"H-hi Irina," smiled Warren weakly, sitting up a little straighter in the bed. He had been watching the news, and was once again beginning to fixate on how curvy and busty all the news women were, before Irina came back in.

"I was just...oh...oh! I was supposed to be getting your supper, now, wasn't I!?" burst out Irina, the energy in her voice making Warren's eyes go slightly wider. He couldn't believe how different everything was when she was in the room. She was so...vivacious and vibrant, in her voice, her movements, the way her body shook slightly with each little motion...everything. His cock had gone soft when she had left the room, but Warren could already feel it hardening right back up again under his bed sheets.

"It's...it's ok," said Warren quickly, "I'm...not really hungry, to be, uh...to be honest."

"Aw, now come on, uh...come on now Warren," teased Irina, stepping up closer to his bedside deliberately, her ass, hips and breasts all jiggling visibly with her movement. "You know it's important that you get all the nutrients you need! I just...heh, I got a little sidetracked there for a minute. But not to worry — I'll just pop out and be right back with your supper, all piping hot, just like you always want it."

She turned deliberately in place, giving Warren a full view of her enormous ass, and started walking away, knowing full well that Warren would be gawking at her huge cheeks bouncing crazily up and down, up and down, with each step. Of course, this is exactly what Warren was doing, and as he mouthed wordlessly at the astounding ass jiggling and bouncing away from him, he tried to think of something, anything, to say that would keep Irina there with him in his bedroom. He really wasn't hungry...for any kind of food, that is. But he was truly, desperately hungry to be close to Irina, to smell her sweet, heavy scent, to feel the powerful heat of her big body close to his diminished, shrinking, skinny little form. He wanted her to touch him, to brush his cheek with her finger, to scratch his head with those long, sexy fingernails...to sit next to him, and gently pull his head over to that mammoth bulge of a rack she had, and then...he'd feel the hard, insistent poke of her nipple against his cheek...and then he'd realize that his cheek was wet and slick with her —

"Say, Warren?" Irina's slow, purposeful drawl interrupted his rapid-fire thoughts. She had stopped at the door, and had turned around, peering at him coquettishly from over her shoulder. "Have you noticed...me getting bigger recently?"

"B-bigger!?" he asked, a little too quickly, with his voice inching higher on the pitch scale than he had intended.

“Yeah,” intoned Irina, almost lazily, turning around slowly to face Warren head-on once again, so that he could get a full view of her bosom. “I mean...haha, I know this might seem a little weird to bring up, but there’s no one else I can ask, and you see me all the time, so...?”

She spread her arms out a little and turned back and forth, left and right, to give Warren a healthy view of her figure. She made a conscious effort not to stare too hard at his face, at least right now, in the beginning, but from what she had seen already, she could tell that he was reddening again, trying desperately to hold in his arousal. This knowledge alone made Irina start to get wet herself, and she made a mental note that if she controlled herself, she’d get wetter still.

“I—I mean...uh...I...I th-think so, a little...uh, yeah,” stuttered Warren. What else could he say? Now that Irina was giving him the free opportunity to look her up and down, there was no other answer that wouldn’t have sounded absurd. Her voluptuous curves looked like they were about to pop out of her clothes. Warren hadn’t realized it, but he was clutching his sheets up to his chin, in a defensive gesture. Beneath the sheets, his erection was raging.

“You think so?” asked Irina again, still turning around. “A little?”

“A...a little...um, yeah,” repeated Warren.

“Because, see...recently I’ve felt like these clothes I’m wearing are just...so TIGHT, you know?”

Irina had stopped turning around and was now ambling slowly up closer to Warren’s bedside. He watched her approach, feeling a strange and dizzying combination of fear and arousal. A part of him wanted her to stay put, far away from him, but another part, by far the more powerful and insistent part, wanted her to come closer.

“Y-yeah? Uhhh...tight?” squeaked Warren.

“Mmhm,” nodded Irina, stepping deliberately, one foot in front of the other, in a kind of lazy catwalk up to him. This kind of lascivious flirtation was so unlike her, totally alien to her professional character...and yet, after that conversation with Sarah...this all seemed to be coming quite naturally to her. Maybe it was the virus...or maybe...maybe it was the virus that had awakened something dormant in her that had been there the whole time.

“You see these heels here?” Irina asked, lifting up her right foot. “I switched shoes days ago, and these are STILL feeling too tight. My feet are getting longer...and wider, Warren, I know it.”

“Oh th-they...they are?” he asked innocently, wondering how it could be that she couldn’t hear his heart pounding away behind his breastplate.

“Yep, and that’s just the beginning,” continued Irina softly, taking care not to talk too slow, or too fast. “You can see how my tights are about to start ripping, right? All down my legs...haha, they’ve gotten longer too, Warren...longer and thicker. Surely you’ve noticed that, haven’t you?”

“I...y-yes, I think so,” he agreed. He was clutching his bedsheets so tightly now that his knuckles were starting to whiten.

“And I could feel you staring at my ass as I walked away,” chuckled Irina softly. She was at his bedside now, and standing over him, her busty figure looming, shrouding him in her shadow.

“But don’t worry!” she laughed, interrupting a desperate excuse that Warren was stammering to come up with, “I caught myself looking at it in the mirror when I was walking down the hall just now. My GOODNESS it’s gotten big, hasn’t it, Warren!? Haha, like, look at it! It’s about to just...just spill out of these tights!”

Irina could tell, from the color of Warren’s face, to the beads of sweat that had formed on his brow, that she had already taken him near his breaking point. She knew she had to draw back a little...to not make it so obvious.

“That’s why I think I need to go shopping after I bring your supper,” she announced, swinging back around to face him as she backed up from the bed, her tone returning to her normal speaking voice.

“Sh-shopping?” asked Warren. “You mean like...like go out shopping? Outside?”

“Well yeah, Warren!” Irina laughed. “I can’t be strutting around your house, looking like some... some, oh I don’t know...some bimbo harlot, hahaha! You deserve a professional housekeeper, and that’s what I’m going to be!”

“So...you’re...you’re going to go out...like, right now?” Warren knew that his tone was betraying everything, but he didn’t care. The thought of Irina leaving him now, even in the safety of his own bed, was intolerable. He had just spent hours calling out for her in vain, desperately wishing her to discover him. He needed her now more than ever — and even still, he knew that he was being sensitive and heavy-handed. But just...just tonight, at least, he didn’t want her to go anywhere. He wanted her to stay right here, with him.

“Well after I bring your supper, yes,” smiled Irina. “Surely you’ve heard that they’re keeping the outlet malls open a lot later these days...high demand from all the growing women, haha!”

“Y-yeah...yeah I saw some of them...shopping on the news earlier,” Warren said, thinking uneasily back to the sight of a 7-foot-tall amazon dragging her husband along with her to the changing rooms, so he could “make sure the bra fit right.” It was then that Warren suddenly got an idea.

“Um h-hey, Irina, uhhhh, c-can...can I propose something?”

“Well sure Warren,” she said gently, privately wondering, “What is it?”

“I...I was just thinking that maybe...uh, maybe you could stay here tonight and...and I could express order some new clothes for you...online?”

Irina stood there for a moment, looking down at him. She hadn’t expected this proposition, but the more she thought about it, as the seconds ticked by, the more she liked the idea. Little Warren, buying her clothes? He’d have to think over and over about her proportions, her dimensions...he’d be fixated on them...he’d get off to it, surely. She got wetter still.

“Awww, Warren, that’s such a sweet idea to have,” she began, toying with him. “But you see, I mean, this top here is getting sooooo tight on me. Like, I can feel it digging into my breasts... you see here? You see this? Hahaha, like, another night or so and I won’t even be able to fit into this bra at all. So you see, I really think I should —”

“Oh! B-but...but express order, with the premium account I have,” cut in Warren quickly, “Will... will get you the products in...in like, less than a day...less than half a day, if I pay for priority shipping. I...I can take care of it, Irina...uh...r-really.”

Irina was positively glowing with arousal now. She had known all of this before; she just wanted to see how badly Warren wanted her to stay with him, and now she had seen it — he had abandoned all pretense of casualness, and had launched into full-scale desperation mode. She smiled down at him warmly, and even let one of the corners of her mouth curve upwards into the aroused smirk she was barely holding back from spilling out across her face. She wanted to do things to him...she wanted to mash his little face into her breasts...to pinch his little mouth open and shove her big fat nipple inside it, and squeeze her breast, pumping a thick stream of her creamy white milk into his stomach...

But she was getting ahead of herself; she noticed she was breathing hard, her breasts rising and falling above Warren’s head as he stared up at them helplessly. Irina laughed out loud to break the silence.

“Hahaha! Well alright Warren!” she exclaimed. “I won’t say no to that — really, I don’t deserve an...employer like you! Buying me clothes and everything! Here, I’ll just send you a quick text...with my measurements...aaaaand done! You’re so sweet, Warren, you know that?”

“Ahaha, it’s...it’s no problem at all, Irina,” laughed Warren, feeling immense relief despite the fact that his face was still flushed. Everything suddenly seemed, maybe a bit more normal...? Maybe...?

“Well on that note,” said Irina heartily, “Let me go make your supper. Won’t be too long!”

“Ok, heh...uh, thanks,” smiled Warren, looking up at her bashfully before once again gawking at her huge ass as she walked out the door. Almost immediately, Warren opened his laptop and started searching for maid’s outfits, but not before he had hurriedly checked his phone to see her measurements.

‘Oh my god,’ he thought to himself, ‘46-inch hips!? Already?? And...a 51-inch bust??’

It took nearly all of Warren’s willpower not to start stroking his cock right then and there. His face was flushed with a renewed red, his breath was coming in short, shallow bursts, and the sweat that had beaded on his forehead was now actually beginning to trickle down into his eyelashes. But Warren doubled down, remembering that he owed this to Irina. This was a professional exchange, nothing more.

But very quickly, Warren found himself lost in the world of online shopping for Irina. At first, it was just for “Irina the housekeeper.” He was able to quickly find a series of maid outfits that fit the exact proportions she had given him, and Warren even ordered a couple additional outfits

that were slightly bigger. He had been reminded to do this by an all-caps reminder on the website that read: “REMEMBER: Order UP...because who knows how BIG you’ll GET!”

But Warren didn’t stop at maid outfits. A tiny voice in his head noted that he probably SHOULD stop, since his cart had everything that Irina needed, but he just...couldn’t stop. Not yet. He had to get her...something more. He found himself searching for designer clothes, choosing a skirt there, and a blouse there, a dress here and a top there, that he thought would look good on her...and not just “good” — sexy.

He didn’t stop at clothes, either. Within 5 minutes, he was adding fancy pairs of heels to his cart, choosing more modest ones at first, and then throwing caution to the wind as he splurged on more and more stylish ones, eventually bending to the will of some shiny black 6-inch platform boots that he hungrily added to his list. The heels gradually morphed into lingerie, and if Irina had walked into the bedroom now, it would have been obvious that Warren was shopping with his right hand, and stroking his cock with his left. He hadn’t climaxed yet, but the mere act of shopping for Irina was one big, long edging.

‘God she would look so amazing in dark red,’ Warren thought, almost starting to drool as he added yet another expensive dress to his cart. ‘And that red and black combo? Oh my godddd....she’d...she’d look so fierce...but...but also so...so...’

He couldn’t bring himself to think of the word “motherly,” and yet, after 15 minutes of sheer indulgence, he found himself searching for maternity items. It was all so surreal — he couldn’t believe that this was happening, that he was actually doing this right now...bigger bras for engorged breasts...a breast pump for milk...even...even a bib...for himself...

Warren couldn’t stop...he couldn’t stop, at least until he added the bib to the cart. That seemed to be stepping over the line. He was buying things for himself now. He blinked at the screen, not really seeing anything for about half a minute, until he realized that he had climaxed into his comforter. He quickly reached over and got some tissues out to clean up the mess. He didn’t want Irina to know it had happened. But she was still downstairs, fixing him dinner. It was all cleaned up...the tissues were hidden away under his mattress...she wouldn’t be able to find them...

And now, all that remained was just to officially buy everything. Being the agoraphobe he was, Warren’s shipping information was already entered into the site, since he did all his shopping virtually. But when the time came to look at the final price, the number made even Warren Du Pont pause.

“Sixteen...thousand dollars!?” he whispered out to himself in disbelief. Never before had he been tempted to spend so much money, at one time, on something. He had inherited his mansion; he never drove a car...he had never had any good reason to spend so much on something, or someone...until now.

‘But it’s so much, though,’ he thought, pausing, his finger hovering over the mouse pad. “So much...on clothes and...and shoes...and...all that other stuff...for...for HER. What’ll she think!? Is it all too much? Will she freak out? Am I going too far?!”

Warren sat there, his finger poised, thinking through it all. He was about to spend sixteen thousand dollars on fancy clothes for his housekeeper...all with the simple click of a button. It would all be delivered within a matter of hours...everything. Was he actually going to do this?? No, he couldn't — it was crazy — HE was crazy. This was the virus talking, surely...but the seconds kept ticking by, and he didn't move his finger...until...

He clicked "buy," and the purchase went through. Warren exhaled audibly, feeling an immense wave of arousal course through him as he submitted all that wealth, all those potential resources, to Irina. If he hadn't just cum a minute before, he would have certainly cum now.

But just a minute or two later, Warren started to have second thoughts — or, more accurately, he wasn't sure how Irina was going to take all of this. Would she be mad? Upset? Confused? He didn't know, and he started to feel anxious. He switched on the news again, and beheld, once again, the augmented fresh face of that mid-20's blond reporter, Aly Singleton. But she was standing next to a little man, bending down low with her microphone to interview him. He looked like a little kid next to her...either he was like 3 feet tall, or she was over 7 feet tall...or...or...

Warren could feel a different kind of sweat start to break out across his forehead as his heart rate started to rise. His lungs felt smaller and smaller with each passing moment. It was starting to happen again...the telltale signs of a panic attack.

Chapter 9

Warren quickly looked around for the remote to turn off the news, but he couldn't immediately locate it in the folds of his bedsheets. His lungs were tightening up again as he desperately searched, first for the remote, and then for any kind of distraction from the fast-incoming signals of his panic attack. He thought of calling for Irina, and he nearly did...but the barest hint of a voice inside his head kept him from giving it all up and crying out to her.

'She'll know you're completely helpless,' said the voice. 'She already knows you're getting smaller and smaller...weaker and weaker...do you really want her to know that you can't last a few minutes without her? Without freaking out?'

Warren had just spent sixteen thousand dollars on expensive clothes (and many other accoutrements) for his housekeeper, and he knew that his second thoughts about this purchase, coupled with the image of that sexy blond reporter Aly Singleton on TV, were combining to cause his panic attack. He couldn't fight it — he had to accept the things he could not control... that he had just made that purchase...that the Whipple Virus was a reality...that Irina (and every other woman) was getting bigger, taller, bustier, and that he, along with the rest of the men, were becoming shorter, smaller, and weaker.

In and out...In and out

He had to accept these things. If he was going to try and resist these facts, of course he was going to freak out. He wiped his brow, not enjoying how cold his sweat felt on the back of his hand. Hadn't he been running a fever just the other day? And now...he felt chilly!? Warren continued to take deep breaths as he felt his heart rate slow down briefly. He had kept his mouth shut, and as he felt his body begin to return to normal, he started feeling just a tad bit proud of himself. He hadn't called her — he could handle his own emotional challenges on his own.

Just then, he heard the sound of something closing downstairs...a door of some kind, maybe? But then, immediately accompanying the sound, he caught a snatch of singing. Irina was humming something to herself downstairs, and the deep, pleasant sound of her tune reached Warren's ears. He ached for her to come back to him. Even though she was only downstairs, he felt like she was so very far away from him. He wanted to be near her...desperately. He wanted to smell her scent, and feel the warm weight of her body close to his. Those huge, soft breasts of hers, that were getting bigger and bigger by the day...and the way that she had just... just casually talked to him about how much bigger she was getting. And that catwalk up to him, slow and sauntering...did she know what she was doing!? She HAD to. And yet, Warren still couldn't be sure. Irina was a true professional, and it didn't seem compatible with her genuine and innocent nature that she would use her body to play coy with him, to tease him.

Rich, creamy smells, mixed with the light and fluffy scent of pastry, reached Warren's nose, and he realized that it was the door to the oven that he had heard close. Irina was preparing his dinner. Whatever it was, it smelled delicious. What had she put on the menu tonight? Pot pie? Warren snuggled back under his covers and turned to look back at the TV, satisfied that he had managed to hold his boy in check, at least for the moment. Irina would be back soon, and he could truly relax then.

But his eyes locked back into Aly Singleton, that gorgeous blond, who was now interviewing a different man in the newsroom studio. Warren couldn't look away — the contrast between the two was so striking. There Aly was, in her bright blue dress, which left little of her voluptuous curves and exaggerated bust to the imagination...and there was this other man, middle-aged by the look of him, who had, with difficulty, walked up to stand next to Aly on the smooth floor of the news studio. What looked to be his female partner, an attractive, middle-aged, amazonian woman, was sitting in the background, and had just lifted her partner up off her lap, effortlessly holding him airborne as she placed him down on the floor, with silent instructions to go walk to the news reporter. Warren couldn't believe it — even the act of walking seemed to make this poor little man tired. He tottered and struggled over to Aly, who looked huger and huger in comparison to him the closer he got. Once he stood next to her, it was clear that the top of his head only came up to the middle of her stomach.

Warren felt his own stomach tighten up, and his heart started beating fast again. He shifted uncomfortably in his bed, and his hand landed on the missing remote, which had been hiding in the sheets the whole time. But against his better judgement, he didn't change the channel. Instead, he turned up the volume.

"...to Mr. Peterson here," came Aly Singleton's strong, bright voice. "Who decided to come into the studio today — along with his wife, of course — despite his increasing weakness and diminishing size. And why did you decide to do that, Mr. Peterson?"

Not bothering to bend down at all, the news reporter simply extended the microphone out to the tiny man with an upward flick of her wrist. Her arm was by her side, completely extended downward in a resting position, except for her wrist and hand.

"I...I j-just wanted to...t-to come in here..." stammered the man, his voice halting and uncertain as he glanced over at his wife, who blinked lovingly at him and gave him a slow, smiling nod.

"To c-come in here and...and s-say...to any men watching...th-that...that —"

"Mmmmm, yes Mr. Peterson?" came Aly's sunny enjoyment. "I know it's hard, with all the lights and cameras...but you can say it. Lots of men need to hear it, unfortunately, as they're not taking heed of the medical warnings. Running wild in the streets, hiding from women... diminishing slowly, agonizingly, with no treatment, no one to look after them...all because of some perverted, misplaced sense of pride. Go on, Mr. Peterson, tell them."

"J-just...you men watching," said Mr. Peterson, steadying himself and looking straight into the camera, "J-just know that...that it's n-not a...a strike against your pride that, uhh...that you need a w-woman to take care of you. Th-this...this is a pandemic, a-after all."

"Mmhmm!" agreed Aly, nodding exaggeratedly down at Mr. Peterson. Warren couldn't help but notice how she seemed to be treating him like he was a little child, with her smiling, her nodding, and that exaggeratedly sweet tone in her voice.. But at the same time, her demeanor seemed...strangely appropriate. The man didn't look good; he looked like he was about to collapse under the pressure — he was trembling, sweating, teetering precariously on his little legs, which were mere sticks, especially in comparison with Aly's thick, vigorous, luscious legs, a single one of which appeared to weigh as much or more than Mr. Peterson himself.

“A-and...and if y-you’re one of the d-deniers,” stuttered Mr. Peterson, again casting a nervous glance back over at his wife, “Th-then...then you’re hurting yourselves m-more than anyone else. A-and the health authorities will...will f-find you and quarantine you w-with...with a caretaker f-from...from...”

“From the STATE, yes!” finished Aly, giving Mr. Peterson a little clap of her hands as she turned back toward the camera. “As Mr. Peterson has most astutely pointed out, the state and private sectors have banded together in an unprecedented partnership to combat this crisis, under the new auspices of an all-female leadership, of course. Thousands of un-partnered private-practice caretakers have made themselves available for State assignments, so hopefully, if Mr. Peterson’s message is taken to heart, NO MALE will be left uncared for.”

Warren’s heart rate was still increasing as the reality of the situation became clearer and clearer. So there were men who were...resisting all of this!? They were hiding out? Wandering the streets alone as they succumbed to the infection? Part of Warren immediately dismissed these men as fools who didn’t know what was good for them, who were denying the plain realities of science. But another part of him, the part that was causing his body to slide back into its pre-panic-attack mode, couldn’t help but think that these men were the ones holding out for a noble cause. They were...trying to preserve the last vestiges of what the world had been like before the virus. THEY were the only ones who hadn’t gotten swept up in the hysteria. Everything had happened so quickly that it all seemed almost...prearranged...prearranged by some kind of sinister authority, dead-set on subjugating the entire male population. What if the virus wasn’t naturally-occurring!? What if it had been...created, by some kind of crazy group of female scientists who were...who were...

“And how old are you, Mr. Peterson?” Aly Singleton’s sweet voice cut through the panic in Warren’s mind.

“I’m...53 y-years old, ma’m,” mumbled the man, bowing his head deferentially.

“53!? Woowwwwww!” laughed Aly, jockeying her body back and forth in place so that her immense curves wobbled and trembled gently, right around his eye-level. She took a step closer, so that it became clear that Mr. Peterson couldn’t even see her face; her overhanging breasts were in the way, and cast a visible shadow over his whole body.

“You’re 30 years older than me!” Aly continued, her body shaking softly with her laughter. “Can you all believe that!?”

She spread her arms out incredulously to the audience.

“I mean...everyone, if you all had any doubts about the Whipple’s effects...haha, look at this!”

Reaching her hand down, she snaked it around Mr. Peterson’s shoulder and gently pulled him to her body. He stumbled from the force of her motion, only coming to rest when his body had contacted the hard, unmoving pillar of her leg. His wife was standing up now, and in two strides, she had crossed the studio floor and was standing on the other side of him. She was a few inches taller than Aly, and her husband’s face was exactly even with the triangle her crotch, patently visible on TV thanks to the form-fitting violet dress she wore.

“You all can barely see him anymore, can you?” chuckled Aly, looking down at Mr. Peterson, who was now indeed almost completely hidden in between the legs of the gigantic women. “And he’s 4’8, which, I hear, is a good deal taller than many of you men out there who have been exposed to...shall we say...heavier viral loads. The science is clear. For all the unpartnered men out there, either by accident, by bad luck, or by some foolhardy attempt at making a political point, there IS help out there. Call the Whipple hotline you see on your screen down below, and find comfort and solace in the arms of —”

Warren managed to switch the channel. His heart rate was getting out of control. Just seeing how small and weak that man had looked next to those two women...and how Aly had reminded Warren of the “viral load” problem. He had the virus. How big of a “viral load: had he been exposed to? He had never been in the best health to begin with, and he remembered hearing something about that being a risk factor for more severe complications from the virus. He wiped his forehead again as he felt the impinges of more cold sweat beginning to break out across the rest of his body. Wait a minute...chills...difficulty breathing...sudden onset of rapid heart rate — hadn’t all those things been the signs of acute onset of Whipple complications!? Warren KNEW that he had read about that in one of the news articles just the other day. And his early fever... his fever, his fever...it had been quite high...over 101! That was a bad sign too!! He felt his forehead — it was burning up! No wait, it was cool, clammy....no, that was just his fever sweat, underneath his skin was hot. His head was spinning; each breath secured his body less and less oxygen. He tried to take deep breaths, but his attempts at slowing his breathing down only made his head spin.

He switched rapidly through the channels, desperately looking for a distraction. But everything he saw only fueled his deteriorating condition — huge, buxom news reporters, their tits looking to burst out of their professional tops...an advertisement for specialized shock collars for problematic “escapee partners”...a cuddly, warm montage of gigantic wives snuggling and cuddling their tiny husbands...a public service announcement, with the tiny, shriveled hand of a man, curled into a weak little fist, next to the strong, firm fist of a manicured hand, crossed together in front of the words “Together We Win”... a towering female doctor in a white lab coat, addressing a packed auditorium, indicating at a naked male subject on stage with a metal pointer, his head only coming up to her waist as she bent down over him, calling attention to his deteriorated biceps...

Warren couldn’t talk, couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe. He had no idea why NOW, of all times, this attack had hit him, especially when he had it under such good control before. But he didn’t have time to think or ponder; he was too busy suffering through the terror that he thought could very well be death itself, come to take him away at last.

“Now I KNOW this smells good,” came Irina’s cheery voice as she came back into the bedroom, wheeling a cart with Warren’s dinner, “But you need to give it a few minutes to cool off a little, since I just took it out of...out of...Warren! WARREN!!”

Irina had seen that he was completely flushed, with his mouth open, seemingly paralyzed as he sat up in bed, trembling helplessly, with the sheets clutched in his shaking hands and pulled up to his chin. Irina immediately thought that his fever had spiked, and she forgot the dinner and rushed over to him, collapsing a little untidily into the bed next to him as her big ass shook the entire frame. She put her hand up to his forehead.

“Warren! What’s wrong!? You look so scared! Awww, your forehead’s all sweaty, are you feeling more feverish, baby?”

“I...I d-...I c-ca—” stuttered Warren, almost totally paralyzed by his panic attack. But even as he suffered through it, the gaping, yawning pit of terror that had been opening up inside him was being quickly filled in by Irina’s presence. And she...she was so close to him. Her big breasts were actually pressed UP AGAINST him. He could FEEL the rise and fall of her quick breath in the big body next to his. She was...in bed with him.

“Ok, ok...don’t talk,” interrupted Irina quickly, her left hand swiftly wrapping around his far shoulder as she pulled him even closer into her body, so much so that his face actually squished up against her left breast. “You look worse, baby...let me take your temperature.”

It wasn’t lost on Warren that Irina had just called him “baby” twice, apparently without even thinking about it. As his cheek pressed even harder up against her breast, he looked up into her face, and saw it rapt and set in concentration. She wasn’t flirting with him right now; she was all business. Her calling him that had been totally an accident...or just...second nature? Warren couldn’t be sure...but he knew that he wanted to hear her say it again.

“Now just...be still for a minute, ok?” Irina asked, sticking the thermometer under his tongue. Warren felt himself getting hard, getting easily manhandled like this, especially since his cheek was now actually rubbing up against her nipple...a nipple which, from the strength of the impinge against his skin, seemed to be getting harder and harder with each passing moment. Warren tried to struggle away from it — he was getting too hard too fast, and he didn’t want to make it so obvious to Irina what was going on. His heart was beating faster now, but for a different reason. His panic attack was already beginning to pass.

“Shhhh, no...no! You’re not going anywhere,” clucked Irina firmly, clicking her tongue as she held him firm against her body. “I need to see if your fever’s worse, Warren. Come on, work with me here...just relax, relaaxxx, relaaaaxxxx...”

Each syllable of her words seemed to calm Warren down more, and yet had the paradoxical effect of turning him on more too. He felt himself softly melt into her bosom, even as his erection poked the underside of her breast, which was now so big that it was nearly in his lap while also squishing into his face. Together they sat in the bed silently, breathing in tandem, Irina holding him fast. Warren realized that it wasn’t just his panic that was making him breathe faster — that had already largely subsided. As he felt Irina’s size and breath around him, he had calmed down quite quickly. But now, even though he was calmed down, he couldn’t help but realize how much slower she was breathing than him...and how much slower her heartbeat was. For every two or three breaths he took, Irina only seemed to take one...and the same held for their heartbeats. Warren realized that her heart and lungs were just that much bigger than his, and strangely, this realization made him even more aroused.

“Hmmm...102.3,” muttered Irina, taking the thermometer out of his mouth and frowning down at him slightly. “Still high, but not what I was afraid of....you just looked so...so flushed and feverish there, Warren!”

“I’m...I’m s-sorry,” he said, immediately feeling sheepish. “I just...I don’t know what happened but I...I just kinda, uhh...freaked out there for a minute.”

“Awww, poor baby!” Irina said again, making Warren’s cock bounce with delight, “Was it just another panic attack? Were you watching too much news again?”

“Y-yes!” he answered, even though he knew that wasn’t completely the whole story. “I j-just...I just started worrying about...you know...about the virus and everything and...and how sm-small I might get, and what it all means, and—”

“Now Warren!” interrupted Irina, pulling him off her breast and holding him firmly by both his shoulders, looking straight into his eyes. Both of them, in their own ways, marveled at how big her hands felt on his shoulders.

“Y-you just...you just NEED to learn to relax and TRUST me, ok?” breathed Irina down at him, shaking him gently to convey her urgency. “Now I know...I know that you just had a traumatic experience, with your fall and everything...”

“N-no, that was...that w-was totally my fault!” exclaimed Warren. He felt like he was trying to stave something off, something that he WANTED, and yet was still drawn towards all the same. He didn’t really know what he was saying, or what he was trying to accomplish. At this point, he was simply operating on instinct.

“Well, exactly,” came Irina’s swift reply as she tilted her head down at him, looking deep into his eyes.

‘This is it,’ she thought to herself, feeling a fire growing behind her breasts as they heaved to and fro with greater frequency. ‘This is one of those moments...where I lay it bare for him.’

“You can’t look after yourself the same way you used to, Warren,” she said out loud, feeling the moment seem to imprint itself in the air. “You can’t be trusted with your own safety...and that’s...FINE. That’s OK. You know WHY that’s ok, Warren?”

Warren felt his brow darken as it creased together. What Irina had just said had been so blatant, so...so brazen...and so matter-of-fact, that it had taken him completely by surprise. He didn’t altogether like hearing these words, and yet, hearing them made him feel more excited and transfixed than he had ever felt before. His cock grew still harder under the bedsheets, tenting them in an obvious way.

“Wh-why?” he heard himself squeak.

Irina took a deep breath, pulling him in closer towards her body, even as she maintained eye contact with him. She hesitated a moment, right as his upper chest began squishing up against her tight cleavage. She didn’t want to overdo it...she didn’t want to go too far all at once. But his little body...next to hers...barely touching...her breasts churning, aching...her nipples round, hard, and firm, threatening to poke holes in her top. That fire in her chest was threatening to rage out of control. She wanted him to suck on her nipples so badly. But later...later...that would be too much, right now. But she could at least do...this.

She applied gentle pressure to his back, pressing his little body up against hers, up against the plush, warm softness of her breasts. She saw his eyes dart around in alarm for a moment, until they once again fixed on hers, blinking rapidly a few times.

'Oh god...' she thought to herself, 'Oh my god...he wants it...he wants it soooo bad.'

She could feel his cock pushing up against the underside of her breast now. Irina grit her teeth behind her closed lips as they curled into a knowing smile, almost a smirk. She would distract herself from the urge to wrap her big hand around his cock.

"Why?" she breathed out loud, barely above a whisper, even though her voice seemed to fill the room, holding Warren at spellbound attention. "Because you have ME to take care of you, Warren. You have ME to look after you...to feed you, to clothe you..." She glanced down clearly at his cock, and then looked back up at him, her eyes holding his effortlessly in their power as she spoke. "To attend to your every need."

Warren tried to make a noise, but he couldn't seem to get his throat, chest, and mouth to work together, and all that came out was a little whimper.

"You can't even watch the news alone in your bedroom without having a panic attack," continued Irina calmly. "You can't even get a book out of your library without hurting yourself, Warren. The time has come to accept it — you need help. You NEED a caregiver. And...well, you hired me at the perfect time, haha!"

Irina's laugh seemed to break the intense spell between the two of them, and she broke off, letting him go, shifting back towards the end of the bed, and smiling at him. She was proud of herself — she had resisted the urge to take it too far all at the beginning. Now...now that the ice had been broken, the spring water could come bubbling forth. He looked so cute there, under his covers...those big eyes of his...scared, and yet, not scared. Thrilled. Transported. Desirous.

"Heh...haha, uhhh...y-yeah...yeah, I am lucky!" Warren laughed, joining in with her.

"Have some dinner!" she said brightly, wheeling the cart over. "One of your favorite recipes — chicken pot pie!"

"Ahh, awesome!" he exclaimed. Irina jokingly produced a napkin, unfurled it in a flourish, and, after pausing to look down on him for a moment, suddenly bent down and tucked it into the front of his shirt. Warren exhaled in arousal, remembering that he had just ordered himself a baby bib, among many other things.

"Mmhm...perfect," murmured Irina, nodding her head. Warren couldn't tell if she was joking or not now, at this point. He had turned his body to the side and slightly crossed his skinny legs under the sheets, to hide his erection. But he was sure that Irina had already seen it...yet again.

"S-so," he heard himself say, pausing his fork over his meal. He wasn't even hungry for food. Not solid food. All he wanted to do right now was talk to Irina...to watch her...and maybe even

to somehow feel her plushness against him again. “I...uhh...I ordered you some clothes just now.”

“Oh?” asked Irina warmly, crossing her big legs sexily as she sat on the end of the bed. “That’s soooo very sweet of you, Warren. I hope you didn’t go too overboard. Got me an outfit or two? Lovely...how much did it all end up costing?”

Chapter 10

“Sixteen...thousand dollars,” Warren answered, looking down at his dinner. He was surprised at his quick willingness to admit how overboard he had gone in his purchases, but somehow, Irina’s presence on the edge of his bed, with her big, busty body gently sagging his mattress, made him feel reassured in conceding the truth. Besides, the dozens upon dozens of outfits were going to be arriving at the house by express delivery in a matter of hours anyway, so he figured that he may as well tell Irina what to expect — the truth was going to inevitably come out anyway.

Irina felt her jaw slacken a little as she stared at Warren, unmoving, for several long moments, taking in the fact that he had spent that much money on her in a few mere minutes of online shopping. As she watched Warren shrink and dwindle so dramatically in front of her over the past few weeks, it was easy for her to forget that he was ridiculously rich, the sole inheritor of the lucrative Du Pont fortune. While it was true that the extensive mansion around them served as a constant reminder of this wealth, Irina had begun to see the estate not as Warren’s house, the house that she was responsible for cleaning, but rather...HER house, the house that she took care of, the mansion that she lived in with the shrinking little man who she fed, coddled, and protected. To hear that Warren had just spent that much money on her was a bit of a jolt for Irina for those few moments, but fairly quickly, the knowledge sank into her bones and caused a cozy, erotic warmth to spread across her body.

“Warren,” breathed Irina, sidling up the bed, closer to him, so that she could loom a little over him as she spoke softly, “That’s so sweet of you. All that money, spent on me?”

“W-well yes!” answered Warren, feeling his heart quicken as Irina’s big body got closer to him. “I thought...I thought that you, uh...d-deserved it, since...s-since you’ve been doing such a good j—”

“Shhhh, shhhhhh,” whispered Irina, extending her hand out to pet his cheek. She enjoyed watching him struggle to get his words out, but she could see that he was already getting a little red in the face, stressing himself out. Also, even though Warren was unquestionably in a submissive position, lying there in his bed, under his covers, in her shadow, the words he was actually saying were a little too...authoritative for him to be saying. Irina knew that he didn’t mean anything by it, and that it was just from habit, but even still, him saying that she “deserved” the clothes because of the “job” she was doing was a bit too silly for Irina to hear, coming from him.

“You don’t have to explain why you spent that much, Warren,” Irina continued, petting his soft cheek with her long finger. “I know why you did. Heheh...you just couldn’t help yourself, could you?”

“I...n-no, I couldn’t,” admitted Warren, bowing his head a little as his eyes fluttered in pleasure. Just the feeling of Irina’s warm finger on his cheek made him hard under his bedcovers, and his mouth opened a little as he exhaled a quick, hot breath in arousal. He already felt silly for even pretending that he had bought Irina all those clothes because of the “good job” she had been doing as his housekeeper.

“Mmmmm, why don’t you go ahead and eat some more of that pot pie,” advised Irina, taking her finger away and reaching down to lightly squeeze his thigh under the sheets. Both of them looked down with wide eyes. Irina couldn’t believe how small his legs had become. Her hand wrapped around his limb much more than she expected, to the point where she was fairly sure that she could have manhandled his leg with her arm without too much effort. Warren likewise felt her fingers wrapping around his upper thigh and squeezing, and he had to make an effort not to moan or squeak out in arousal. Her hand, her arm...they were just so big, so effortlessly strong, that it was difficult for him not to just ogle her body in totally abandoned arousal. But she had told him to eat, and so he bent his head down, timidly spooning the delicious dinner into his mouth.

They both turned silently towards the TV, which was playing a political talk show in which two buxom, curvaceous women were speaking animatedly, clearly going at it, trying to talk over each other. In between them, an older female moderator was sitting, a slight smile on her face as she watched the energetic conversation go back and forth.

“You wanna watch a little more of the news, hmmm?” asked Irina kindly, as she pivoted a little on the bed, sidling up even closer, so that she was now actually sitting next to him. “It’s ok...I’m here...nothing to worry about. I’m actually curious how things have been going on in the world, aren’t you?”

“Y-yeah,” said Warren, feeling the immense size of Irina’s body pressing into the mattress next to him. She had become so big that he actually felt his own small, skinny body sliding down into the indentation that her large ass had created in the mattress. His body slid down and gently bumped into hers, causing Irina to laugh softly, even as she felt herself become powerfully aroused.

‘Easy...’ she thought to herself, ‘Take it...easy...slow...bit by bit...don’t overwhelm the poor boy. Not yet.’

She thought of Sarah, and felt that the nurse would surely be proud of her restraint in this situation. But even still, Irina knew that she wouldn’t be able to help touching Warren for too much longer. She could almost feel a kind of magnetic energy field that surrounded their bodies, pulling them together.

Irina took the remote and turned up the volume, right as Aly Singleton, the young blond reporter, was vigorously making her point across the table.

“You’re seriously telling me,” Aly was saying animatedly, “That men **SHOULDN’T** be able to choose their caretaker!? You’re actually suggesting, if I’m not mistaken, that men should **NOT** have the right to petition to be reassigned to a new caretaker if they feel uncomfortable? I’m hearing that right!? Because if you’re actually suggesting that, then don’t you realize that you’re just serving as a shameless mouthpiece, spouting this crazy right-wing propaganda that is actively endangering the lives of countless little men who are trapped in abusive caretaking relationships!? How can you possibly say that this hasn’t been an **ENORMOUS** problem so far in this pandemic? There are **DOZENS** of accounts of helpless men who have anonymously reported their abuse to the authorities, and you’re saying we should just do **NOTHING???**”

“Ooooo, looks like we tuned in at just the right moment!” laughed Irina, snuggling her curvy body up against Warren in bed.

“That’s Aly Singleton,” mumbled Warren sheepishly, pointing at the screen. “I...I’ve been watching her for awhile.”

“Awww, you’ve got a little crush on her, don’t you?” teased Irina, reaching down and scratching his head with her big hand.

“I...uhhh, heh...m-maybe,” admitted Warren, grinning a little.

“Well she IS very pretty,” remarked Irina. “But so is this other woman, her opponent — let’s see what she’s saying.”

The opposing woman began countering from the other side of the table. She had jet-black long hair, and was just as big, tall, and busty as Aly was. Irina couldn’t help but think that these women both had to be over seven feet tall.

“As usual, Aly has totally misconstrued my argument for her own purposes. And let me be clear, those purposes have their own end-goals — obviously, Aly is arguing the typical radical leftwing socialist position that shamelessly supports the male separatist movement, a movement, by the way, which has resulted in hundreds, if not THOUSANDS of sick, scared, tiny men, living in squalid shantytown communities by themselves, all under the guise of “liberation” and “self-sustainability.” Have you ever visited one of these communities, Aly? Well I have, and I can tell you that there’s NOTHING good going on there. A bunch of shrunken, sick little men, barely scraping by, without any women to look after them...and for what? To preserve the outdated illusion of patriarchal structures? I would expect a leftist like Aly to be the first to condemn the — ”

“Now wait just a minute!” interrupted Aly, her huge breasts squishing against the table as she leaned forward angrily. “I’m not gonna let you bait me like that Ella! Don’t pretend this is about “patriarchal structures,” or whatever nonsense you’re cooking up. It’s beside the point — no one is arguing that men don’t need protection. What I’m saying is that we should — ”

“Now, now hold on, Aly,” said the moderator, putting her hand in the air in a “stop” motion, “Ella was just making her point — let her finish.”

