

It was the perfect plan; the mischievous, lecherous mouse nodded to himself in self affirmation; his relatively tiny stature, a mere two inches, allowing him to sneak into a particular lady's abode with none being the wiser.

The mouse was a simple guy with simple needs; his needs in this case just happened to be unashamedly perverted. He couldn't get the image of that gorgeous lady Umbreon out of his head; the mere glance he took of her in a restaurant leaving an incredibly impressionable imprint in his mind.

She was a tall one; well over six feet without shoes, dwarfing just about anyone she came across. Even if she didn't, she carried such an imposing aura of beauty that'd make anyone feel far smaller in comparison. She had an incredible, shapely, thick hourglass form of voluptuous delight; words couldn't do her amazing body justice. Pristine white fur coated her body from ear tip to toe that was no doubt as soft and smooth as silk; adorned by sky blue rings in standard Umbreon fur pattern fashion. Her ears were large; tall and thick, not unlike a fennec fox. Her raven colored hair, accentuated with light blue highlights, was lengthy and luxurious with long bangs perfectly framing her cute face. Her eyes were truly mysterious; deep, dark blues showing the current phase of the moon; as if one were gazing upon a moonlit lake at night. Her lips were plush, full and juicy; no doubt the most kissable of lips. Her breasts were, to put it simply, large, and with a fair bit of perkiness; jiggling happily with her every move. Her wide hips sashayed sinfully as she walked, along with that lovely heart-shaped bubble butt of hers beneath her thick, fluffy white tail. Her legs were strong and thick with plump, firm thighs and powerful calves; and finally, her feet: pretty and well kept, just like the rest of her.

Indeed, he couldn't shake the image of her out of his head. He just had to see her again, even if she was many more times his height; all the more to look at in his opinion.

Having scurried about for numerous minutes within her home, the mouse found exactly what he was looking for: Lysithea's room. He slipped through the partially opened door and took in some rather puzzling sights. Her room was far more...girlish than he'd imagined; from the bright pink carpeting (which felt very lush and soft even under his tiny form, he had to admit) to the pink and sky blue walls with colorful imagery and the stuffed animals on her bed. He was ultimately less concerned with her tastes as he stepped further into the room. Within an instant, his nose was assaulted with a very strong and very sweet scent; **her** scent. It was almost enough to make his head swim; encouraging him all the more to see her.

His wish was quickly granted as the door to a connecting bathroom swung open and out Lysithea stepped, fresh from a session of washing, drying and grooming; her deliciously curvaceous form and lovely hair wrapped tightly under respective towels. With her perfectly kept white furred paws with bright blue padding thumping upon the soft, pink carpeting; she strolled over to the full sized mirror situated next to her dresser and let the damp towel unravel about her body and fall to the floor, pooling around her feet where she promptly kicked it aside. The towel around her head also followed suit, allowing her long black and blue highlighted hair become free.

She reached over to her dresser, opening two drawers to fish out a fancy, lacy, black bra and a pair of black and purple striped panties, and casually tossed them onto the bed. Next order of business was to fix up her hair and get dressed, but she couldn't help but stare at her reflection in the mirror.

"Hehe," She giggled, fawning over her image in the mirror, "There really isn't anyone cuter than me, is there?"

Lysithea posed playfully in front of the mirror, admiring her naked form. While she normally wasn't one to be narcissistic, she did love to be the center of attention, and her body helped aid in that regard. Thus she made sure to take good care of herself; hours well spent washing and grooming. She swayed her hips back and forth, posing in various ways as if doing a photoshoot; blowing kisses and winking at her reflection with a giggle.

All the while the little voyeur was watching in hypnotized awe, both stunned by her beauty and how much bigger she was in comparison to his diminutive size. She was like a mountain (a cute, beautiful, gorgeous, curvaceous mountain at that) come to life, moving as quickly and effortlessly as a normal person would. It was nothing like the movies where giants would lumber along slowly. Still, any caution, apprehension and fear were pushed aside in favor of interest and desire; which unawares drew him dangerously closer to her, and most importantly, close enough to where she could see his reflection in the mirror.