“Thanks Julie, said Ella smartly, “Aly, you can carry on with the advertisement for your new book in a second. Now the point I was making — ”

“OH, is THAT where we’re going!?” cut in Aly, her eyebrows going up challengingly.

“Hold on Aly — hold on!” chuckled Julie, “Put a pin in that until she finishes her point.”

“The POINT I was making,” repeated Ella, smiling, “Is that Aly is dressing up some isolated incidents as an actual systemic problem that needs to be addressed. No such problem, on a large scale, exists at all! I grant you there have been isolated incidents of men being...badly treated, let’s say..but nothing that points to any need for this huge all-encompassing national database for men to formally lodge complaints! Everyone knows that delirium is one of the most

common eventual symptoms of the Whipple Virus! These leftwing social justice warriors want every single delirious hallucination from a population of sick, helpless men to be officially registered and considered by government employees! Think of the bureaucratic nightmare! Think of the resources that would be wasted! All in the name of promoting so-called “equality.” Well I’ve got news for you, Aly, this phantom “equality” you’re talking about is a pipe dream. It’s total and utter insanity, and yet another example of how far the Left will go to champion government overreach.”

“Ohhh they’re really going at it, aren’t they?” chuckled Irina. She realized that she had starting stroking Warren’s hair as they watched TV — it was startling for her to realize that she had started doing this without even realizing, and she very nearly stopped. But looking down on Warren, she could see the little tent that his erect cock was making in the bedsheets around his crotch — she felt another warm, golden wave of arousal pass over her. No, she wouldn’t stop stroking his hair; this was perfect. She was slowly, surely, indicating with her body, with her actions, that she was in charge. Ever so slightly, she pivoted her body close to him, so that her big, engorged breasts were pressing gently but firmly into his body. She heard Warren inhale in a shaky, stuttering breath, and she smiled to herself. It was almost too much fun, and she had to constantly remind herself not to take it too fast, remembering Sarah’s words.

“Aly?” quipped Julia Winters, clearly enjoying egging on her news partner in the debate, “Are you gonna take that from Ella? What’s your response?”

“Oh well of COURSE we’re gonna hear that kind of drivel from one of the most prominent Big Business spokeswomen,” snapped Aly sarcastically.

“HERE we go!” responded Ella, rolling her eyes.

“Don’t even try and deny it Ella!” exclaimed Aly, shaking her head. “Yeah, all this talk of “government overreach,” when you actively are representing private companies that are making a PROFIT off of cages and...and LEASHES for men, many of whom are trapped in abusive households. Ella is totally twisting the truth — never in my life have I EVER said that I’m promoting some crazy idea of “equality” here. She can’t possibly claim that I’m saying such a thing. Typical strawman argument — NO ONE is suggesting that men are EQUAL, ok? Let’s just get that one out of the way first. It’s CLEAR that men are smaller, weaker, and constitutionally unfit to make decisions themselves...especially men in the advanced stages of the Whipple Virus.”

“Which inevitably will be the trajectory for EVERY man!” noted Ella loudly.

“Which...well, we’re not sure about that yet, so let’s not make sweeping statements before we know for certain they’re true,” corrected Aly.

“Oh please, that recent study from the New England Journal of Medicine,” began Ella.

“Which is STILL in the process of getting peer-reviewed!” cut in Aly, her curvaceous body jiggling alluringly as she shook her finger at her opponent across the table. “And anyway, the point is that LOTS of men still have SOMETHING approaching the presence of mind to recognize abuse when they experience it.”

“It’s not ABUSE!” shouted Ella. “It’s the NATURAL ORDER of things, Aly!!”

“Go sell some more LEASHES!” thundered Aly back at her.

“At least I wasn’t caught BREASTFEEDING my own partner on the SUBWAY!” yelled Ella.

“OH we’re going THERE??” relied Aly, her eyes flashing dangerously, “He was HUNGRY, and about to PASS OUT! Why don’t you let Channel 5 into your house, to give them a nice little tour of your HAREM that you’re keeping in your basement!? Care to DENY it, Ella??”

“Ok! Hahaha OK ladies!” laughed Julia Winters, clearly satisfied with how the debate was going as she spoke over the two voluptuous, sparring women. “We’re gonna leave it at that for now, and cut over to another segment here — Laura?”

“Boy, that was funny!” laughed Irina, messing up Warren’s hair as she ruffled it playfully. “These cable news debates always devolve into shouting matches, don’t they?”

“W-well...I think...Aly was right,” mumbled Warren. He was still very much aroused, but the debate had once again awoken feelings of anxiety. It was hard to believe that these debates were actually happening. Companies selling cages and leashes for men!? It was all a bit hard to swallow.

“Ohhh of COURSE you’re gonna side with your crush!” teased Irina, reaching down and pinching Warren’s cheek affectionately. “For what it’s worth, I actually think that the other woman had a good point — if all these little men are delirious, then why should they waste government resources hearing every single claim of abuse? I mean, I’m not saying it doesn’t happen here and there — I’m sure it does — but couldn’t they use government resources in better, more targeted ways?”

“I...I’m not sure,” said Warren. His head was beginning to hurt, and his vision was starting to swim. He knew that this wasn’t another panic attack, but it did feel like his fever was increasing, though.

“Aw, too much political talk,” said Irina kindly, scratching his head one last time as she took his bowl away. “You need to get your rest. But not before you take your medicine!”

Warren didn’t know what he was in the mood for, and he definitely noticed how Irina had basically just told him that he was going to go to bed...she had essentially “put him to bed,” as the saying went. Like a mother to her son. Warren was immensely aroused by the idea, but there was still some resistance that was holding out inside him. He couldn’t help but think of all those men, living in their little shantytowns, trying desperately to salvage some sense of their own long-lost masculinity. It was sad, really...Irina was right. Those men shouldn’t be allowed to just...exist like that, out there by themselves. Still, though...

But Warren didn’t have too much time to think about it, because Irina was insisting on administering his medication tonight. And after she had done so, much to Warren’s pleasure, Irina remained in his bed, her big arm around him, as she rocked him steadily, back and forth, to sleep. He hadn’t even asked her to do it. It just kind of...happened that way.

“You don’t mind, do you Warren?” she cooed down at him, her big breasts squished up against his face as she softly rocked him back and forth, back and forth.

“No...not at all,” replied Warren, feeling the sleep overtake his eyes, even as his cock remained hard. A tiny part of his brain pricked up, asserting that there was something very, very wrong with this whole picture, but this instinct, or whatever it was, quickly became neutralized by Irina’s gentle voice, and the slow, steady, rocking pressure of her breasts against his cheek.

“I just want you to know,” whispered Irina to him in the darkness, “That what happened today will not EVER happen again. I won’t let you get hurt, Warren. You’re safe with me...safe....with me.”

Warren had never fallen asleep so quickly, and even when his breathing became light and shallow as he fell asleep, Irina didn’t leave him. She kept rocking his unconscious body back and forth as she sat there in the darkness, feeling something powerful gather around her in the gloom. Could it be that she was actively growing again? From the gentle pricks in her skin, and the slow, steady ache in her bones and muscles, she was SURE that she was. It was another full hour before she finally got up off the bed and left Warren sleeping away.

The next day, all of Irina’s clothes came, one by one, in packages, much to her delight. She made a show of trying them on in front of Warren, spinning around alluringly as she displayed the contours of her growing body to her ever-shrinking host. The next few days seemed to pass by in a kind of rapid-fire haze. Warren was more tired than usual, and generally kept to his bedroom. Irina made frequent visits upstairs, bringing Warren her hot, home-cooked meals. He had started losing size more rapidly, and three days later, his height had diminished all the way down to 4’10. Irina, for her part, was growing more rapidly — she was 6’2 now, and with the addition of the new, stylish 4-inch heels she had taken to (among the other pairs of heels Warren had bought), she rose up to a towering 6’6, a full 20 inches taller than Warren. The top of his head barely reached her nipples now, and when he was standing in front of her, Warren was desperately aroused (and scared) to realize that he was staring straight into the top of Irina’s stomach.

“Goodness!” exclaimed Irina one night after measuring him, “That’s accelerated shrinking, for sure.”

“Is...is that bad?!” asked Warren anxiously, his little body shaking. He had just stepped off a scale that said he weighed a mere 78 pounds.

“Well Sarah...that nurse, remember, said that this accelerated shrinking is part of the Whipple Virus’s trajectory,” reassured Irina in a calm voice, bending down to stroke his face again as she smiled at him. “So no, it’s not bad, Warren. Heheh, I’m sorry, I just couldn’t help but be a little surprised by...how small you’ve gotten. I’m still getting used to it too, especially, well...ha, especially considering how much bigger I’ve become.”

“Y-yeah, I’ve...I’ve noticed that too,” said Warren, feeling his face get hot again. Just standing there, with Irina looming over him, her breasts ABOVE his head, and her gently-inflating stomach in front of his face, made Warren feel weaker than usual...weak with arousal and lust. It had occurred to him that even if he had the gall to reach up and try and suckle one of her nipples, he wouldn’t be able to do it, even on his tiptoes.

Irina was inwardly churning herself. The past few days had felt like a kind of slow boil to her, a slow, simmering boil of erotic energy that was now threatening to overflow completely. There he was, 4'10, 78 pounds, standing there in front of her, almost 2 feet below her, and well under HALF her weight. He was just standing there, waiting...waiting...for her to put him to bed like she had been, rocking him back and forth, back and forth.

But suddenly, Irina decided that she was going to do something else tonight.

"Hey Warren," she cooed down at him, "Go start a bath."

"Uhh...w-why?" he asked, feeling a surge of excitement, even as he felt anxiety around her answer.

"Because," she cooed down at him, bending down so that her breasts swung down gently playfully on top of his head, "I wanna bathe you."

Chapter 11

For a moment, Warren just gaped up at Irina's huge form, gently bent and inclined down towards him. She had her hands on her knees as she leaned down, looming over him. Even with her hands on her knees this way, she was a good foot or more taller than him. Warren had tried to make eye contact with her to search out her intentions, but he found that he simply couldn't bring himself to hold it. Irina was just too big, too imposing, too powerful, to meet directly with his eyes. He felt like his entire body would have started shaking, with his cock becoming painfully and obviously erect, if he had tried to hold the eye contact with her. And Warren, despite being thrilled at the prospect of Irina bathing him, was not keen on giving himself away so obviously.

Over the past few weeks, he had become WELL aware of the gently-shifting power dynamic between the two of them, and he knew that it was obvious to Irina now that he was aroused in her presence...and that she enjoyed teasing him. She had been cooking for him, sitting close to him in his bed as they watched the news, petting his head, and even pressing her breasts up close to his face, though never with open intention. She had been measuring him, administering his medicine, and, for all intents and purposes, putting him to bed, going so far as to rock him to sleep most nights. Bit by bit, she was filling in all the spaces traditionally reserved for...a mother...with HIM as the child. Warren had managed to overcome some misgivings around this shifting dynamic, and had actually started allowing himself to enjoy the role of gentle submission she had ordained for him.

But...a BATH!? It all seemed a little too...obvious. Too overt. Warren had gotten comfortable with the easy, tender relationship between the two of them, a relationship that certainly mirrored the female-led relationships that were emblazoned daily across the TV screen in the new Whipple-Virus-world. But based on the things he had been hearing about — the male harems that certain women kept, shrunken little men kept in cages, taken for "walks" on leashes by their caretakers, women letting their men eat "treats" out of their hands for "good behavior" — Warren wasn't able to help feeling that Irina's suggestion was a diversion to a path that he did not want to go down...a dark path that led into the woods, with no end in sight.

"Warren?" Irina's pleasant, slightly deepened voice cut through the air, and he tried to look up and make eye contact with her again. He had already heard it in her voice — she was waiting for him to obey. And now, looking up into her smiling eyes, her expression, and her body language, said it all. She wasn't being rough with him...she was just telling him what he was going to do. How could he refuse her? His brain didn't even go past the idea of countering her, or disobeying her.

Still, though, something in him halted, and his eyes tried to escape hers. But there didn't seem to be anywhere much better, and less intimidating, for his gaze to go. His eyes went down her tall, full figure, which was alluringly wrapped in the elegant, knee-length, lavender-colored silk bathrobe that he had bought her the previous week. Already, Irina's growing body had started filling it out, so that the powerful pillars of her full thighs, the swells of her thick hips, and the mammoth mounds of her twin ass cheeks, were all erotically visible through the silky folds of the bathrobe. And as Warren's eyes trained in helplessly on the huge, swaying orbs of Irina's enormous breasts, he was amazed to see how tightly they were pressing into the silky fabric... now that he was actually staring, he could see that the silk itself had started to stretch around the dual surges of her breasts, and...those were her hard nipples, definitely, looking like they

were about to poke through. A hot chill rapidly started spreading through his body, from his head — was she even wearing a bra right now!?

“Warren!” giggled Irina, her bombshell body suddenly erupting in jiggles right in front of Warren’s astounded eyes. She knew he was distracted by her body, and just seeing how helpless he was to her effortless advances was enough to make her pussy start aching with desire. Her nipples were so hard and erect that they were beginning to get painful, and she could feel, at their roots, the telltale churning of her warm, luscious milk. It was all she could do to keep herself from snatching him up right then and there, tearing off her bathrobe, and mashing his face into her tits, guiding his little mouth to one of her engorged nipples, and holding him there until, with him whimpering, the milk began to flow into his mouth, filling it, and going straight down his throat.

But this was all part of her plan — she had been consciously thinking about this moment for days now, and unconsciously for weeks. She knew that she could take him right now without any effort. He was far too small and too weak to resist her. But Irina didn’t want to be like those other women who had harems of unhappy, miserable little man-slaves. She KNEW that Warren had the potential to embrace his new role...to embrace his submission to her...and she knew that, as long as she was able to gently guide him there, the end result would be SO much more powerful, and SO much sweeter.

“Uh I’m...I’m s-sorry...I, uhhh,” Warren stuttered, darting his eyes around awkwardly, like he was looking for an escape. Irina watched him steadily, that tender, amiable smile never leaving her face.

“It’s ok Warren,” Irina breathed down at him, taking his little chin in her huge hand and forcing him to look up directly into her eyes. “I know you can get pretty distracted by me...especially when I’m so close to you, haha! Mmmmm, you know I’ve gotta say, I’m liking the size difference between us right now.”

“Y-you are?” blurted out Warren, now forced to blink up into her strong, beautiful eyes.

“Ohhhhh yes!” smiled Irina, gently shaking his chin with her hand. “You look sooooo small and cute down there, even with me bending down like this. God, I must look HUGE to you. And I mean...look at this! Look at how little your chin is in my hand! My hand wraps halfway around your precious little head!”

She continued playfully manipulating him for a few more moments, turning his head right, than left, in a clear display of power and control. Then, quite suddenly, she let him go, rising way, way up to her full height again, and putting a single hand on her thick, sensuous hip.

“Now go run that bath, alright?”

Both of them knew it wasn’t a question, and even though Irina had spoken it lightly, the simple sentence carried enormous weight. Once again, Warren’s mind didn’t even dare to wonder what would happen if he pushed back against her. He felt himself nodding, and his feet moving under him, as he shuffled away to his spacious master bath. Irina watched him go, inhaling a long, silent breath through her nostrils. She had seen the conflict twitch in his face; she knew that this was a big step for him...for both of them. Though she had never really doubted her

ability to gently command him, it was telling for her to realize, within herself, that if Warren had decided not to obey her just now, she wasn't quite sure that she wouldn't have taken the occasion to assert her power in a more blatant way. It was striking for Irina to realize this, especially considering how careful and gentle she had been with the dynamic in the past few days and weeks, ever since talking to Sarah. But she was just too aroused right now to even think of retreating back into her purely "caretaker" role for the sake of appearances. Standing up to her full height, she had willed him to obey her with every facet of her power, and she was encouraged to see him give way and shuffle off, the rapid movement of his skinny little legs betraying his own excitement, despite his trepidation.

Irina sighed out as she sat down on Warren's bed, waiting. The mattress moaned as Irina felt it give way beneath her heavy bulk, and she smiled to herself. Whenever Warren lay down in his bed, his little body barely even made an imprint on the mattress. A few seconds later, Irina heard the high-pitched little squeaks of the faucet, punctuating the air unnaturally. The squeaks kept coming, and it took Irina a few moments to realize that Warren was trying to turn the faucet handle, but with limited success. She blinked at the bed as her smile grew wider — he wasn't strong enough! He wasn't strong enough to run his own bathwater!

She let him struggle for a little while longer, and then spoke up.

"Everything alright in there?" she called. The sound of grunting and shuffling in response was music to her ears.

"Y-yeah, I just... *huh* ...I just.... *yyyyaaah* ...I...I c— ...I can't turn it!" panted Warren from the bathroom. "It's...the handle's stuck!"

"Aww, it's stuck?" Irina rose up off the bed and went striding straight into the bathroom. It was all too perfect — Warren was sitting on the edge of the large claw-footed tub, his dangling feet not even touching the floor, as he put as many of his 78 pounds as he could into pushing the handle of the hot water. Irina quickly swooped in and snaked her big hands under his little armpits, lifting him briefly up in the air before setting him back down in his unsteady feet.

"Whoa, whoa, eeeeasy there!" she laughed, ruffling his hair (and noticing that she could palm his head entirely now with her hand). "The last thing I want is you falling into the empty tub and hurting yourself!"

"I wasn't gonna hur—" began Warren, but his voice was suddenly drowned out by the rushing onslaught of water from the faucet, as Irina had bent down and effortlessly turned the handle of the hot water, which was already now beginning to steam up from the deep tub. She glanced down at him and flashed a crooked smile.

"I think you loosened it," she chuckled, winking at him. The tub was starting to fill up now, and once again, Irina rose up to her full height as she looked down on the shrunken little man before her. Warren was in his pajamas, which, despite their small size, were still too big for him.

"Well?" she asked, cocking her head to the side. "You wanna get in?"

Warren stood there unmoving for a second. He had been struggling through this whole process, step by step, and he had only now just gotten to the step that required him to take off all his

clothes. Under normal circumstances, it would have been clear that now would be the time when Irina would leave the room, to let him get naked in privacy before getting into the bath. But of course, under normal circumstances, his housekeeper wouldn't be giving him a bath in the first place. And in any case, Irina didn't look like she was going anywhere. In reality she too had reached a bit of a mental roadblock. She had been so transported by the sheer excitement of it all that she had forgotten that watching Warren strip naked might be something of...an anticlimax. She quickly thought of something to draw out the fun.

"Alright, I'm gonna dip into the cabinet here and get that epsom salt foaming bath stuff," she said, turning her big body around and feeling her size shake and quiver in her night robe. She made a point to shake her ass a little more than it was shaking already as she walked a couple paces over to the cabinet. She glanced over her shoulder, and saw that Warren wasn't moving. As expected, he was gaping at the hunks of her ass.

"Hmmm, now let's seeeee," she called out, turning back to the cabinet, making it a point to draw out her search, "Where isssss that stuff? Lavender-scented, I think...mmmmmm it smells so good! Where is it, where is it..."

Without making it too obvious for him, she was giving him time to take off his clothes and get in the tub. It was all part of the process...but even still, Irina didn't feel like she could wait much longer to get her hands on his tiny little body. She had seen the foaming bath bottle as soon as she opened the cabinet, but she gave Warren a little extra time to get naked and slip into the tub, glancing over her shoulder furtively before saying:

"Ah! Found it! Ok Warren, you better be in the tub, haha!"

"I am! I'm...here!" he responded, his voice pitched high with a mixture of excitement and anxiety. Irina felt herself melt as she turned around and saw how much the tub swallowed him up. Sitting down in the bottom, his head barely even came up to the top of the bath's porcelain-framed rim.

"Aw, ok then," she cooed down at him, crossing the bathroom in two strides and settling herself down into a comfortable kneeling position over the edge of the bath. Irina immediately started pouring the foaming bath solution under the faucet, but not before glancing down to see that Warren's little cock was semi-erect, just barely poking through the water. She made it a point not to stare at it, though.

'All in good time,' she thought to herself, as the bubble mixture rapidly disseminated in the water, hiding Warren's erection.

"The water's not too hot?" she asked him.

"N-no! No, it's...it feels good," he said, evidently calmed by the fact that his cock was now hidden from view.

"Mmmm, good," replied Irina. Now let's just let the bath fill for a bit — I'm gonna step out real quick for some things, but I'll be right back, ok?"

“O-ok!” said Warren, having no idea what she could possibly be getting. After watching her massive form sexily sway back and forth, her ass cheeks dancing underneath her night robe, he found himself alone in the filling bath.

‘Just...take it easy, ok?’ he told himself, sitting back and letting his head rest on the back of the tub. ‘Nothing’s wrong here. She’s just...feeling like thanking me after...after I bought her all those clothes!’ His attempts to explain away what was going on weren’t working, but they did at least give Warren a little psychic breathing room...for the moment.

Right before he opened his eyes again, he felt a ripple in the air just above his head. When he did open his eyes, he couldn’t see Irina, but he could smell her...that sweet, feminine musk of her perfume. He knew that she had come back into the room, somehow without making so much as a rustle. Had she purposefully snuck up on him? But he didn’t have any time to think it through, because a pair of large hands had suddenly descended into his view, both of them coming down to rest gently on his partially-submerged chest.

“Mmmmm, the water DOES feel good,” came Irina’s deep, rich voice from above him. He felt the squishy orbs of her breasts gently squeezing the top sides of his head. She was leaning forward now, over him...far, far over him. Warren felt everything darken around him as Irina’s body suddenly became his sky. Looking up, he saw her stretching out majestically over him, her breasts peeking through her night robe. One of her nipples slipped out, and it was confirmed: she was NOT wearing a bra. Warren felt himself get even harder under the suds as the sound of the rushing water ceased. Irina had been reaching over him to turn the water off, and now, Warren noticed that the suds directly in front of him were gone. Without him realizing it, Irina had dropped a large washcloth down into the bathwater, making the suds beneath it disappear. Warren doubted that it could have been an accident that she had dropped it right above his crotch.

“Oh-kay then!” intoned Irina meaningfully as she pulled up a little stool next to the tub and sat down on it. “Let’s start with your back, huh? I know your skin must be irritated after all that time sitting up in bed, I’ll bet.”

“Y-yeah, I guess I could use a little whoooooaaahhhhh!”

Irina had taken the washcloth in her hand and gently started going down Warren’s back. The washcloth itself was normal-sized, but on Warren’s back, it looked much, much bigger, nearly spanning its entire width. It was the way Irina was moving it, though, that had made Warren gasp out in pleasure. She was applying firm yet gentle pressure, and making it a point to make the washcloth span her whole hand and she dragged it gently and deliberately over his skin. He felt the strength and size of her hand and fingers...Jesus they were huge...her whole hand, with the washcloth beneath it, was nearly covering the entirety of his upper back.

SwishSwishSwishSwish

Irina was doing little circles, around and around, all over his back, starting up between his shoulders and then going steadily down, down, down toward his middle back, and then...her hand submerged, but she kept swishing, still making those slow, gratifying circles over and over on his skin as she went down further still, towards his tailbone...and his ass. It felt unbelievably

good, and even though he was submerged in a hot bath, Warren felt his skin stand to attention in goosebumps.

“Mmmmm, let’s turn you over a little here,” murmured Irina, and she swept her other hand lightly up under Warren’s body and, seemingly without effort, lifted him up out of the water and flipped his little butt up into the air. Warren gasped out a little in surprise at having been so suddenly exposed like this, but there was nothing he could do. He was facing down toward the water, with only his lower legs now submerged, with the rest of his body literally lifted up and supported by the single palm of Irina’s hand.

“Shhh, shhh, nothing to be afraid of, Warren,” cooed Irina softly into his ear, as she proceeded to soothingly scrub his bare bottom. “Just getting all the spots here. You’ve been sitting on this little butt for days now...weeks...we need to give it a good scrub, you know? Make sure you’ve still got good circulation down there.”

Warren felt totally powerless, being held up this way with Irina’s hand as she used the other one to scrub his little ass. She wasn’t shy about it, either — she used the washcloth to really get in there, in between his cheeks. He felt the sensitive skin of his rectum teased, then brushed, then full-on washed with the washcloth. He moved his little body a little in discomfort, but he felt Irina’s large fingers steady him, wrapping around his left side and holding him in place as she continued to coo down at him.

“It’s oh-kaaaaaay,” she breathed, “It’s oh-kaaaaaay....just relaaaaxxx, Warren. Relaaaaaax... I’ve got you.”

Warren could already feel himself starting to melt into her hand. Her huge size...her overwhelming strength...and that slow, easy, gentle way that she had about her...it all just combined to make him feel less and less willing to resist her. He stopped being so tense, and his body eased up. In doing so, Warren actually allowed himself to enjoy what was happening, and to get a good side-look up at Irina’s face. Her eyes were focused on her loving task, and her tongue was in between her teeth, sticking out a little at the corner of her mouth. She looked totally focused, and yet, at the same time, completely devoted and tender. Every time she moved the washcloth somewhere else, he saw the gigantic rack of her breasts jiggle and shake a little, as if they too were eager to get in on the act. He was totally erect now, and as Irina lowered him gently back down into the bathwater, he hardly even cared anymore. She was there to take care of him, to protect him, to feed him, to...to do everything for him. What did it matter that she could see his erection now? It had been obvious for weeks how she made him feel...now it was just being confirmed.

“Thaaaat’s right,” whispered Irina, her loins churning as she leaned over Warren’s little body, her breasts again sandwiching his head, as she eyed his crotch. “Thaaaat’s right. Just eeeeease into it, little guy. I’m here...I’m taking care of everything.”

She felt his hard little member underneath the washcloth as she gently massaged it, over and over, underwater. Irina couldn’t believe how huge her hand looked in his lap. Everything about this picture was out of normal proportion even compared to what she had gotten used to. The fact that she was bathing him now showed the more overt aspects of their size comparison — her forearm wasn’t much smaller than Warren’s thigh, and it was definitely thicker than his skinny little lower legs.

'I could wrap my entire hand around his thigh, I bet,' thought Irina lustily, now breathing hard, in and out, in and out, in a way that made her arousal obvious. She tried it, wrapping her hand around his upper thigh, with the perfunctory veneer of the washcloth in between her flesh and Warren's. Almost...her fingers almost touched...just another few centimeters of growth or shrinkage and they would touch. And that was just one comparison; Irina's mind was drinking in the sumptuous reality. Her aching breasts must have been at least twice as big as Warren's head...EACH of them. And the way they were sandwiching his head now, well...it was all Irina could do to keep herself from taking his whole body between them and squeezing and squishing him over and over until he just lost himself and burst his load in between her —

Irina suddenly came to; her instincts had flared in her brain. Her eyes refocused hard on Warren's face. Something was wrong. His eyes were open, but they were unfocused, going every which way, and sometimes rolling back into his head. Irina quickly cradled his head to her breast to get a closer look at him, and in her haste, her night robe slipped a little, exposing a fat bare erect nipple, right next to his mouth. His lips suddenly puckered, as if by some kind of primitive urging, and it looked like he was about to fasten them around the engorged nipple right in front of them.

"Warren?" asked Irina, the concern evident in her voice. But it wasn't concern that was making her voice shake. She was more aroused now than she had ever been...in her entire life. His little body twisted a little against her hand, and his mouth got closer to her nipple.

"Warren, are you ok?" asked Irina, shaking him a little. "Can you hear me!?"

His shrunken body lolled and shook like a doll with Irina's provoking — it had gone entirely limp, and it looked like he was in the throes of delirium. Irina felt herself panic a little, even in the midst of her powerful arousal. Had the bathwater pushed his fever higher!? She hadn't heard of baths being a bad thing for Whipple patients before! Had it all just been an unlucky coincidence!? What was she supposed to do now?? She thought of calling Sarah, but just then, something happened which completely wiped her mind of anything else.

"Mommy..." murmured Warren, quite audibly, his lips puckering towards the nipple. Irina felt the breath catch in her chest as her loins seized up down below. Her breasts were roiling now, and her nipples felt like they were about to explode. She leaned forward just a bit, enough for Warren's little lips to latch around the thick cylinder of her left nipple. It filled his mouth completely, stretching his lips outward as it grew further still, bigger than Irina could have believed possible. She was vaguely aware that the rest of her body was actively growing too, but her mind couldn't focus on that right now. A powerful orgasm was wracking through her entire body, sending its hot shockwaves out from the epicenter of her pubic triangle, which was continuing to roil and churn deep within her body.

With a hot flash of immense and sensuous relief, Irina felt the thick sweet milk beginning to first dribble, then shoot forth from her nipple, straight into Warren's suckling mouth. Panting heavily, she looked down at him, cradling him to her bosom as she watched his lips shrink against her growing tit, his little cheeks filling up with the wellspring of her milk.

Chapter 12

Irina was conscious of her instinctual need to get Warren out of the hot bathwater. She didn't know why he had suddenly slipped into a delirium, but she knew that it had happened in the bath, and that he had seemingly been ok before. But that was all she knew...maybe it had just been happenstance...maybe it had been coming on already, and the hot water accelerated the process. Either way, Irina had snapped to after the powerful wave of her orgasm had subsided, and she had lifted Warren up out of the water, cradling him in her arms like he was a small child.

The whole time, she had been sure not to move his head, so that his thin lips continued to suckle on her engorged nipple. Irina moved slowly, deliberately, conscious of every breath and movement she made, and the whole time, she was laser-focused on Warren's little face, his eyes closed, sucking away on a nipple that was now straining his mouth wide open. And then she saw it — his little cock, completely erect, twitching in the air. Irina's eyes widened slightly and she couldn't help but blow out a breath of hot air at the sight.

"Oh my godddd," she breathed to herself, quiet but out loud. She badly wanted to touch his little dick, to engulf it in her huge, warm hand, to pump it gently up and down until she made it burst. She had never felt an urge like this before; somehow, it was connected to her previous urge to guide Warren's little mouth to her swollen nipple. It was all about taking care of him, and right now, his purpling cock looked like it desperately needed release.

'No...no I can't,' she thought to herself, turning back to look at Warren's delirious face as she began wrapping him in a huge, soft warm towel that she had prepared nearby. 'He's basically unconscious right now...I can't just...just do something like THAT...without him knowing...can I!?'

Previously, it wouldn't have even been a question in her mind, but now, Irina actually had to take a little time to talk herself into not jerking Warren off. His poor little cock just looked like it needed to be milked soooooo badly. But in the end, she managed to talk herself out of it, making a point to wrap Warren's midsection (and a good deal of his torso as well) in the towel as she walked quickly towards his bedroom, carrying him the whole time. He hadn't stopped suckling on her nipple, and his face was smeared with the white remnants of her milk that had flown forth faster than he could swallow.

As she got to the bedroom and laid Warren gently down on the bed, it suddenly occurred to Irina that she should measure him. Her clit twinged at the realization, and despite her most recent orgasm, she felt her vaginal walls lubricating themselves up again, in preparation for another climactic wave.

"No, I've gotta...I've gotta take his vitals...uhhh...those important things...uh, first," she reminded herself, speaking out loud into the bedroom. She felt a swift and sudden sense of coziness envelop her, despite her continued worry over Warren's condition. She had medical people...Sarah...on call if anything should go truly wrong, and in any case, it was clear that Warren was breathing ok. Despite his delirium, and his obvious shrinking spurt that had just happened, it was all to be expected in an advanced Whipple patient. Warren had been taking his medication — Irina had made sure of that — and so there was no real danger to his internal organs. She felt cozy because she was there for him. They were all alone in this big house, with all the necessary food and medical supplies they needed, and he was in HER hands. If

Warren had come to in that moment, Irina would have taken immense pleasure in reassuring him that he was safe, as she compared the size of his little head to her gigantic bare breast next to it.

“Still, though...gotta be sure,” she muttered, and for the next minute, she proceeded to check Warren’s vitals, to make sure that nothing was dangerously wrong. His blood pressure was slightly elevated, but it had been that way for a couple weeks now, and mild hypertension was common in the first few weeks of Whipple infection. His fever, which was now 103.2, was a bit concerning, but Irina knew that it alone was enough to explain Warren’s delirium. She reminded herself to add in a nightly pill of haloperidol to Warren’s medication regimen, until his delirium subsided.

‘I shouldn’t have bathed him in hot water like that,’ Irina thought to herself, going to the medicine cabinet to fetch the bottle of haloperidol. ‘I didn’t know it’d exacerbate his fever.’ But she knew that she was self-chastising only for the self-charade. She knew that, if not for the bath, Warren wouldn’t have drifted off into delirium, wouldn’t have started suckling on her nipple...wouldn’t have called her “mommy.”

‘But surely...surely he didn’t actually mean it,’ Irina thought, coming back into the bedroom with the pill, kneeling softly by his bedside, and feeding it slowly into his mouth. Warren’s lips immediately responded again, puckering up to try and suck on the pill like it was a nipple.

“No...no Warren...look, it’s a pill...you need to take the pill,” said Irina patiently. “Come on now, in your mouth...that’s right...now swallow it...here’s a glass of water.”

Warren was still conscious, even though it was clear he didn’t really have a sense of what was going on around him. Irina made sure that he safely got the pill down without choking, but when she tried to have him drink a glass of water, he wouldn’t drink it properly. Instead, he started sucking on the edge of the glass.

‘He can wash it down with my milk,’ Irina thought at once. She didn’t need another excuse to guide her nipple back to his mouth, and a moment later she was sitting up in the bed next to him, his head cradled once more to her bosom, as he sucked away at her breast. Irina started breathing hard again as she blinked and looked around the bedroom. There was still a part of this whole thing that felt so wrong, so totally crazy, and yet Irina could tell that she was becoming increasingly comfortable in this new, intimate role.

‘I mean, look at him,’ she thought, staring down tenderly at Warren drinking down her milk, ‘Just LOOK at him...he couldn’t last long without me. He’d forget to take his medicine, or convince himself he didn’t need it, or he’d fall and hurt himself like he did before, or...or he’d get snatched up by one of those horny girls and enslaved in an awful harem...oh no, he’d get eaten alive...if not for me.’

She lovingly drew her long fingers through his hair as he suckled, smiling down at how warm and safe he looked, all wrapped up in his plush, white towel. Again, she had to fight off the urge to unwrap him and play with his penis, but just then, she remembered why she had gotten all excited before.

“Oh right...measuring him!” she whispered to herself, and she reached over to fetch the measuring tape from Warren’s nightstand. Measuring and checking body statistics were already nightly rituals that were medically necessary, but this time it was different. Irina had already measured Warren that night, and he had been 4’10, and clocked in at a mere 78 pounds. For her part, Irina had grown up to 6’2 (although she had measured herself in private that evening, like she always did), and she knew that she was probably about two-and-a-half times heavier than he was at this point...she weighed 192 pounds now, and a lot of it was in her breasts, her thick hips, and her huge ass.

But she had SEEN him shrinking in the bathtub...and she had literally FELT him getting smaller in her arms. Warren’s fever-induced delirium had apparently accelerated the virus’s shrinking effects in him, and on the flipside, its growing effects in her. Irina wondered whether she should take note of all this, to speak to Sarah about later on a purely medical basis, but right now, she wasn’t thinking about any of that. Instead, she was focused on carefully extending the tape measure out along Warren’s horizontal body. Her heart was thumping away in her chest, behind her vast breasts, as she slowly tightened the tape measure between her two hands. She didn’t need to marvel as to why she was feeling so excited — by now, she had subconsciously decided to fully embrace her arousal around the size difference between the two of them. The bigger she got, the more motherly and protective she could be with him...the better she could care for him, provide for him. And the smaller he got, the less he could resist her gentle, loving care, and the less he could go on pretending that he was “still a man.” In Irina’s mind, he was becoming, more and more, with each passing day, her baby.

She made sure to straighten out Warren’s thin little legs, which were poking out of his swaddling towel, to ensure that she made an accurate measurement. Even though Warren wasn’t anywhere close to “baby-size” yet, Irina wasn’t able to help giggling at how small he looked in her lap. The flesh from her breasts, her stomach, and her upper thighs all seemed to coalesce together, enveloping him, swallowing him up in its plush, pillowy softness.

When Irina saw the final measurement, she just stared at it for a long time, not looking away from the number, as her lips parted in shocked exhilaration. 111.76 centimeters...111.76!?!

“But that’s...” breathed Irina out loud, as she felt her cheeks flushing with fresh arousal, “That’s...” and here, she turned the tape measure over to the US units, which she was still getting used to.

“That’s UNDER four feet tall!” she whispered to herself. “He’s...3’8...oh my god...oh my godddd!”

Irina could hardly take it anymore. Warren had shrunk by over a FOOT in the bathtub, as he had sucked down milk from her breast...and Irina, well...it only remained to be seen how much SHE had grown in the process. Her hands trembled as she lifted Warren up from her lap, and pulled him away from her nipple.

Pop!

His lips had been sucking so hard that they actually made a sound when Irina had gently pulled him away, and they went on puckering and searching, trying to find the nipple again. Irina

exhaled out as she laid him gently back down on the bed. She didn't want to stop breastfeeding him either, but she needed to measure herself, to see how much bigger she was than him now.

'And besides,' she thought to herself as she stood up against the wall, using her fingernail to mark where her head was as her heart continued to hammer away, 'This won't be the last time it'll happen...he's got a taste for my milk now...I can feel it.'

Irina was beginning to lose herself in a flurry of excitement, arousal, and thoughts for the future, and whether because of the combined tide of these thoughts, or the recent effects of the virus on her own body, she staggered slightly to the side as she stepped back from the wall.

"Oh! Whoops!" she exclaimed, laughing at herself a little as she stumbled into Warren's heavy dresser. The huge piece of furniture gave way a good deal more than Irina was expecting, and she actually had to rush around and push the opposite side of it up again, to keep it from falling over.

"Wow..." she exhaled out loud, shaking her head as she caught her breath. "Am I really...that heavy!?"

Her vision swam a little before her eyes, but a couple deep breaths later she was back to normal. She had heard about slight dizziness happening in women who were infected with the Whipple Virus, particularly after a potent growth spurt.

"Well now let's see..." she muttered eagerly, extending out the measuring tape from the floor to where she had marked her head on the wall. "Let's see...how much..."

She was just over 195 centimeters. Irina gaped at the number, and then turned back to look at Warren lying on the bed. His delirium seemed to have already passed, and his little chest was rising and falling in steady rhythm as he slept away peacefully. Irina turned back around and looked at the number again. She didn't even think to convert it to the 6'5 US measurement; instead, she was bending down to mark how tall Warren would look if he was standing next to her.

'I can't believe it,' she thought bluntly. A crackling tendril of electricity was charging through her body as she imagined the comparison.

"He'd be at my hip," she murmured out loud, drawing her palm up to the luscious curve of her left hip, right at where the top of Warren's head would be. "I could...I could have my hand hanging all the way by my side, and then...and then just reach my hand out, like that...and palm his little head."

It was an incredible thing to imagine. Irina couldn't wait to actually experience the comparison in real life, with Warren actually awake, but she didn't even consider waking him up. He had just been through a lot, and his fever was very high, and he needed a good night's rest, to sleep off the effects of his delirium. But now, for the first time, Irina was going to spend the night with him...the entire night. Any question of ethics or her "proper role" as Warren's housekeeper had now been completely thrown out the window. A deep, smoldering lust was burning in Irina now, a lust to feed Warren more of her milk, to feel his thin little body against the heavy, curvaceous

weight of her own gently-overpowering flesh...to experience the full, thrilling reality of her new role over him, her motherly domination of his small, frail body.

“You want some more, don’t you?” she whispered down to his sleeping form as she slowly, gingerly lowered herself back down onto the bed. Her huge body created an instant crater in the mattress, into which Warren’s tiny, unconscious body slid, bumping up against the soft flesh of her big hip.

“Mmmmm, yesssss, that’s right,” she breathed down on him, lifting him up effortlessly in her soft arms and once more holding him to her bosom. “Come to Mommy....”

Twenty minutes later, Irina was about to reach over to turn off the light. She was deliciously exhausted after enjoying the rushing currents of more orgasms than she could count cascading through her. She usually needed manual stimulation to achieve orgasm when she was alone, but with Warren’s little mouth nursing at her breast, she found that she didn’t even need that. In a continuous repeat of what had happened in the bathtub, Irina found that her orgasms came unbidden. They were being drawn forth by the reality of what was happening, and the more Irina thought about it and cherished it, the harder she came. It turned into a fun little game, with her trying as hard as she could not to moan too loud, or shake or tremble when a particularly powerful orgasming wave coursed through her.

‘I can’t wake him up,’ she thought. ‘I can’t wake up the little baby...’

But one time, she wasn’t able to help it, and her loins spasmed a bit too hard, right as she was comparing the size of her hand to Warren’s head. She was relishing in the discovery that her hand could indeed palm his entire skull now, when the orgasm spasmed through her, and Warren was briefly jerked awake from his reverie. His eyes opened, and for a few seconds, his mouth stopped suckling.

Irina’s heart stopped. When Warren had last been in a “normal” frame of mind, yes, she had been bathing him, but the shallow pretense of her role for him as purely caretaker had still remained. It was only when his delirium had struck that all the boundaries had dissolved. But now he was awake again, and looking up at her, over her huge breast, with her nipple in his mouth. For a moment, Irina felt like she had been caught red-handed.

But then, almost immediately, she recovered herself, and continued to manifest the role that she knew was right for both of them.

“Go back to sleep, little Warren,” she whispered down at him, her warm, sweet breath washing over his face and fluttering his eyelids. “Go back to sleeeeeeep, little baby...Mommy’s got you.”

With warm satisfaction, Irina saw Warren’s eyes flutter again, before his lids closed back all the way, and his mouth resumed sucking. She felt the hot currents of her milk running forth again into his mouth, and she hummed deeply in satisfaction, the soothing vibrations of her voice permeating every cell of Warren’s body. Within seconds, he had slipped back into a deep sleep. Irina reached over once again, this time turning off the light. All was dark now in Warren’s bedroom...their bedroom. Irina couldn’t even hear his soft suckling at her nipple, but she could feel it as she breathed in deeply, taking in the solace and power of the darkness around her.

'This is where I belong,' she thought, feeling the weight of sleep coming over her at last. 'Right here...using my body to feed him, care for him, protect him. He's safe, sooooo safe here...with me.'

She had never slept so deeply, or so peacefully, as she did that night, with Warren nestled snugly into her breast, sucking away all the while. Irina was not accustomed to falling asleep without setting an alarm clock, with an itinerary already prepared of what she was going to do the next day, but this night was different. It was the beginning of something entirely new, and, for once, Irina was going to sleep in and enjoy it.

About 8 hours later, Warren found himself opening his eyes to something warm and soft, something that gradually came into focus the more he looked at it. His mouth felt wet, like he had been spitting in his sleep. He moved his legs and found that he was lying across something even plusher than his mattress...what was it!? His eyes widened as he blinked a few times. He was staring at a breast. A gigantic, humongous breast...far bigger than any he had ever seen... and it was hanging there, totally bare, right in his face. His eyes travelled down naturally, and saw that a massive, engorged nipple was right there, just below his chin, with dots of white speckling it all around.

Milk...

Warren froze — he immediately felt the wetness around his mouth and chin, and looked down at his hand. Milk. He had been drinking milk. He suddenly realized that his little stomach felt bloated and full. He struggled up off where he lay and backed away towards the end of the bed in horror. Irina was lying there, fast asleep, a happy smile on her face, with her night robe pulled back from the breast he had been sleeping next to...the breast he had been...drinking from. She looked absolutely enormous.

The last thing Warren remembered was feeling a warm, peaceful sense of elation as he realized that he didn't have to worry about hiding his erection from Irina any more. She had been taking care of him, and she knew how aroused he was by her body...that was what he had been thinking, before...before his mind had dissolved into a kind of strange dream, where he was being hugged and squeezed and lifted and...something more...but it had all been a dream, surely! And yet here was the proof that Irina had actually done it. She had ACTUALLY breastfed him, and, from the feeling in his stomach, she had fed him quite a lot.

'This...this is too much!!' he thought to himself, trembling, as he shakily climbed down from the bed. Irina looked so good there, so enticing, so sexy...but it was all more than Warren could take. She had just breastfed him like a little baby, and, now that he was standing on the floor, Warren saw how much he had shrunk. He would've had trouble getting back up on the bed. His chest began seizing, and his lungs hardened within his breastplate. He couldn't have another panic attack...not here...not now...but it was happening, and there was nothing Warren could do about it. Irina would wake up and then she would have him. He would be trapped forever, doomed to shrink and shrink and shrink until he literally became her little baby, to be fed milk every day and cooed and gurgled at. He knew that this is really what he wanted...but he could not accept it. It was too alien...too bizarre...too insane.

And now he felt his legs buckling beneath him. He couldn't fall down on the floor. He couldn't wake her up. He needed to get out of there, before she snatched him up again. He needed to run...to run far, far away...to escape, to breathe, to go anywhere where she couldn't find him.

His vision popped and rushed before him as he ran out of his bedroom and stumbled desperately down the stairs. He hadn't been outside his house in weeks, and yet right now, he didn't even think twice about heading straight for the front door. His mind had been overtaken by panic, by an irrational and crazy desire to escape his situation by physically fleeing. But Warren wasn't thinking straight at the moment — he wasn't thinking at ALL, actually. All that was rushing at blinding speed through his mind were the words, repeated over and over: "Get out...Get out...Get out!!!"

The fresh air of the morning hit his face like a freight train, and the sunlight blinded him. But Warren didn't stop. He was a tiny, sick man possessed now. For the next hour, he stumbled down the sidewalk, with no aim or purpose, no destination. He was an untethered man, in a very different world.

Chapter 13

Irina began waking up about half an hour after Warren had fled. It was so warm, so comfortable in the bed, that she didn't even think twice about opening her eyes up to Warren's bedroom. She closed them again, snuggling her big body around a little more into the plush pillows behind her, as she hummed contentedly. Only after a minute or so of semi-waking consciousness did Irina really remember that she was, in fact, in Warren's bed...and that all the crazy events of the previous evening had actually happened. But even with this realization, Irina didn't even bother opening her eyes yet. Her lips opened slightly as she savored the memories of Warren's little mouth suckling on her nipple, his tiny body dwarfed by her gigantic, heavy mammaries, as she softly cooed down at him and ran her long fingers through his hair.

Her right arm instinctively felt for Warren's skinny little body, but, finding that he wasn't there, Irina quickly opened her eyes and looked down. Beside her bared breast, hanging hugely out of the side of her night robe, was...nothing...nobody...except some slightly ruffled comforter. Irina blinked and looked down at her breast, and her huge chest started heaving as she began taking large, deep breaths.

Her first thought, crazy as it sounded, was that Warren had shrunk down to an absolutely tiny size when they had both been sleeping...so tiny that he was lost among the folds and crevices of the sheets. Very carefully, her heart thumping away between her heavy, swinging breasts, Irina started looking around in the sheets for him.

'Relax...' she told herself, breathing in and out as slowly and deliberately as possible. 'He couldn't have gotten so small so quickly. It's just...it couldn't have happened like that.'

Irina had heard several reports on the news of men shrinking down below a foot tall, but apparently, such shrinking in Whipple patients was exceedingly rare. In these select few cases, however, the men had shrunk down to 8 inches, 6 inches, and, in the case of a crazy outlier, 3 inches. As far as the medical community could tell, the vast majority of Whipple patients stopped shrinking around between 2-3 feet, with very, very few shrinking past a foot-and-a-half. The freakishness of these outlying cases, however, predictably made the headlines, which went a long way towards explaining Irina's fears right now. More than anything else, she wasn't

worried about Warren shrinking that small, per se. She was worried that he had shrunk that small...and that she had inadvertently crushed him in his sleep.

After less than a minute of searching, however, no sign of Warren had turned up. Irina began breathing a little easier now.

‘Ok, he’s...he’s not in the bed,’ she thought. ‘He didn’t shrink to 3 inches overnight...come on, of course he didn’t...quit freaking out over nothing! He’s just...he’s just somewhere else in the house, is all.’

Irina covered her bare breast with her night robe and re-tied it, rising up from the bed as the mattress groaned out in relief. Even though her mind was preoccupied with where Warren was, Irina couldn’t help but marvel a little at just how...big she had become. It wasn’t just that she was a little over 6’5 now, which was reason enough to pause and gawk at how small everything looked in the room. The curvy, voluptuous weight that she had gained was perhaps an even more noticeable aspect of her burgeoning body. Even just standing there, Irina felt totally different all over. She could feel it in her breasts, her hips, her thighs, her ass...everywhere... she could just tell that she was carrying around more, that every movement she made had more implications. She could feel the hardwood floor giving way slightly as she walked slowly out of the bedroom, and she was conscious of how she needed to walk straight out of the door, to avoid banging her thick hips on either side of the door frame. And as she made her way down the stairs, she felt the weight of her figure moving and jiggling around with every step she took. Even though she had just woken up, she felt a rush of vivacious energy tingling through her bones and muscles — her incredible growth came along with a sense of vibrant power and vitality. She wasn’t just tall and huge; she was strong and healthy, and she felt like she could do anything. In every sense of the word, she had grown into a veritable amazon.

As she reached the ground floor of the house, however, Irina’s mind had shifted from wonder at her own growth and energy to anxiety surrounding Warren. Once she had stepped off the last stair, she actually stopped for a moment, her hand grasping the rounded newel, as she steadied herself.

‘All right, just...just get with it,’ she told herself. ‘Figure out what you’re gonna say, and how you’re gonna behave, when you see him.’

Irina was now worried about a possible reactionary pushback from Warren after last night’s events. Their relationship had definitely shifted into an entirely new realm, at least as far as Irina was concerned. She had breastfed Warren for an extended amount of time...she had fallen asleep with her nipple in his mouth! Never again could she see him in quite the same way; for the past few weeks, she had been viewing him less and less as an equal, and more and more as an entity she cared for, but after last night...well, there was no way she could possibly ever see him as an equal again. A line had been firmly and inexorably crossed, and there was no going back.

Irina was perfectly happy with this development...elated, even. But that didn’t stop her anxiety, which was really starting to rev up now. The last thing she wanted was for Warren to be upset or angry with her, or even worse, to try and fire her. There was no way Irina was going to let him dismiss her — that much she knew. To even think of Warren facing his illness alone, in the midst of the pandemic, was utterly out of the question. It made no difference to Irina how

Warren behaved in that contingency; she simply would not let him fire her, and he would then have to get used to the fact that he had no real power in the situation.

But Irina didn't think that would happen. Warren was not the angry type. She was more concerned that he would be upset with her, or feel used by her. In the far recesses of her mind, a slight guilt was tickling her subconscious. She knew that she had, by any definition, taken advantage of him. But it had all happened so organically, so naturally! She hadn't planned on breastfeeding him! It had just sort of...happened. There had never been any nefarious intent on her part...

'But maybe he woke up and realized I had been breastfeeding him and...that made him upset,' she thought, her eyes scanning around in the kitchen. 'Maybe he thinks I used his delirium as an excuse to...to do that to him.'

Irina dearly hoped that this wasn't how Warren felt, but even if it was, she was confident that she would be able to gently talk sense into him. She had to remind herself how much power she really did have over him now. But the thought of her sweet little baby all upset with her, with his little face all screwed up with hurt, made her heart ache.

It was getting weird now. There was no sign of him in the kitchen...no sign that he had even been downstairs to eat anything. Now Irina's worries took a new turn. What if Warren, no doubt energized by her milk, had decided to do something around the house? What if he had hurt himself again? And that was why she didn't hear any sign of him!? Irina knew that her mind was probably just jumping to paranoid conclusions, but she didn't really have much choice in the matter. Warren was her precious little thing to care for, and it was concerning, given the circumstances, that she had no idea where he was.

She decided to call for him. She had initially resisted this impulse, since she was worried that Warren was upset with her, but at this point, she just wanted to hear him answer.

"Warren?" she called, making it a point to ensure that her voice echoed pleasantly and gently. "Warren? Where are you, baby?"

She suddenly got a wonderful idea: after she found him, she'd pick him up and take him into the kitchen, where she'd "make him breakfast." The whole time, though, she'd make it a point to lean into the counter, making her breasts look even more gigantic than they already were. God, the look on his little face...he would be salivating to get his lips back on her nipple. But she would just tease him, playfully insisting that he eat the breakfast she was making for him. Of course, in the end, she'd let him have his true breakfast...

"Warren?" she called again, coming out of the kitchen, "Come on baby, you must be hungry! I'm making something that I know you're gonna..."

And then she saw it — the front door, cracked halfway open. Irina froze, and for a couple seconds she just looked at the door, not even able to register what it meant. Warren had run away...and he had been in such a hurry that he hadn't even closed the door behind him. The hardwood floor boomed and echoed with Irina's heavy footsteps as she ran toward the door. Her mind was rushing faster than she could keep up with it. Warren had been kidnapped...no, that was impossible because she made sure the doors were always locked...he had unlocked it

himself and run away...run away from her...no, no wait...no that couldn't be it! He was in the front yard, getting some fresh air, surely...her milk had given him energy...maybe he was sitting on the front porch in one of those huge rocking chairs...she would scold him! It was dangerous to be exposed like that, all alone, with some of these huge women wandering around, collecting men for their harems...she would have a talk with him...!!

She burst out of the front door, and her eyes scanned desperately up and down the front porch, and then the front yard, the freshness of the morning air mocking her. He wasn't there. He wasn't anywhere to be seen! Irina's breath was coming in rapid, labored heaves now, and her mouth was open in slow, gradual horror. This couldn't be...he would never...never...even dream of putting himself at such risk! Even if he was upset with her, surely! It made no sense!

In her blind anxiety, Irina had tumbled herself down the stairs, and was now hurriedly scouring the front yard grass for clues. She didn't have to look long. It still wasn't late enough in the morning for the dew to have evaporated, and Irina's desperate eye found what she was looking for: a set of little footprints in the dew, going in a haphazard zig-zag away from the house.

"Warren...Warren, no..." pleaded Irina out loud as she followed the tracks. They went on and on, in that same disordered, pitiful trajectory, until the grass ended at the sidewalk pavement. Irina crouched down and saw, with a sickening lurch in her stomach, that the wet tracks of Warren's tiny bare feet only went on for a few more yards on the sidewalk, getting fainter and fainter, before they finally disappeared.

"Oh god..." Irina whispered. Her worst fears had now been proven true: Warren HAD run away from home...from her. She had no idea where he was, except that he was now all alone in the world, with no shoes or socks for his little feet, running scared in a blind frenzy away from her. There was no telling the danger he was in now, the danger of being snatched up by any woman who happened to see him. Irina didn't know what she was doing now, except that she was running down the sidewalk, desperately calling his name, as hot tears began pooling in the corners of her eyes.

Right about that time, Warren was out of breath, clutching at an awful stitch in his side, as he leaned against a mailbox. His vision swam before him as he looked around, trying to gauge where he was. But at the moment, the only thing he could focus on was his breathing, and his rapid heart rate. In his terribly jumbled mind, he couldn't remember if he had heard it on the news or not, but he seemed to recall hearing something about how strenuous physical activity was bad for Whipple patients. As his breathing became more and more labored, and his heart rate seemed to get even faster, he could well believe it. He felt positively awful, like he was about to throw up or pass out. It took a full ten minutes, leaning against the mailbox (with the actual box above his head, since he was a mere 3'8), before he could feel his body returning to some kind of acceptable stasis. Those ten minutes had been absolutely horrible, and it was only Warren's disorientation that saved him from actually wrapping his mind around what was going on, and having a full-blown panic attack.

Gradually, though, his body did calm down a bit, and Warren proceeded to stumble on, having no destination in mind. He just wanted to get as far away from Irina as he possibly could. He wasn't running now, since he was far too tired for that, and since he was moving at this slower pace, he was able to actually have a look around at a world that he had not seen, in person, in over a month.

The first thing he noticed were the advertisements. Weeks before, when he had last been out in the world, he had slept through the car ride back from the doctor, when Irina was driving him. Even then, the effects of the virus were everywhere — women walking hand in hand with their noticeably-smaller male partners, billboards going up everywhere about mass testing sites and “stopping the spread” and so on. But even if Warren had been awake to see all that, what he was seeing now would have looked completely alien.

To begin with, the advertisements had changed. Whereas before they were directed mainly towards a general audience, now they were all quite obviously aimed at women only.

“Savannah’s Male Training,” blared a large billboard advertisement, across the street from where Warren was walking. It had a close-up picture of a tiny, collared, and leashed man’s face, open-mouthed and obviously in the midst of talking back to his gargantuan female owner, who was brandishing the other end of the leash in a threatening way.

“Don’t Blame ‘Em! Train ‘Em!” continued the advertisement, which was followed by a bulleted list of offered services: “Basic Manners Classes...Behavior Problems...Day Care...Male Etiquette...Cage-Free Boarding...Certified Professional Trainers...Guaranteed Results...”

Warren blinked and kept moving. It was so surreal seeing such an advertisement that he wasn’t able to properly process its implications. But as he kept walking, he wasn’t able to avoid much more of the same thing.

“I love mommy’s eyes...not her allergies,” read another advertisement, this one advertising allergy pills by a bus stop. Warren wouldn’t have noticed anything amiss if the face in the middle of the advertisement had been a normal baby. But it wasn’t; instead, it was obviously an adult male’s face, complete with a food bib underneath, and the advertisement clearly implied that he was the one speaking.

Warren’s mind suddenly flashed back to the previous night — he was in the bathtub, looking up at Irina’s huge, gentle face, as her enormous warm breast squished up against the side of his face. He had been in the throes of delirium, of course, but...but had he...had he said something to her...?

He shook his head and kept walking, now feeling like the world was beginning to close around him...and unbeknownst to him, an enormous 7’1 woman had just spotted him from across the street.

“MaxiMilk Breast Pumps with Flex Technology,” read another advertisement, which depicted a gorgeous, buxom woman nudging her nose gently into her baby-sized male partner; they were both smiling. “Good for you, good for him.”

The 7’1 woman had now crossed the street, and was quickly gaining on Warren from behind.

“Bust Over 60?” read another billboard, as Warren neared the corner of the block. “Visit www.helpimoversixty.com for more — you are NOT ALONE!”

Warren would have read more, but his attention had been diverted. A gigantic young woman was coming straight at him, striding down the sidewalk perpendicular to the one he was walking on. And she wasn't just coming towards him...she was coming for him. Her strawberry blond hair was blowing slightly in the breeze, and Warren could see her wide blue eyes dead-set on him; her mouth was opened in delighted surprise, like she couldn't believe her luck.

Warren felt himself seize up inside, and he instinctively turned around to go the other way. This motion, however, only served to show him the other huge woman who had been pursuing him from the opposite direction. This dark-haired woman was slightly older and larger than the blond, but she looked no less eager to get her hands on Warren. Warren turned forward, then backward, forward, then backward again. He was trapped.

"I saw him first!" came the loud, confident voice of the blond, and she promptly bent down at the waist and seized Warren's left arm with a colossal hand. Being 6'10, the top of Warren's head would have barely grazed her pussy if he had stood in between her legs; her hand easily went all the way around his upper arm, and held it with a vice-like force.

"Oh no you don't!" came the equally-confident and slightly-deeper voice of the dark-haired lady, immediately bending down and grabbing Warren's other arm. "I was following him before you even came around the corner!"

"Prove it!" barked the younger woman, lightly wrenching Warren toward her.

"I don't have to prove anything to you!" exclaimed the older woman. She indicated to her breasts, which, even for her size, were abnormally large. The blond's breasts were also huge, but the dark-haired lady's were something else.

"And besides, look at you, and look at me," continued the older lady, "Who do you think needs another mouth to feed?"

"Oh don't give me that," retorted the blond, again trying to wrench Warren her way. "For all I know you've got a harem back home, and you just wanna add to it. I only have two I'm feeding right now...and it's getting dull!"

"Not my problem — I saw him first!" repeated the older woman, her voice rising in anger.

"We'll see about that," grunted the younger woman. "You know what, fuck this!"

She suddenly extended out her free hand and smacked the dark-haired lady across the face.

"You...little...bitch!" cried the older woman in response, and Warren suddenly felt both women let go of him as they started smacking each other, high above his head. He didn't even think — he was in survival mode now. Dodging the huge thighs of the fighting women, he ducked slightly, scurrying in between the blond's legs. He made a beeline straight for a nearby alley, and he didn't stop until he had turned himself around in a maze of alleyways. The distant sounds of the two women now echoed off the brick walls..."And now neither of us can have him...nice work...well that's what you get for being greedy...oh go home to your harem, bitch...pot kettle black, sister..." Their words faded away.

Warren was in a densely-populated part of town now, where the buildings were close together. He huddled behind a dumpster, catching his breath. As his body relaxed a little, his mind was allowed to run rampant. How could he have been so stupid!? Running away like that, exposing himself to what the world was like now?? On the other hand, though, in a sense, he would have only been going to a different home, where the same dynamics applied, right? Irina had breastfed him...she knew how hopelessly attracted to her he had become, and now it was only a matter of time, right? Before he was truly her baby? His mind shot back to the bib he had ordered off the internet. Irina hadn't seen it yet; it had only just arrived a few days ago. Surely this is what he actually wanted, wasn't it!? What use was there running? No...no this wasn't what he wanted! Just because he was attracted to her didn't mean...didn't mean that he wanted it to be like THIS.

For over half an hour, Warren didn't move from behind the dumpster. The sun was rising in the sky, but he only seemed to get colder. His mind was doing backflips over and over itself, straining back and forth, and getting nowhere in the end. He had no idea what to do, and to cap it all off, his tummy had started rumbling. He knew he wasn't hungry for real food. Again and again, his mind jumped back to those speckles of creamy, rich white milk on Irina's nipple earlier that morning...in his cozy bed, next to her huge, warm, sweet-smelling body. It seemed an infinity away already, and even as he longed to go back to it, he still recoiled from it.

Suddenly, a flurry of female voices came up in the alley.

"And I told him, like...if you want me to give you a treat, you can't just moan and whine and give me those puppy-dog eyes," a woman was saying. "You've gotta do the trick first!"

"Oh my god I knowwww," laughed another woman. "I think it's the milk...they think we've gone all soft on 'em, just because they get to drink it."

Warren panicked again — it sounded like the women were coming straight for him, and he was exposed. He darted out from behind the dumpster and ran into an adjacent alley. He quickly spotted a small door in the side of a building that looked like it led down to a basement of some kind. The female voices were getting closer. He went for it, reaching up his arm and twisting desperately on the handle. To his relief, the door opened, and he went quickly into the darkness, shutting the door behind him. The women passed, and Warren really did breathe a sigh of relief now; he was safe. Breathing hard, he turned around to get a bearing on where he was, and he felt his body freeze in place. He was in a sort of storage basement, with boxes all around.

But he wasn't alone. Around a dozen tiny men, between the four and two feet in height, all terribly emaciated, were crouched in a circle around a kerosene lamp, and all of them had turned to stare at him. They were all dirty and scantily-clothed, and eating the scraps of what appeared to be bread. After a few silent moments, one of them stood up, extending his hand... and even though Warren was only 3'8, this man only came up to his shoulders.

"Close call there!" said the man in a raspy voice. "You nearly gave us all away! Come over here and join us! But quietly...quietly...no loud noises...or they'll find us, and then it's all over."

Chapter 14

The tears were gathering again so thickly in Irina's eyes that she could barely see as she made her panicked and wretched way back home. She had been out searching desperately for Warren for over half an hour, calling his name, going up and down the sidewalk, and asking anyone she met if they had seen him. Unfortunately for her, she didn't run into the two women who had, in fact, seen him, and so, after thirty minutes had passed, she began to realize that her search, at least in its current form, was in vain.

"He really did run away," she whispered to herself, blinking her eyes as the heavy tears fell to the ground. "I completely...freaked him out. I went too far! And now, god only knows where he is...and he doesn't have his medicine!"

Irina's warm, gentle, and erotic life with Warren had suddenly turned into a horror movie, at least as far as she was concerned. Having her sweet little man out loose in the world, running away from her, was just about the worst thing she could possibly imagine. The Whipple Virus world was utterly different from anything like what it had used to be, and even though Irina spent most of her time in the du Pont mansion, she had more than enough of an idea what awaited rogue little men who were found wandering the streets without a partner. By now it was common knowledge that a substantial minority of women kept what could only be called "male harems," and such harems, while initially frowned upon, were becoming much more accepted by the general population of fast-burgeoning women. As they all got bigger, and their men got smaller, there had been a gradual, collective evolution of opinion among women. In the early stages of the pandemic, only the licentious, libertine, and countercultural girls were amassing shrunken male concubines. Now, it was increasingly common to see perfectly respectable middle and upper-class women — professors, lawyers, doctors, and even the wives of formally-famous men — who were unapologetically open about collecting little men for themselves.

No single man was safe; it was now illegal for a man not to have a female "guardian," as the law put it. As Warren had discovered, any man found wandering the streets was considered "fair game" to the first woman who found him. This single fact alone was worrying Irina more than anything else as she stumbled back up the stairs of the mansion. Surely Warren had already been seen by somebody! And he was such a little cutie, with his little crop of hair and his big, pretty eyes — they would've snapped him up in a jiffy! But what was Irina to do!? If he HAD been taken, how on earth was she supposed to find him??

'I'll make signs!' she thought suddenly. In its panicked elasticity, her mind had stretched all the way back to some point in the past, to when she was a girl...and she had seen a "missing dog" sign on a lamp post. That was it! She would make signs and post them up all over the neighborhood. It was the only way that she could convey the desperation of her situation, and invoke the help of the community at the same time.

'Let's see...I'll get some markers and...and I'll go buy some poster board,' she thought, grabbing her things as she made to rush out to the car. 'Oh! But first I'll need to get a good picture of him...the one I took of him the other day should do, with him in bed...gives a nice clear view of his face...yes...yes this is ok...it's ok...this is going to work. Some woman nabbed him off the street, but then she'll see the signs and she'll...she'll give him back.'

Irina had managed to talk herself into a kind of strange, feverish stasis, and she even felt like maybe she had overreacted, and that all of this would be happily cleared up in the next few hours, once she made the posters with Warren's face and covered the neighborhood with them. Surely whoever had found him wouldn't be so cruel and heartless as to keep him, even after they had seen the "Missing" sign! Her stomach churned sickeningly as she resolved not to think about such a ghastly possibility....or about the possibility that he hadn't been found, and that he was somehow still out there, cold and scared, hiding from her.

But just as she got in the car, and was about to start it, Irina stopped. Warren had run away from her. Even when she managed to get him back, the terrible problem of his choosing to leave still hung over everything. The more Irina thought about it, the more wrenchingly it tore at her. What had she done wrong!? She loved him with all her heart; she loved caring for him, and protecting him, and snuggling him, and making him feel like he didn't need to worry about anything. She loved babying him, and teasing him, and watching his adorable little face twitch as it blushed crimson, his pretty eyes glancing down and away from him in embarrassment. She knew that he loved it all. She just knew it! So why had he run away from her!?

Without even pausing to contemplate the sudden idea that had popped into her head, Irina had already picked up her phone and was scrolling down her contacts. She'd call Sarah. Sarah could help her understand. And in the meantime, Irina would be driving around, getting materials for the posters. The phone dial rang out in her ear as she turned on the car and started backing out of the driveway. After three rings, Irina was surprised to hear not the deep, feminine voice of Sarah on the other end, but rather the light and high-pitched voice of an unfamiliar male.

"Hello Ms. Stojkovic," the voice said, pronouncing her name perfectly, "Sarah will be with you in just a moment."

"...Oh! Well...thank you," replied Irina, blinking in puzzled curiosity as she put the car in "drive" and sped on down the road. Did Sarah have some kind of...secretary, or something? It certainly sounded like it, from the official, professional way the man had answered the phone. However, even though he had done his best to sound business-like, Irina could tell that the man sounded rather weak and feeble. A vague image of the enormous nurse looming over a tiny, 2-foot-tall, skinny little man suddenly flashed through Irina's mind. But she brushed the image off as she focused on the road; she was driving faster than usual, and needed to keep her goal in mind: she was going out to buy supplies for the posters to get Warren back.

"Irina! Hello!" Sarah's voice on the other end flowed into Sarah's ear. The contrast between the wan, faint male voice and Sarah's full-bodied, deep feminine voice couldn't have been more dramatic, and even though Irina couldn't see the nurse on the other end, she could tell from the depth and power of the voice that Sarah had gotten bigger...much bigger.

"H-hi! Hi Sarah!" exclaimed Irina, once again having to shake her head a little to herself as she recovered her wits. It was so strange — talking to Sarah always made her feel a little frazzled and nervous, almost like she was speaking to an older authority figure. Somehow it didn't matter that Sarah was a good deal younger than her.

"Look, I...I'm sorry to have to...to call you like this," continued Irina, her eyes on the road, "But...but something terrible's just happened, and I — I don't know where else to turn!"

“How long has it been since he ran away?” came Sarah’s calm question.

“Wh—...how did you...?” Irina began incredulously, but Sarah was already talking again.

“I can hear the hurt in your voice Irina,” Sarah said simply. “You feel like it’s your fault, and that he’s rejected your care.”

“Y-yeah...yeah I...that’s true!” replied Irina, her own voice now rising to a bit of a higher pitch. She could feel the top part of her cheeks starting to twitch uncontrollably again, as her stomach clenched up.

“So it as what...a few hours ago?” asked Sarah’s patient voice.

“A...couple hours ago, yes,” sniffled Irina, brushing the fresh tears out of her eyes.

“And from the du Pont mansion...hmmm, he couldn’t have gotten far,” mused Sarah.

“No, but...but Sarah I was out looking for him for a while and I couldn’t find him and...oh god, I’m just so, so worried for him! He’s probably been taken by some other woman, and he’s stuck in her house now, all scared and at her mercy.”

“Maybe...” murmured Sarah. A couple of seconds passed by. “Are you driving, Irina?”

“Yeah, I’m...going to get poster board so I can make “missing” signs for him, and I’m gonna cover the neighborhood with them so that whoever picked him up can —”

“How about you hold off on that,” suggested Sarah. From the sudden emphasis in her voice, however, it didn’t really sound like a suggestion. “I’ll find him.”

“You...you’ll find him!?” asked Irina, not believing her ears. “But...how??”

“I have my ways,” answered Sarah mildly, and from somewhere in the background, Irina thought she heard two sharp clicks, followed by a scampering sound. It was like Sarah had just snapped her fingers and set something in motion.

“You turn around and go on home now,” Sarah continued soothingly, “And try not to worry too much.”

Irina was pulling her car over to the side of the road; the tears were streaming down her face now, to the point where they impeded her vision. She wished that she didn’t feel so helpless, but there wasn’t any way around it — she was positively distraught.

“I j-just...his fever spiked last night,” she sobbed, “And I was...oh god I was just taking care of him, and his mouth was s-so close to my breast and I could feel like this churning and...and Sarah, I don’t even know why I did it but it all seemed so right in the moment and I — I breastfed him...I breastfed him Sarah, and he just...his little lips just latched right on and he just...I mean, for hours...I don’t think he really knew what he was doing, but it was all so perfect, and I — we

just fell asleep like that and then I wake up the next morning and he's gone. It's...it IS my fault, Sarah! I made him leave!"

There was a long silence on the other end, so long that for a moment Irina thought that Sarah had hung up. But the sudden sound of things bumping around in the background let her know the nurse was still on.

"Like I said, Sarah," said Sarah patiently, "Try not to worry. This isn't your fault. Go home and try and distract yourself, ok? And do not put up any "missing" posters with Warren's picture on them."

"O-ok, I won't," sniffed Irina, blowing her nose, "But why not? Is it dangerous or someth—"

But the phone clicked on the other end, informing Irina that Sarah had ended the call. She sat in the car for a few moments, staring down indistinctly at the steering wheel, trying to make sense of the strange conversation. She didn't understand...she didn't understand any of it. But somehow, even though she was still terribly distressed, Sarah's voice had calmed her a bit. Irina had no idea what Sarah was going to do, but at this point she felt like she simply had to trust her. A minute later she had turned her car around and was headed back to the mansion.

A few miles away, hidden deep in the dank, dingy basement, Warren's head was spinning. He had finally managed to catch his breath, and was listening to earnest and fervent words of the apparent leader of the group of little men he had stumbled upon.

"So wait...hold on a second," said Warren, closing his eyes tightly, rubbing them, and then opening them again, "You're all...part of an organized group?"

"Loosely organized, anyway," replied the man, who went by the name "Anderson." "We've managed to make contact with a few other pockets like ourselves around the city, and hopefully we can manage to hold out for the long haul until a cure is found."

"A cure...for the Whipple Virus?" asked Warren. For some reason the thought hadn't occurred to him recently. The "New Order" of things, so ubiquitous across the entire spectrum of the media, had convinced him that there was no going back to the way things had been before. He squinted through the gloom around him at each of the little men. Even at 3'8, he was one of the largest ones there. Anderson only reached as high as his shoulders, and the rest looked to be between two and three feet tall. A few of them, lying on makeshift mattresses of cardboard in the corner, were so tiny and weak that Warren thought they couldn't be bigger than a foot-and-a-half. He shuddered inwardly at the squalor around him. He knew he was a shrimp himself, but next to this lot, he actually felt rather big. They all looked quite sick; their movements were slow and lethargic, and whenever they spoke, the high-pitched raspiness of the sound flitted and fluttered weakly through the air.

"Yes, of course!" exclaimed Anderson in a hushed voice, his eyes going slightly wide as he gestured around to the rest of the group. "There's an underground resistance of men like us... men who won't stand to be a part of this so-called "New Order." I can assume you are one of us, Warren? A man who won't stand to be treated like nothing more than a pet...than an animal?"

Anderson's question was pointed, and even though Warren did not feel physically intimidated by this group, he certainly didn't want any trouble. And besides, Anderson's talk of a potential cure had pricked up his ears. A substantial part of his brain was still screaming at him that he was crazy, and that he needed to get back to Irina's big, soft, warm, loving embrace...nestled in between those big...heavy...tits of hers...churning and churning day and night to make more warm, creamy milk for him to —

He shut his eyes again and shook his head, trying to clear it. It was just the virus...just the virus talking! He didn't really want any of that! He was a man! But as he opened his eyes and saw the confused look on Anderson's face, he remembered that he had been asked a question.

"No...I mean — yes. Yes! I'm definitely one of you!" he declared, shuddering at the remembrance of Irina's huge breast next to his face, its fat pink nipple speckled with milk. He felt himself starting to get hard, but he fought against the urge to lean into it. "I...I ran away from...from someone who was trying to...uhhh...trying to..."

"You don't have to tell us, Warren," said Anderson, shaking his head as he held up his hand. "Even though you're still pretty big, I'm sure it was just awful...awful. It's a terrible disease, to be sure, but there are hidden cells of men, in this city and others — scientists, Warren — who have hidden themselves from the women and are hard at work for the cure."

"So do you think...I mean...how close are they?" asked Warren, as he joined the circle of men around the kerosene lamp. Next to these men, he actually felt...more like a man than he had felt in a long, long time. His agoraphobia seemed to have vanished. Perhaps it was merely due to his stature, and the fact that, for the first time in months, he had actually done something for himself for a change. Something dramatic. He had run away. He was taking his life back. And it turned out that there might actually be some real hope on the horizon.

"They're closer than we had ever dared to imagine!" said Anderson excitedly, nodding around at the other men. "They've actually managed to sequence the virus, even without their usual resources, and now they're putting a vaccine through trials!"

"Oh my god, already?!" exclaimed Warren, astounded at the hidden progress that was being made. "That's...I can't...wow! That's just amazing!"

"Just goes to show what us men can do, when we put our heads to it, right gents?" chuckled Anderson. The men around the lamp uttered feeble hums of assent, nodding their heads.

"We're not really doing much to help," continued Anderson sadly, turning back to Warren, "But the women have control of our finances now, so we can't buy up the essential items for vaccine distribution, like glass vials, covert freezers and such, to beef up the supply chains. But some of us in other cities still have control of their accounts, and they're using the dark web to help funnel funds to purchase the —"

"I still have control of my account," cut in Warren suddenly. He looked up and around at the other men. A sudden and fierce excitement had flamed up inside him. Anderson looked at him with mild curiosity, raising his eyebrows a bit and nodding his head, in a show of good-natured encouragement.

“Oh nice!” smiled Anderson. “Maybe we can get Eddie over there to drop anything you want to give into the cyberspace jar. Anything helps, of course!”

He gestured over to the corner, where the smallest man there, apparently named Eddie, weakly rose his head from the cardboard he was lying on and gave a little “thumb’s up” signal. Warren blinked and looked back at Anderson.

“No wait, you don’t understand,” Warren said in as measured a voice as he could muster, “I’m Warren du Pont...I live in the big house on the corner of Champlain and Broad.”

The men all looked at each other and then back at him. His name drop was enough to stir them all up, but even still, they weren’t reacting with the kind of enthusiasm that he had expected. Maybe their slowness or lassitude was yet another Whipple symptom, but Warren didn’t have time to bother with all that. He was really getting excited now.

“I have sixty million dollars.”

That certainly did it — Anderson’s mouth dropped open and the other men started whispering amongst themselves.

“You’re...you actually still have access...to ALL of that!?” cried Anderson. One of the other men shushed him, since his high-pitched and raspy voice had carried a bit more than usual in his excitement, but Anderson waved him off.

“I’m sorry, but...I mean, we GOTTA be excited now, guys!” he laughed, making a bit of an effort to quiet his voice down. “We’ve got a du Pont fighting for us now! Haha...uh, I mean...not to assume that you would make your, uhm, fortune available for...?”

“Of course I would!” whispered Warren, who, like a few of the other men, felt a little uneasy with Anderson talking so loud. “All of it! I mean...if it’ll help.”

“Help!?” burst out Anderson in an earnest whisper, looking around at the other men, who were starting to laugh in hushed tones, “Help?? Are you crazy, Warren?? That kind of money will more than cover the syringes, glass vials, freezers, everything! Once the cure comes through, hopefully in just another month or so, then we can send it straight out, all over the state...hell, all over the country!”

“That’s...wow, that’s just amazing!” exhaled Warren, hardly daring to believe that all of this was happening. His mind was moving so fast he could barely keep it all straight — there was actually a way out of this nightmare...there was a resistance group of men all over...there were actually people fighting this...and he, Warren, might actually be able to help...might be able to actually be a deciding factor in getting a vaccine distributed! Was it all a mirage!? But there he was, with all these other little men, who looked like they had heard their first dose of good news in quite some time. Their little voices seemed to crawl slowly over each other:

“This moves us months ahead!”

“Years!”

“It’s like divine providence!”

“Just fell into our lap!”

“See?” came Anderson’s voice, rising up a little above the others, “We just needed to trust that somehow, some way, we’d get a miracle. And Warren, my man, you are that miracle that we’ve all been praying for!”

“Aha, uhhh...I just wanna do what I can to help!” chuckled Warren, already feeling uncomfortable with the attention, even as he took a little bit to drink it in and enjoy it. He was so distracted, as were the other men, that he didn’t notice the shadow that had fallen across the small grimy window, which faced the street, that had been partially boarded-up.

“So let’s see,” said Anderson quickly, rubbing his hands together, “I think we need to get you all sorted with Eddie over there...he’s our computer guy, even though he can’t press down the keys anymore...if you’re ok to talk right now, Eddie?”

The tiny man in the corner lifted his head a little, his whole body seeming to shake from the effort, and he rasped out, barely audibly, “I can do...anything...if it means I’m one step closer...to never having another breastmilk dream.”

The men all laughed, in various stages of strange, high-pitched, croaking mirth, and Warren felt himself sinking slightly. He felt terribly sorry for all these men, especially since, even though he had never had such dreams himself, he could feel them coming. And now he had new purpose in life, new hope for reclaiming his agency, his meaning, his whole existence itself.

But he never got the chance. Just as he began walking over to Eddie, a great bang split the air. The basement door was kicked in, flying straight off its hinges and into the opposite wall. A small, collective whoop of fear and shock rippled through the men, but their pittering exclamations were instantly drowned out by something much more powerful: the sound of huge women talking. Warren had turned and saw a huge, black-booted leg, still raised in implication of attack, blocking the open doorway. His heart froze.

“Any in there?” came the strong, deep sound of a feminine voice.

“Ohhhhh yeah!” answered another, obviously coming from above the huge, curvaceous leg in the doorway. “A whole gaggle of em’!”

“Out through the back door!!” hissed Anderson in a panic, his eyes as big as saucers, pointing frantically to the other door at the far end of the wall.