He stood behind her, close enough to see those long, shapely legs, strong calves and thick thighs; pumping enticingly like pistons with her playful posing. Further up were those swaying hips and rounded jiggling rear; bouncing and shaking with her every movement. It was equal parts amazing as it was dangerous to be down by her shifting and bouncing feet, feet big enough to render him as flat as a pancake, but he felt it was

all worth it just to take in that amazing sight.

“Enjoying the view, my little sightseer?” Lysithea’s sweet, cheery voice sang from above, followed by a sweet, mischievous giggle.

The mouse had been far too focused on those gorgeous legs slowly spreading apart; tightening as she rose up on tiptoe, resting on the balls of her feet and hiking up her tail while pushing out her hips and rear to bend over and peek through her legs at him. It wasn’t until she spoke that his attention snapped to that grinning face and playful eyes peeking at him from an upside down position, and those massive rounded breasts with bright blue nipples; swaying like pendulums while they jiggled joyously from her giggles. She had found him; rather, she noticed him for a while and finally decided to make her move.

“What a naughty little boy! A little spy! A little voyeur! Right in my own room!” Lysi said with a warm smile, “And so *cute* too!”

“O-oh no! I wasn’t spying! I was uh...I was just passing through!” The mouse squeaked out in response.

Lysi promptly stood straight up, a swift action from such a massive woman that took the tiny rodent by surprise, and turned to face him; staring down past the curves of her impressive bouncy bust with her hands resting on her wide hips. “Passing through right into a lady’s room so you can stare at her butt for a few minutes you mean?” She giggled.

The way-in-over-his-head mouse swallowed hard, slowly starting to walk backwards while raising in protest, “Well...no...see I got lost and uh...it’s a REALLY nice butt and—ack!”

Lysi’s fluffy thick paw had lifted from the carpet and swung forward with a simple step, crashing right back down in front of him with a muffled yet powerful thud; the heavy impact knocking him off of his feet. He glanced up, jaw agape as he saw the incredible white furred mass that was this giant woman slowly crouch down over him, like a massive tower leaning in over him. He slowly crawled backwards as he watched her toes flex and press into the carpet to support her lowering weight, he watched her strong calves and thick thighs bulge and tighten as she squatted down over him. Even though his eyes were focused on that incredible body, he could feel her eyes on him the entire

time. Even as she started to slink forward while bringing her legs behind her; getting down on all fours and lowering herself to the floor; her massive breasts squishing into the carpet as she brought her upper body to the ground and lifted her hips, wiggling her rear back and forth lazily while her tail swished in kind as she supported herself on her hands and feet like a feline ready to pounce, her grinning face right before the shrunken male in front of her.

“There’s two things I wanna know,” She whispered to him, her warm, sweet breath washing over his tiny form, “First, just how nice IS my butt? Did you like what you see?” She giggled.

“It...it’s the biggest, nicest, most gorgeous butt I’ve ever seen! The kind of butt one would only see in their dreams!” The mouse exclaimed, hoping that buttering her up like this would let him off easy.

“Mmhmm~” She tittered, her body quaking with a low, rumbling purr. She grinned even wider, showing nearly her full set of pearly white teeth; ones in the front being sharper than the chompers in the back, “Well I’m quite pleased to hear that. Now for the second question,” She began to say, swinging her hips back and forth in large, rapid circles, wiggling her butt even more while rapidly flicking her bushy tail to and fro, “Care to play a game?”

He gulped once again, “A game? What kind of game?”

“Just a simple game of cat and mouse! I’m the cat, meow! And you’re the mousie, squeak! You run, I chase. If you manage to escape from me, by getting somewhere I can’t reach or getting out of my room, you win and I let you go free! But if I catch you, it’s punishment time,” She purred again, parting her full lips just a tad to give him a glimpse of her bright blue colored maw; a matching colored tongue slipping out to lick at her lips before returning from whence it came.