“Ahh, I can hear em’ scurrying around in there,” said a third female voice, and just then, a quarter of the doorway was blocked by the huge head of a young woman with short-cropped, bright red hair. Her lips and eyebrows were lined with heavy piercings, and her whole face was done up in dark, alluring make-up. She looked deathly beautiful, but positively vampiric.

“Aww Chelsea they’re getting away,” the woman smirked. “Can’t let that happen!”

Suddenly, Warren and the other men were all yelling and screaming and falling to the ground, putting their hands over their ears, because the women had grabbed the doorway and were literally tearing the walls apart with their bare hands. In a matter of seconds, they had reduced the entire street-facing wall to rubble. There was nothing the men could do now. Warren was one of the first to open his eyes and look up from his helpless crouch. Three women, each of them at least 7-and-a-half feet tall, were standing there, looking down with delighted grins on their faces, as their dark eyes sparkled. They wore studded leather jackets that showed off their prodigious mammary assets, while at the same time displaying their huge, tattooed arms. Their heavy black boots were positively terrifying, and looked like they could have easily crushed two or three of the little men at a time. Their hairdos, along with their numerous piercings in their faces and ears, were as intimidating as their outfits. In addition to the short-cropped redhead, there was a blonde with a buzz cut, and, at a towering 8 feet tall, the tallest and biggest of the three, a fierce-looking woman with a turquoise-dyed mohawk. Most chilling of all, however, were the huge, handheld nets all three of them had slung over their shoulders.

“Oh my god LOOK at them all!” cried the blonde. “Chelsea, how’d we split THEM up now, huh?”

The tallest one, whose name was evidently Chelsea, shot a knowing grin down at the terrified, cowering men.

“We’ll figure that out,” came her deep, intimidating voice, the whoosh of her net suddenly swinging away from her huge shoulder, “After we catch em’ all!”

Chapter 15

Warren didn't even have time to think. The blunt terror of the current situation was such that his body was already moving before he realized what he was doing. The horrible sounds of the screaming men rang in his ears, and a moment later he was peering out from underneath one of the boxes that had tumbled down when the women had torn down the wall. Warren's heart was thumping in his ears as his lungs desperately tried to inflate themselves with air...but he only allowed himself the merest trickle of breath. Anything more and he felt that these gigantic, fearsome women would discover him in a heartbeat.

"Oooo, let's swish up these little darlings first!" exclaimed Chelsea excitedly. Her turquoise mohawk angled down like a predatory fin, and a moment later she was swinging her huge mesh net down into a crowd of cowering little men. Warren looked on in horror as Chelsea effortlessly swept up three of them in her net, and lifted her catch, seemingly without effort, up to her beaming, grinning face.

"Why hellooooo there, you sweet little things!" she cooed at the tumbled ball of men in her net. "Come to mama, hahaha!"

"Noooo, no she's got us!" screamed one of the men caught up in the net. "Help!! Heeeellppp!"

"There's no one to hear you, sweetheart," Chelsea purred as she shook her head at the little man, who was no taller than three feet, and whose face was plastered up against the fine mesh. "No one to save you...haha, how about it, Trix?" She turned to the blond, who had netted a healthy catch herself.

"What a delightfully eclectic crowd we've got here!" came Trix's playful, syrupy voice. She too was examining her catch, making wide, excited eyes at the two or three little men fruitlessly wriggling over each other in her net. "We've got a couple three-footers here...oooo, and looks like a snagged myself a two-footer as well...advanced diminishment on this one especially, haha...look how tiny his little legs are!"

Trix poked two of her fingers into the net and felt the little man's thigh, testing its size. The poor man had no hope of escape, and could do nothing but uselessly struggle as the huge woman ran her fingers up and down his legs, humming and cooing in impressed pleasure as she did so.

"Wow Lola," Chelsea intoned, "You've gotta come check out Trix's catch here! Not often we're finding these two-footers, now that most of em' have been snapped up!"

"Hold on, hold on!" came the girl with the fire-red hair, whose name was apparently Lola. "While you guys are busy shooting the shit, the rest are getting away!"

Warren's heart jumped into his mouth as he felt Lola's giant form step over the box he was hiding under. He tensed himself up, bracing for an impact that would have certainly crushed him, but luckily for him, the enormous boot of the 7'7 woman passed over him, thundering down about six feet past. In the commotion and vibration that accompanied Lola's heavy footsteps, the box Warren was hiding under shook and became a bit off-balance, leaning to one side and, unbeknownst to Warren, exposing his right foot and ankle to the open air.

Warren couldn't see what Lola was doing, but his ears told him all he needed to hear. The high-pitched yells and squeals of more men behind him, followed by the swift and heavy sound of her net swishing down through the air, communicated to Warren that a good number of the rest of the group had been speedily captured. A few seconds later, Lola had stepped back over the box, and what Warren had heard had now been confirmed: four other little men, all of them between two-and-a-half and three feet, were struggling hopelessly in a pitiful ball in Lola's net.

"That looked like the rest of em'," said Lola. "At least at first glance. There's a buncha rubble around, though. Any more aren't gonna be able to get far without us noticing. Let's sift through it!"

"Haha, you're always so eager!" laughed Chelsea, who was dangling her net of men over her face and playfully batting it over and over with her nose. "Can't you just let us take a second to enjoy our catch? Haven't had one this good in weeks!"

"Yeah, well...haha, maybe you're right," chuckled Lola, who was checking out her own net, which had, among three or four others, Anderson trapped inside. "I just see em' scurrying away, and my mind kinda goes blank, haha. It's just like I'm operating on instinct at that point."

"Like a shark that smells blood in the water...haha, isn't that right, little babies?" laughed Chelsea, who had now lowered her net and was hovering it teasingly over the gigantic rack of her breasts, which were squeezed so tightly into her leather jacket that it looked to Warren like the jacket itself was about to tear at the seams from the pressure.

"Oh...my...GOD," came Trix's incredulous, dramatic voice.

"What!?" burst out Lola, as she and Chelsea turned to look.

"Look at what I found in here," said Trix, whose voice was positively trembling with barely-repressed excitement. Chelsea and Lola looked at each other.

"Alright, just a sec," muttered Chelsea, who had already produced a large roll of twine. Lola was doing the same, and Warren looked on in abject horror as the two amazons let their twine unroll a few feet, and then bit off the end with their sharp teeth, swiftly tying up their nets at the top, so that the little men were trapped inside and unable to escape. It was immediately clear to Warren that these huge women had done this many, many times before.

"Y-you...you can't do this to us!" came Anderson's muffled, panicked voice from somewhere in Lola's net. "W-w're men! Adult men! And we have rights! I'll...w-we'll have you b-before a judge! We'll take you to court!"

Completely ignoring Anderson's words, Lola and Chelsea quickly slung their bulging nets over their big shoulders and strode over to see what Trix was talking about. Warren was vaguely aware that this might be his only chance to escape, while the three of them were distracted, but at this point, his fear was outweighing his instincts. If he had been a bit smaller, he might have risked it, but at 3'8, he felt like he was way too big to make a break for it without them noticing.

“Like...are you seeing this!?” squealed Trix, her voice rising slightly even as it somehow retained its deep resonance.

“Seeing what?” asked Lola blankly, as she and Chelsea squinted at Trix’s net. Warren saw a small, skinny arm of one of the men rise up above the net’s opening, attempting to pull himself up, but Trix wordlessly flicked her fingers at the man’s arm, effortlessly brushing him back down on top of the pile of his fellow captives. The casual ease of Trix’s motion made Warren’s blood run cold.

“I don’t see anything,” Lola said after a few more seconds. “What am I supposed to be s—... wait...wait...oh...my...GOD...is that real!”

“Riiiiight!?” nodded Trix, her eyebrows going up as her mouth spread itself into a toothy grin.

“Holy shittttt!” breathed Chelsea, who had also apparently spotted the same thing. “Take him out, Trix — I can barely see him in there. Haha, just to make sure he IS real!”

Trix reached her hand into the full net, rummaging around the little men’s bodies until her fingers found what she was looking for. She pulled her hand out, and Warren saw, hanging upside down, his tiny little limbs moving weakly in protest...Eddie. Warren was stunned — he knew that Eddie was the smallest one there, but seeing his shrunken body compared up close to these monstrous women...well, it was absolutely mind-boggling. Eddie’s entire body was a good deal smaller than Trix’s forearm, which was lined up next to his body as she dangled him in the air. Even Trix’s wrist looked thicker than Eddie’s torso; her fingers were wrapped around his ankle, and as Lola and Chelsea gathered around him in enthusiastic fascination, Warren could see that Eddie looked no bigger than a baby to these women...and a newborn baby, at that. For several long moments, none of the women said anything — they were honed in on Eddie’s dangling little body. He wasn’t saying anything either; even from his hiding place Warren could tell that the little man was absolutely paralyzed with fear.

“I thought for sure that all of these were gone!” came Lola’s hushed voice.

“Yeah, well, I guess don’t believe everything the news tells ya,” laughed Trix, giving her wrist a little jiggle, and sending Eddie’s body into a quivering spasm.

“We can’t auction this little guy off,” declared Chelsea, reaching out and giving Eddie a little pet with her huge finger. “Ohhhh no...we’ve gotta add him to the collection!”

“Oh but just think of how much he’d bring!” intoned Trix, tilting her head sideways, so that she was looking Eddie closer in the face. “A Whipped guy who held out waaaaay too long for any treatment...just consider it, Chelsea — most guys never got this small, because their owners made sure they got at least some kind of prophylaxis.”

“Trix’s right,” said Lola, who had also reached out a finger and was poking it over and over it gently into Eddie’s body, like she was just testing him to make sure he was real. “This little guy’s one in a million.” She paused, blinked, and then looked at the other two amazons. “You know, it’s fucking crazy that we even found one this small...but it’s even crazier that we found him with a bunch of others. Usually the real tiny ones are loner stragglers, you know? Hiding

out in some cave on the outskirts of towns...but this little guy...along with the rest of his friends...they were right here in the middle of the city..."

Lola trailed off, lost in thought. Chelsea and Trix continued to pet and caress Eddie's dangling body, while Anderson continued spouting his threats and protests. Warren could barely hear him, though...something about "male scientists" and "the cure" and how "it's coming and then they'd be sorry." But the amazons just continued to ignore him, and anyway, whenever they spoke, their powerful, deeply feminine voices readily drowned out whatever Anderson was saying.

"It just gets me thinking," Lola was saying, partially to the other two, and partially to herself, as she turned away from Eddie and directed her eyes towards the rubble (and not far away from Warren). "It's like there's some sort of...organization here...someone organizing these guys, or something."

"What, like a resistance?" asked Trix, who was now amusing herself by fiddling with Eddie's tiny penis. "Haha, come on Lola — are you really into all that Ella Englewood stuff about a hidden male conspiracy to go back to how the world used to be?"

"Well...at least give her book a shot, is all I'm saying," said Lola defensively, still looking blankly at the rubble. "And anyway, she's a lot better than, oh, I don't know...take some crazy lefty...Aly Singleton. Psssh, men's rights...who is she kidding?"

"Oh don't even get me started on Aly Singleton," chuckled Chelsea. "But anyway...back to business here...look at him, Trix. You reeeeeeally wanna let this one go?"

"Welllll," said Trix, moving her head from side to side as she weighed the options, "He IS super cute...even though we'd definitely have to give him a hefty dose of ceftriaxone just to make sure he doesn't keel over on us." Her voice suddenly changed into baby-talk as she tickled Eddie's exposed stomach with her fingers. "Ohhhh dooojoodooo yeeeeeah, little guy, it wasn't very smart of you to risk your life like that...ooooooh no it wasn't! Don't you know you can diiiiie without treatment!? And it would be soooooo sad if such a cute little guy like you just stopped working, now, wouldn't it? Ohhhhh so, sooooo sad."

"Just imagine, Trix," Chelsea was saying. "Just imagine the things we could do to him back at the house. Just think of how he'd look...nursing at your breast. It would literally be like having a real baby there."

"I'm...imagining it, alright," Trix said, her voice suddenly getting huskier. Warren was trying to listen to what they were saying, but he was finding Lola's preoccupation with the rubble in his general vicinity...well, distracting, to say the least.

"He'd wouldn't even be able to fit that little mouth over your fat nipple," persisted Chelsea, now obviously plowing on ahead with her scheme. "He'd just have to latch them up against your nipple and hope for the best, haha...and I'm sure it'd spill out all over him...considering how it just shoots out, whenever you breastfeed one of the ones back home."

“Yeah...” breathed Trix, now thoroughly aroused as she started lowering Eddie towards the expansive rack of her colossal breasts. “Just look at his head...oh my god, I bet it’s the same size as a single one of my milk ducts now...and hooooo shit are they swollen now.”

“How many did that nurse count in each breast the other week?” asked Chelsea, egging her on.

“Twenty,” breathed Trix, now making a move to bare her breast for Eddie as she tucked her full net into the crook of her arm. Warren couldn’t see it, but the little man’s eyes had already started to glaze over, and his mouth had started to pucker.

“Aw, look at him,” teased Chelsea, “Two minutes near your pheromones and his sucking reflex is already out of control.”

“Look at his eyes,” panted Trix, her free hand struggling with the tight black leather jacket, to free one of her breasts, “He’s totally gone. He’s ours now.”

“Yeeeeeah, let’s keep him,” concluded Chelsea again, smiling and giving Trix a playful but powerful punch in the arm.

“Let’s keep him,” repeated Trix, nodding, as she brought Eddie closer to her bared breast. Warren caught sight of her absolutely gigantic nipple, which was protruding out from her breast by a good three inches. He felt his loins seize up with longing, and he thought of Irina, probably worried sick about him, waiting at home, with two huge breasts full of milk...just for him. He was finding it increasingly difficult to dismiss these thoughts, especially watching what was happening in front of him.

“Alright, well while you two take turns indulging yourselves,” Lola announced, “I’m gonna find the rest of em’. I know they’re still some more hiding here...I can feel it.”

Warren’s eyes went wide as the massive amazon promptly strode directly over to where he was hiding. He knew he had missed his chance to run; he had been hoping, without thinking, that maybe they’d feel sufficiently satisfied with their catch and leave, but of course he had underestimated Lola’s rapaciousness. Thankfully, her huge booted foot went to the right of him, and Warren heard her digging through the rubble of the wall. Maybe, just maybe...if he kept still, she wouldn’t find him.

A sudden high-pitched squeal cut the air.

“Oop! I knew it! Here’s another one!” Warren heard Lola laughing and making a series of kissing noises at the air. A mixture of other high-pitched protests told him that she had deposited her poor little captive on top of the others, inside her net. Another little breeze kicked up, and suddenly, with a jolt, Warren realized that his lower right leg felt the cooling breath of the light breeze. It was exposed to the air.

“Aaaand...ooooh, what have we here?” came Lola’s voice directly above him. His heart was hammering away like mad in his chest, but the next moment, it seemed to stop, because Warren felt a huge hand wrap all the way around his ankle. He tried to kick away from the iron grip, but an instant later the hand had tugged him roughly up and out from under the box. Warren’s entire body was now exposed to the bright, cool air, and his whole vantage point was

upside down. Very quickly, he felt the amazon lift him up towards her face, and an instant later his vision was filled by her gorgeous, smirking face, tilted to the side, gazing at him triumphantly.

“Mmmmm this one’s different from the others!” declared Lola, licking her lips at him. Warren smelled the sweetness of her breath wash over him, and from his inverted vantage point, he saw, yawning beneath him, the dark chasm of her cavernous cleavage.

“Different how?” asked Chelsea, who had turned towards Lola, leaving Trix to her breastfeeding.

“He’s a pretty little guy, for one thing,” remarked Lola impressively. “Big, beautiful eyes...haha. But all these other ones are gross and dirty — we’ll have to scrub em’ down before we display them to the buyers...but this one...mmmmmm, feel his skin here, Chelsea. It’s soooo soft!”

“Yes it is,” muttered Chelsea, who had come over and was now feeling Warren’s little butt up with her huge hand.

“Someone’s been taking care of this little one,” Lola said. “Until recently, at least. See, look at the hue of his skin...and the whites of his eyes. He’s not jaundiced like the rest of them.”

Lola held Warren up closer to her face, making big eyes at him.

“Someone’s been taking his resveratrol!” she trilled at him in her baby voice. “Where’d you run away from, hmmm? A big-breasted mommy somewhere is probably crying her eyes out about you, hahaha!”

Even in this terrifying situation, Lola’s words cut through his fear, to the core of his person. He knew she was right. Irina had no idea where he was — and all the care she had given to him, all the home-cooked meals, making sure he took his medication every day, and on and on and on, came rushing back to him. Maybe it was completely due to his fear, and maybe not, but in any case, Warren opened his mouth and was about to beg the amazon women to let him go back to Irina.

He didn’t get the chance to speak, however, because Chelsea, who was one step ahead of him, had pulled a piece of thick blue tape from a role that she kept strapped to her belt, and slapped it roughly across his face, sealing his mouth shut.

“Can’t have healthy ones like you making too much noise, now, can we?” Chelsea cooed, winking down at him. “Otherwise it’d probably make it back to that poor woman you ran away from that we’d gotten our claws into you, haha. Ooooooh yeah, Lola — good find! This one is gonna fetch a pretty penny, let me tell you!”

“Actually,” came a massive, deep, velvety voice from high above, “He won’t.”

“What the —??” exclaimed Lola in alarm, and she instinctively turned Warren right-side up and hugged him to her bosom, so her big breasts jutted out on either side of his face.

“Holy shittttt...” whispered Trix fearfully, still in the middle of breastfeeding Eddie, as she huddled over to join them.

“What the fuck!?” breathed Chelsea, and Warren saw, quite extraordinarily, that her eyes, as well as her companions’, had gone wide in unadulterated awe and apprehension. As Lola turned toward the sound of the august voice, he could actually see where it came from. His mouth dropped open, along with those of the other women. There, standing before them, was the nurse from before...Sarah. Her huge, voluptuous body was squeezed into a pair of jeans and a white t-shirt, nondescript and ordinary clothing compared to the other women’s punk-rock, bounty-hunter style get-ups. Looking her up and down, Warren even noticed that she was barefoot.

But Sarah didn’t need fashion to intimidate. At a full 8 feet tall, Chelsea was the biggest among the three...an absolute monster of a woman, and she stepped quickly in front of the other two to assert herself to this new person. But it was immediately clear to everyone that, next to Sarah, Chelsea was tiny. The top of her head only came up to Sarah’s shoulders. Warren had to blink several times, just to adjust his eyes to this stunning new sight — he felt like he couldn’t actually be seeing a woman this huge. And his captors were doing the exact same thing.

Sarah stepped forward, and Chelsea, Lola, and Trix instinctively backed away. Chelsea put her hands up in a motion of surrender, and Warren could see that they were shaking. Sarah’s breasts were now only a foot away from Chelsea’s face, and each of her gargantuan tits completely dwarfed the amazon’s head.

“That one right there,” said Sarah calmly, her voice penetrating everything close by as she pointed straight at Warren. “He’s coming with me.”

Chapter 16

Warren felt a sudden tightness around his waist, and he realized that Lola's enormous hands had wrapped around his midsection, easily going all the way around. A split second later he felt a gush of the cool, fresh morning air as Lola abruptly pulled him out from in between her breasts and thrust him in the direction of Sarah. Warren blinked up in awe at Sarah — it looked like the colossal blond had been lounging around on her sofa a minute before, and yet somehow, her tight white t-shirt, her bare feet, and the rest of her casual getup just didn't seem to matter. She was the hugest, most impressive, fierce, and intimidating thing Warren had ever seen or conceived of in his life. He was terribly cowed, and barely even noticed how he was being handed out like a piece of meat, with his little legs dangling in the air.

"H-here...take him!" exclaimed Lola in a shaky voice. Warren noticed that her hands were trembling slightly. He couldn't believe it — just moments before, these three amazons were utterly terrifying behemoths, fearsomely powerful, and completely in control of the situation. And now, all of a sudden, all three of them were backing away in retreat, startled out of their minds.

Sarah stepped forward, and again, the three amazons backed away. The motion seemed like an automatic response from them. But Sarah's stride was far longer, and she was now sanding directly in front of Lola. The trembling amazon continued holding out Warren towards Sarah, and even though his head was shoulder-height with Lola, Warren was shocked to see that he was staring straight forward into the middle of Sarah's stomach. He noticed that her tight white t-shirt was riding up on her midsection a little, towards her jeans, exposing a suggestive, thin line of creamy flesh.

Warren tried looking up at Sarah's face again, but he couldn't even see it now — her breasts were in the way. But Lola, Chelsea, and Trix could all see that there was something of a slight smirk on this giantess's face...or at least, that's what it seemed like. None of them felt like they had any idea what Sarah was thinking. She could have been amused, or irritated, or calm, or haughty, or consumed by a cold wrath. They had nothing to go on, and were completely bewildered.

Without speaking, Sarah reached out a single hand and took Warren from Lola. He felt the air being forced from his body as Sarah's gargantuan hand wrapped around his little waist; her fingers didn't quite go all the way around, but they didn't need to. Her hand held him aloft with ease, and the next thing Warren knew, the back of his head was sinking into the firm, yet somehow impossibly soft flesh of the underside of Sarah's left breast. Even in this position, his dangling feet only went down a bit past the middle of Sarah's thick thighs.

But Warren wasn't thinking about any of that. All he could think about now was the soft plushness of Sarah's breast, the warmth of her flesh as it seemed to gather behind and around him, and the spicy muskiness of her scent...an intoxicating, distinctive aroma that, if he had known, he would have instantly recognized as sandalwood. Momentarily, he forgot the confusion of his predicament; he forgot the craziness of everything that had happened that morning; he even forgot about Irina. His mind was wiped blank, and the only thing that filled it now was the intense desire to be smothered by this goddess who was holding him...to be utterly overcome, dominated, eclipsed by her. The flesh of her breast covered his ears, and he was sure he could hear the milk rushing eagerly into the milk ducts behind his head, roaring

through her body in an impatient and restless cadence, the creamy droplets vying to be the first to touch his lips.

And then, suddenly, he felt himself shaken and buzzed back into reality...or at least, the world he had been in before. There was a deep, rumbling sound echoing in his ears, vibrating through his whole body...and he realized that Sarah was talking.

“Mmmmm,” she was humming, the softness in her voice belying the actual meaning of what she was saying, “You girls sure are lucky that I got here before...anything happened to this little guy...verrry lucky.”

“W-we were just...j-just gonna auction him off!” sputtered Chelsea, blinking up desperately at Sarah. “We weren’t gonna...gonna k-keep him ourselves!”

“Oh I know you were,” chuckled Sarah, her bountiful flesh jiggling behind Warren’s body, “And if you had succeeded, the small fortune that this little one would’ve fetched wouldn’t have been worth it, let me tell you. But no matter — I came in time, and everrrryone’s happy.”

As she spoke, Sarah’s massive free hand gently seized both of Warren’s feet, and she began rubbing her fingers on the undersides of his soles, lightly tickling him and causing him to squirm in her grasp. Her hand held him fast, however, and Warren suddenly realized that Sarah was tickling him like this to show him that, try as he might, he had no hope of escaping from her. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he also knew that she was doing it to emphasize the staggering difference in their sizes — his brief experience with this woman weeks before had stuck in his mind, and he knew in his bones that this giantess lived and breathed the language of power. Glancing down, he saw how her hand was bigger than both of his feet put together, and how her huge fingers effortlessly manipulated and maneuvered his outmatched limbs. She was showing him how powerless he was in her hands, and he felt it.

The other three amazons were eying Sarah cautiously, a mixture of awe and anxiety in their eyes, and it was clear that they were eager for her to leave. But Sarah didn’t seem to be in any hurry, and for several moments she just stood there, massaging and tickling Warren’s feet as she smirked down at them.

“Looks like you three stumbled onto a big catch,” hummed Sarah brightly, breaking the silence. “Full nets, haha...all from this spot here?”

“Uhhh...y-yeah, yeah, all from here,” muttered Lola, finding the courage to answer. Even as he was distracted by Sarah’s body, and her lightly ticking fingers, Warren had noticed that Trix had turned herself slightly to the side, positioning her body behind Chelsea. He suddenly understood — she was trying to hide Eddie from Sarah...the tiny man she had been breastfeeding only moments before.

“Well how about that,” mused Sarah, “A merry horde of little men, holding out valiantly against the new world order, tragically captured.” She paused for a second, and in the silence, the voice of Anderson suddenly yelled up from Lola’s net:

“This is a human rights violation! Th-this...this is slavery!! You women a-are...are out of control!! But there’s something coming for you...something that’s gonna change everyth—”

“Oh just gag him already, will you Lola?” snapped Chelsea, taking out her frustration at her sudden loss of control over the situation on something other than Sarah.

“No, don’t,” said Sarah quietly, gliding over to Lola and looming over her. Warren couldn’t believe it — the 7’7 amazon was looking straight into Sarah’s huge breasts, and, as Sarah was actually holding Warren slightly higher than her left breast, he was actually looking up over Lola’s head.

“I wanna hear what little Mr. Anderson here has to say,” Sarah purred. There was a pause, and Warren saw, through Lola’s net, Anderson’s eyes go wide.

“Y-you...b-but...but how do you know...my name!” Anderson choked.

“Just fill us all in on what you were about to say, tiny man,” Sarah chuckled, vibrating Warren’s entire body with her mirth.

“Just fill us all in on what you were about to say, tiny man,” Sarah chuckled, vibrating Warren’s entire body with her mirth. It took Anderson a few seconds to recover himself, and it seemed like he had been hoping that the other three amazons would somehow change the subject. He didn’t seem to realize that now that Sarah was here, she was running the show, and there wasn’t anything the other three could do. After a few long moments of silence, however, he seemed to get the picture, and his courage returned to him.

“Y-you...you all just wait!” he declared, his voice vibrating strangely with pride. “Th-there’s... there’s something we’ve all been working on...in secret...in the shadows...while you women were running around enslaving us all!”

“Ohhh do tell!” responded Sarah with great exaggeration, bending down close toward the net as her sea green eyes went wide with interest. Anderson seemed utterly cowed by the proximity of Sarah’s huge face to his own, but he somehow mustered up the will to continue, seeming to spit the words out as a kind of defense mechanism against his situation.

“Th-there’s a cure to the virus, you know!” he forced out. “A cure that will change the world back to what it was before!”

“Psssh, get a load of this one,” chuckled Lola, shaking her head, apparently trying to get into Sarah’s good graces, but Sarah’s eyes remained fixed on Anderson.

“A cuuuuure?” she cooed down at him. “For the Whipple Virus?”

“Y-yes!” exclaimed Anderson. “L-lots of male doctors...working in secret...they’ve found it, and it’s o-only a m-matter of time before...b-before they make it and distribute it and e-end this whole thing once and for all!”

Anderson had been stuttering more because Sarah had gotten even closer to Lola’s net, to the point where her face was only about a foot away from Anderson’s. She let a few moments of silence pass by, and Lola, Chelsea, and Trix all eyed each other nervously. Warren, still overwhelmed by Sarah, nonetheless understood their worried looks. They were afraid that she

was going to take their whole bounty away from them...not just Eddie. But then he felt a great pulse behind his body, and he realized that Sarah was inhaling. A few seconds later she was letting the air out richly, in delicious words that sounded like she had been savoring the opportunity to speak them for quite some time.

“Doctors working in secret?” she purred down at him. “You mean Dr. Hartman, little one?”

Anderson’s eyes went even wider than they had been before. “Wh-what!?” he stammered.

“And Dr. Williams?” teased Sarah. “Ever heard of him?”

“B-bu...but...” stuttered Anderson, starting to shake his head.

“And Dr. Stanton,” chuckled Sarah, her eyes flashing triumphantly, “You’ve been emailing with him too, haven’t you?”

“H-how...how d-do you...?” Anderson choked.

“I know, you poor, pathetic, tiny little boy,” Sarah whispered down at him, “Because I AM all of those people...I AM Dr. Hartman...and Dr. Williams...and Dr. Stanton...I’ve been emailing you under their guises for several weeks now, ever since I *cough* kidnapped them and secured access to their professional emails.”

Anderson’s mouth was wide open, and he was continuing to shake his head back and forth, utterly stunned. The three amazons exchanged concerned looks — apparently this giantess was even more on top of everything than they could have ever imagined.

“I spied you and a couple of these others hiding away in this little basement weeks ago,” continued Sarah, in that same calm, unstoppable voice, “And I thought about just snatching you up, but I thought hey, what’s the fun in that? Why not play around with them for a little? Have a nice little challenge? See if I can get them to...recruit others...form a cute little cadre of tiny men, all fighting for the noble cause of their own freedom from the repressive clutches of the wicked women of the Whipple world, haha! And just look at how well I did! How many did you catch today, girls?”

“I...uhhh...” muttered Chelsea. “I...w-we didn’t really count them all.” She in particular seemed to be quite sour about the news that their impressive haul was not the result of their bounty hunter skills, but rather the work of this conniving titaness before her.

“Well let’s count them now!” trilled Sarah happily. “Just to see how well I did. Let’s see...one, two, three...”

She started counting the men trapped in the nets, tapping her finger to each of their heads as she did so. Warren could tell what she was doing — she was, in a way, marking each of the men as “hers,” but she was also actually touching each man, just to emphasize to them how completely she had led them on...controlled them.

“Eight, nine, ten...” Sarah continued her slow, deliberate counting. Since Warren was being held to her breast, he could see everything...the terrified looks on all the men’s faces, and

particularly the utterly defeated expression on Anderson's face. Sarah lingered her finger for longer than the others on his head, pressing with extra panache, just to really drill into him how totally he had been overcome. When Sarah finally got the Trix, and then finished counting her net, she was about to turn away...but then she suddenly stopped and looked down towards Trix's breasts. The amazon had done her best to hide Eddie behind the leather cup of her left breast, but his tiny little legs were still sticking out, plainly visible to all who cared to look.

"And...what is this?" asked Sarah with great interest, rounding on the flummoxed amazon, who started backing away, shaking her head.

"N-no..." Trix whispered in a pleading voice, "No...c-come on...please!"

"Show me what you've got there," ordered Sarah calmly, a gentle smile on her face, and once again, the soothing energy of her voice belied the actual intentions and implications of her words. Warren could feel it — disobeying this giantess was simply not an option.

Blinking rapidly, Trix pulled back the leather of her bra, revealing the miniature man still suckling at her breast, dead to the world of anything other than the warm milk that was flowing into his mouth and filling his tiny tummy.

Sarah's eyes opened a little wider, and her nostrils flared. Chelsea, Lola, and Trix were all staring up at her, a kind of implicit, waiting dread etched on their faces. Warren suddenly became terribly uncomfortable and afraid — he had no idea why — and instinctively, not even thinking, and acting on pure animal impulse, he tried to squirm out of Sarah's grasp. She didn't seem to pay him any more than the slightest bit of attention, though, and a quick little squeeze from her huge hand around his midsection was all that was needed to convey her wordless order that he needed to be still.

"Hooooohh..." breathed Sarah, her exhale coming out in a full, profound whisper. "It's a footer... a real-life footer in the flesh..."

"Footer" was the casual word that was being thrown around in the news and on social media to describe Whipple men who had shrunk all the way down to a foot tall. The connotation was unquestionably derogatory — "footers," like Eddie was displaying now, were totally at the mercy of women, both physically and mentally, and the advanced stages of the Whipple Virus acted on them with such intense ferocity that they had largely lost their past personalities altogether. The virus had such a strong hold on them that when they were in the presence of women, they were unable to help themselves devolving into an infantile, orally-fixated reverie. Many of them had even adapted baby cries to encourage the women in their vicinity to breastfeed them.

"Sooo small," cooed Sarah, stretching out her hand and gently petting Eddie's face. He carried on sucking Trix's breast like nothing was happening.

"Sooo tiny...soooo helpless," Sarah continued, whispering to herself. Warren was shocked to see the comparison between the gentle touch of Sarah's hand and Eddie's drawn face and emaciated body. It was an absolutely ridiculous comparison — her hand alone was almost as long as his entire body...her fingers were thicker than Eddie's arms, and nearly as thick as his legs, and as Sarah gently caressed his bony back and with her strong, fleshy hand, and played with his tiny arms, legs, feet, and hands with her enormous fingers, Warren felt something surge

up in his loins that until this point had been unfamiliar. He couldn't believe he was feeling this way, especially in a crazy, surreal situation like the current one, but he couldn't get past the stark reality in his brain: he wanted to see Sarah take this tiny man...he wanted to see her dominate him, and play with him, and treat him like the infant he had become. And somewhere in Warren's mind, a bizarre kind of jealousy flared, shocking him with its suddenness and its desperate vigor.

"Please..." came Trix's voice again, this time with even more begging insistence, "Please...let us keep him. We really needed this catch and...and this one...the price for him...it'll keep us going for...for a long time, and —"

"Trix, quiet!" hissed Lola, elbowing her.

"No wait, please," countered Chelsea, stepping next to Trix as well and looking up at Sarah, "She's right...y-you can....you can have all the rest of them! All of them...j-just...just please let us keep this one here."

Sarah straightened up, towering over all three of them, and even though Warren couldn't see her expression, he could feel her softly, slowly, mightily, inhaling and exhaling...as if she were contemplating their offer. In reality, Sarah had already known what she was going to do from the moment she stepped foot in the rubble of the old building.

"Ok," said Sarah, the calm brightness of her words matching the late-morning color and the little whip of the cool breeze around them, "Deal!"

The three amazons looked surprised, and Trix opened her mouth, about to thank Sarah profusely, before getting cut off by Sarah continuing:

"Except...I don't want most of these other ones. You girls can keep the rest too...all except one. Besides this little guy in my hand, I'm only gonna take one more. Can you guess which one I want?"

Chelsea's eyebrows went up, and a knowing, cruel smile slowly spread across her face. She turned to Lola's net, singled out Anderson, and pointed straight at him. Sarah bent down low, her eyes fluttering with pleasure, as her huge face filled Anderson's terrified panorama.

"Bingo," she whispered, and she suddenly extended an unnaturally-long tongue, and, with seemingly superhuman speed, flicked it up and down right in Anderson's face, so fast that it became a blur.

About ten minutes later, Warren was sitting in the passenger seat of Sarah's car, a seatbelt across his little chest, as she drove him down the road. In the backseat behind him, Sarah had strapped Anderson into a baby seat, which faced backwards like all baby seats were required to do. She had bound him and gagged him, so that he couldn't move, and couldn't even make a sound. The last Warren had seen of him was the terrified, wide-eyed, silent look of someone who knew that their horrible fate had been sealed, but that they could do absolutely nothing about it. And so Sarah had driven Warren on, not saying anything for a long time, instead allowing the pregnant silence to infuse the air with something profound...something Warren could feel, but that he could not understand. All that he could do was sit there and try not to

look too obviously over at Sarah too often. Her car seemed to be especially made for someone as big as her (Warren's feet barely even hung down off the gigantic passenger seat cushion), but even still, her gigantic body filled her seat completely, with the firm mass of her thick hips and thighs even going over the edges of both sides of her seat. Her head rose proud and strong up over the headrest, brushing the ceiling. Warren doubted whether he could even touch the car ceiling if he had been standing in his seat.

At last, after ten minutes of silent driving, Sarah spoke.

"You know why I came and rescued you?" she asked quietly. Warren was surprised at how sudden and...casual Sarah's words had been. And he realized that he had no idea what she intended on doing with him. His mind had been in a state of mush ever since Sarah had taken him. He didn't even know what he wanted...did he want to be with her? Did he want to escape? To go back to Irina? He had no clue.

"N-no," he said simply, shaking his head as he looked way up at her. She glanced side-eyed at him, and looked back at the road as she continued driving.

"Irina cares for you very much, you know," Sarah continued in that same quiet, measured voice. "She's not like so many of the others...like those silly little girls back there." Warren blinked and stared forward, then glanced sideways at Sarah's arm as she deftly flicked her blinker on. Even such a simple motion seemed to carry enormous power behind it, and Warren saw the tendons in her wrist flex slightly through her skin as she moved her arm.

"I know that it hasn't been easy for you," Sarah said softly, "Adjusting to this new reality. I know you ran away this morning because you thought you came to your senses, but actually what happened was you had a common and expected bout of psychosis."

"Ps-psychosis?" asked Warren, looking up into Sarah's face, confused. He was blown away by how gorgeous she was, but he was terribly intimidated by her — with both of them sitting down, the top of his head barely even came up to her huge breasts, which were almost pressed up against the steering wheel, despite the fact that her seat was adjusted as far back as it could go.

"Yes Warren," breathed Sarah, making another turn...and Warren saw that it was Irina's street. He felt his heart beat faster — she was taking him back...she was taking him back to Irina...she wasn't keeping him for herself. He didn't know how to feel about all this — if anything, he just felt numb.

"You thought that your eyes were opened to the horror of this new world," Sarah continued, "But really, you were having an adverse mental breakdown, a breakdown that is necessary to accepting your new role."

"B-but..." Warren started to say...and he had no idea where he was going with this thought, but despite everything, he was still compelled to say something in protest. He had not yet come around. But Sarah interrupted him without seeming to make an effort.

"Shhhh, no backtalk, little guy," she said softly but firmly. "If I was the one teaching you, training you, you wouldn't even be conscious right now. But I like Irina — she's not like me, and I

appreciate that. She's a genuine soul, little one. You should count yourself lucky to have such a devoted caretaker. Now get out of the car."

Warren realized that the car had stopped. Sarah had unlocked the doors, and was staring down at him with those sea green eyes of hers, holding him with a searing intensity that felt paradoxically light and cheery at the same time. He felt himself moving to obey her, and a moment later he had, with difficulty, jumped down out of the car and onto the sidewalk in front of his mansion. And there, standing in the doorway, was Irina. Warren's heart jumped, even as a lump rose to his throat, seeming to block his ability to speak or breathe. He didn't know whether to cry or run to her or run away from her. So he just stood there, totally confused.

The sound of Sarah's car driving away echoed in his ears, and suddenly Irina was running towards him, her hands outspread, dark hair fanning out behind her bouncing breasts, and her red, tearstained face rising up above him more and more with every eager stride she took.

Chapter 17

Warren was suddenly awash in Irina's light, sweet, rustic scent, and his vision had become nothing more than a tumbling mass of her long, dark hair, which seemed to cling to and wrap around his body as she seized him in her arms and brought him up to her face. He felt her firm, strong, soft hands enveloping his midsection, going all the way around and holding him fast. And all the while, her relieved sobs overwhelmed his ears — he felt so bad for her, and so terribly guilty, that he could have driven her to such a state, and yet, at the same time, he was still desperate to get away. The strength and intensity of Irina's reaction to having him back was making him feel all the more intimidated about what was to come.

Warren hadn't even had the focus to register that Irina's hair was damp, which was why it seemed to cling to his body as she lifted him up and held him tightly in between her breasts, forcing his head to hang over her left shoulder as she turned and walked with him swiftly back into the house. After her call with Sarah, Irina had driven back home and tried to make herself some breakfast, but her hands had gone numb and she couldn't even properly hold the kitchen knife to cut vegetables for an omelette. And in any case, she had found it increasingly difficult not to cry as she looked down, trying in vain to occupy herself. She just couldn't help but feel that this had all been her fault, and that, despite what Sarah had said to her, she had somehow doomed Warren to a terrible fate out in the harsh and unforgiving new world.

Vivid images from the TV flashed through her mind — pictures of some of the illegal male harems that had been busted by the police in recent days. While it was unquestionably legal for women to have more than one male “dependent” (as the euphemism went), larger harems were subject to more strict regulation, aimed at combating the rise of exploitative male trafficking, which was apparently becoming a big problem. Before Warren had run away, Irina had thought that such trafficking was sad and inexcusable, a blight on the new world order that had risen up out of the Whipple Pandemic. Just because men had become smaller, weaker, and more infantile didn't make it right for women to start abusing them, and taking advantage of their helplessness to feed their own carnal desires! And while Irina had to admit to herself that she understood the attraction to such pleasures, she had been firm in her opposition to lax regulations on these “mega-harems,” and the inevitable human trafficking that went along with them.