The little squeaker wasn’t quite sure what ‘punishment time’ consisted of, and he wasn’t sure if he wanted to find out. Either way, he knew he had to play her game, there was certainly no easy way out of it. “O-oh...uh...alright, I’m up for it,” He said while taking a quick glance around the room to consider his options. He could attempt to get under or behind the dresser behind her, but he’d be caught instantly. There was a bookshelf and also the front door on the other side of the room, but the odds of him outrunning such a gigantic, nimble creature was unlikely. Then there was her bed; set

next to the wall near a large window. It wasn't too far, and if he could get under it and escape her reach, he'd win the game no problem!

He took a deep breath and faced up at his cheerful tormenter, "Do I get a headstart?" He asked.

"Sure! I'll give you ten seconds! And the counter already started as soon as I said that so you have 7 seconds now! Better hurry!" She said, more than eager to give chase.

"What a cheat!" cried the mouse, quickly jumping up to his feet and bolting across the lush carpet (which at his size, served to be more of a hindrance than a help) towards the direction of her front door, hoping his plan to trick her and escape would work.

"And a six, a five, a four, a three, a two, annnd a one! Mrowl!" Lysi chirped playfully before pushing off the floor with a nimble, feline-esque jump, leaping over her fleeing prey with a single bound and landing thunderously in front of him; her large body immediately serving as an impassible obstacle for him.

It was as if it all happened in slow motion; seeing that gorgeous giantess of a woman fly over him and land like a sudden blockade; those heavy breasts swaying and bobbing. While it was tempting to let her catch him right then and there, he wasn't exactly eager to be punished, and promptly spun around and ran in the other direction.

"Awww, running away my little mousie? We'll have *so much fun* together, I promise!" Lysithea giggled to herself and licked her lips, stalking after him on all fours with sultry, exaggerated movements. She was surprisingly swift even as she was crawling after him; occasionally taking swipes at the poor tiny male in attempts to grab him, her thick fingers narrowly missing. It was as if she was doing it on purpose, infact; she more than likely was, being the type of girl to 'play with her food' sort to speak.

The nimble rodent ducked and jumped to avoid her grasping digits, even wriggling free of two digits when she barely snagged him at one point; all while running as fast as he could toward her dresser. He really didn't expect her to chase him in such a cat-like manner, and she turned out to be much quicker than he expected; she clearly wasn't joking about being the cat in a game of cat and mouse (and it was oddly arousing; this fairly lewd game). Still, his plan was intact as he headed toward the dresser which was fairly close to the bed, all he needed was one opening...

“You can’t run forever, mousie! Don’t think you can get away from me!” Lysithea teased, still crawling and pawing after her prey, “You can’t run and you can’t hide! Especially underneath my dresser!” She added, those unique and mischievous eyes glancing ahead of the mouse’s path, easily realizing his goal. She paused, crouching down while wiggling her rear and swaying her tail once again before pushing off into that strong feline-esque leap once again to cut the mouse off once more; whirling around upon her landing to face him, “That’s not gonna work—hey!” Her large ears perked up sharply as the mouse took a sharp change in direction and rushed toward her bed. She lunged toward him, fingers narrowly missing as she swiped at him as he scurried underneath her bed; leaving her to crash onto the floor, her heavy breasts squishing into the carpet as she landed with a grunt.

He couldn’t believe he made it as he scampered underneath Lysi’s bed; surrounded by dust covered magazines, a few brightly colored hair ties and scrunchies, a pink and blue Pokeball for some odd reason, and a single purple and black striped knee-high sock. While it was a total mess, he was safe, but to his surprise, Lysi wasn’t pawing after him as he expected. Infact, when he looked back, all he saw were those thick, heavy feet of hers shuffling back and forth, raising and lowering; boulderous digits idly wiggling. The bed then suddenly creaked; the boxspring under the mattress sinking down slightly over the tiny mouse before relaxing. Then those feet moved again, walking along the side of the bed, toes flexing and pressing against the soft carpet as they made their way to the foot of the bed and stopped.

And that’s when he realized he actually didn’t think this all the way through.