But that had all just been abstract principles before...the typical social policy debates and opinions that everyone had about this aspect or that aspect of the news. But now that Warren had run away, Irina had been unable to keep her mind from the horrors of what he might have been going through at that moment. She had heard reports of...what were they? Bounty hunters, basically...roaming the streets...gigantic women who had purposefully exposed themselves to high concentrations of the Whipple Virus so that they grew even bigger and stronger than the “typical” big woman who might oppose them. Irina had heard reports that some of the more advanced of these “bounty hunters” (many of whom were actually medical doctors, apparently) had isolated certain genetic components of the Whipple Virus, the components that accentuated female secondary sex characteristics, and injected themselves with them, causing their breast size and milk production to vastly increase. Irina could hear Julia Winters's voice echoing in her head, from a news broadcast just a few days before:

“And it has been suggested by some hypothetical laboratory experiments that the high concentrations of androstenol in these women can actually emanate from their pores, into the

surrounding air, potentially causing any Whipple-infected men close by to have an uncontrollable desire to nurse at their breasts. Some experts have postulated that this is how certain mega-harems have gotten so big...the little men literally get drawn into their lairs.”

Irina remembered how the news anchor had smiled and given a little chuckle as she shook her head, and moved onto a different story. Even then, Irina had noticed a difference between her reaction and Julia Winters’ — maybe other women didn’t care too much about this story, but Irina had felt so sorry for those poor little men, seduced into their own doom, by irresponsible and greedy women who were using the pandemic to feed their own selfish impulses. Again, Irina could certainly understand these impulses, but as far as she was concerned, other women now had more of a duty than ever to protect men, to care for them, to ease them into the new reality of the post-Whipple world.

But now that Warren had escaped, Irina couldn’t help but think of all those images that had flashed across the news screen days before...a hallway of cages, each of them occupied by a scared, skinny, trembling little man, totally naked, and fitted with an electric collar to shock them if they managed to escape and got too far away from their new prison. This particular news segment had been neutral — Julia Winters had gone to one of these “harems” with a film crew and interviewed a few of the women, even going so far as to stick a microphone in between the bars of one of the cages and ask the captive men a few questions. Irina had watched on with a kind of troubled fascination, as the news anchor’s full, feminine arm held the microphone to one of the men’s trembling lips. He couldn’t have been more than two-and-a-half feet tall...and was even skinnier than Warren.

“And let’s ask this little guy about it,” Julia Winters’s bright voice had begun, as she smiled down at the cowering man in the cage. “I’m told that you ran away from quite a good home life... probably some of the acute Whipple psychosis that we’ve been hearing so much about. What’s it like, being one of sooooo many now? Do you miss your old home life? Your old caretaker?”

“Y-yes!” cried the man, who could barely speak. “I...I m-made...made a mis...mistake! And n-now I’m all s-stuck here w-with nowhere to g—”

“Oh don’t give me that blabber,” interrupted one of the huge “bounty hunters.” Irina remembered how the camera had panned backward to reveal an absolutely gigantic woman, who had to be at least 7’5, a foot taller than both Irina and Julia Winters. Irina thought she looked super-edgy — she was wearing a tight black leather jacket that barely contained her enormous, swollen breasts, and she had a bright red mohawk, with a face full of fierce-looking piercings. Irina had looked on in something like awe, even though she disapproved of this young woman’s behavior.

“He’s well-taken-care-of, Julia,” continued the huge “bounty hunter,” “As he is well aware. He’s just regretting his own decision to run away, now that we’ve captured him. But imagine if he was still out there on the street, wasting away. No resveratrol treatments, no reactive protein therapy, no medical interventions whatsoever to keep you alive. Oh, and of course, no millllkkk.”

The unnamed young woman had then, in the presence of the TV cameras, popped a colossal breast out of her leather jacket, revealing an oceanic appendage of firm, voluptuous flesh, with a hard, protruding nipple on the end that had to be at least a couple inches long. Irina had

shuddered (even as she had become aroused), watching on TV as the woman with the mohawk had brought her engorged teat towards the little man trembling in his cage. Julia Winters said nothing, putting her hand up to her camera crew, indicating that they should continue filming, allowing the interaction to take place candidly. Irina had watched as the man's face twitched, his eyes helplessly drawn to the warm flesh of the incoming breast. For a moment, it had looked as if he was going to retreat to the back corner of his cage, but his trembling increased, and Irina could see that his mouth had started to water.

The young bounty hunter, smiling knowingly, had brought her breast closer, closer, and closer to the cage bars...and as she did so, the little man had become more and more restless and fidgety. Irina understood — he knew that he was being filmed, and that he would be undermining his message of persecution if he devolved into a helpless, childlike state...but the closer that nipple came, the more he appeared to come apart at the seams. His young captor had finally stopped coming closer, holding her huge, fat nipple just a few inches from the cage bars. The tiny man had looked on...and then the woman had pinched her nipple with two huge fingers, making it grow even bigger, as little flecks of white milk appeared on the surface. The man was putty now — he was pressing his face, his entire body, up against the cage bars. Irina noticed his little erection poking through, and felt a matronly sense of sorrow for him, even as she had felt a strange desire to chuckle.

The huge young woman had grinned furtively at the camera and flicked her nipple, causing little flecks of her thick white milk to speckle the bars of the man's cage. Like a starving animal, he had immediately started licking the milk of the bars of his cage, his eyes clouded and unfocused, as he eagerly panted out into the air. The gigantic young woman had then turned to Julia Winters, and the camera, and winked.

“Sorry, he'd like to finish what he was saying,” the woman had chuckled, “About being a helpless victim who can take care of himself...who is fit to live out in the real world by himself, but...well, he's a little preoccupied, apparently.”

This particular news segment had been at the forefront of Irina's mind as she looked down at her cutting board, trying to chop up onions and mushrooms for her breakfast. But she hadn't even been able to hold the knife straight, because her hands had gone numb, and because her eyes kept welling up with tears. She had snorted to herself and looked up indistinctly, feeling ridiculous.

‘Come on Irina,’ she had told herself aggressively, trying to rally, ‘Get ahold of yourself. Just... just try and relax. Sarah's got everything under control. She really seemed to know what she was talking about. You need to calm down and trust her.’

It was a tall order, to be content with staying in the house and just waiting for something to happen. Irina was a proactive person, unaccustomed to waiting passively around when action was called for. But she trusted Sarah...didn't she!? Irina had put the knife down, abandoning breakfast, and had instead tried making herself some calming chamomile tea. But her mind was racing. What was Sarah going to do, anyway?? Why did she seem to know so much about what to do? Irina admitted to herself that it had been stupid on her part to think of putting up those posters, especially in light of that news segment she had seen...but everything else just didn't seem to make sense. How could Sarah have been so confident that she could find Warren? These troubling questions, with even more troubling answers, swirled around in Irina's

mind as she sipped her tea, staring out of the front kitchen window. Was Sarah somehow... involved with the trafficking underworld!? Was that how she knew exactly what to do and where to go? Irina didn't want to think about it. She finished her tea way too quickly, and didn't feel calm at all. She had finally decided to just go take a shower, to sit on the ledge and just let the hot water wash over her, as she breathed in the soothing vapors. She'd keep her phone close by, just in case Sarah called.

Half an hour later, Irina was pacing back and forth in the kitchen, a white towel tied up on her head, glancing out the window every few seconds, her phone grasped in her hand. At this point, Irina was beyond caring how "crazy" she was acting. She was minutes away from calling Sarah to ask about how it was going, even though, up to this point, she had managed to let the voluptuous nurse do her thing without pestering her. But Irina had run out of options for distracting herself. She had taken her shower, spruced herself up, put on make-up, changed clothes, tidied up Warren's bedroom from the previous night, and on and on, until she was left pacing the kitchen, occasionally glancing at the high chair that she had brought out from storage.

Irina had remembered the high chair when she had been sitting with her head in her hands in the shower. She had come across it weeks ago, when she had been cleaning, but at that point she hadn't really given too much thought to it. But sitting in the shower, she had managed to get herself to a mental place where she could think about how she would react once Sarah had brought Warren home. She would be happy...so incredibly happy and relieved...but she would also be upset with him. Irina could feel herself getting worked up just thinking about it — how could Warren have been so thoughtless, so reckless, to run away like that!? What on earth had he been thinking?? Even if he had been freaked out by what had happened the previous night, with the breastfeeding and everything, there was surely no excuse for just running out into the world like that! Warren watched the news — he couldn't pretend that he didn't know what was going on out there in the world...that he didn't know the dangers. It was absolutely insane of him to think that any difficulties he had with her here, in the safety of his house, were worse than what awaited him out there.

'But he was insane,' Irina had to remind herself as she got out of the shower, looking down at her hands as she flexed them in and out, enjoying the return of sensation that the hot water had brought. 'He was having a psychotic break...poor little thing...I can't be hard on him like that. I can't judge his behavior by the standards that would have been normal for a grown man months ago. Things have changed — the world's different. And I can't stay stuck in the past.'

And so, after tying up the towel on her head and putting on a fresh set of clothes, she had gone into the storage closet under the stairs and fished out the high chair, marveling at how easily she was able to do it.

"Guess I forgot I'm 6'5 and built like a tank now," thought Irina to herself, in a lighthearted moment that was unfortunately fleeting. She was glad to see that the high chair came complete with body straps for securing the supposed infant into the seat, preventing the possibility of escape. And even though Warren was an adult and had the mental ability to understand how to loosen the straps themselves, Irina doubted that he now had the actual strength to loosen what she had tightened.

Now that the high chair was in the kitchen, Irina was pacing back and forth, looking out the window, and occasionally at the high chair itself. A few times she questioned whether this was really the best course of action, reacting to Warren coming home by literally strapping him down...imprisoning him. It somehow felt wrong...or at the very least, overly harsh. So he had suffered a little psychotic break — did it really warrant this kind of dramatic intervention?

But here Irina managed to catch herself. For one thing, she had no idea what state of mind Warren was going to be in when Sarah brought him back. Would she have already tied him up? Would he be screaming and raving about not wanting to be under her care? Under her supervision? Or, even worse, would he feign contrition, only to try and escape again at the first opportunity? Irina simply had no idea what to expect, so of course her forceful intervention was warranted. And, she reminded herself, his “little psychotic break” could have easily resulted in him getting kidnapped and sold into one of those huge male harems, or worse. Irina had been far, far too lax in her care for him, and had underestimated the irrational potential of his Whipple-infected mind. So yes, she thought, as she stared hard at the high chair, she was perfectly right in not wanting to take any chances this time. She knew that she needed to take a more “hands-on” approach to his care now, and she was well aware that such an approach was going to drastically alter the dynamics of their relationship. Irina was determined, though, above all else, to bring Warren into her fold, to give him the most loving possible care, and to prevent anything like this from happening ever again.

She had managed to distract herself with all of this feverish, yet strangely clearheaded musing, but had nonetheless been on the verge of losing her nerve and calling Sarah, when she saw the huge black car pulling up slowly beside the house. The windows were all tinted. Irina’s heart stopped. And then, from the slight change in the sun’s reflection on the shiny black door, she could see it...the passenger door had opened...two tiny little bare legs issuing forth from inside the car, stretching to reach the ground. Irina was already rushing outside. And when she saw Warren standing there, she lost herself again, dashing at him as she sobbed in relief, whisking him up off his feet and carrying him inside.

“Oh my god, oh Jesus thank GOD...you’re back...you’re home...oh my guahauhuaahdd!” cried Irina, her great bosom heaving with her sobs as she held Warren’s little body to her, palming the back of his head as she felt him sinking into her flesh. She didn’t even really know what she was saying; at the moment, she was just getting it all out, all the desperate anxiety and worry that had been plaguing her for the past two hours. She was standing in the kitchen now, with Warren draped over her shoulder, staring indistinctly at the high chair. For long moments, she just held him there to her, allowing herself to regain control of her breath as she gradually slipped back into a more “normal” homeostasis. Her heart was still racing, though, and suddenly she realized that she hadn’t gotten a good look at Warren’s face. Right about this time, she also realized that she hadn’t heard him say anything. Irina needed to figure out what she was working with here. She used her free hand to wipe the tears away from her eyes, then hooked her hands under Warren’s armpits and extended her arms, holding him out in front of her, his feet dangling in the air by her mid-thighs.

He wasn’t even looking at her. His beautiful blue eyes were wide, but they were focused to the side, conspicuously away from Irina’s face. His mouth was closed, and his lips were twisted up in something like a frown. It was immediately clear that he had been overwhelmed by Irina’s reaction to having him back, and that he didn’t know what to do or say, let alone think. The truth was that Warren was experiencing such a staggering mix-up of emotions in this moment that he

was nearly sick to his stomach. He was incredibly grateful to be back, but he was also terrified of slipping back into Irina's sexual fold...he felt so horribly guilty for running away, and driving her to such emotion...he felt like running away again...her sobbing had totally thrown him off, frightening him...he was afraid of her punishing him...he sensed her milk...he had to look away, even though he desperately wanted to look at her gigantic breasts that were looming down there, slightly below him...he could smell how full they were...he was sure that her nipples were erect and swollen now...he couldn't look...he had to focus on the floor...was she going to be upset with him...what was next...what was next...?? It all swirled around crazily in his head, and all he could do was focus indistinctly on the floor, trying as hard as he could to resist looking at Irina's breasts, or at her face. He was terribly afraid that if he looked into her face, he would somehow fall under her spell. Even now, that flame of resistance burned inside him.

Irina felt stunned by Warren's expression — it felt like a slap in the face. He couldn't even look at her!? She felt like shaking him...felt like screaming at him. Her negative emotions came rushing back, about how much he had hurt her by running away, about how foolish he had been, all because he had freaked out over a little breast milk...was his manhood really that fragile!? Irina felt her eyes narrowing in pinpointed anger, and she breathed out in a forced huff through her nose; Warren blinked...her exhale had watered his eyes...but still, he didn't look at her. Irina closed her eyes and breathed in and out deeper a few times. He was back. He was here with her. He wasn't going anywhere...he couldn't go anywhere. She didn't have to lash out at anything — everything was ok. None of this was his fault, none of it. And she would not feed her negative emotions by dwelling on them. She was the caretaker here, and she was going to take care of him, even if it meant gently breaking certain things in his mind that needed to be broken. But first, she needed to take a moment with herself.

Opening her eyes again and setting her jaw straight, she stepped over to the high chair and lowered Warren's legs down through the holes. Warren hadn't noticed the high chair before, and only realized what was happening after it was too late. He started kicking and flailing his legs, but it was all in vain — Irina had already put his legs through the holes. He felt a tightness in his chest...she was strapping him in! His weak little arms grasped and grappled with the straps, and his right hand even tried to grip Irina's forearm as she tightened the last strap. He was shocked to realize how strong Irina felt, how big her arm was. His little hand couldn't even get halfway around the middle of her forearm as he fruitlessly tried to push it away. Of course, she wasn't anywhere close to as big as those terrifying bounty hunters, let alone Sarah...but his mind had become singularly focused on Irina now.

She stood back carefully, watching him struggle with the straps. There was no way he was getting out of that high chair — that much was clear. She had tightened everything almost to the point of discomfort, just to ensure that he remained where he was. And now, as Irina stood there, staring down at her captive little man, she knew it was time for her to take that moment with herself. She needed to get Warren out of her sight for a minute, just to clear her head, breathe deeply, and decide how she was going to proceed.

Warren actually did look up now — Irina was leaving the room. He watched her huge breasts swaying out in front of her as she strode out of the kitchen, her big ass bouncing and gyrating in her wake. What was she doing!? He struggled with the straps some more and then deflated, giving up. And then, from the dining room, he heard it: the sound of Irina taking long, measured deep breaths in and out...in and out.

Chapter 18

Warren felt ridiculous in the high chair, but there was nothing he could do to escape. Irina had strapped him in tightly, and all he could do was uselessly flail his arms and legs...which of course made him feel more juvenile and childlike than he already felt. He could hear her taking deep breaths in the adjacent room, and it was making him extremely nervous. All the while, though, Warren was trying to amp himself up for some kind of confrontation. He had no idea what it would be like, but he was determined not to let Irina just walk all over him. All the crazy, conflicting thoughts in his mind continued to whirl about uncontrollably, but he tried his best to block them out. He fought to keep this truth crystal-clear in his mind, that despite the pandemic, despite his illness, despite everything that had already happened, this was still his house, and he was his own man...and Irina was still his employee.

“So Warren,” came Irina’s gentle, measured voice from above. Warren’s head snapped up. He had been staring at his bare feet, hanging out of the holes in the high chair, but now he was looking straight up at Irina. She had come back into the kitchen, and was walking up to him with slow purpose. He had another urge to fight his bonds, but he knew it would be useless, and did nothing.

“Sarah brought you back, huh?” Irina continued, walking up very close to him and stopping. Internally, she was making a huge effort not to put her hands on her hips, or fold them across her chest — as much as she badly wanted to, she was careful not to show how upset and hurt she still felt.

Warren nodded silently, and Irina felt another flare-up of her anger. The little guy wasn’t even going to talk to her!? But she reminded herself that he was probably still like a “deer in the headlights,” and so she bent down over him, peering closely at his skin.

“All alone out in the world by yourself!” Irina exclaimed, with a little exaggeration. She reached down and brushed Warren’s little head aside, checking the side of his neck. “And you didn’t get hurt? You didn’t fall? No one tried to kidnap you?”

Warren stared stonily straight ahead. The touch of Irina’s big fingers on his neck made him instantly hard, and caused his skin to break out all over in goosebumps. What was he going to tell her? Irina noticed, and felt a wave of hormonally-charged emotion that combined with her own arousal, giving her a hot flash up her neck and across her face.

“I...some people tried, yeah,” he heard himself croak out. He still couldn’t bring himself to look her in the eye. “There were...two w-women...but then...I—I got away, and then I ff-found a group of men...hiding out...but...but then s-some of those...th-those bounty hunters found us, and th-they had nets...and...and they were going to take us away, b-but...but Sarah showed up and...uhhh..sh-she just...she took me away.”

Irina blinked down at him, exhaling slow, sweet breath as she listened. She was burning up inside...she had not realized that it had been that dramatic, that dangerous, that close. His little body was shivering now, and she immediately realized that Warren had told her all of that against his better judgement. It had all just come spilling out in a kind of helpless, purging catharsis. She hummed comfortingly at him as her huge hands continued their survey of his body, checking the other side of his neck, gently folding back the hair on his head to examine

his scalp, lifting both of his tiny arms to check his armpits, running her hands down his bony back, encircling his shrunken legs in her warm palms, testing them...almost to ensure that everything was still there.

“You poor little thing,” she murmured, letting his legs go. “I can see how much it affected you. I’m just...so glad to have you back in one piece.”

Warren kept looking down at the floor. He had thought about mentioning how big Sarah had been...how the little group of men were all left to their fate...how Sarah had orchestrated the whole thing...how the “leader” of the group had probably suffered a worse fate than the rest. But none of that really seemed to matter now. It was just him and Irina.

“Warren,” came Irina’s soft voice, edged with something hidden behind the tenderness, “I want you to look up at me.”

Warren’s eyes glanced upward from the floor. Irina had crouched down low in front of him now, resting her hands on her knees as she looked straight into his face. Even crouching down like this, her head was even with his. Their eyes met, and Warren immediately looked away. He felt it all — shame, helplessness, embarrassment, arousal, resistance.

“Waaaaarren...” Irina said again, almost in a whisper, “I said look at me. Don’t look away.”

“W-what...what do you w-want, Irina?” blurted out Warren pitifully, still looking down at the floor. He felt himself inhaling sharply a moment later, because a giant warm hand had suddenly engulfed the entirety of his chin and gently but firmly forced his head upward. Irina’s dark eyes stared into his, and for the first time, Warren realized that she too was trying hard to remain composed. He saw that her eyes were a little glassy, like she was just keeping herself from crying, and he noticed her bottom plush lip quiver slightly.

“I just want you to know,” Irina said quietly, as she gently pet Warren’s cheek with her long fingers, “How...how much it affected me, Warren...you running away like that.”

“I’m...I’m s-sorry!” he exclaimed, now feeling desperately guilty, even as he remained paradoxically determined to explain and justify himself. “I...I w-wasn’t really thinking straight, I know...and I know it’s dangerous out there...I mean, obviously, and everything, but maybe I thought the news was exaggerating or something, y-you know...but...uhm...I...y-yeah, yeah I’m sorry Irina I shouldn’t have made you worry like that and, I’ll...like, I won’t just freak out like that again, ok? I just...I needed a little space, and...uhhh...it...it got out of hand.”

He concluded his attempt at an apology-explanation in a petered-out voice, because as he spoke, a large tear had welled up in Irina’s eye and went traveling down her cheek. Somehow, that tear seemed to nullify everything he was saying. Irina flared her nostrils and blew out another slow exhale of sweet breath, blowing back Warren’s hair slightly. She let his chin go. He didn’t dare look away now.

“You don’t understand, Warren,” Irina replied slowly, shaking her head back and forth as she maintained eye contact with him. “All of that is true — I was worried sick about you. And it was absolutely self-destructive to go out of the house like you did, all alone. But you have to understand, Warren...you running away like that...you weren’t running away from the virus, or

anything else except one thing. You were running away from ME, Warren. I've poured my heart and soul into monitoring you, taking care of you, loving you...and you running away...it was you saying that you rejected all of that."

Warren was speechless. Irina stood up slowly to her full height, looming over him at 6'5. He had to crane his neck all the way up to see her face now, which he could just barely see over the hefty globes of her breasts.

"And that hurt me, Warren," she said with soft matter-of-factness. Now she did put her hands on her thick hips. "You tried to refuse my care, my devotion, my love."

Warren's face was on fire with shame now as he looked down at the floor once more. He found himself shaking his head, but he couldn't answer for a long while. Irina let him sit there in his high chair, processing everything she had said, as she watched him shaking his head. She bit the side of her tongue, determined not to express her anger. So he was going to try and somehow wiggle out of this, was he? The nerve...but she reminded herself that she was not going to force him to do anything. She was going to SHOW him how it had to be.

"Th-that...that's...n-not fair of you to say, Irina," Warren finally managed to say, as he brought his eyes up toward her in his best attempt of defiance. "I—I'm sorry I hurt you, but...but I just... I...the...the milk and everything...and how you just...just did it, without even asking me...I mean...I know...I know I'm sick, and I know you've been taking care of me, and I...I appreciate it, Irina, I r-really do...but there are...there are still rules, you know...I-limits. And...d-despite everything, you know...you're...you still work for me, Irina, and I think...I think a line was...was crossed. I'm sick, but I'm still a man."

Irina's eyes had flashed down at Warren for an instant as he had begun his best attempt at defiance. A part of her was still hurt that he was putting up this kind of resistance, but a much larger part of her, the more composed, rational side, reminded her that all of this was expected. All of this was necessary; they were getting it all out. She took a deep breath, inflating her large breasts above his head. At this point, the robe she was wearing was so tight that it actually expanded audibly with her breath. She saw Warren's little head look up. She knew he was hard...she knew he wanted her milk...and she badly wanted to give it to him. But all of this was part of the plan.

Smiling amiably, she inclined her head down towards him, taking a step back as her eyes travelled purposefully up and down his captive form in the high chair.

"HmMMM, well you say that," Irina declared, "But...well, I have to be honest Warren...you don't look like much of a man right now."

"That's because...that's because you strapped me to this...this high chair!" he responded angrily, getting a little red in the face. His "angry voice," though, came out as more of a whine than anything else.

"Well alright, alright," Irina replied, bending down towards him. "I'll let you go, don't worry. I just needed to make sure you didn't try and bolt again." Just hearing Warren trying to explain himself had been a strange catharsis for her — Irina hadn't been able to help shedding that tear, but looking into his eyes and calmly telling him how much he had hurt her...and seeing his

dumbfounded reaction...well, it had apparently been all the transition Irina needed. She was confident in herself now, totally in control of her emotions, and of the situation in general. She knew what she was doing now. With a deft little flick of her fingers, she undid the first strap, giggling at him at how easy it was for her, and then undid the second as well.

“Well, there you are,” Irina declared, standing back and spreading her arms. “You’re free, Warren. Free to be yourself. I suppose you’ll be wanting some clothes, hmmm?”

“Uhhh...y-yes...yes, that’d be nice,” he said, coming down from the high chair and standing on unsteady legs in front of her, covering his crotch (and his erection) with his hands. She looked absolutely gigantic compared to him, bigger than she had ever looked before. The memory of the bounty hunters, and of Sarah, was fading away in Irina’s presence, even though she was shorter and smaller than any of them. She was THERE, in front of him, and that’s what mattered.

“My goodness,” murmured Irina, stepping closer to him, “I think...even after just two skipped doses...I think you’re definitely smaller, Warren.”

“I...um...those clothes?” Warren asked pathetically.

“Mmmm, clothes, right,” said Irina, nodding. “Well...I mean, this is your house, Warren. No one’s stopping you from getting them.”

Warren stared up at her and then turned to make his way toward the stairs. They certainly looked a lot higher, and a lot more imposing, than he remembered. It struck him that, for a while now, he hadn’t even climbed stairs. He had always remained upstairs, with Irina coming up and down, bringing him his meals.

“Well on you go, Warren!” Irina said brightly, turning away from him. “I’m just going to start making lunch, alright? Oh, just one thing, though — and I know you won’t like this, but...just to ensure that you’re safe even if you have another, um...virus-induced psychotic episode, let’s call it...I’ll be keeping the keys to the house with me, ok? All the doors and windows are locked. But don’t see it as me keeping you prisoner...like you said, Warren, it’s your house, and you’re...*cough* the boss here, after all. It’s only a safety precaution, you understand.”

“I...uhhh, I mean, ok, but...well, you don’t have to keep me locked in,” Warren answered, shrugging at the base of the stairs. “I’m never going outside alone over again, after...after what happened, so...”

“Excellent!” smiled Irina, taking out the keys and jingling them at him. “Just, you know...to be totally safe! Alright, you go on up there and get dressed, and I’ll get lunch ready.”

Warren turned and began making the long, arduous trek up the stairs. Irina busied herself making sandwiches, glancing up every once in a while to enjoy Warren’s progress, and to make sure that he wasn’t actually getting himself into danger, exhausting himself on the stairs. Five whole minutes later, he had managed to reach the top; he was out of breath, and his skin was shiny with sweat.

“Oh and of course you’re going to take two doses of your resveratrol, right?” called Irina sweetly up at him.

“I...yeah...yes,” panted Warren. He was trying to make his voice sound casual, but of course this was impossible, and it came out in a kind of gasp. He knew Irina would just love to see how drained he had been from climbing the stairs, so he made sure to get into his room as quickly as possible. His bed was still un-made, with the huge indentation of Irina’s body still on the sheets and mattress. It had been less than 24 hours before...that he had been on that bed with her, all warm and cozy, suckling on her fat nipple as he was nestled next to her huge breast and... and...

He shook his head, trying to clear it.

‘It’s just the virus talking,’ he said to himself, walking over to his chest of drawers. ‘It’s just the virus...it’s not me...I don’t actually want that...’

The chest was so high that he couldn’t reach the top, where he kept his shirts, his socks, and his underwear. Had Irina arranged everything like this!? He couldn’t remember...it had been so long since he had really bothered to dress himself. Irina had laid out his clothes for the past few weeks.

‘Well, it’s high time I get into the habit of doing these things for myself,’ Warren declared to himself. He looked around for something to stand on to reach the drawers, but upon finding nothing, he contented himself with picking out an oversized shirt and shorts from the bottom drawer, ones that had fit him back when he was normal-sized. He put them on, and sighed, shaking his head. This wouldn’t do...he looked ridiculous. Irina wouldn’t be able to stop laughing. THIS was how he was going to show her he was in charge of himself!?

Stalling for time, he went into the bathroom and took his medicine. Thankfully, it had just barely been within his reach. And of course! That stool in the bathroom! Warren smiled as he went to get it...and then he smelled the scented aroma of the lavender bath salts that Irina had poured into his bath the night before. The smell took him back...her huge, engorged breasts, heavy with milk, hanging low down towards him, seeming to want to burst out of her clothes towards his face...those hard nipples aimed straight at his mouth...

“God damn it!” Warren growled to himself, setting his teeth as he felt his cock get hard. He stopped inhaling through his nose and managed to drag the stool toward the chest in the other room. It wasn’t easy, but he finally got there. But before he stood up on the stool, Warren had to sit on it for a minute, catching his breath. It was incredible how weak he had become...how frail...how small...

‘It’s...it’s just because I missed a couple doses,’ he tried to tell himself. But the words rang hollow in his head. He was so distracted with his own struggles that he didn’t hear Irina creeping up the stairs. She cast a furtive little glance into his room and smiled with sweet, almost-sad empathy to herself, looking down at his naked little back, going up and down, up and down, with each heaving breath. He was going to have to learn. And she was going to help make it easier for him. She had tolerated his weakness for a while now, but it was time to really strip everything down to its bare truth. Sticking her tongue into the side of her cheek, she made

her way swiftly to her quarters. She knew it was going to take him at least five minutes to change into his own clothes...plenty of time for her to change as well.

Ten minutes later, Warren was gripping the bannister of the stairs as he made his way back down. He had managed to dress himself in the clothes he wanted, but he was desperate to realize that even they fit a little looser than he remembered. Still, though, Irina wouldn't be able to hold it over him. He had done it all himself! He couldn't help but think, though, as he descended the stairs, how crazy it had been that he had actually run down these stairs a few hours earlier, in his blind panic.

'It must have been the adrenaline,' he thought to himself, 'That would explain why I was able to go so quickly without getting t...'

His thoughts stopped in their tracks. He was looking across the kitchen island at Irina, who was humming along to herself, chopping up lettuce, onions, and tomatoes for a salad. She had changed clothes...into one of those outfits he had bought her online. On its own accord, his mouth dropped open. Irina was wearing a cerulean blue top, which had long sleeves that Irina had pulled up on her forearms. Her body filled it out completely...the arms, the abdominal region, and, of course, the bust. Warren wasn't able to help gaping at her from the foot of the stairs. The way her body just...just crammed into the top...the way her breasts seemed almost to overflow its boundaries...was nothing short of stunning. And that wasn't all — Irina had also changed into a pair of long, black leggings that Warren had also bought for her online. These too were completely filled by her strong, thick legs, and curvy hips. Her powerful thighs emanated with elegant strength from the huge orbs of her prominent ass, and curved artfully down to her knees, swelling once more in her impressive calves, and back down to her bare feet. Had Irina ever gone barefoot in the house before!?

Irina immediately noticed Warren staring at her, but made it a point to only look up once she had let his eyes drink their fill.

"Oh hey!" she chirped, smiling at him. "All dressed I see! Lunch is almost ready!"

Lunch itself was an agonizing affair for Warren. He kept having to stare at Irina's gigantic breasts, which really did look like they were about to burst out of her top at any moment. She laughed and talked gaily, making it a point to try and re-establish a sense of outward normalcy after the day's turbulent events. In reality, of course, she was giving Warren all the time he needed to ogle her. She wasn't even wearing a bra, and her nipples hardened steadily throughout the meal. Warren barely managed to eat any of his sandwich; they both knew what he really wanted, but he was determined to hold firm.

'I just need to...to get into the habit of telling myself no,' he said to himself as Irina gathered up his plate, giving a side-eye to his mostly-untouched food. The way her huge ass just bucked and swayed behind her as she ambled languorously to the sink...well, it made him desperate to learn how big she had gotten.

"Hey!" Irina said suddenly, like she was reading his mind, "Since we didn't measure this morning, I think we better, right?"

“Yeah!” answered Warren right away, with a little too much enthusiasm. He hadn't even thought to try and delay it. Irina smirked down at him and raised her eyebrows.

“A little eager, are we?” she teased. She brought her fingers up to her left nipple and gave it a little squeeze, making the cerulean blue bleed darker around her areola. She had just released a small stream of milk, teasing him, but also allowing herself to feel some relief. Her nipples ached for his little mouth, but she knew the delayed gratification would win out in the end. Warren's eyes grew wide and he had to tense his jaw up to keep his mouth from dropping open.

“Here, I know you don't wanna go all the way up those stairs again,” she said kindly, “So I'll just take this tape measure out of the drawer here...go over to that wall and stand up tall!”

Warren did as he was asked, trying to ignore the authority in Irina's voice. A few moments later she was standing next to him, measuring carefully. When her free hand dangled by her side, he was staring straight into her knuckles. He had to look UP now to see the thick swelling swerve of her hips. He didn't even try looking in between her legs...he could see her fat, engorged pussy pressing through the tight black pants, and he knew that if he looked at it, his cock would harden completely. He was only half-mast now, and barely managing to keep it tucked into the waistband of his loose pants.

“Warren...” Irina breathed out, far above him. “You've...you lost over two inches.”

“I...I what?” he blurted.

Irina stepped back and showed him the tape measure, bending down low towards him so that he could read it. Those giant breasts were suddenly in his face again, and they were jiggling with Irina's soft, sweet laughter as she bit her lower lip. Her eyebrows went up at him in pity.

“You're 3'5, Warren...”

Chapter 19

The next week was pure agony for Warren. The first couple days, he managed to coast through his daily difficulties by reminding himself that he had only just managed getting sold into sexual slavery by a band of pitiless bounty hunter amazons. When he was cognizant enough to remember how close he had come to this potential fate, his present predicament didn't really seem so bad. At least, this was what Warren was telling himself over and over again.

The thing was, Warren was increasingly feeling like he had, so to speak, jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire. Irina was certainly infinitely more loving and caring than any of those terrifying bounty hunters, but Warren found himself wondering if there was really much of a difference regarding her ultimate goals with him. Ostensibly, she had agreed to let him be "free," to let him function as a normal adult in his own house (a strange "victory" for him in and of itself), but under the surface, Warren could tell that Irina was playing games with him...messing with his mind...doing little things to try and nudge him toward his breaking point.

For starters, Irina had started making it a point to dress as suggestively as possible. True, she was wearing clothes that he himself had bought her in a moment of weakness weeks before, but it was all different then. That was before she had crossed a line and breastfed him, for godsakes! Warren went back and forth in his mind, admonishing himself for his past choices, and then making excuses for his behavior. He hated the fact that he had spent thousands of dollars on stylish new clothes for Irina, and he told himself over and over what an obvious and encouraging message that must have sent to her.

'God, how did you think she would react to that!?' he said to himself savagely. 'Of course she was going to think it meant something!'

But then he would try and rationalize it all to himself, drumming up some excuse about how it was "only natural" for a considerate employer to provide his housekeeper with an adequate wardrobe. Warren knew that his excuses sounded pathetic, even in his own head, but he clung to them nonetheless, determined to hold onto some form of normalcy, to keep himself from sinking deeper and deeper into Irina's aura, into her sexual fold. He had tried as hard as he could to forget that he had bought himself a bib.

Irina, of course, hadn't forgotten. She watched Warren's struggles with a mixture of genuine pity and barely-concealed amusement, with an overarching sense of calm, steady determination that governed everything she did. She almost felt bad for taking a little enjoyment out of watching Warren struggle, but she reminded herself that her feelings were harmless and totally understandable. How could she avoid feeling amused!? This tiny little man was stumbling along through his own house, trying to reach things out of reach, trying to lift things that were too heavy for him, and generally trying to be a "man" when he was so obviously anything but. Despite his daily medications, he was continuing to shrink, both in stature and in overall size, and by the end of the week he was only an inch above three feet tall.

Irina generally made sure that there were step stools around everywhere, to ensure that Warren could reach basic necessities, but sometimes, just for fun, in the morning before he came downstairs, she'd take one of the stools away and hide it, so Warren would be forced to ask her to help him up onto the counter, or onto the sofa, or wherever he needed to be. Inevitably, she'd agree to help him, making it a point to ensure that her huge, heavy breasts squished sensuously

into his back, enveloping him completely on either side as she lifted him effortlessly up with one hand, like he weighed nothing at all. Warren was clearly very uncomfortable with these encounters, but Irina saw the obvious truth every time — the unmistakable impinge of an erection in his pants.

Irina sometimes felt a little guilty after pulling little tricks like this. Even though she definitely enjoyed slowly and seductively lifting him up every now and then, she much preferred more indirect and psychological ways of getting into Warren's head. It was less brutish in her mind, and much more rewarding — in this way, Warren was the architect of his own demise, not her. All she was doing was existing, and it was Warren's uncontrollable desires that were spelling his doom.

She had started by making a point of dressing up in a new outfit every day. The outfits themselves, as Warren had bought them, were not meant to all be blatantly suggestive, but he had bought them weeks ago, back when Irina was "only" a few inches over 6 feet. And just as Warren was steadily shrinking, Irina was steadily, inexorably growing. She had reached 6'7 within two days of Warren's return, and by the end of the week, she had reached an astonishing 6'9. It was the most aggressive growth spurt she had gone through, and it left Irina wondering whether repressed desire or extra-full breasts had anything to do with her mounting hormone levels. She was feeling positively lascivious, and her huge body pushing and straining the confines of her outfits seemed like an apt metaphor for her pent-up sexual, motherly energy.

Whenever she was around Warren, Irina felt like her body was about to burst with desire to gather him up, to smother him, to cover him with little kisses all over his precious, shrunken little body. And her breasts...her breasts...THEY felt like they were about ready to explode with the amount of milk they had been producing. Irina knew that she was just a day or two away from having to use her breast pump for some relief. It was getting ridiculous — both of her breasts had become so swollen and engorged that one afternoon, when she slapped them down on the counter as she leaned forward to eat her lunch, Warren could literally HEAR the milk sloshing around inside. Irina saw his mouth drop open out of the corner of her eye, and she could've sworn that she saw it start to water, before he managed to mechanically shut it and settle into his peanut butter sandwich. As she predicted, he barely even touched the sandwich, and kept looking at her breasts as she chattered on about "normal" things going on in the world.

By the end of the week, Irina had completely abandoned wearing bras. For one thing, she didn't have any that fit her anymore, and for another, she was enjoying watching Warren ogle at her bare breasts threatening to rip through the tops and dresses she was wearing. It had become a bit of a chore to squeeze her burgeoning body into these clothes every morning, but the effect on Warren always proved to be worth it. She liked strutting around the house with her massive body stuffed into these clothes — they made her feel even bigger, even more motherly, and strong. She could tell that Warren was trying to wrap his mind around how much bigger she was than him, and how he couldn't even hope to fill her clothes like that, even if his mass were multiplied five or six times over.

The most glaring feature, though, of how things had changed was that Irina absolutely insisted on sleeping with Warren every night. The reason she gave was simple, and perfectly genuine: even on his medication, Warren had suffered an episode of delirium (apparently more common in Whipple's patients at night), and Irina was not about to risk him enduring another episode without her being close by. Warren had tried to dissuade her from this decision, but Irina had

been quite firm on this point, crossing her arms over her gigantic breasts and shaking her head slowly down at him. Her message was clear: he was free to try and resist, but she was not going to yield.

Warren had briefly considered fighting her on this one, but with a halfhearted shrug of his shrunken little shoulders, he had resigned himself to her choice. It certainly was hard, trying to act like a man when Irina was snuggling up in his bed every night after measuring him and watching him take his medicine. In reality, though, Warren was most worried about the temptation her delicious body would pose in bed next to him. He could literally smell the creamy goodness boiling away in those enormous breasts, just a few feet away from his face now every night. And Irina wasn't nearly as shy anymore. As they watched their nightly dose of TV, she had started casually lifting her robe aside, so that her bare tits hung down freely, torturing Warren with how enticing they looked. Stealing desperate glances, he could sometimes even see the little white dots of coy creaminess seeping out from her fat, engorged nipples.

"Aaaaaaaah, that's better," she moaned out pleasantly one night, wiggling her curvy frame back and forth in pleasure as she settled deeper into Warren's mattress. "Mmmmm, of course you understand Warren...these two girls have been pent up all day long and they've just gotten sooooo fuuulllllll, you know?"

"Y-yeah...yeah I...I u-understand," he answered shakily, trying as hard as he could not to turn his head and stare at them. "T-totally...um...understandable, mmhmm..."

"Awww, you know, you've been such a good little sport this week," cooed Irina, reaching her big arm out and pulling Warren's little body up close to her. "I know it's been hard for you, since you've just gotten so much smaller...since you've lost more strength than you had, even before...but you've really tried to put on a good face through it all. I'm so proud of you Warren, really, I am."

"Th-thanks," he muttered, feeling himself sink into her soft, voluminous flesh. Her left breast was only a foot away from his face now. Looking across at it, at its huge, fat nipple, he felt a searing desire to latch his mouth on and suck it.