Lysithea simply slid the bed away from the wall; effortlessly revealing her tiny prey as if she were opening the lid of a box and finding him inside. “Found you~,” Lysi sang proudly, standing over him with a wide grin. “You didn’t think you could escape by hiding under my bed, did you? I told you before, you can’t run and you can’t hide, and now I’ve got you,” She giggled, dangling a pair of her black and pink striped panties from an index finger, “And that means it’s Punishment Time!”

The mouse stared wide eyed up at the massive, towering white Umbreon and swallowed hard; now out of options and ideas. His legs burned and ached with fatigue from all the running, but he wasn’t too eager to partake in Punishment Time. He turned tail and tried to flee from the giantess, unsure of where to go, but it didn’t matter to him as long as he got away.

“Mousie still hasn’t learned,” Lysithea said condescendingly, “There’s no getting away!” She took a mighty step forward, stomping hard upon the carpet; the impact powerful enough to send the poor rodent flying clear off of his feet, tumbling head over heels across the floor. She seized the opening, quickly stooping down over her prey and swinging her underwear over him, scooping him up in it as if it were a net, “Gotcha!”

He cried out as he was swiftly snatched up by the incredibly soft and warm fabric. He held on tightly as he was swung about from Lysi’s excitable movements; taking him in a relative amusement park ride of disorienting swings and stomach lurching lifts and drops as Lysithea danced and bounced around her room with glee; quite proud of her victory.

“Cat got the mousie~! Cat got the mousie~!” Lysi sang as her naked form bounded about here and there for a few more moments until she finally stopped. She hooked two white furred digits into the waistband and pulled them apart, peeking in at her currently faculty disabled prey, “And boy oh boy have I got **quite** the treat for you! I was thinking that since you like my ass so much, you should get up close and personal with it. Though I’m not so sure you’d think it’s so great after this,” She giggled and began to lower her undergarments to slip them on.

Unfortunately for the tiny mouse, he was still dizzy from the wild ride, and didn’t quite know which way was up. While Lysi’s words boomed in his ears, it all didn’t exactly register right away. He groaned as he felt his stomach lurch again; as if riding a swiftly descending elevator as Lysi lowered her panties. He looked upward, viewing the all too familiar sight of the Umbreon from below. And as she lifted her leg, he started to realize what was happening.

Lysithea slipped one foot into the pair; her leg descending next to the mouse like a falling pillar of snowy white silky fur. Next came the other; another pillar of gorgeous girl leg, effectively trapping him between her knees. There was absolutely no escape; the soft fabric of the Umbreon’s underwear as his back and front, and her massive, thick, powerful legs at his side; all being impossible climbs.

“And goooooing up!” Lysi said as she started to hike up her underwear, treating him to an awe inspiring, jaw dropping view of that perfectly curved, heart shaped bubble booty of hers; inching ever closer like a slow falling ceiling. Lysithea shook and shimmied her hips; trying to squeeze her massive asset into one of her favorite pairs of underwear that was slightly too small for her. The tiny rodent found this out fairly quickly as he was

pressed up firm and tight against that white moon.

To say he received a face full of ass was an understatement; those cheeks steamrolled over him as the persistent panties were pulled upward, forcing him to sprawl out as he was pushed and pressed into that deity-level derriere. His arms and legs were trapped by her cheeks while his face and torso were squished slightly into the crack of her rear; allowing him to be free of worry from suffocating.

“My little passenger all comfy in there?” Lysi snickered as she slowly bent over, checking out her behind in the mirror. She made sure to arch her body just so to push her rump out as much as she could; pressing her butt into him even more and grinning at the outline of her little captive within her panties. She swung her hand over and gave her rear a little slap, swatting the outline of the poor mouse and pressing him even further into her incredible cheeks. She let out a soft gasp and purred deeply, lazily swishing her tail back and forth. “Oh you naughty little thing! I can feel you squirming in there! But that’s good, I love a boy with some fight in ‘em!” She purred once more, hand still on her rear; pushing, pressing, kneading and rubbing her little plaything into the warm, soft, yielding flesh underneath all that silky fur.