'It's just the virus talking,' he thought desperately to himself. 'Just the virus...just the virus...'

Her big arm on his back felt so good, so warm, so strong, so loving; he wanted to melt into her. But he also knew what she was doing, and it wasn't lost on him that she had just blatantly mentioned how he was noticeably smaller and weaker now. He had to try and assert himself somehow...to try and keep himself established in some kind of normalcy from the past.

"I...I'm not sure I'm...that much weaker, actually," he murmured, staring at the TV, watching a news program in which Aly Rainsman was interviewing an enormous blond woman in a cerulean dress, a public defender who had started an anti-harem group called "Mothers Against Trafficking." Warren had noticed that his favorite TV anchor had been filling up more and more of the set recently. At this point, she had to be at least 7 feet tall, and fresher and curvier than ever. But with Irina lying there next to him, Warren was finding it difficult to concentrate on the TV. The screen only served to light up their bodies lying next to each other, to accentuate the enormous difference in size. Irina's thighs rose up at least three times as high as his own; Warren didn't even want to think about how much fuller and wider they were.

Irina inhaled a deep breath and let it out, letting Warren feel the inflation of her massive body, as his rose and fell along with hers. She could hardly believe he was still dropping these pitiful little comments, to try and squeeze out of this new reality. But she maintained her composure and put her long fingers through his hair, lightly scratching his little head. She saw his erection almost instantly rise up in the groin of his oversized pajamas, and an immediate, liquid warmth spread through her loins. It didn't even take any effort on her part...his body just reacted that way to hers, and the clear, implicit power of the exchange thrilled Irina, filling her with a sense of growing potential. In the past, she had shied away from indulging in this power over him, but now, she did not feel so inclined to ignore it. Instead, she felt like using it to gently, firmly, relentlessly show Warren that things were going to be different in the house. Irina had been loath to admit it before, but now, she was slowly coming around, slowly realizing that she needed to increasingly accept the dominant role for their relationship to work in the new world.

"Awww, come on Warren," she replied after a few silent seconds of gently scratching his head, "I was just giving you a little compliment, and then you use that to try and deny that things are obviously changing?" She palmed his head with her huge hand, shaking it a little playfully, before snaking her fingers off his scalp and brushing his cheek lovingly with her long finger. "Heheh, I mean, look, like I was saying, I appreciate your...um...your determination to stay strong, Warren, but at some point I think it's healthy to admit that things are just different now, and that you're just...well, much smaller and weaker than you were before. And there's no shame in that, Warren, no shame at all! Because you have ME to take care of you."

At the word "ME," Irina had slithered her huge hand around Warren's shoulder and pulled him in even closer to her big, voluptuous body, actually smushing the side of his face into her exposed breast as she did so. Warren felt his shriveled little body sinking into the soft, voluminous flesh of Irina's hip, and into the splayed expanse of her ass cheek that rose up in sumptuous vigor beside him. Even though she was making a far deeper indentation in the bed than he was, Warren was desperate to see that the top of Irina's ass reached the middle of his stomach; her thick, creamy thighs grew out from her ass in robust, feminine swerves. Warren felt like he was literally being swallowed up by her body, and with his cheek smushed into the side of her breast, he could feel the rhythm of her mighty heart pumping blood through her veins. Her milk...all those sweet, warm reserves of milk...they were so close...he could almost see her engorged nipple pulsating, aching for his mouth. Irina paused as she held him to her, watching him stare at her nipple. For an intense, luscious moment, she thought he was going to surrender and start latching his little lips over her nipple right then and there. But, as she expected, he still had a little fight in him.

"I...I ap-appreciate it, Irina," Warren muttered, staring at the incredible side-by-side comparison of their legs, "But...I mean, don't, uhhh...don't take this the wrong way, but...and I r-really owe you a lot, with everything you do for me..."

"Mmhhh..." hummed Irina, a slow smile coming to her face as she looked down on him. 'God, he's really talking himself into a corner, isn't he?' she thought. A little spasm of hurt throbbed in her heart as his resistance reminded her that he had run away from her...that he had basically rejected her love and care. But the quieter, stronger, more assured part of her was rapidly conquering that part of her that wallowed in the hurt — it felt like an older part of her, an aspect that was disappearing as she got bigger and more confident with each passing day. She was waiting for him to trap himself, and she got what she was waiting for just moments later.

“B-but I...I think...” forced Warren, “I think that...uhm...m-maybe...maybe I should try and, you know...start doing some more things for myself?”

Warren inwardly winced. Even his “declaration of independence” sounded weak-willed and halfhearted. Part of him couldn’t believe he was actually saying this lunacy out loud — who was he kidding!? But he nonetheless persisted in his clumsy obstinance. His only other option was to give in to Irina, to completely throw away his identity as a man, to surrender himself to her. And he knew that as soon as that happened, she would be breastfeeding him like a little baby in no time, and that he would spend his days craving after her milk, until he had completely regressed into a pathetic, needy little infant who had no life or agency of his own. Warren wanted so badly to submit, to just give in and drink from her glorious tits, to melt into her huge body like a little child. But at present his desire to resist was still stronger.

Irina smirked and tilted her head to the side, looking at him mildly. ‘Ok,’ she thought with amused determination, ‘You wanna play this game Warren? Let’s play it.’

“Oh?” she asked out loud, looking at the manicured nails of her long fingers, “Like what, Warren?”

“W-well...” he began, feeling a little encouraged by her apparent receptivity, “Like...uhh...like maybe...uhm, maybe I can start making breakfast for myself?”

“Hmmm,” mused Irina, pursing her lips and slowly nodding her head as she pretended to consider his proposition. In reality, she was devising something quite different.

“N-not that I—I don’t like your cooking!” Warren squeaked out earnestly. “It’s just that...w-well, maybe it’d be a good...a good idea for me to g-get into the habit of uhh, you know, maybe being more active and t-taking a more...active role in...in stuff?”

He was kicking himself internally. What on earth was he doing!? Irina’s breakfasts were the best! Had he seriously managed to talk his way out of them?? But a moment later he felt briefly reassured, because Irina had broken into a smile and was nodding at him.

“Ok Warren,” she replied, “Sounds good to me. You start making your own breakfast every day. Haha, you know, I can see where you’re coming from — as you shrink smaller, it totally makes sense that you want to do everything you can to maintain a sense of agency over yourself and your life. Absolutely understandable, Warren. I’m on board!”

“Oh! W-well...well great!” he exclaimed. He felt himself crack into a sheepish grin. That had definitely been easier than he thought! Perhaps he should try and reassert himself like that a lot more often!

“Just one thing, though,” Irina added, pointing her finger up as she gestured with her big hand, looking down at him seriously, “This can’t be some kind of halfhearted experiment, ok? The fact remains that you’re a man infected with the Whipple Virus, so adequate nutrition is so, so very important, especially right after your morning medicine.”

“Oh y-yeah, yeah, of...of course!” nodded Warren vigorously. He felt Irina inhale a deep breath again, and once more he couldn't help but stare at her huge, swelling breasts inflating next to his face. A tiny bead of thick white milk appeared at the tip of her swollen tit, and Warren had to make a point to keep his mouth clamped shut to avoid openly salivating.

“So seeing as how we both agree that you need to get your proper nutrition,” Irina continued, gently massaging his upper arm with her hand (which easily went all the way around his bicep now), “I think we should add some stakes to the arrangement.”

“S-Stakes?” asked Warren blankly.

“Mmhm,” said Irina. “Just to make sure that you understand that your actions have consequences, Warren. I'm more than happy to give you a shot at proving to me that you can... do more things for yourself, but if it turns out that you can't, well...I want there to be some repercussions...not punishments, you understand...but repercussions.”

“L-like...like what?” Warren asked. He was trying to keep his voice from trembling; already he regretted making this proposal, but he couldn't back out now.

“Well how about this,” Irina mused genially, squeezing him even closer to her, squishing his little body into hers some more as she ran her hand lovingly up and down his shrunken arm, teasing him, emphasizing how much bigger her arm was than his, “If you can make breakfast for yourself tomorrow in a timely manner, let's say by 9 am, then I'll give you the chance to propose some more independence for yourself. Sound good?”

“Y-yeah,” agreed Warren. It certainly seemed reasonable. But he knew that the flip-side was coming next.

“But if it happens that you can't make yourself a nutritious breakfast by 9 tomorrow,” Irina continued, smirking down at him, “Then you have to start wearing that adorable little bib you bought on Amazon...for all of your meals.”

“Wh-what!?” stammered Warren.

“Mmhmm!” nodded Irina, “And...in addition to that, you have to start eating all your meals in that high chair. Deal?”

“B-But...but that's...that's not...uhhhhh,” was all Warren could manage to say.

“Oh but Warren, what's the matter?” asked Irina lovingly, dropping her voice down a little into a deeply feminine timbre, “From your reaction, it kinda seems like you're afraid that you won't be able to do it!”

“I...n-no...no I...I know I can do it!” countered Warren unconvincingly. He turned his face up to hers, trying to be defiant. “It's...uhhhh, y-you're the one who doesn't think I can do it!”

“Heheh, you're right Warren!” laughed Irina, “I don't think you can do it. But I'm happy to be proven wrong. So what do you say? We have a deal?”

Warren just sat there, smushed into Irina's bodacious body, out of options. He knew that he had done all of this to himself, but again, there was nothing he could do now. Silently, he nodded. Irina snuggled up to him even closer, and he smelled her sweet breath washing over him as she breathed one word out sensually:

"Good."

The next morning, as usual, Warren awoke to find that Irina had already gotten up. He stumbled to the bathroom, took his medicine, and then remembered with a cold start that he had until 9 am to make things happen. Panicking, he checked the clock in his bedroom. 8:30. He breathed a sigh of relief. That was plenty of time! He totally had this in the bag.

But five minutes later, he had only just reached the bottom of the stairs, having taken more time than he had anticipated trying to put his clothes on. Usually Irina left his outfits out on the bed, for his convenience, but she hadn't done that today. No doubt to prove a point of her own, Warren figured. He hardened his resolve, desperate to prove her wrong.

When he finally arrived in the kitchen, though, Irina was nowhere to be found. Warren wondered if this was all part of her game. The step stools that he usually used were still in their regular positions, and he went towards the fridge, stepping up one of the stools and bracing himself to pull the door open. 90 seconds later, breathing hard, he finally succeeded. But what he saw inside the fridge made him stop dead.

There were jars of thick, creamy milk sitting there on the first shelf in the fridge...open jars. A delicious, sweet scent wafted up his nose from the jars, and it took all of Warren's resolve not to break down and just gulp down the milk right then and there. There was so much of it...four big jars in all...and Warren knew that it had come from Irina. Not being able to help himself, he reached out and touched one of the jars. It was warm. Warren felt a twinge in his cock as he felt his jaw starting to slacken. Irina had just pumped her glorious breasts, and set the milk in the fridge. Now that he was looking at it closer, he could see that it was actually still steaming.

"Heheh, sorry little guy!" Irina's happy voice came from behind him. Warren nearly fell off the stool as he turned around to see Irina standing there, decked out in an unbelievably tight red dress. He had bought it to fit her weeks before, but now, her huge body filled it so tightly that it looked like the dress itself was about to burst, particularly at the bust. She looked even taller and bigger than she had yesterday.

"I just HAD to relieve a bit of the tension this morning," she continued, cupping her mammoth breasts in her hands and bouncing them up and down. "And I thought it would be a SHAME to let it all go to waste, haha. I also thought it might make my breasts a little smaller so I could fit into this dress a little better, but you can see how well THAT worked out! I think they might even be bigger. Which would make sense, since I measured in at 6'11 this morning!"

"Y-you...you grew two inches last night!?" burst out Warren.

"Yep!" Irina announced proudly, striking poses, putting her hands on her hips as she swiveled her big ass playfully from side to side. "I think I'm finally hitting my growth stride....maybe I can actually compete with your girl Aly Rainsman here before long, hahaha!"

Warren just gaped at her for several long moments, totally mesmerized by her curves, and by how huge she looked.

“Well let’s go, Warren!” Irina exclaimed suddenly, clapping her hands playfully. “You’ve got less than 20 minutes to make yourself a nutritious breakfast, or else...well...”

Her eyes travelled slowly to the side, honing in on something next to the counter. Warren’s eyes followed hers, and then he saw it: the high chair, complete with the bib hanging on it, all decked out with new straps, just sitting there, waiting for him.

Chapter 20

Irina's playful, implied threat was more than enough to spur Warren on. Summoning all his powers of concentration, he turned back towards the fridge, willing himself to look up past the numberless jars of Irina's still-steaming milk, and onto the top shelf. He had initially planned on getting his breakfast from the fridge, where there was plentiful fruit and yogurt, but looking up, he saw, to his dismay, that all of the yogurt cups, and apples and oranges and strawberries, were out of reach, way up on the top shelf. It didn't matter that he was standing on a step stool, and it didn't matter that he was standing on his tiptoes. The outstretched reach of his pitiful little arms didn't come anywhere close to reaching his prize. For a long, agonizing moment, Warren's heart sank. There was just no way...no way he was going to be able to do this...

But then he suddenly thought of the pantry. There were granola bars there! And some dried fruit too! With a glass of water, he could surely make the case that those things constituted a nutritious breakfast!

New life flooded into his brain, and Warren sprang into action, which began with him "springing" down off the step stool that was situated in front of the open refrigerator. His descent was not as smooth and effortless as he would have liked it to appear, and he stumbled sideways a couple paces. He had expected to hear Irina chuckling in the background, but all he heard (and felt, through the floor) were her soft, heavy footsteps, coming closer and closer. Warren recovered and walked back quickly to the open fridge. Before he could reach up to close it, though, Irina's huge, voluptuous, 6'11 body came into view. In the same amount of time, she had crossed four times the distance he had with her long strides; she had beaten him to the fridge, and was looking down on him pleasantly, a warm smile on her face that seemed to sparkle with the brightness in her eyes.

"Aw, not gonna get breakfast from the fridge?" she asked teasingly, sticking her tongue into the side of her cheek.

"I...the uh..." Warren tried to begin, but he stopped. He didn't want to admit that he couldn't reach the fruit and yogurt, but Irina already seemed to understand.

"Oh! Oh is all the breakfast stuff too high for you?" she asked mildly, turning around and proceeding to grab two yogurt cups, an apple, and two oranges, all with the same hand, as Warren watched in amazement. Her hand was so big that she could hold all that without even trying. Even if he could have reached the shelf, Warren would have considered it an accomplishment if he had wrangled himself a single orange without falling off his stool.

"Haha well...I'd love to help you, but, like you said," Irina continued, shaking her head amiably down at him, "You're making breakfast all by yourself, so...heheh, more for me, I guess!" She paused for a second, making it a point to glance obviously down at the open jars of milk.

"But Warren..." she ventured, cocking an eyebrow down at him, "You know, seeing as how you only have, like, twelve minutes to make yourself a whole meal...you DO know that I consider milk a nutritious breakfast, right?"

Warren knew that she was screwing with him now. The only milk in the fridge was her own, and he knew that it wasn't an accident that her milk was the only thing in the fridge that he could

actually reach. He inhaled a breath, ready to answer her in a polite but firm retort, but just then Irina wrapped her big hand around one of the jars and pulled it out of the fridge, turning and swirling it around. Warren had to tense his jaws to keep his mouth from dropping open — the milk looked so thick, so creamy, so unbelievably tasty...as Irina slowly swirled the jar around, Warren could see how the milk's velvety viscosity completely coated the top portions of the glass jar, and didn't slide back down quickly. And then, Irina actually brought the jar up to her mouth, extending her tongue as she tasted, swirling it around suggestively in the white viscous goodness.

"Mmmmm!" she intoned, winking down at him as she drew her milk-tipped tongue into her mouth, "I know it might sound weird, Warren, but damn that tastes good! Waaaaay, way sweeter and creamier than any other kind of milk I've ever had. And they say on TV that it's a good idea for us women to taste our milk every now and then...haha, I'm sure you've heard this too — if it's sour, then that means it's stayed in our breasts too long. Not good for our overall constitution, you know. But if it's sweet, mmmmm, well then it came out at jussssst the right time."

Warren knew exactly what Irina was doing, but it didn't stop him from salivating at the sight of that thick creaminess in the jar, or the thought of him actually gulping it down. What on earth was he thinking, trying to prove something to her!? Why didn't he just give up and submit to her? She would let him have all the milk he wanted...and straight from the source, too. He could feel the body heat radiating off her enormous, statuesque form next to him. His head only came up to the middle of her thigh at this point, right where the bottom part of her impossibly-tight, skimpy dress ended. Warren was sure that if Irina had wanted to, she could have taken a huge deep breath, flexed her body, and literally burst herself out of the entire dress. A substantial part of himself longed to see this, just as he longed to guzzle her delicious milk.

But somehow, he managed to push all of these desires back down into himself. He was going to prove to Irina that he was still a man...that he didn't need her help.

"I'm...I'm just gonna...g-gonna get something from the, uhm...the pantry, actually," he muttered.

"Hmmm, the pantry? Wellll...alrighty then," said Irina with feigned wistfulness as she put the jar of her milk back in the fridge. Warren reached up to try and start pulling the door to, but Irina reached out her hand, grasping it around the top corner of the door even as Warren struggled to navigate the bottom corner.

"I know I'm cheating by helping you," Irina chuckled, bouncing those bodacious breasts as she flexed her calves by standing up and down on her toes, "But you've only got eight minutes left, Warren...and I just couldn't bear to watch you waste two or three of them trying to close the fridge. Here, let me do it, while you show me how independent you are."

Warren winced at the good-natured sting from Irina, but he didn't have time to respond or protest. He watched her give a casual flick of her finger, swinging the entire heavy door closed, and he had to admit that she had definitely saved him at least a minute there.

"Th-thanks," he mumbled, and was scurrying off to the pantry. He couldn't waste any more time staring at her. Everything she did, and every movement she made, was mesmerizing. Thirty seconds later he was up on another step stool in the pantry, desperately scanning the shelves

for any sign of the granola bars or dried fruit. His heart began to quicken even faster as his eyes desperately went up and down the shelves. There didn't seem to be anything he was looking for...at least, not any place he could see it. But how could that possibly be! He was sure that he had seen some granola bars in here weeks before...had Irina eaten them all??

The mellifluous sounds of Irina humming flowed into Warren's ears, and along with her music came the enticing sounds of sizzling. A couple seconds later Warren could smell the savory, spicy scents of sausage, hissing out violently into the air. Warren turned, and from his pantry perch, he saw Irina with her back turned to him, standing at the stove. Her ass cheeks swelled out so thickly behind her that the vibrant red dress looked more like an afterthought than anything else — if Warren had been standing directly beneath her he would have been able to actually see the curving contours of her ass cheeks as they curved and exploded away from her thighs. But as it was, all he could tell was that she was making some kind of delicious-smelling breakfast for herself.

TacTac *TacTac* *TacTac*

Irina had a few eggs in her hand, apparently, and smartly had broken them against the counter, emptying their golden contents into the pan, making it hiss and smoke even more. A few moments later she was adding a heaping handful of spinach, adding a few delicious flourishes of what smelled like cumin, garlic, and chili powder. Somewhere in the back of his mind, Warren figured that it would have taken him around half an hour to get all those ingredients together, much less actually use them while cooking in real time.

But he didn't currently have the mental capacity to think about all this. All Warren could do was stand there on the stool, totally transported by this 6'11, gorgeous beauty of a woman. Irina wasn't doing anything spectacular in and of itself — she was just standing there, lightly bobbing her incredible body up and down as she stood in place, stirring her omelette, humming pleasantly to herself. She made everything she was around — the stove, the refrigerator, the countertop, the sink, the entire kitchen — look absolutely tiny. The counter was even with her lower thighs, and whenever she stirred her pan, she had to actually take a couple steps back to bend down far enough. And, of course, when she bent down, her ass cheeks sprawled out even huger.

'He's been in there for a while already,' Irina thought to herself, gently shaking her ass as she bent down to stir her omelette again. 'HmmHm, I wonder what he could be doing?'

She badly wanted to steal a glance behind her, but she held firm, reminding herself that she was only going to turn and look at him when he had two minutes to go. This was all going so well that she could hardly even believe it — it had taken next to no planning on her part. She hadn't even rearranged the pantry or the fridge (except, of course, to store away her jars of breast milk), and even still, Warren was having so much trouble. But Irina suspected that his difficulties had as much to do with her distracting presence as they did with his inability to reach anything.

'Well that's his problem, now, isn't it?' she thought sweetly to herself. 'If he's gonna show me how independent he is, that involves being able to actually do things with me around, right?'

She glanced at the clock, inhaling through her nose in excitement. Only three minutes left. As she inhaled and smelled the piquant breakfast scents wafting up from the pan, she noted how

relieved her chest felt. Using that breast pump to milk herself had felt a little sad at first — a little lonely and artificial — but now that her tits had been relieved of the pressure, she had to admit that they felt amazing. But even still, when she was in more quiet settings, she could almost feel her breasts working hard, starting to make more.

It was time. She took the pan off the stove, spilled her delectable omelette onto a plate, and swiftly turned around. As she expected, she caught Warren ogling her from the pantry. He froze, his eyes wide like empty plates.

“Hahaha the clock is ticking, Warren!” laughed Irina, as she swiped up her plate and strode over to one of the metal stools by the counter. “You’ve only got two minutes left!”

“I...I — w-what!?” he squeaked, blinking rapidly. Had he really been staring at Irina’s backside for five whole minutes?!

“Heheh, just sayin’,” she chuckled, settling herself down to her own rich breakfast, complete with a cup of piping hot coffee.

“B-But I...I can’t...I c-can’t find any of the g-granola in here!” he yelped. “It was...it was here before!”

“Maybe try the bottom shelf,” Irina suggested, her mouth already full. She shook her head to herself, taking pleasure in his panic. She was giving him all this help, and even still, she was confident that it wouldn’t matter in the end.

Warren immediately ducked down to check the bottom shelf, and almost immediately he noticed the big cardboard box way in the back, by the wall.

‘There it is!’ he thought, with lightning-fast energy infusing his gut. He didn’t even have time to kick himself for not looking there first. He reached for the box, and upon realizing that his little arms didn’t go far enough, he flattened himself out completely against the smooth hardwood floor. Irina put her hand to her mouth and had to make a conscious effort to swallow her food through her smothered laughter. His little body just looked so cute there, all sprawled out on the floor, only his tiny legs visible, sticking out under the bottom pantry shelf.

Warren finally managed to secure a single granola bar, and he rushed up to the counter holding it. A few jumps later and he had managed to climb up one of the metal stools next to Irina. He was there! He had made it! All he had to do was open the wrapper and he’d be able to say he did it all himself.

“One minute!” laughed Irina, her eyes dancing down at him as she continued to eat. Warren was returning her smile now, and he picked up the granola bar, pinching the corners of the wrapper with his fingers as he tried to tear into it. But try as he might, the plastic proved more difficult than he had anticipated. He pulled and pulled at it, but the wrapper remained stubbornly intact.

Warren looked up at Irina in another panic — the last fifteen minutes had been a roller coaster of triumphs followed by anxiety, over and over. And even in the closing moments here, Warren’s subconscious was reminding him that all of these ups and downs revolved around his ability to

locate and open a single granola bar. Meanwhile, Irina just sat there, enjoying her breakfast, and she enjoyed the show.

“30 seconds!” she laughed meaningfully. Warren cursed and flipped the granola bar around on the counter. He’d try to open it from the other side. His eyes glanced down, marveling at how Irina’s huge ass was actually hanging over both ends of the stool, which it completely filled. He was kneeling on his stool, and still, the top of his head only came up to the bottom of her shoulders. His face was turning red with desperate effort. The plastic was starting to stretch a little! Maybe...just maybe...he could do it!

“Ten...” began Irina. She had stopped eating and was now leaning forward on her elbows, watching the drama transpire in front of her.

“Nine, eight, seven, six...”

Warren exclaimed out in a high-pitched whine as he shook the wrapper hopelessly.

“Five, four, three, twooooo...One! Zero! Awwwwwww!” cried Irina exultantly, throwing up her arms like she was watching the dramatic conclusion to an exciting game. “Sooooo close!”

“I...I c—...I just...I couldn’t...” panted Warren, shaking his head as he bowed it in shameful defeat. His face was covered in sweat.

“Couldn’t open the wrapper, huh?” teased Irina. She spider-crawled her gigantic fingers over, snagged the granola bar, and effortlessly opened it with a quick little snap of her thumb and pinkie. Warren stared after it like a dead man, not so much in surprise at Irina being able to do it so easily, but rather in dread for what awaited him now.

“Well a deal’s a deal, so up you go!” laughed Irina. She wasn’t going to waste any time now; she had been looking forward to this all morning, and the moment had finally arrived. Snaking two enormous hands under Warren’s armpits, she whooshed him up off the stool and threaded his little legs through the openings of the high chair. A few seconds later he was standing there, hands clasped in delight in front of her, as she beheld Warren strapped in the high chair...his high chair...with the light blue bib adorning his shrunken chest.

“You look soooooo cute, Warren!” Irina giggled, her curves jiggling with quiet suggestion as she stood there, enjoying his newfound demotion. Warren could only frown sullenly; he had lost yet another pillar of his self-respect. Not only would he be subject to regular measurements and weigh-ins every day, or be forced to sleep with Irina in his bed. Now he wouldn’t even be able to eat without sitting in this high chair, with this ridiculous bib that he had been fool enough to buy before, in a moment of madness.

“Awww, don’t look so sour,” chuckled Irina, her voice deeply feminine with empathy, “It’ll just take some getting used to...haha, for both of us! Guess I’ll have to feed you now! So how about it Warren? What can I...get you?”

She ran a long finger suggestively over the edge of her left breast as she spoke, pausing right at the wide and protruding expanse of her nipple. It didn’t matter that she had milked herself earlier that morning — if Warren had asked for it, she would have been ready to go again. She

was confident that the thick, white milk would flow, especially in response to his eagerly puckered lips. She saw his eyes linger where her finger was...but she could tell that he was still holding out. Irina felt a sigh pass through her body, but she reminded herself that she was not going to force the issue. At least...not yet.

"I...um, c-could you...could you m-make me one of those...those omelettes?" Warren ventured. Irina smiled and nodded, and five minutes later she was sitting there sipping her coffee, watching the 3'3 little man take tiny bites of the omelette she had chopped up. But they both knew what he really wanted.

The next few days proceeded along without too much open incident, to the point where Warren actually wondered if his inexorable decline had been halted, and if things as they stood would actually crystalize into a normal routine. Aside from the obvious indignity of mealtime, when Irina would smile and giggle at him in the high chair, Warren was able to imagine that he still had some autonomy. He read much of the day, or watched TV in his bedroom, and even though Irina inevitably joined him in the bed during evenings, Warren was starting to feel that maybe she was starting to accept that their relationship would remain platonic, and, for the most part, mutually-adult.

Of course, Irina was just biding her time. Without telling Warren, she had ordered some new clothes off the internet, and they were set to arrive within a couple days. She was purposefully waiting until he shrank down to 3 feet tall, before enacting the next part of her plan. Sure enough, three days later, it was found that he had finally dwindled down to the 3-foot mark (right as she hit 7 feet). In bed that night, watching the news on TV, Irina waited a few moments, took a deep breath, and began:

"Say, Warren?"

"Hm?"

'How cute,' she thought, 'He doesn't know what's about to happen...he thinks he can deny me... we'll see about that.'

Warren was sitting there, propped up against his pillows, staring at Aly Rainsman armwrestle two former male bodybuilders (for the pure novelty of it all, of course — they had both shrank down to 3 feet tall, and their muscles were totally atrophied...the two of them were using both hands, and Aly was yawning to the camera, easily defeating them with one hand that was bigger than all four of their hands combined).

"Look, I know you haven't been enjoying being on the losing end of that little wager we had a few days ago," Irina said pleasantly. "So I've been thinking, Warren..."

He perked up and was staring up at her face now.

"Why not give you another chance to...well, you know...reclaim a little more independence? Would you like that?"

"I...uhm, y-yeah, I...think I would," he answered. He reminded himself that his words were neutralized if he kept staring at her breasts like that. Even though, in his mind, the last few days

had been more “normal,” a dull, aching hunger had been growing in his stomach. It was one thing to refuse to drink directly from Irina’s breasts — that would have been too obvious. But her milk...it was still fresh, in those jars in the fridge. He could sneak some of it at night... without her knowing. Thus far, Warren had been able to control himself, but he would have been lying if he had said that the hunger hadn’t grown stronger with each passing day.

“So how about this?” Irina proposed. “You like...chess, right?”

Warren nodded. He had played chess for years, and had always been rather good at it, at least compared to some of the people he had played online. Months before, he had even managed to achieve a 1750 rating on one of the major chess sites...in his mind, something of an achievement.

“Good! Well I like chess too, even though I’ve always been a bit of an amateur at it. Probably not as good as you.” Irina wasn’t lying — she did enjoy the game, and had been told before that she could be better if she only focused a little more. Well, here was her chance to really lay into a game...to really actually try to win.

“So what if we played a game tomorrow?” she continued. “You versus me. I’ll even play as Black. If you win, then you don’t have to sit in that little high chair anymore.”

Warren’s face brightened, even as something inside him whispered that he actually liked Irina watching him as he ate like that, with his legs dangling. The other day she had even dabbed his chin with the bib, which had caused him to get hard instantly.

“And if I win,” Irina continued meaningfully, “Then I get to decide what you wear everyday. Deal?”

Warren paused to consider, suddenly unsure. He certainly didn’t want to lose more of his autonomy, but he was fairly certain that he could beat Irina, especially if she had the black pieces.

“I know this is a little different than our past wager,” chuckled Irina, slithering her big arm behind Warren’s neck, cuddling him against her warm curves. “This is more for fun...even though the results will actually be serious. Oh, and I almost forgot — if we draw, then it’s the same as a win for you.”

That was all Warren needed to hear.

“Deal!” he exclaimed. His body was suddenly shaking, as the gentle but powerful vibrations of Irina’s pleased hums passed through every inch of his flesh as she shook her arm against him, cuddling his little body up against the colossal shape of her hip and upper thigh.

“Mmmmm, goooooood,” she hummed.

It was harder than usual for Warren to sleep that night. He was excited about the game tomorrow, yes, but...the real reason was that he just could not get the image of those steaming jars of creamy milk out of his head. He didn’t know how much longer he could take it, before he cracked and was forced to sneak downstairs, just for a tiny little taste.

Chapter 21

The next morning, Warren made a show of his usually-sluggish morning routine. As the weeks had gone on, it had become slowly clear that he felt groggier in the mornings, and more exhausted in the evenings. Bit by bit, he was sleeping more. Of course, this wasn't an issue, since Irina was only too happy to make sure that she was on hand to make him breakfast, measure him, and administer his medicine whenever he woke up, but the dwindling daylight hours of mental coherence were beginning to worry him — despite the medication slowing his Whipple symptoms, he was still sliding inexorably down into more infantile habits. It wasn't lost on him that Irina was always awake before he woke up in the morning, and after he drifted off into sleep at night. More and more, he felt like a child around her. Of course, the 4-foot height difference might have had something to do with it too, and the fact that Irina's new outfits seemed perfectly designed to show off her M-cup tits, which always seemed like they were a purposeful inhalation away from busting out of her tops.

And all of that was just scratching the surface of the dynamic between the two of them. Even though she was making it a point not to lord the high chair over him, Irina had started behaving in other ways, some subtle, and some not so subtle, that reinforced the slowly-crystalizing power structure between the two of them. She was touching him a lot more...brushing his arm here, squeezing his shoulder there, snuggling him up to her in bed without asking, "accidentally" turning her huge chest to the side so that his face imprinted itself into her side-boob...that kind of stuff.

Warren knew what she was doing, but it was all so calculated, subdued, and innocent that he didn't feel like he could object to anything without making it worse, without making it obvious how claustrophobic and afraid he was becoming. With each passing day, the scent (and sometimes even the sound) of her milk called to him. The fridge was still packed with glass after glass of the creamy, white, rich milk, and Irina always made sure that she casually reminded him about it a few times a day. Warren inwardly struggled to maintain face, and, with his increasing humiliation in the high chair, he wasn't sure how much longer he could keep it up before he broke and totally surrendered to Irina's motherly love, to her titanic, milk-filled breasts.

But this morning felt different. This was the day that he was going to take back his independence and do away with Irina's ridiculous high chair idea. She had had her fun at his expense, but he didn't have any doubt that he was going to beat her in this chess game and reclaim his full adult privileges.

And so Warren made a point to hop down out of bed almost as soon as he opened his eyes. Irina had been up for some time, reading in bed, and she had looked down at him with impressed interest.

"Feeling a little chipper today, are we?" she asked, grinning pleasantly down at him.

"Sure am!" he replied, doing some morning stretches in front of the mirror as Irina watched him tenderly. She could tell he had gotten smaller during the night, and wondered whether this would be the morning when one, maybe two milestones would be broken.

'It would be perfect timing,' she thought to herself, as she watched him do his stretches. His eager enthusiasm was turning her on. He thought that he was in the driver's seat, but nothing

could have been further from the truth. Slowly but surely, she was tightening his hold on his life, and she was determined that today would be no exception.

Warren took his medicine himself, and didn't even flinch when Irina measured and weighed him.

"Oooh how about that!" she chuckled down at him gently. "You're jussssst under 3 feet, Warren...and...oh my..."

"What?" he asked, trying to sound casual and carefree. But his heart dropped a little as he saw Irina putting her hand over her mouth, to cover her smile.

"You're...just under 30 pounds now too," Irina breathed down at him softly through her hand. "29.7..."

For a moment, Warren just stood there, blinking forward into Irina's knees. He was under 3 feet...and under 30 pounds now!? Until he had heard the actual measurements, he hadn't realized how much he had been psychologically clinging to those two markers. But he reminded himself that today was a day of liberation, and not the other way around. Looking way, way up at Irina's face (which he could barely see beyond the overarching mountains of her breasts when she stood like this in front of him), he affected a smile and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh well!" he chuckled. "Good thing I don't need to be 3 feet tall to beat you in chess, though, right!"

Irina could have swept him off his feet and straddled his tiny body in between her breasts right then and there, but she controlled herself and laughed back:

"Haha no! No you don't...well, let's go downstairs and I'll make breakfast. One more time in the high chair before we play the game...and who knows, maybe you'll get lucky and it'll be your last."

"Hoho, I don't think I'll need to get lucky to win, Irina," countered Warren, his face coloring a little as he laughed.

"We'll see..." she said thoughtfully, moving on past him out of the room and toward the stairs. Irina could feel him staring at her backside, and she couldn't help but smile to herself a little as she began descending the stairs. She knew that it would take him five minutes to reach the kitchen, but that he would of course refuse to be carried. "We'll see..."

After breakfast, Warren was clearly eager to start the game. Irina had purposefully stared at him longingly as he sat in the high chair, eating the toast and eggs that she had prepared for him. Tellingly, she hadn't even asked him if he wanted some of her milk from the fridge this morning. Throughout the meal, Irina eyed him, almost wistfully.

"Heheh, what?" Warren finally asked.

"Oh it's nothing," sighed Irina, feigning sadness. "It's just...you look so cute up there, sitting in your little chair...I'd really hate to see it go."

“Haha well...guess you'll just have to play a good game, huh?” laughed Warren challengingly. Privately, he was relishing the moment — for once, it seemed as if Irina had made a rare unforced error in proposing the game.

“I guess so,” said Irina pensively. She loved how excited and worked-up he was getting. Ten minute later, she had assembled the chess board in the living room, and she and Warren were sitting down on either side of the coffee table. Irina was sitting directly on the floor, lounging luxuriously in her new cerulean-blue dress that had arrived the day before. Warren was on the other side, sitting on a tall pile of pillows, trying his best to avoid staring directly into Irina's huge, swelling cleavage challenging him from across the table. The board was set. Warren took a deep breath and moved his hand to make the first move.

“Now remember,” Irina reminded him, doing her best to hide the slow, burning excitement in her own voice, “If you win...or tie, no more high chair, and no more bib...but if I win...?”

She raised her eyebrows expectantly. Warren knew what she was doing — she was making him speak his own sentence out loud, so that, in the event that he did lose, he wouldn't be able to claim that he hadn't understood the agreed-upon parameters of the game. He blinked, and his heart skipped a beat as he looked up at her. She was so huge, so gorgeous...such a kind, calm, loving presence...everything about her was bigger.

‘Except her brain,’ he reminded himself, and he felt his spirit harden within him as his eyes blazed with competitive fire.

“If you win then you get to decide what I wear every day,” he said quickly. His hand hovered over his e2 pawn as he grinned at her. “But you won't.” And he put the pawn on e4.

“Aha, a fan of Morphy and Fischer I see,” hummed Irina, promptly moving her pawn to c5.

“The Sicilian Defense, huh?” shot back Warren, mentally skirting over his surprise that Irina knew about the chess great Paul Morphy as he moved his knight to f3. “And everyone knows about Bobby Fischer.”

“Does everyone know that he always started his games as white with e4?” laughed Irina, playing her pawn to e6. She readjusted her massive body, sitting up straighter as she watched Warren play his other knight to c3. Warren swallowed and kept his eyes focused on the board. He could tell that Irina's shoulders were far, far wider than the chessboard, while his shoulders were probably about half its width. The blue mountain of her body seemed to rise up beyond the black pieces, while he felt almost like he was hiding behind the white pieces.

‘White is better here,’ he told himself. ‘You've got this...you've already got a better position. Just don't look at her...focus...focus...’

Irina moved her pawn to a6 immediately. They had previously agreed not to have a time limit, but already she was making it clear that she knew what she was doing.

“Oho, taking away squares from my light-square bishop?” he teased, playing his pawn to d4. “Is that your plan?”

“Heheh, something like that,” chuckled Irina, capturing his d4 pawn.

“Main line of the Sicilian,” nodded Warren smartly, taking the pawn back with his knight. “All standard stuff...though I’m sure you know that, right? You’re a student of chess theory, Irina?”

“Nothing like you are, I’m sure!” replied Irina as she played her pawn to b5. “You said you were ranked what? 1750 online at one point?”

“Yep, just a few months ago,” Warren said casually, moving his bishop to d3. He was already feeling more confident now. Irina knew a thing or two about chess, but she wasn’t developing any of her major pieces. ‘An amateur mistake, of course,’ he reminded himself, before adding out loud. “But I’ve never seriously, you know...practiced. Maybe I should now that I have the time, haha!”

“Maybe you should, maybe you should,” nodded Irina, moving her bishop to b7. She knew that she was inviting Warren to castle now, and he did just that a moment later. ‘So far so good,’ she thought, calmly shoving down her growing energy and excitement. The little guy was so cute... he was so confident that he had stopped stuttering around her. He didn’t even realize the trap she was laying for him.

After Irina moved her queen to c7, Warren quickly responded with rook to e1, and Irina pretended to ponder for a moment before moving her bishop to d6.

“You trying to copy me?” Warren teased, feeling elated. He could tell that Irina’s bishop-queen battalion was eyeing his undefended h2 pawn, right in front of his king. But this was all going according to his plan. He knew she had tried to trap him, but the time had come for him to lay a trap of his own. Making a point to blink down at the board, like he wasn’t noticing the threat to his king, he moved his bishop to b5, capturing Irina’s pawn. It was a clever move...an apparent bishop sacrifice, while his h2 pawn was still hanging. Irina’s eyebrows went up, and she inhaled a deep, slow breath, expanding her colossal diaphragm to the point where her breasts actually stretched over a third of the board for a moment.

“Interesting,” she murmured. “Very...interesting.” It was a good move, but Irina knew exactly what he was planning; if she accepted his bishop sacrifice, then he would promptly capture her pawn on b5 with his knight, forking her queen and bishop in a pronged attack. Irina looked across the board, blinking her eyes slowly at Warren. He was staring stonily at the board, determined not to meet her gaze.

‘He’s so precious,’ Irina thought tenderly, although with a hint of plaintiveness in her contemplation. He was trying all these crafty little tricks, and putting all this energy into these sneaky ploys, to try and escape from her love and affection. He was trying so hard to resist her, that in the midst of her motherly tenderness toward him, she actually started to feel a little hurt. But she reminded herself that she was just getting emotional because of the fervor of her attachment to him, and that he wasn’t trying to actively turn her down.

‘He’s just trying to salvage what he thinks is his independence,’ she told herself, reaching for her bishop. ‘I can’t blame him for that, now, can I?’

Irina moved her bishop to h2, capturing Warren's pawn, refusing his offer of a bishop sacrifice.

"Check," murmured Irina softly.

"Huh, ooooookay," replied Warren, quickly moving his king out of check to h1. He was a little rattled by Irina's refusing his sacrifice, but he chalked it down to her not really knowing what she was doing, and choosing to go for the low-hanging fruit of his king-side pawn. A moment later, though, Irina quickly pulled her bishop back to e5. As she did so, Warren caught sight of her bare forearm, and he could see the muscles and tendons flexing lightly with her slight movement. His cock awakened in his pants; he had been trying not to look at her, because even the mere sight of her luscious, strong-looking arm provoked him to arousal. Her gargantuan tits sat on the horizon of his vision, dominating the landscape. He could at least try to not look at them.

"Guess you didn't want a free bishop, huh?" he asked, moving it back to safety on f1. "Heheh, you might come to regret that later, you know." Warren wasn't generally the type to trash-talk, but his confidence was growing here...and there was a lot at stake.

"Mhm, we both know you weren't offering it for free," chuckled Irina, moving her knight to f6. Her breasts jiggled mightily with her soft laughter, and Warren had to pause a moment and collect his bearings, before moving his queen to d2. He was playing fast...maybe a little too fast...but he was satisfied that his positioning was good.

Irina inflated her chest again, taking a deep breath before picking up her knight and moving it to g4. Warren blinked at the move, and his face broke into a little smile.

"Moving the same piece twice in a row?" he asked, moving his vulnerable pawn to f4, out of the knight's attack.

"What? Is that bad?" asked Irina innocently, as she captured Warren's knight on d4 with her light-square bishop.

"Heheh, welllll..." Warren replied, chuckling a little as he took Irina's bishop with his queen, "For normal players it's fine, but when you get a little more advanced...it's...not recommen...ded..."

His voice trailed away a little. Irina had silently moved her queen to a5. Warren's eyes scanned the board desperately for a few moments, taking stock of the Black queen's position. It wasn't attacking anything of his...so...it was a bad move. Irina had just blundered! She had basically abandoned her king, leaving basically the entire d-file open for his queen and rook to attack. Warren's heart drummed faster...he was going to do it...he was going to trap her king in the next couple moves! He moved his pawn to e5, closing the center of the board, in preparation for his attack. The sound of exhaled air came from above...from Irina...and Warren was able to actually work up the pluck to raise his eyes to her.

He was surprised and unsettled, then, to see that Irina hadn't exhaled in frustration. Her cheeks were colored an attractive and excited pink, and her eyes were wide, sparkling down at him triumphantly.

“That’s it, Warren,” she breathed down at him, smiling broadly. “That’s the game.” She moved her queen back to d8 and sat back, putting her huge arms up behind her head, showing off her muscles as she giggled and flexed them elatedly. She felt like a monument towering above him, despite the fact that he was sitting on a pile of pillows.

Warren stared at the board, starting to panic. What did she see!? What was she talking about?? Was she trying to bluff him!? It didn’t seem possible that the game could be over so quickly. The seconds ticked by as he stared and stared, but still he couldn’t see it.

“You can go ahead and resign, Warren,” purred Irina, still posed with her hands behind her head, leaning back as she beamed down at him. “There’s nothing you can do now.”

“Y-you’re...you’re out of your mind, Irina,” stammered Warren. He leaned forward and moved his knight to b5, continuing his attack in the center of the board. “Trying to get me off my game...haha, well it’s not going to work.”

Smiling at him meaningfully, Irina arched her eyebrow and extended her arm, moving her queen to h4.

“Check,” she murmured again. And now, with a cold shot to his chest, Warren saw it. He had been so focused on his central attack that he had left his king completely unguarded on the h-file, and with Irina’s knight on g4, there was only one place to put his king: on g1. Her full lips now widening in undisguised triumph, Irina gently moved her queen up to squares, to h2.

“Checkmate, Warren,” she whispered down at him. Warren could do nothing but stare blankly at the board. It...it wasn’t possible...how could she...have played him like that!? The game hadn’t lasted five minutes. Helplessly, Warren turned his head to look up at Irina, with thoughts of perhaps begging her to give him another chance...maybe a “two out of three” game!? But as he beheld Irina’s bright triumphant expression, any hope he had of talking her out of the result was extinguished at the source. Her glad, happy face was warm and loving, but there was also something else behind it...a firmness, a decisiveness, that went hand-in-hand with the new responsibility and power over his life that she now possessed. And all because he had been foolish enough to agree to the game! Warren felt an upsurge of despair in his chest, and losing all pretence of adulthood, he started crying.

“Awww, now don’t cry Warren, don’t cry,” cooed Irina, as she reached across the table, over the chessboard, and hoisted him up off his pile of pillows, cradling him to her bosom as she stood up, walking around the living room as she patted him on the back with her enormous hand, purring and whispering encouragingly to him the whole time. She was basically smothering his entire body in her boobs, and even though a part of her felt sorry for Warren in his despair, a much larger part of her was secretly loving his helplessness. Gradually, she was able to calm him down, and she went over to the big armchair, fetching his laptop as she sat down, with Warren planted squarely in her lap (his head right in between her huge breasts).

“Wh-wha...what’s...what’re y-you doing?” sniffled Warren, hating the fact that he had gotten hard during Irina’s comforting.

“Well seeing as how I get to decide what you wear now,” Irina intoned pleasantly, “I thought we should do a little online shopping for new outfits! What do you say, Warren? Come on, cheer

up, I think this is exciting! I heard about a lovely little website that Julia Winters was talking about on the news yesterday...aha! Here it is!"

Warren gaped at the title of the website: "betababyboutique.com"

For the next half hour, Warren searched through the website, still on Irina's lap...or, more accurately, Irina guided Warren's hand through the website, her huge hand on top of his tiny one, directing it this way, that way, and clicking on what she wanted to click on.

"Ooooo, look at that adorable little jumper!" Irina squealed. "And it comes in baby blue!? We've gotta get that!"

"Those precious little shoes!! Oh my GOD, can you imagine your little feet in them?? Haha, sold!"

"Well we need more than one bib now, for sure! You've already gotten that one pretty dirty, and now that you'll definitely be using them every day..."

"Haha, now check out this zebra-themed all-snaps bodysuit! Haha, just think, Warren! You'll be like a little zebra walking around!"

"B-But...but that's for guys who are...a-are only a f-foot tall!" protested Warren, trying and failing to wrest his hand out from under Irina's. She was far too strong.

"Aaaand we've got to make some purchases with the future in mind, don't we?" replied Irina.

"Haha, I mean...you're not gonna be getting any bigger, Warren...and what's certain is that you will be getting smaller, so...it makes sense to plan for how small and helpless you're going to become."

As she spoke down to him softly, she guided his hand, forcing him to make the purchase. There was nothing Warren could do to stop her. Thirty minutes later, she had forced him to purchase over \$2000 of degrading outfits, and, combined with his shocking loss in the chess match, Warren's spirit was nearly broken.

Later on that evening, after they had both gone to bed, Warren opened his eyes. He hadn't actually gone to sleep, but from Irina's mighty, rhythmic breathing, he could tell that she had. There was no way he was getting to sleep tonight...not without...without...

Warren could barely bring himself to admit it, but there was no way around it now. The breakdown in his spirit had crumbled all the edifices in his psyche; all of his defense mechanisms had been washed away but Irina's calm, gentle domination. There was only one thing still standing within his mind: a desperate, mad desire to drink Irina's milk. He knew that her breasts were full of the warm, thick goodness...he could actually hear it, rumbling and churning behind his head whenever Irina adjusted herself in her sleep. But Warren couldn't do that. He couldn't stoop to that level. He had lost everything...everything except that final point of pride — that he had not submitted to the indignity of breastfeeding. Irina might have controlled his meals and his clothing now, but...at least he was still eating solid food. He hadn't fallen over the precipice into breastfeeding...yet.

But the breakdown of his pride earlier that day had fed his ferocious desire, and now that Irina was asleep, and the house was still, he could finally do what he had wanted to do for days now. Squirring out from under Irina's big arm, and creeping quietly out of his bed, he made his way softly through the dark and down the stairs, taking each one carefully, so as not to make any noise. His full-body kitten-themed pajamas (Irina's doing, of course) helped dampen the sound of his feet against the hardwood stairs. Ten minutes later, he was in the kitchen, his heart hammering away like mad in his chest as he pulled a step stool up to the fridge and grimaced as he tried to pull it open. He knew it would take some time, and five minutes later, he finally managed to crack the door open, and light flooded his face as his mouth watered in ravenous expectation.

But there was nothing there. No jars of the thick, creamy milk that he had been expecting. The fridge had been completely cleaned out. Irina must have done it earlier that day, without him realizing. Warren's tongue spasmed, and his stomach groaned out in desperate despair. He couldn't hold back any longer, and started weeping in the floodlight of the open fridge, his little hands over his face as his tiny body shook and spasmed. He couldn't have any...he would never be able to have any...the only way was for him to —

"My little baby!" came Irina's deep feminine voice from behind him. Warren started and jumped around, totally taken by surprise. But his mind was wiped blank when he saw her standing there. Irina's thin, see-through lavender nightgown was parted all the way down the middle, revealing her titanic breasts, fuller than ever, in the soft refrigerator light. Her nipples were so erect that they jutted out a full two inches from each swollen tit, and they were both dabbed white at their tips. Irina was so full that her movements to go downstairs had caused her to actively lactate. Warren couldn't even see her face; it was so high up, shrouded in darkness. All he could see was her glorious bust, from the neck down.

"Oh sweetie...sweetie," purred Irina, sweeping Warren up off his feet with one arm, and palming his little head completely, guiding it toward her pulsating, lactating nipple, "If you were thirsty, all you had to do was ask."

She pressed his face into her nipple, puckering his lips open with her fingers, so that her nipple went all the way into his mouth, as far as it would go, filling it completely. Warren tried to flail his arms and kick his legs, in a sheer instinctive impulse to free himself, but Irina wasn't letting him go. She hummed softly down at him, holding him to her breast, as she squeezed it gently, encouraging her sweet, thick, creamy milk to flow forth, straight into his mouth and down his throat. After a couple seconds, Warren's struggles ceased, and he relented, giving himself up to Irina's force-feeding, as his eyes rolled back into his head and closed in surrender to the warm milk filling his little belly.

Chapter 22

By the soft white floodlight of the open refrigerator, Irina felt a calm exultant power emanate from the sensation of Warren suckling helplessly on her huge nipple, and a slow and steady exhale escaped her lips as she felt this power course through her entire body. She had him. Finally, she had him. This wasn't like what had happened before, when she had basically snuck her nipple into his mouth while he was sleeping, while he was delirious. No — he had been totally conscious when she had ambushed him, just as he was totally conscious now, even if he had fully succumbed to the submission of her embrace, and to the flow of her milk.

'And he's sucking it,' she thought vigorously to herself as she palmed the back of his little head with one hand while she squeezed her breast with the other, encouraging the flow of milk into Warren's mouth. 'He's sucking it down hard...as hard as he possibly can. He's been waiting for this moment just as much as I have and now...NOW...it's finally here.'

Irina was so transported by the power of the moment that, for once, she allowed herself to indulge in the pleasure she herself was experiencing, a pleasure that hit home on so many different levels. Over the past weeks, ever so surely, she had been building Warren up to this point, the point of no return. Yes, she had accosted him, and yes, she had smothered him, easily resisting his weak and futile attempts at escape, but none of that mattered now.

She had caught him in the act. He had been trying to sneak downstairs to have a taste of the breastmilk she had taken the trouble to so conspicuously show to him a few days before. And earlier that day, during their chess match, Irina had seen the way he was looking at her gigantic breasts. The poor little guy could barely hold himself together around her anymore. The way his eyes just seemed to find her nipples, it was like the two were magnetically attracted. And so while Warren had been out of the room, Irina had decided to clean out the fridge in anticipation of him trying to sneak a midnight taste.

It had all come off perfectly. She had mimed the deep, rhythmic sounds of her breathing in bed, so that Warren would think she was asleep, and then after a few minutes she had felt it: the fragile, trembling struggles of the shrunken man to free himself from under the burden of her huge arm. His first movements had sent a current of electricity through her breasts, and her nipples hardened immediately. She had instantly known what his designs were. As Warren had struggled and toiled at this task for several minutes, Irina had been smiling up at the ceiling, her expression invisible in the dark. And when he had finally managed to free himself, Irina had taken care to wait until she had counted to 200, to give her little man enough time to carefully descend the stairs in the dark. Rising up slowly in regal, sensuous anticipation at what was about to happen, she had slipped on her gossamer nightgown, parted lusciously in the middle to display her glorious, amazonian nude front, and stepped quietly out of the bedroom onto the landing of the spiral staircase.

She had felt like a powerful presiding spirit, standing there on the landing, a full 7 feet tall in all of her voluptuous busty splendor, as she peered down calmly into the dark gloom of the kitchen far below. She could hear Warren scratching around as he fumbled in the darkness for the step stool.

'Just like a little mouse,' Irina thought tenderly to herself. She was waiting for it...waiting for the moment she knew would be her cue to descend. Five minutes later, it finally happened: a

sudden crack of white light spilled out from the previously-unseen source of the refrigerator, and Irina glided swiftly down the stairs, her nightgown billowing behind her. Despite the enormous size of her body, her movements were so deft and agile that Warren hadn't even heard her approach. And when she had alighted down on the ground floor, and saw his little shoulders slump and start to shake upon seeing the empty fridge, Irina had felt an almost unbearable searing and bubbling churn in her breasts, in the milk ducts directly behind her nipples. The time had come for her, for him, for them both — and she was going to take him.

And she had.

For long minutes after smothering him in her breasts, Irina had simply stood there by the light of the fridge, lightly bouncing Warren in her grasp as she fed him her thick creamy milk. She wanted the door to stay open so she could stare down at his tiny face and forever imprint on her mind the image of his puckered, eager lips around her nipple. She didn't want to ever forget this moment, and what it looked like. There was nothing her little man could do or say now that would outlast this moment here. He was her little baby, her little boy to care for and protect, to feed, comfort, and nourish...and from now on, Irina was determined that he was going to be treated that way.

A soft burbling moan escaped Warren's lips, and a surge of thick sweet milk bubbled up in between her nipple and his mouth, spilling down the side of his neck. He coughed a little, sending little flecks of creaminess speckling across the wall of her breast.

"Shhh, shhhhh," Irina whispered, lacing her huge fingers soothingly through Warren's hair. "Eeeeeasssy...take it eeeeassyyy, little one."

A moment later he was back to full-on sucking, with Irina humming down to him, fully pouring herself into the motherly role. She didn't want it to end. The ecstatic feeling of the immense wellspring of her milk being slowly, eagerly sucked out by her little Warren...his cheeks were twin little concaves of rhythmic, beating flesh, as they went in and out, in and out with each craving suck. Irina exhaled out through her open mouth as she watched her great body buck and heave with her big breaths. She had to breathe deeply to keep herself calm, to keep herself from being overwhelmed by the sheer ecstasy of the physical sensations she was experiencing right now. She knew that the virus made women's nipples more sensitive, but she never could have imagined that it would be this intense. It was one thing to have Warren unconsciously sucking on them gently in his sleep — it was quite another for his little lips to be latched completely around her nipple, its flesh filling the entirety of his mouth as he sucked her milk down into his belly, like he depended on it for his survival. Every nerve in her nipple was smoldering with an almost-unbearable liquid fire, and it took all of Irina's powers of self-control to hold herself together.

"Here...here..." she whispered, unable to utter the last syllable without it rising up into an ecstatic, tender moan, "Let's switch, Warren...let's give the other one a turn."

The surging pleasure in her first nipple had become too intense; Irina was already on the verge of an orgasm, but her other breast was feeling neglected, and in any case she wanted to let the ecstasy build up a little more in her loins before release. And she didn't want to be standing up, with the vulnerable little guy in her arms, when it happened.

Gently guiding Warren's head with her palm, she pulled him back off her nipple. His cheeks sucked in even harder, trying to hang on, but another couple seconds of Irina's gentle pressure forced him to yield, and her fat nipple jumped out of his mouth with an audible pop. Immediately, Warren's lips started puckering again, vainly sucking at the air in search of the source of that cherished milk. Irina smiled softly to herself as she effortlessly flipped his little body around, and her giant palm tightened ever-so-gently around the back of his little head as she guided his puckering lips straight to her second nipple, which was already dribbling out little drops of thick white milk in anticipation.

"Ohhhhhh..." breathed Irina, arching her head up toward the dark ceiling as she sucked in a breath through her mighty diaphragm. Her eyes rolled back a little in her head as she felt Warren's desperate lips fight to wrap themselves around her erect nipple. Seeing as how he was having a bit of trouble, Irina interrupted her sensual exultation to look back down and carefully press his head into her breast, giving him that last bit of a push he needed to fit her whole nipple in his tiny mouth.

"There we go, little guy," she whispered down at him, petting his head, encouraging him. "More milk for my little one. Suck, Warren...suck, suck, suuuuckkkkkk..."

Irina felt her legs starting to shiver in anticipation of her orgasm, and even though she wanted to keep looking at Warren nursing from her breast, she was firm in her dedication to his safety. She bumped her hip into the fridge door, closing it, and shrouding the whole scene back into darkness. Little white balls of light popped and burst in her vision as Irina slowly, delicately, approached the staircase and began ascending the stairs, one by one, always with a firm but tender hold on Warren. It was like he didn't even realize that anything had changed. Irina could feel his precious little mouth still sucking, sucking away down there in the dark. When she reached the bedroom, Irina felt like she was returning to a new scene, a new reality. Minutes before, when she had left the bedroom, she had gone in search of something — not just Warren, but an entirely new role, a new identity for herself. For weeks now...months, even, she had been teasing it in herself, holding it back, distrusting it, and then finally embracing it while still waiting for the best moment to reveal herself. The moment had come, and now she was bringing it home with her: her little Warren, snuggled into her warm breast, sucking directly from her breast like a little baby.

Irina exhaled as she lay back in the bed, still petting Warren's little body as she stretched her legs out comfortably, and then pulled the sheets up to her waist. For a long time she sat there in the darkness, letting the searing pleasure of what was happening build and build in her loins. She petted his head; she laced her long fingers through his short hair; she scratched her nails lovingly over his scalp and across his bare back; she gently kneaded his tiny butt; she rubbed his little hands and feet in between her thumb and forefinger. She ran a delicate finger over the erect prick of his little cock. In every way, she played with his shrunken body, and with each touch, she felt like she was claiming him, announcing ownership over him. Those were her little buttcheeks...her little hands and feet...That was her little cock...

Irina knew that this was only the beginning, but for now, she allowed the ecstasy of the moment to envelop her and Warren together in the tenderest of embraces, as the night deepened around them. She held off her own rapture for a few more minutes, allowing it to build, and then finally pushed herself forward, her loins spasming as she orgasmed powerfully, over and over and over again, as she held Warren to her breast. She was allowing all the pain and heartache,

the difficulties of their relationship — everything — to crash over her, even as all the pleasures and joys far overshadowed the rest. Irina wasn't afraid of facing the stark reality of their power dynamic anymore. THIS was what she was...and THIS was what Warren was. And there was no going back. Within a few minutes of her orgasm, Irina was asleep, still cradling an inert and utterly submissive Warren, who had passed out minutes before in a milk coma, with speckles of white dotted all around his cheeks and open mouth.

For many hours, the two of them slept soundly, and when Irina woke up first (as she always did), with the early-morning light just starting to glow palely from behind the heavy curtains, she immediately felt for the tiny man at her bare breast. He was still there, sleeping soundly...and Irina could already tell that he had shrunk more during the night. She stared down at him lovingly for a few minutes, taking note of every aspect of his tiny body. She had expected the shrinking to accelerate along with his copious consumption of her milk — this particular aspect of the Whipple Virus's trajectory had already been well-established.

But Irina wasn't worried; she knew that the more dramatic shrinking would happen during the first day or two, and then dwindle down to almost nothing, provided that Warren continued to take his medication. From the position of her legs in the bed, and the height of her head against the headboard, Irina could tell that she had grown more than usual during the night. It was ironic — Warren had taken from her by drinking her milk, but really, the net effect had been that she had taken from him. Irina knew this wasn't really how the virus worked — she hadn't actually "stolen" his size. But that's kind of what it felt like, and she had to admit that there was something deeply pleasing and validating about her gaining size — and him losing it — because of their interaction the night before.

Irina moved slowly and deliberately, so as not to wake Warren, as she leaned over in the bed towards the nightstand and fetched the measuring tape. She gently manipulated his little legs and upper body, straightening him out across her spacious lap. Once or twice, his limbs twitched, and he uttered something like a little moan, but all Irina had to do was calmly coo down to him.

"Awww, shhh, shhh...awwwwww," was all she had to whisper, and the sound of her voice acted like a soporific on him. Moments later Warren's little spasms had stopped, and he was again breathing as deeply as was possible for him, with his little chest rising and falling, rising and falling. Irina felt like she was melting from tenderness as she watched him sleep, and at the same time, she couldn't help but notice how gigantic she was compared to him. She had absolutely dwarfed him for weeks now, but their most recent growth and shrink spurts had put the stark reality of their size difference into even more intense focus. Her bare arm next to his legs looked ridiculously huge. Irina was amazed to see that her forearm alone was thicker and longer than both of Warren's legs combined...and even more dramatically, as she silently held her arm up to his torso, she realized that her arm was actually bigger. The thickest part of her upper forearm was clearly thicker than the widest part of Warren's torso.

Irina was breathing heavily to herself as she held her huge hand up to Warren's back. It was incredible — her hand covered his back completely, and more...her fingers spanned all the way down past his little butt, to his mid-thighs.

'Oh god,' Irina thought to herself, getting goosebumps as she took his little arms, 'My fingers... they're thicker than his wrists...than his forearms...I...I can't believe it!'

It truly was hard to believe. Irina knew that Warren had realistically only shrunk by a few inches, but there was something about the comparisons she was making with his body right now that made the changes seem all the more dramatic. Maybe it was as simple as the fact that his naked body was stretched out across her huge, fleshy lap. In any case, Irina picked up the measuring tape, lined its beginning up carefully with the bottoms of Warren's tiny feet, and then extended the tape out, pulling it taut right at the top of his head.

"2'3!?" Irina moaned out loud, feeling a mixture of pity, humor, and unassailable tenderness toward her little man as she saw the measurement. "Two...foot...three!?"

Even though the number made sense to Irina, considering how miniature Warren looked on her lap, it was still hard to wrap her mind around the reality of what it all meant. Warren had shrunk...by almost 9 inches...in a span of 24 hours. For a minute or so, Irina began to worry that perhaps something was wrong. He was taking his medicine; he had been getting plenty of good rest; and he certainly wasn't being underfed...But just then, she remembered something that she had heard on the news a week or two before, something Aly Rainsman and Julia Winters had been discussing on one of their weekly "Fem Panels."

"Colostrum Diminishment Syndrome," muttered Irina to herself, nodding her head. "That's what they were calling it." Apparently in some Whipple cases, generally presenting in men under 3 feet tall, abrupt introduction to live breast milk from a Whipple-infected female accelerated the shrinking process, and overcame the protective effects of the resveratrol. This syndrome was only temporary, and there were no lasting harmful effects on the male, but the resulting shrinking was permanent.

Irina breathed a sigh of relief upon recalling this information, and reminded herself that it was in her best interest to stay as informed as possible about the virus. She owed it to herself, and to the little man asleep in her lap, to take the best care of him she could. At the same time, with a pleasing warming sensation, she remembered that "CDS" also tended to affect the lactating female as well, increasing her size and height in indirect proportion to the male's. And the heavier the lactation, the more dramatic the growth. Irina glanced around; the bedsheets on either side of her were dotted with white stains. Even after Warren had stopped sucking, and after both of them had fallen asleep, her nipples had apparently continued dribbling drops of milk onto the bedsheets. And as she took another deep breath, Irina could feel what felt like oceans of milk sloshing around in her swelling breasts. She was sooooo full.

'I wonder how tall I am now,' Irina thought to herself. She almost moved to gently put Warren to the side to stand up and measure herself, but she suddenly stopped, grinning down at the sleeping figure beneath her breasts. She heaved another rich sigh, and her deep breath caused Warren to stir. After a few long moments of him flexing and stretching his skinny limbs, Warren opened his eyes to Irina's huge face smiling down on him, blinking her lashes lusciously, scrunching her nose up at him like he was the cutest thing in the whole world.

"Good morning, my milky little baby," she purred down at him, "I want you to measure me."

Chapter 23

Irina saw that Warren was semi-conscious as he crawled across her huge legs to measure her. She was looking down softly on him with a close-lipped smile, holding the tape measure even with the top of her head as she watched his 2'3 little body crawl over her, drawing the measuring tape along with him.

Moments before she had woken him up, with her massive face filling the entire panorama of his vision, Irina had seen his tiny little empty belly clench up in expectation. She could tell that Warren was so hungry, and that he badly wanted her milk; from the helpless and adorable way his nose was sniffing the air, Irina knew that he could smell its sweetness emanating from her gigantic breasts that were hanging down from on high, softly straddling his chest. Unlike weeks before, when he had run away in an irrational burst of paranoia upon waking up after guzzling her milk, Irina was confident that there were no thoughts of fleeing in Warren's mind now. She had taken him the night before, and filled his tummy with her warm, rich milk...and even though neither of them had had time enough to think through or process exactly what all that entailed, they both knew enough to be sure that they had turned a corner. Warren wasn't going to get away from her...she could tell that he didn't want to get away from her.

But as she looked into his eyes, Irina also knew that all of this didn't mean that Warren had fully accepted his subservient position, his submissive "babied" role, or his voracious appetite for Irina's milk. But gone were his thoughts of "liberation" and personal independence. Even in his current semi-conscious state, Irina was satisfied, by his slow and submissive movements, that his desire for any semblance of a normal, equal life had been irrevocably altered by what had happened the night before.

"I-it...it says that..." Warren stuttered a few seconds later. His voice sounded so different to Irina, and considering that he had undergone a 9-inch CDS-fueled shrinking spurt over the last 24 hours, it was understandable why his voice was higher-pitched. She had not been expecting it, though, and she shuddered in tender pleasure at its almost-squeaky sound.

"Yes, sweet baby?" murmured Irina softly, as her eyebrows went up in patient empathy for his plight. "It says what?"

"I-it says...e-eighty...eighty seven," answered Warren. Irina blinked down tenderly at him...she could tell, apart from his shock at how huge she was, that he was frustrated and confused as to why his voice was so faint. It was true that Warren felt like he could make so much more noise, but when he tried to clench up his diaphragm and force the air out, he could only manage this weak, piffling little noise. He wasn't even thinking about the implications of the actual measurement. Irina watched him try to gather his air, and she wasn't able to help sitting up, reaching out, and petting his cute little head with her enormous hand. It was incredible...she could have easily palmed three or four times the size of his head now.

"Eighty...seven," repeated Irina richly. Echoing the words Warren had just said called attention to the dichotomy in their voices. Warren's sounded weak and squeaky, and Irina's sounded resonant and vibrant. "Do you understand what that means, baby?"

Irina could tell that Warren didn't want to listen to his voice anymore, especially compared to hers, because he simply shook his head in response. Irina wiggled her big toes against his bare stomach, lightly tickling him. The toes of her foot almost spanned the entire width of his chest.

"It means," intoned Irina deeply, "That I'm 7'3 now...seven-foot-three, Warren. Do you know that this means that I'm a full 5 feet taller than you are now?"

Again Warren could do nothing but nod his head. He was kneeling down next to Irina's huge outstretched bare legs, and even though Irina was only propped up into a sitting position against a pile of pillows, his head didn't even come up to her huge, heavy breasts. Her breasts...her breasts...she could tell that he was looking at them now, hanging low and exposed, impossibly alluring and massive, swollen with milk.

"Oh yessss," Irina moaned softly, parting her nightgown all the way and letting her exquisite breasts hang completely free, "You want these...don't you?"

"Y-yes!" mewed Warren. She had broken through yet more of his dying resistance. He didn't care that he sounded so small and pathetic anymore. She saw that his stomach was clenching up even more, indicating his desperate need to be satisfied.

"Mmmmm, I knowwww you do," Irina continued. She cupped her hand under her left breast and lightly squeezed. A thick burble of white milk exuded slowly from her fat swollen nipple and started slowly oozing down the curved underside of her breast. She smiled, watching Warren react; he could feel the desperate heat in his stomach intensify in response to seeing the wellspring of Irina's sustenance for him, and the next moment he had collapsed back onto all fours and was crawling back up her body towards her breasts.

"Awwww, look at my little baby," breathed Irina gently, "Crawling up to me for his breakfast. Mmmmm, but I fed you so much last night, didn't I?"

Warren paused, staring up at her with an almost-frenzied expression of hunger. Irina laughed softly.

"I'm just playing around with you, little guy," she cooed, scooping him up in one arm and cradling him close to her breast, "Of course I'm gonna feed you. I'm here to feed you, Warren. I'm here to give my little baby aaaallll the milk he needs."

Five minutes later, Warren had fallen back asleep, his little tummy full. Irina kept him to her breast for a long while after; she just loved looking at how tiny his head was now compared to her breast — it really was like feeding an actual baby. And Irina loved it. She loved how gigantic she looked compared to him. Her fingers wrapped all the way around his shrunken little thigh as she hummed down to him softly, encouraging him to sink deeper and deeper into his milk coma. She had made him hers; she knew what was best for him, because she had come to accept the true reality of the situation: that she was strong and he was weak. In every way, she was superior to him, ahead of him, MORE than him. And knowing all this, in her infinite sweetness, Irina wanted to care for him and love him so much that it made her loins sore.

At the same time, though, something that Irina couldn't quite place remained unsatisfied deep within her. In so many ways — in nearly every way — she had succeeded in getting Warren to

not only acknowledge, but accept his submissive position in the household. One by one, she had dismantled his old, ingrained notions of independence: he no longer dressed himself, and he no longer even decided what he wore. Any meals that weren't solid food (which were increasingly rare these days), he was forced to eat strapped into his highchair. There was really nothing that he did anymore that was independent of her. Whereas before, Irina had permitted him to take his own medicine, she now administered it to him herself, measuring and weighing him in the process. She did all of this without lording it over him, but she also did it without talking to him about it, or discussing the particulars of why she was now eclipsing this aspect of his independence as well. She had noticed him wordlessly balking at her behavior a few days before, but even then, Irina could tell that Warren didn't have the power or drive to oppose her. He may have wanted that independence, but she had easily relieved him of it, with a sweet smile on her face. And now, after forcing Warren to drink her from her breast in front of the fridge the night before, she knew that her control over him was simply a given now, and that he would never again try to take back those responsibilities.

'He's just too small,' she told herself, as she looked down at him with affectionate curiosity, his skinny little body all curled up in her lap as he slept. 'He's too weak...too fragile...there's no "man" left in him anymore...and to think, he's gone from my employer (what a word!) to my little baby...and I've gone from his employee...his housekeeper...to his dominant, his caretaker, his alpha...his...'

She dwelled on the word "Mommy." How could she have forgotten that one time when, in his Whipple-induced delirium, Warren had called her by that name? As much as Irina wanted it, she knew that they weren't quite to that point yet, where Warren would accept reality and call her by that name openly.

'Now why is that?' she asked herself, as she watched him sleep. 'Why is it that, even though I've broken him down to the point of him giving up and accepting me breastfeeding him, it feels like something is missing? What is it?'

Irina wasn't sure, but she did know one thing: she was in complete control of the household now, and she was not going to be shy in exercising this control to explore what it was exactly that she felt was wanting from their circumstance. She felt deeply happy that she had managed to get to this point with him, and she knew that that nurse...Sarah, that's what her name was... would have been proud of her. But at the same time, Irina felt something still nagging at her. She wasn't quite satisfied; her relationship with Warren still felt incomplete. Was it as simple as breaking him down a little more until he properly referred to her as the Mommy-Dom that she had become? Or was it something else? And how would she get at the answer?

'I know how,' she thought to herself immediately, grinning down at his precious little sleeping body. 'I'll encompass him...I'll surround him...I'll make sure it's clear how much he's my little beta boy...and then maybe something else will break in him, and he'll give in to me completely.'

Accordingly, Irina made sure that the next week felt like one long, huge marathon of milk-edging for Warren. His will had been broken, and he had completely surrendered himself to Irina's breastfeeding. Many, many times every day, Irina would simply sweep Warren up off his feet, bare her breast, and guide his mouth towards her erect waiting nipple. Sometimes she would come into his bedroom while he was watching TV and slide into the bed next to him; inevitably, the weight of her huge body against the mattress would create an incline that fed Warren's body

straight down into hers. His bony frame would bump up against the vigorous, powerful flesh of her enormous hip, and Irina would purr in response, lacing her fingers around his waist as she gently guided him up, up, up towards his next meal.

And it wasn't only during the daytime. Irina would wake Warren up at odd hours of the night to pump his little stomach full to the brim with milk. While it was true that Warren burned with a rapacious craving for her creamy sustenance, Irina could tell, by the way Warren would sometimes flail his little arms or try and press his tiny hands up against the flesh of her breasts, that he was trying to get away from her, that he was attempting to get a reprieve from her incessant force-feeding. But Irina would always hold him fast, smiling at his pathetic little efforts, as she reassured herself that he was her little baby, and that she was making sure that he was getting everything he needed. More and more, she was beginning to enjoy these acts of soft domination. She knew that she didn't need to convince Warren anymore that he was her lesser, but the more she emphasized her power over him, the more she smoldered inside with an urge to do it more and more, in all kinds of different ways.

The result was that Irina had ordained that Warren spent his days in a confused time-warp of a lusty, milky phantasmagoria, sleep-deprived, with his stomach either crying out for more milk or begging Irina to stop with the force-feeding. He quickly lost track of what day it was, as the days and nights seemed to blend together according to Irina's feeding whims. More and more, his world revolved completely around her and her breasts, as he felt himself melting into her gently dominating mommy-fold.

But it wasn't just Irina's feeding schedule that was tormenting Warren. Once it had become clear that she had broken Warren's will to resist breastfeeding, Irina couldn't stop there. Every opportunity she had to hammer home the new reality of the post-Whipple world, she would do it. Such opportunities came along quite often, since a major joint occupation of theirs was watching the news in bed every night. Almost always, Irina insisted on feeding Warren in bed during the news, filling any space left in his little tummy with her warm sustenance. It was very hard for Irina to have a conversation with Warren while her nipple was filling his mouth, but once she was finished breastfeeding him, she'd always make a point to point out certain things about what they were watching.

"Mmmm, look at how biggggg your crush is, Warren!" she teased him one night, hugging him to her body after a fresh meal. Her huge, warm breast was still exposed, pressing into the side of his head. Warren was only 2'0 now, and she had grown even more, up to 7'7 now.

"Heheh, you think Aly Rainsman is taller than me now?" Irina continued.

"I...I d-don't know," breathed Warren. It was hard for him to carry on a conversation with Irina these days, since the size difference was truly starting to eclipse his attention whenever she talked to him, and it was even harder for him to talk to her immediately after a feeding...and Irina knew it. She loved watching him struggle.

"Because, see, I think she had me a few weeks ago," Irina mused, "But this past week? Haha, I think it's safe to say I caught up with her. What do you think, Warren?"

"I...th-think...y-you have too," Warren forced out. They were watching an extended live broadcast from the bombshell blond reporter's side show — her ratings had gotten so high that

she had her own show now. Aly was walking down the street, microphone in hand, closely following a group of young female government employees, dressed in snappy government uniforms, and all in their early 20's, by the look of them. Not a single one was under 6'3, and most of them looked to be around 6'8 or 6'9. Aly, of course, towered over them all.

"And as you can see now," she was saying, "The local Search and Rescue Commission has been hitting the streets, using a patented new technology that actually sprays a fine mist of specially-extracted breastmilk into the air. Care to explain, Jenny?"

"Well yes, Aly," answered one of the government women (about 7-feet tall, from the look of her), looking into the camera as the group behind her sprayed a large mobile contraption into the air; it looked like a big generator with a hose attached to it, and the hose emitted a fine white mist... breastmilk.

"The milk you see there in mist form has been chosen from a VERY select group of women," Jenny continued, "Chosen out of a large pool of applicants. You see, we've discovered that some of us have higher levels of a protein called prolactin in our milk, Aly. It's secreted by the pituitary gland in response to many things, including, of course, ovulation and nursing."

"Mhm, with you so far," said Aly. Irina hugged Warren closer to her as they watched. Neither of them got out much anymore, since Irina was perfectly content to remain at home most of the time these days. She loved these little windows into how the world was developing.

"So that milk," Jenny proceeded, "That's especially high in prolactin...well, it exerts a powerful effect on our little lost boys...you know, those poor lost souls who've still managed to hold out..."

"Oh I know, Jenny, I know," Aly chuckled, shaking her head sadly.

"They can't resist it," Jenny explained. "Especially in the advanced state of the virus now, untreated, they simply have no way to withstand their basic instincts. They come scampering up out of...oh...oh wait! Here's one now!"

There was a little commotion behind them, and Jenny and Aly turned as the camera zoomed in towards the action. One of the government women had swooped down, swinging a large net, and when she held it back up into the camera's view, there was something inside it. The camera zoomed in some more...a filthy, skinny, sickly-looking little man, who looked like he couldn't have been more than a foot long.

"Got one!" Jenny announced brightly. "And see, look at him — on death's door. Give him an injection of resveratrol, pronto! And only 2 cc's...anything more and it'll wreak his intestines."

"Amazing," breathed Aly, "Jenny, you're truly doing God's work out here. And...now, supposing a woman watching this wants to help...wants to get her milk tested for prolactin, so she can contribute to this CLEARLY essential government program. How can she sign up?"

"Well all you need to do is go to the CDC website," explained Jenny, "And..."

She continued speaking, but Irina was finding herself distracted by Warren again. He had fallen asleep against her bare breast, a bit earlier than usual. Irina's eyes travelled slowly across his little body, taking it all in. She thanked her stars that Sarah had somehow managed to recover Warren after his escape all that time ago...it had seemed like ages had passed by already. She would have been devastated to have had Warren returned to her, in that kind of state...filthy, disease-ridden, 11 inches tall, essentially blind...it went on and on. She had him here; he was safe.

But again, that same thought was nagging at her in the back of her mind. Things still didn't seem complete between them. True, at least on the outside, Warren had submitted to her completely. He wore what she wanted him to wear; he drank from her breast eagerly and often; when she fed him little crumbs of solid food, he always ate them in his highchair. And all of this he did without complaining, even without a sour, resigned expression. By all appearances, she seemed to have broken him down completely.

But Irina knew that it wasn't true. She had come to understand, reveling in her dominance all throughout the week, that it wasn't quite as all-encompassing as it could be. She dominated his life, yes...there was no question about that. But her domination was not total...not yet.

"But it could be," she whispered out loud, looking down on him from above, "It could be total."

Her eyes found his little erection. For weeks, she had felt an aching desire to edge Warren in more blatant ways, to play around with his obvious attraction to her, to tease out the truth of the sexual power dynamic between the two of them. It had taken her a long time to finally break him into breastfeeding, but once she had, she wanted to keep going. That was it! Of course... the breastfeeding had been a door into total domination, and now that it was open, all she needed to do now was to walk through it.

'The breastfeeding is just the start,' she told herself with slow, determined excitement. 'Just the start of me making him dependent on me, making him want me...making him desperate for more...making him realize the COMPLETE extent of our relationship. I'm the alpha, and he's the beta. I'm dominant over him, and he is submissive to me...in every way.'

She reached her hand carefully down and extended out a huge finger. Very lightly, hardly touching it at all, she drew her finger across his erect cock.

'It's always hard,' Irina thought to herself. 'He's always hard for me now...whenever I look at it, it's never soft. He can't resist me...there's no way...I know what's good for him, and I know now how to make him realize the true depth of my control over him.'

Mommy...

He had already called her by that name once before, but Irina wanted to hear it from him again, when he was awake. She knew it would take a little more time, but she also knew that she was getting close...very close. She was going to draw the word out of him, teasing him, edging him, tormenting him the whole way. Not out of cruelty or malice — not out of anything other than her firm conviction that this was the only way to get him to understand, to accept...to surrender.

She tickled her finger across his little cock again, and Warren stirred. Irina peered in closer. His little face was contorting, and his limbs jerked oddly. A pained moan escaped his lips.

“Oh babyyyy,” Irina murmured down to him, “Are you having a bad dream?”

Chapter 24

Warren had been having something of a bad dream, but he found himself waking from it without the dark designs of the dream becoming too cemented in his mind. He had been lost...maybe? In some kind of shadowy, unfamiliar, and unfriendly place? Or was it that he had been running away from something...something huge...chasing him? Warren didn't have the chance to find out because the waking world had suddenly accosted him with a warm infusion of pleasant, titillating sensation. He heard Irina's big, calm, loving voice high above him, cooing something down to him...and he came to realize that the pleasant tickling sensation was actually in between his legs, right on the tip of his cock...and now it was moving down his shaft, slowly, almost lazily...a probing, teasing, tantalizing scratch. Irina's finger...

Warren's eyes shot open. He was looking straight into the side of her huge, fleshy right hip. Averting his little head up, he beheld a gigantic tit that was hanging down low, so low that, even though he was lying in Irina's lap, the bottom of her breast was almost brushing his face. He could feel the warmth radiating off it, even though Irina was lightly clothed on a tight blue top.

"Wh-what!?" he moaned, blinking up at her tit. Irina's chuckling laugh came from above like a calming breeze. As his vision was blocked by her breast, Warren couldn't see his crotch, but he could feel Irina continuing to softly drag her long finger up and down his shaft. She knew he was awake now, but she hadn't stopped.

"It just seemed like you were having a bad dream, baby," Irina repeated, with a slight chuckle in her voice. Warren felt the entire back of his head suddenly enveloped in a huge palm, and he saw Irina's four fingers gently curling out on the left side of his face, while he could see her thumb bending around on his right. She had easily palmed his head, without even using any of her fingers, and was now guiding his head back a little, so he could see up into her face. A moment later, her gorgeous, beaming visage appeared from behind her breast, smiling down on him tenderly. Warren felt himself tighten up inside; she was so beautiful, so powerful, so in control...and yet, he felt a certain misgiving within his breast. The way she was looking at him...there was something a little different in it...something almost sly and mischievous.

"I'd really hate for my little guy to be having bad dreams," continued Irina cheerfully, "Especially with a little belly full of milk! It's supposed to give you sweet dreams, Warren, not nightmares!"

"I don't...I'm...I...don't know," Warren forced out pathetically. He was telling the truth; he really didn't know what to make of what was happening right now. Irina's kind smile, shining down like the sun over the heavenly hill of her tit, now had an edge to it...and it was all because of the unbearably erotic disturbance in between his legs. Irina was edging him, stroking his cock with those huge, manicured fingers, and Warren couldn't even see her doing it. Being stretched out on her lap like this, not even able to witness his torment because of the size of her breasts, somehow increased both the agony and the pleasure.

"Oh but you DO know, Warren, don't you?" Irina persisted, as she leaned over her breast more fully, staring down deeply into his eyes. Warren felt her fingers speed up on his cock. She wasn't even pumping him hard — she was just playing with him, fluttering her fingers up and down his hard shaft. Now that he was only 2 feet tall, and she was 7'7, it went without saying that her fingers were doing whatever they wanted to his poor, outmatched member. He started

panting and moaning, and his face began turning red as she squirmed and struggled fruitlessly in Irina's grasp. But there was no way she was letting him go anywhere.

"Kn-know...?" he groaned, his eyebrows creasing up together in ecstatic anguish as he stared up at her in awe. "Wh-what do you —"

"You want release, Warren," breathed Irina richly down into his face, "Don't you?"

Warren nodded. He couldn't pretend that he didn't know what she was talking about now. For weeks...months...he had wanted this release. Day and night, Irina had been on his mind — how huge and tall and thick her body had become, how gigantic and heavy her breasts had grown, and, most of all, how she had come to totally dominate and control his life. It had all started off slowly at first, but more and more, the smaller he had become, the more she had been teasing him with her body, showing herself off to him, taunting him with her voluptuous curves, and, of course, with the profane promise of her milk.

He had given in to almost everything now — she had him breastfeeding, for heaven's sake! Over and over, day and night, she would swoop down on him, pick him up, and stick a huge nipple in his mouth, humming and purring down at him as she encouraged him, forced him, to drink until it felt like his little tummy would burst. Warren was wild for her milk, driven by an unimaginable desire to drink it, to digest it, to let it remake his entire body. He had resisted it for so long, bolstered feebly by his dwindling pride, and then, at his weakest moment, Irina had been right there, standing in the light of the refrigerator, ready with her breasts brimming with milk. She had taken him, forced him, made him her own right then and there.

And yet, Warren knew that something remained within him to be conquered. For all intents and purposes, he was her baby...her little boy, and he reveled in this fact, his mind now re-wired beyond recognition.

But that was just the thing! Warren COULD remember his past life, however distant it seemed. He COULD remember a time when Irina was his employee, when HE was the master of his own house, his own life, his own fate. And there was still a part of him now that sat in this distant memory, and resisted everything that was happening. Whenever prompted by Irina's cooing baby voice, "Who's my little baaaaby?" he would quietly answer, "I am..." but there was always something uncertain, resistant, even defiant in the back of his mind whenever he answered. He knew that he wasn't quite hers...not all the way...not yet.

"Mmmmm I KNOW you do, little baby," Irina murmured down at him, back in the present, as he felt her fingers speed up still faster along the sensitive skin of his shaft. It couldn't be long now...just a few more seconds and Warren was sure that he was going to pop. And the closer his orgasm came, the less he cared about that last remnant of his pride. He wanted her to make him cum; he didn't care anymore. He wanted her to take him, to make him feel that pleasure.

"And so, you know what you have to do Warren," Irina persisted, now bending over even more now to stare even deeper into his eyes, "If you want to cum...you know what to call me, little boy."

Warren blinked. He didn't have to think about what she meant — he knew what word she was talking about.

Mommy...

That was it...that's what she wanted him to call her. It would be the final nail in the coffin sealing in his old self, his old life, and all the memories that came with it. But was he ready to do that!? Was Irina really saying that she would only grant him release if he surrendered the last tatters of his pride to her!? Wasn't it enough, that she had pushed him as far down as she had??

Irina cocked her head down at him, pursing those delicious, full lips as her eyes probed one last time. She had detected his uncertainty, his reluctance. And she wasn't angry, but her reaction was decisive. His turgid cock was suddenly alone, a tiny bare totem in the air, a futile offering. Irina had taken her fingers away and was sighing out a smile in between her teeth.

"N-No..." begged Warren quickly, as Irina rearranged him on her lap so that he could view his naked body. Just seeing how impossibly she dwarfed him almost made him squirt without Irina's help; his entire body didn't even come close to filling up her lap anymore. Each one of her thick thighs was probably a dozen times thicker than his whole body now...probably more, even, than that...and it hadn't been lost on Warren that, when they were standing up next to each other now, he couldn't even reach her knees on his tiptoes, with his arms up in the air.

Irina's soft laughter infused the space around them as she wrapped a huge, curling hand all the way around his thigh, shaking it playfully.

"No?" she teased, her eyebrows now raised in amusement, "No? You don't want me to stop?"

"Noooo!" moaned Warren desperately, shaking his head back and forth in her palm. "Please..."

"Oh but I'm sorry, baby," cooed Irina, "I already told you what you have to do."

Warren felt the heat of Irina's tremendous breasts against his face, and he felt her colossal thighs bouncing one, two, one two, up and down underneath him in a playful cadence of toe raises. He smelled the thick, sweet musk of her powerful scent and, through it all, the sweet, creamy aroma of her milk bubbling deep within her breast.

Warren couldn't take it anymore. If she wasn't going to do it, then at least he could get himself some release, on her lap or not. He thrust his hands down towards his throbbing member, but, as ever, Irina was one step ahead of him. She didn't even slow down her teasing toe-raises. Chuckling tenderly down at him, she simply extended out her massive palm and covered his entire groin area with her hand, preventing him from reaching himself.

"Uh-uh!" she laughed, shaking her glorious head back and forth, "You don't get to do that, baby...only I get to play with that little toy."

Warren moaned out in frustration, unintentionally showing how far he had descended into his more babied and juvenile mode. He tried to squeeze his little hands through the cracks in Irina's fingers, but she closed them all up effortlessly; there was no way Warren was getting in.

“Now...am I going to have my little baby have to wear an extra special diaper?” Irina inquired, raising a serious eyebrow, “Or is he going to follow the rules and behave?”

Warren couldn't even answer — he was simply too desperate and frustrated. But as the seconds ticked by, he knew he had to answer in some way, and so he finally took his hands away and nodded his head once more, bowed in defeat.

“Awwww, such a pitiful little thing!” Irina moaned, scratching his head lightly with her thumb, index, and middle fingers, “You know all you need to do is...haha, well...you know.”

For Warren, the following week was nothing less than pure sexual torture. Irina had already set the stakes for him, and his choice was perfectly clear: all he had to do was call her “Mommy,” and she would grant him the release he so desperately desired. But if he held out, if he refused to give up every remaining shred of his former self, then she wasn't going to let him cum. At first, Warren thought that he would be able to take it...that he could just let his momentary lust pass and fade away. Everything could still proceed along as “normal” without surrendering himself totally. Hadn't he already given up enough!? Irina was already doing pretty much everything for him: feeding him, clothing him, measuring him, administering his medicine, deciding what they were going to watch on TV...literally almost everything.

‘But she's just having a little fun with me,’ Warren told himself, in the rare moments when he was alone. Whenever Irina was around him these days, he found that he couldn't even carry on a rational conversation in his own head. She took up too much of his psychic space, and whenever he was in her presence, he could feel his mind beginning to bend towards her. In these moments, it felt like his thoughts were turning to liquid...actually, it felt like every firm foundation of his own personality was beginning to melt away. Whenever she was around, all he could think about was her huge, curvy body, her gigantic breasts, and, of course, her milk. He was obsessed with everything about her; she was his lifeblood, his cynosure, his North Star. He could feel everything within him revolving around her, and he craved the warmth and comfort of her strong, tender embrace, just as he craved the luscious goodness of her thick, creamy milk.

But in the rare moments when Irina allowed him to be alone with himself, Warren could feel the remote recesses of his mind pushing back against Irina's conclusive attempt to bring him totally under her control.

‘She's just trying to see how far she can push me, just for kicks,’ he thought in these moments. ‘I don't need to play along with this one. Eventually she'll just...get tired of it, or she'll forget... and I'll be able to finally get myself some release.’

Unfortunately for Warren, he had no idea what Irina had been planning for him. After she had broken the ice with her initial cock-tease, Warren had expected her to dial things back, to give him a little reprieve. But what actually happened was exactly the opposite. For the next week, Irina essentially turned Warren's little cock into her own personal fidget spinner. She didn't leave him alone, not long enough for him to catch his breath, at least. No matter what they were doing, her giant hand always seemed to find its way down to his cock, playing with it mercilessly with her massive fingers, as he cooed and teased him all the while, but of course always stopping just before he was about to orgasm. Irina clearly knew exactly what she was doing,

and that's what made it all the more maddening for Warren. She wasn't just curiously, innocently playing with him; she was torturing him, tormenting him with the promise of ultimate pleasure and release, if only he would do what she wanted.

At breakfast, when Irina allowed Warren up into the high chair for fun (on days when she felt like saving up her milk for later on in the day when when he was really craving it), she would spoon-feed him some baby food, laughing and delighting in how his little mouth would go up and down, trying to accommodate the food. Since he was already becoming used to consuming only her breast milk, Warren would inevitably have baby food dripping down his chin and onto his bib.

"Ooooo, now look at that!" Irina would laugh, "My little baby's making such a mess!"

She would dab off his chin and cheeks using his bib, but in the meantime, Irina would inevitably snake her giant hand up onto his lap, squeezing his little cock in between her fingers and using her thumb to play around with his tiny balls. Warren would let out a sharp breath of arousal, and would stare up at her with pleading eyes, desperate for her to let him cum. But after a few minutes, Irina would flash him a toothy smile as she shook her head slowly back and forth, removing her hand right before he started to seize up and squirt away.

"Uh-uh!" she would chuckle, "Not until my little boy accepts his place...and he knows how to show me."

It was uncanny how accurately Irina could predict when he was about to cum. Warren wouldn't have believed it possible for someone else to know the inner workings of his body so intimately, and yet, there was no other explanation for her success — Irina knew his little body inside and out. She had become so intimate with him, so close and familiar with every minute detail of his physiological patterns, that she seemed to know whenever he was hungry, or when he needed to go to the bathroom, or when he was getting tired, or whatever. Part of Warren was frightened by her preternatural ability to read him, but a much larger part of him was in awe and turned-on by the control this ability enabled her to wield. He couldn't so much as feel anything without her somehow knowing.

"Oooop!" she exclaimed softly one day, as Warren sat in her lap (with his head in between her tits) while she rocked back and forth in her rocking chair, reading a book, "Someone needs to go to the bathroom!"

"H-how...how did you know!?" Warren stammered. He had breastfed from her a couple hours before, and he had only just realized that he needed to pee. The moment the urge had popped into his head, Irina had spoken up.

"Oh come on, Warren," Irina laughed quietly above him, her immense flesh quivering slightly with pleasure, "You really don't think I know when my little boy's got a full bladder? I can tell these things...mmmm but seeing as how I don't really want you off my lap right now, I also know how to...redirect these urges."

A moment later, Irina had unsnapped Warren's baby jumper, and was busy twiddling his little dick through her fingers. He was rock-hard in no time, and he felt the lustful heat flushing his body as he arched his back, letting out an involuntary and pathetic whine of pleasure and frustration.

“My goodness!” huffed Irina in laughter, “What a noise! Was that pain or pleasure, Warren? I couldn’t tell, hahaha...I think it was both. What’s wrong, baby? Do you want me to stop?”

“N-no!” panted Warren, shaking his head in between her mammoth breasts, “N-no, please... please just...just I-let me...let me...”

“Let you what, Warren?” breathed Irina. She was bending her head down low now, so that her big lips were now whispering directly into his ear. “Let you...cum?”

“Y-yesssss!” Warren whined, squirming in her grasp as he tried to thrust his erection up through her fingers. But his efforts were only met by more soft laughter in his ear, as Irina pressed her palm down gently into his tiny lap, forcing him to remain inert as her fingers continued tormenting his cock at their own pace.

“Ooooo but what if I just like seeing my little guy squirm, hmmm?” Her humming voice was like soft thunder in his ears, and while her fingers persisted in their determined assault, Warren felt his body seize up in response to a big, wet, powerful squelching in his ear. Irina had actually issued her tongue forth and was licking up and down his little ear, making it sound like there was a waterfall in his head. His breath was coming forth now in desperate, heaving gasps, as he watched Irina’s huge fingers rolling his cock in between them, all while her tongue busied itself at his ear, softly, lovingly, tenderly licking up and around...and then, after a minute or so of this, Warren could feel Irina’s tongue probing him with new vigor. She was flexing it into a triangle shape so that she could tongue deeper into his ear, and while this was happening, her fingers were speeding up. Now she was using her thumb to squeeze his poor cock against her index finger, up and down, up and down, jacking him off mercilessly as the squelching sounds of her tongue echoed in his head.

MMMNNNAUUGGHHHMNNNNLLAAAUUGGHHHH *MMNNNLLLAUGGHHH* *MLLAUGH
NNMMLAUGGGH *MMMMNNNNLLAAAUUGGHHHH*

Her tongue wasn’t moving fast — it was just steadily, forcefully, dominantly probing deep, deep down into the recesses of Warren’s ear. It felt like she was tonguing his brain, filling his head, chasing away all rational thought and replacing it with nothing other than a mad desire to cum. It was about to happen now...! Her thumb and index finger were both speeding up now...her tongue was beginning to writhe and wriggle deep in his ear...and from the tickling sensation on the underside of his surging ballsack, Warren registered that Irina was scratching him lightly with her pinkie, encouraging the bubbling cum in his balls to rocket forth. His eyes shot open and stared at his crotch. It was finally going to happen! She was finally going to let him cum! And he was going to see it happen! Her bare arm looked impossibly huge draped across his hapless, trembling little body — her forearm was now just about as wide as his entire torso...her wrists were far thicker than his tiny legs...she was going to make him do it...he was going to shoot...to squirt...to explode!!

And then — !

“HAAAAHHHHHHH!” Irina’s loud moan suddenly replaced the squish of her tongue in his ear, and an instant later he felt her giant palm pressing down again on his entire groin, keeping his orgasm at bay.

“Uhhhhhhhhhgghhh!” cried Warren in despair, trying to twirl and twist his little body away from her pressure. But he may as well have been trying to escape from under a 7’8 marble statue. There was no way he could budge in her grasp.

“Ohhhhh poor baaaaby!” Irina cooed over him.

“Pleeeeeease, Irina!!” begged Warren, tears coming to his eyes, “Pleeeeeease! J-Just...just let me cum!!”

“Not until you call me by my real name,” Irina tutted in her deep, soothing voice. “It’s all you have to do, Warren.”

But Warren knew it would be the last choice he ever made for himself...and some tiny part of him was still holding out...and so he said nothing more, knowing full well that he was condemning himself to still more misery and torment.

A few days later, the sun had set, and the last signs of the evening light were beginning to fade in the sky behind the heavy curtains in the bedroom. Irina had just finished nursing Warren, and she had also given him his medicine, measured him, and weighed him. He was so small now — only 1’7, and weighing a mere 8.4 pounds. Irina was 7’10 now, and she figured she weighed well over 400 pounds (the scale only went up to 300, so she had no idea). The two of them were sitting on Warren’s bed watching the news, as usual with Warren in Irina’s lap, his head between her tits, as she absentmindedly toyed around with his erect cock. Warren had become so accustomed to this torment that he had come to expect it now, and tonight, perhaps because of his recent large meal, or perhaps because of something else, he felt his eyes getting heavy. A few minutes later, with Irina still toying with his cock, his head slowly fell forward and he drifted off into a disturbed sleep.

He dreamt that he was running. It was a dream he had had about a week before, except now, it was so vivid that there was no way he couldn’t remember it. He had escaped the house again, somehow, and he was running, desperately fleeing something, with a dark sky overhead. He was naked. Turning back desperately to look, he saw five or six bounty hunters, like the ones who had caught him before, chasing after him. Their fierce faces were contorted strangely, like they were calling out to him, telling him to give up. But he was too frightened to register any sound.

He turned a corner, running out into the open street. He could feel the vibrations in the ground of their huge bodies behind him. He was only 6 inches tall now, and they had to all be at least 8 feet tall. They almost had him...he wasn’t going to be able to get away! And then —

BOOM

A huge wall came crashing down in front of him, seemingly from out of the sky. Warren stopped dead, falling flat on his back from the sheer force of the wall coming down. Jerking his head up to the sky, he quickly saw that the “wall” was actually a hand...a hand that belonged to Irina, who was now over a hundred feet tall. The bounty hunters yelled out and scattered, and before Warren could do that same, Irina’s giant hand enclosed around his tiny body and brought him up to her enormous face. An impossibly kind and loving smile lit up her features.

“You’re safe now, Warren,” she breathed at him, “I will keep you safe with me...forever.”

And then she pulled her tight black top open and proceeded to drop Warren’s little body down into the abyss, right into the yawning, chasmic cleavage in her bra. Warren screamed out in panic as he fell, but there was nothing he could do. The darkness yawned below him, swallowing him up, as Irina snapped her bra closed.

“Nnnnnaaaauuggghh!”

Warren jerked awake with a yell. The entire bedroom was dark. The TV was off. He was nestled into Irina’s breasts, tucked behind her soft, plush bathrobe. Her legs were under the covers, and from the warm, rhythmic feel of her breathing, she was asleep. But the sound of his little yell apparently had woken her up halfway, because she held his tiny body to her a little firmer with one hand, and, with the other, slipped her robe open and put a nipple into his mouth, having to feel around his face for a few moments before finally inserting it in. Warren wasn’t hungry, and he struggled at first, but soon the milk started to flow, and he began swallowing it in slow, automatic gulps.

But then, Irina stirred again, and this time she fully woke up.

“Warren?” her voice ventured forth from the darkness above him. “Baby? Are you ok?”

Warren backed his head up slightly from Irina’s nipple, so that it popped out of his mouth. He heard her inhale a little sharply in reaction to the sound, and he knew, without even being able to see clearly, that the sound had aroused her. An overwhelming warmth flooded his body. He knew what he had to do...he knew the time had come to surrender.

“Y-yes,” he answered in a small voice. He felt her huge body heating up beneath him, almost like it was vibrating in expectation.”

“...Mommy.”

HUH

Warren heard Irina’s hard exhale above him in the darkness. He felt her stomach clench, as her fingers wrapped around his legs, and her other hand held him to her even tighter. He could tell she was smiling.

Chapter 25

For a few breathless moments, there was silence in the dark bedroom. Warren could feel Irina's huge, powerful fingers wrapped all the way around both of his ankles, holding him fast and rendering him immobile. With her other hand, she was gently cradling his little head into the underside of one of her colossal breasts. His ear was pressed into the soft flesh of her upper abdomen, so that the rhythmic, pounding sound of her heartbeat reverberated down from his head and through the rest of his body. He had heard her exhale hard, far above him, in response to his final surrender, just moments before.

He had called her "Mommy." He had finally done it. For days, weeks, even, he had known that's what Irina had wanted to hear, but he had resisted, resisted...all up until this point. Deep down inside, he had always known that he would eventually give in, but in those helpless moments when he imagined surrendering to her, he had always imagined that this final token of submission to her would be loud and dramatic -- she would be tickling him, or teasing him, or thumbing his cock through her fingers, or licking up and down his little body, urging his mind to give itself completely to her.

But that's not how it had happened. Warren had been startled awake by that nightmare of falling down into the dark chasm of a giant Irina's cleavage...and when he had woken up, her soft voice above him had comforted him in the darkness. And in that quiet moment, everything had suddenly fallen into place. Of course she was his Mommy...of course she was his Domme, his Mistress, his Everything. There was nothing he could do now but to call her what she really was; and the words had trickled out between his lips, timid and submissive, but undoubtedly audible.

Just as Warren was beginning to wonder what exactly Irina was going to do next, the bed heaved and groaned underneath him, and he found himself with his back on the mattress. Irina had deposited him in a supine position on the bed and was now looming over him, her huge, thick thighs straddling both sides of his 1'7 body. His eyes had gotten used to the darkness enough to see the massive, curvy outline of her body towering over him.

"Oh Warren..." cooed Irina from above. She was disrobing as she spoke, and Warren saw the outline and felt the vibration of her huge tits spilling out of her night robe. Warren could hear the sound of her milk bubbling in those massive mammaries above his head...he could even smell it. He had already been semi-erect before, but now, his little cock was pointed straight up towards Irina's chin, and he was practically salivating from the warm, liquid thrill of having finally, completely, submitted.

"My sweet, sweet little baby...come to Mommy."

Before Warren even had a chance to react to these delicious words, Irina was upon him. She had thrust her huge body down towards him, and a second later, he found that his tiny form was completely engulfed in the warm, soft, embrace of Irina's tits. He could feel the blood rushing through her body -- her heart was truly hammering now, and beyond his head, he smelled the exhaled perfume of her breath as it came forth in stuttered, aroused exhales.

"I'm going to show my little baby what a gooooood boy he is," whispered Irina. Her huge, hot mouth was suddenly at his ear, whispering lustily into it. Warren felt the long, sinuous length of

her tongue unfurl and began to lick and lap at his miniature earlobe. It was incredible how massive her tongue felt; it easily dominated his little ear, flicking hungrily as it began to explore his ear's interior crevices. At the same time, Irina's fingers were softly caressing his other ear, amplifying the sense that she was completely surrounding him.

But Warren only noticed these things peripherally, because something even more conspicuous was happening. Slowly, lusciously, but with a resolute firmness, Irina was moving her breasts up and down Warren's body...up and down, up and down. The sensation of being engulfed by her sweet-smelling flesh was intensified by her movement -- Warren felt like a goddess had descended on him and was now dead-set on using her gargantuan tits to milk every last bit of cum that had been bubbling in his balls, desperate for release, for the past week. For all intents and purposes, this is exactly what had happened.

"Oh yeeeeeah, baby," purred Irina in his ear, slithering her tongue in deeper. "Yesssss...yessss, does my little baby feel Mommy's huuuuuge tits rubbing up against his sweet, precious cock?"

"Y-yes!!" squeaked Warren. He was barely even able to get a single syllable out. His face, his entire body, suddenly felt like it was on fire. Irina had not needed long to light the furnace in his loins, and now it was already threatening to burn out of control. She hadn't even sped up -- she just kept rubbing those impossibly huge, warm, pillowy tits up and down his prone body with the same soft and silent determination. She had finally pulled away from licking his ear, and was now staring directly into his face. Through the dim light, Warren could see how huge her face was compared to him, but even more than that, he was shocked by the sudden bright sparkle of her wide, shining eyes, and the sexy glisten of her white teeth. She was smiling knowingly at him through the darkness...grinning.

"Mmmmm, I can feel it, Warren," moaned Irina. Warren's eyes started to roll back into his head as his entire body went rigid. "I can feeeeeeel my little baby getting ready. Mommy wants it. Mommy wants it all, little one."

Several more seconds passed by in silence, with nothing more than Irina's full-body titfuck sounding out into the bedroom. Warren couldn't see; he couldn't hear; he couldn't think. All that he could experience was the sensation of Irina's breasts hugging his entire body, totally enveloping him, consuming him, with their soft and relentless power.

"Oh Warren! Oh baby!" moaned Irina, her voice rising to show her arousal. "You're so small! You're sooooo, so small, baby, and Mommy's gonna milk aaaaaall your cum with her big tits. There's nothing you can do, little guy -- ohhhhh, each one of my tits is bigger than you. There's nothing you can do but submit and cum, Warren...come on, sweet baby...cummm for me. Cum for Mommy."

And right then and there, Warren did cum. With a shuddering paroxysm that shook through every atom of his body, he emptied load after load deep into the dark, warm cleavage of Irina's tits. She moaned and cooed and purred over him happily, draining all of what he could give with each successive grind of her massive breasts. Warren forgot where he was...he wasn't even conscious of making a sound as he came. All he knew was that the last thing he heard was the slippery cadence of the wall of flesh above him against his sticky body. Irina had milked him once, but she hadn't stopped. She just kept going, those giant tits going up and down, up and

down, never stopping. Her soft laughter spiced the air above him, and Warren gasped and came again. But this time he passed clean out, descending into darkness.

When he awoke, even before he opened his eyes, he was aware of a soft pitter-patter sound filling the air. He then noticed that there was warm sunlight against his face, and at the same moment, the sensation of something hot and wet in between his legs became obvious. Goosebumps rose up across his body as blissful electricity flooded his system. He opened his eyes. He was lying against the headboard of his bed, and his tiny legs were spread wide. In between them, bobbing slowly up and down, was Irina's giant, dark head. He couldn't even see what was going on down there, but he didn't need to see -- the luscious, liquid feeling of her full lips gently suctioning his cock was almost too much to bear, and almost as soon as he became conscious of what was happening, Warren let loose an involuntary whine.

Without even looking up, Irina's head began bobbing faster. Her dark hair had been hanging down straight, but as her head thrusts became more and more passionate, her hair became disordered and unkempt. Faster and faster she went, so that Warren didn't even have time to wake up. She had roused him straight from the dark depths of unconsciousness and shoved him straight back into the searing lake of fiery pleasure. And it wasn't even just the speed of her head that was doing it -- the suction of her powerful lips had increased tenfold, and it had already been intense before. It felt like she was extracting his soul through his urethra. And her tongue...Warren had no idea how Irina had learned to do whatever it was she was doing to him right now. It felt like there were five tongues eagerly writhing and wriggling on top of each other, vying to be the first to slither his cock up in a constrictor stranglehold.

Warren tried to hold out for at least a couple minutes, just because the pleasure was so intense, but there was nothing he could do. Less than 30 seconds after waking up, he was whining out into his bedroom, cumming hard down Irina's mighty throat. Right as he shot his first spasm of cum into her mouth, Irina locked her lips and screwed her head down hard in his lap, shaking her head rapidly back and forth, not stopping...urging more and more and more and more from Warren's already-exhausted. Only after he began to mew and cry did she stop.

"Ooooooo, good morning, baby!" she hummed, looking up at him as his cock slid out of her mouth. "Was Mommy's wake-up blowjob a little too intense, hmmm? Awww, it's ok baby...I'll give you a little break...I'm here...I'm here..."

Warren had nearly passed out again from the sheer pleasure of the blowjob, but Irina was not going to let him languish on the bed in the aftermath. Before he even knew what was happening, she had bounded up to him on the bed, scooped up his tiny body in her strong arm, and held him to her breast, bouncing him up and down lightly as she cooed and whispered to him. He tried to make noises, but she blocked them out, guiding a fat nipple into his mouth. Her nipples were so huge now compared to his little mouth that his cheeks were completely stretched. As she continued to hum down at him, Irina gently squeezed her breast, encouraging the thick, sweet milk to bubble forth into his mouth.

"There, there, little baby," she whispered, bouncing him lightly up and down as she resumed a comfortable sitting position on the bed, "Don't you worry about a thing. Mommy's got you, little one. She's got you, and she's never, ever letting you go. You don't have to worry about anything anymore, Warren. Nothing. Nothing at all. Nothing except being the cutest little milk-

drinker and cum-squirter in the world. And I KNOW you don't have to even try to do that, Warren, because you already are!"

Warren's eyes were soon flickering closed again as his tummy filled up with Irina's warm milk. He could actually feel his body temperature rising in response to drinking her sustenance. In all ways, every aspect of his body was dominated by her, submissive and subordinate to her, responsive to her. As he sucked down his breakfast, Irina playfully rubbed his little feet with her big hand, delighting in how both of his feet now couldn't even cover one half of her palm.

'I have him now,' Irina thought triumphantly, arching her face up towards the ceiling as she savored the feel of his little mouth stretched across her nipple. 'He is completely, utterly, mine.'

And Irina knew that it wasn't just because of her physical dominance over him. She had been physically dominant for so long that she couldn't even recall a time when she wasn't. She could manipulate his tiny body to do whatever she wanted, without even thinking about it. But for the past few weeks, Irina had been preoccupied with subsuming the entirety of Warren into herself. She had wanted him, body, mind, soul, spirit...everything. It had been a slow and gradual process for her, arriving at the realization that she thirsted for so total a domination. But the smaller and weaker he got, and the bigger and more powerful she became, she had come to realize that dominating Warren was not enough. She wanted to own him, to possess him, to infuse her voluptuous Mommy-dom energy into every crevice of his mind and body. And to do that, she had known that the final test of her power was in convincing Warren himself to put the final nail in the coffin of his own independence.

Irina couldn't help but laugh at the supreme irony of it all -- only Warren had the power to truly give himself up to her. She could never force him to do this, because she knew that there would always exist, in the back of his mind, the slightest germ of resistance, of his old self, a relic of the pre-Whipple world, when men were independent. But now that he had finally submitted totally, and called her "Mommy," her true name to him, that last iota of independence had been extinguished forever. He could never go back, and she knew that he would never want to.

'And now is the time to reward him,' she breathed lusciously to herself, as she looked back down at the tiny little sucking baby of a person, cradled by her single arm. 'And to mark him as mine forever, by taking everything that he has.'

"My god, Warren," she murmured out loud, as she continued to bounce him gently in her lap, feeding him, "Your tiny body...I can't believe it. It's...it's smaller than my forearm, baby! Can you understand that, Warren? Your entire body is smaller...than my forearm. Ohhhh my goodness look at the comparison!"

Her soft voice carried a richly powerful message. Warren could only barely comprehend the words that were booming gently in his ears, but he understood well enough. He felt Irina gently shaking the forearm that cradled his body. He could feel her muscles and tendons shifting under his body. She was so huge, so impossibly enormous, compared to him. Everything about her was larger than him, superior to him. And the more he let it sink in what he had done, how he had uttered the final submission to her in the hushed silence, in the middle of the night, the more he realized how perfectly everything fit together now. A flitting, almost humorous spark in his brain had him wondering why on earth he had held out so long. What had been the point? Why hadn't he just admitted weeks ago what they had both known was true all along?

and undulated in pleasure as it accepted the little white gift, and after a moment's savoring, Irina curled it back into her mouth and swallowed it all down.

The tender, pleasant sound of something wet and rhythmic reached Irina's ear. She turned and looked down at the adorable scene. Warren had passed clean out again, and his little head had fallen away from her nipple. But the flow of her milk, so steady and constant with all the new and accentuated milk ducts from her Whipple infection, hadn't stopped. The thick, rich milk continued to flow, in the same rhythm that Warren had been sucking at it, and now it was shooting gentle streams of white splashing across Warren's dangling head. In a matter of moments, his head and hair were completely soaked, dripping milk from his unconscious head down her full, fleshy stomach.

Irina put her hand over mouth to stifle a laugh. What a precious little scene it was! She had gotten her prize, but, as she played with his adorable little nutsack (which was no bigger to her now than a couple of raisins), she knew that she hadn't milked him quite dry enough yet.

When Warren came to, he felt his entire body bobbing, seemingly in midair. As he regained his senses, he realized that he was in midair, and his limbs flailed jerkily in a panic. But very quickly, he felt something warm, soft, and inexorably strong wrap around his feet and lower legs, steadying them. And then his vision was completely obfuscated by the lowering, upside-down head of Irina, with her gorgeous spill of black hair.

"Shhh, shhh, little baby, it's ok," she cooed at him, upside down. "I've got you."

Warren's mind was so worn and exhausted from all the stimulation that day that it took him far too long to realize that Irina had him in a front-facing papoose, and that she was bending down over him to smile at him upside down.

"Someone's been taking a lot of naps today!" she teased, winking at him. "I've been taking care of the house, but I didn't want to leave my little baby sleeping all by himself, so I put him in this!"

Irina laughed musically, bouncing up and down, up and down, making Warren's little body go with it. He realized that he was nestled in between her magnificent tits. And then he realized that they were in the kitchen...well, they had been, at least. Irina was on the move, and before Warren knew it, he was staring straight into the full-length mirror in the foyer. At first, all he could see was Irina's impossibly voluptuous, luscious body. She was wearing the skimpiest of black skirts, which hugged her thick hips completely, and a revealing red top, which looked like it was about to give way to her mountainous bust at any moment. Only after staring for 30 seconds did Warren finally notice himself...a tiny waif of a thing, all wrapped up in the papoose, barely even sticking out from between her breasts.

"I measured us both again, Warren," Irina breathed at the mirror, "While you were asleep. I'm 8 feet tall, Warren. 8...feet...tall. And you wanna know how small you are? You're 16 inches, Warren. One-foot-four."

She held up her huge hand next to his body.

"See that, baby? My hand is more than half as long as you are. It's not even close."

Warren heard the sound of velcro opening, and he felt a cool gust of wind against his privates. Irina had just opened up a special little pouch to set his cock free. In the reflection, he couldn't even see it, but Irina knew where it was. A moment later she was rubbing his tiny cock in between her fingers as she cooed and purred at their reflection, holding an empty hand under his cock:

"I told you there was more in there, Warren. Just because my little baby gets tired and falls asleep over and over doesn't mean that Mommy doesn't know he has more to give. Oh look! It's hard already! Hahaha, that didn't take long, did it? Come on baby...show Mommy how much you love her. Give her what she wants."

Irina was merciless. She continued to hum and coo at the mirror, but she didn't say any more words. All swaddled up in his papoose, lodged in between her mammoth tits, Warren didn't have a chance in the world of squirming away, even though it felt like his cock, his groin, and the entirety of his loins were being dipped into a molten pond of pleasure. His eyes screwed up in his head, and his little body started vibrating helplessly. He knew what she wanted, and he wanted to give it to her. But how could he!? There was nothing left! She had milked him totally dry!

'But you DO have more to give!' said a voice inside his head. 'Mommy said there was more, so there IS more. Come on! Show her she's right!'

Warren couldn't even make a sound this time. He shot out the last drops of cum that he had left in his body, straight down into Irina's awaiting palm. She smiled as she felt the hot little droplets speckle her skin. She watched Warren spasming for another few seconds before his entire body suddenly relaxed, and his head hung limply down in a dead faint, so that she could see the cute little crown of his head in the mirror. She lifted her palm slowly up to her mouth and licked off the last remnants of his cum. He was definitely empty now. There was only one thing left to do. Cradling his limp, unconscious body, she unstrapped him from the papoose, swaddled him in a warm blanket, and sat down in the rocking chair in the library. As she rocked back and forth, staring out the window into the street and the wider world, she bared her breast and brought Warren's open mouth up to her nipple. Even though he was unconscious, his lips latched themselves around her nipple...and Irina gently guided her nipple deeper, deeper into his mouth, until it was all the way inside. A warm fluid thrill washed over her body, and she smiled, feeling his little mouth beginning to suck.

Epilogue

Many months later, Irina was turning away from the front door of the house, carrying a hefty traveling suitcase in each hand. She had just locked the door, and was on her way to the airport. She was excited -- she had been in touch with her family from back home, and she was eager to see her brothers and sisters, and her extended family as well. Ever since the pandemic, she had been focused on Warren, and now that he was thoroughly trained, and permanently hers, she wanted to take a trip back home to see how everything back home had changed in this new female-dominated world.

"You sure you're ok, baby?" she whispered down in between her tits. Something of a mew came back in response, and Irina knew that the sound was Warren's answer in the affirmative. His head was barely visible in the carrier she had strapped to her front, since it was largely obscured by her colossal tits.

"Mmmmm, that's good," she cooed down to him. "I just thought I'd check."

Over the past few months, Warren's shrinking had stopped. Thanks to his medication and attentive owner, his size had permanently cemented at 1'2. To Irina, this was the absolute perfect size. She could manipulate his little body to no end with her fingers, using a variety of techniques to make him squirt and cry in pleasure, but he wasn't so small that she was afraid of inadvertently hurting him.

But just as Warren's shrinking had stopped, Irina's growth had not. She now stood just over 9 feet tall, and in black platform boots she liked to wear, she reached a monstrous 9'8. The rest of her body had continued to swell and grow too, and her voluptuous thickness was so pronounced now that she could easily make Warren cum just by standing in front of him. She didn't even have to move -- her body exuded such a powerful aura of dominating authority, and gentle, luscious mother-energy, that Warren had no option but to cum. In fact, the last few months, Irina had spent a good deal of time training Warren NOT to cum, just so he could build up actual loads for her to taste and enjoy.

"I can't wait to show my perfect little man off to my family!" she trilled happily, walking down the front pathway to the sidewalk. "Oooooo they're all just going to LOVE you, Warren! Most men are too sick or scared to go out in public now...but not you!"

Warren heard her words and knew they were correct, even if he wasn't really thinking too hard beyond appreciating their sound coming out of Irina's mouth. He didn't think too hard about much of anything except Irina these days. She had become his entire world, to the point where he couldn't comprehend anything beyond her. His old agoraphobia had vanished, simply because he knew that Irina was his Mommy, his caretaker, his owner, and that he was completely safe with her. He knew...they BOTH knew...that she had been destined to love and care for him in this new world, and now that their dynamic was a reality, they were both more happy and fulfilled than they could have believed possible.

A gigantic black SUV rounded the corner.

"Oh! There she is, Warren!" exclaimed Irina, pointing at the car. "That's our ride to the airport!"

The huge car rolled smoothly up to the house and came to a halt. Even though he couldn't see very far anymore, Warren could just make out, through squinted eyes, that there were two baby seats in the back, facing backward...one had someone in it, and the other one, closest to the sidewalk, was empty.

The passenger window rolled down. A gargantuan blond woman with stylish black sunglasses and blood-red lips grinned at them from the driver's seat, a massive manicured hand on the steering wheel. The car was enormous, but this woman's head still brushed the ceiling. She had to be at least 12 feet tall.

"Strap him in, Irina!" laughed the woman, her full, feminine voice vibrating and infusing the air,,
"And come sit up here with me!"

Irina smiled and opened the side door, lovingly strapping Warren into his baby seat and planting a big kiss on his forehead before closing the door and coming around to the passenger side, joining her friend.

"Thanks again for the ride, Sarah!"