“Geez, you’re getting me all riled up,” She whispered hotly, “And my hair is still a mess and I still need to get dressed, but that gives me an idea...”

Lysithea stood straight up, making sure her little plaything was still pressed nice and snug against her luscious cheeks, and stepped past her dresser to settle down at the vanity next to it. She made sure to accentuate her movements perfectly to make sure the poor boy trapped within her panties was squished, squashed and squeezed against her lovely cheeks with every step. “If you thought it was rough before, just you wait until I do this!” Lysi said before plopping right down to a sudden sit upon the stool that sat in front of her vanity, bringing down the force of her weight upon the poor mouse.

The mousie groaned muffledly into Lysithea’s overbearing glutes as her massive, crushing weight bore down on him. He was squished firmly into her behind, dimpled into the yielding flesh underneath that silky soft fur as he was compressed between her rear and the cushion of the stool (which he was gratefully thankful for) she sat upon.

As she worked on her hair, her poor prey was forced to endure the consequences of her movements. The intense weight and pressure carelessly rolled over him as she shifted her hips every now and then; from every lean, to every rock and the occasional bounce,

he was forced to endure the overwhelming smothering force of giant woman rolling over him; left and right, back and forth and the frequent bouncing all over the course of many, many, long, agonizing minutes; one would think she had forgotten about him under there.

“There. That should about do it,” Lysi declared to herself, having just finished brushing her hair and wrapping the excess length up in a ponytail. “I wonder how my little passenger is doing,” She said with a giggle, quickly wiggling her hips back and forth; grinding her rear further onto that cushion, “Hee, for such a little thing, I can feel you so well down there. Well either way,” She slowly stood up and gave her lovely rump a pat with both hands, much to his chagrin, “Looks like you made it through Punishment Time!”

She dipped two fingers into the backside of her underwear to fish out the battered and beaten up mouse, dangling him upside down as she slowly lifted him up to bring him in front of her smiling face, “Well look at you! I guess you’ve seen better days, huh?” She snickered, playfully rocking his helpless, dangling form back and forth, “You poor, poor thing. I bet all you want to do is get some rest,” She purred, slowly lifting the mouse higher and higher, now dangling him above the Umbreon’s head, “I have a nice, warm, slightly wet place you can rest. You can sleep to your heart’s content, and when you wake up, you’ll be a part of little ol me. How does that sound?”

Mousie wasn’t quite sure where she was going with this until she slowly parted those soft, plush lips; opening her mouth wide to reveal her cavernous, azure colored maw. She rolled out her matching colored tongue; letting the slick, thick, undulating organ hang over her lower lip as she let out a playful, “Aaaah~”. The mouse’s eyes went as wide as dinner plates as he stared down into the depths; past her lips, past her teeth, and right down into her throat.

He felt Lysi’s grip with draw from his waist, causing him to fall freely towards that hungry, open cave. He yelled and flailed, hoping that would somehow save him from becoming a tiny morsel to the dangerously playful giantesses.

He lucked out.

The Umbreon had misjudged her distance, causing her tiny treat to bounce off her surprisingly cool-to-the-touch tongue and fall down in between her breasts; where he managed to snag handfuls of her silky soft fur within the inside curve of one of her

breasts to prevent him from falling further. But now, having found himself between canyon walls of soft warm, Umbreon boobage, and the wide toothy grin from the face above; he wondered if this was a good idea.

“Goodness, you’re just insatiable, aren’t you?” Lysi teased, “First you’re all over my butt and now you’re trying to get at my boobs? Boys, I swear,” She brought her hands underneath her massive mammeries and lifted them slightly, “They can never get enough,” She said before pressing her breasts together with her poor tiny plaything sandwiched in between.

The mouse groaned as his tired body was once again squeezed and crushed by more warm, squishy, yet overwhelming walls belonging to this Umbreon. He was smushed firm in between; being ground and pressed repeatedly as Lysi pushed her breasts tightly together; rubbing, squishing and kneading them against each other. Pressed, pushed, squished, squashed; those jiggling orbs rolling all over the poor mouse like living hills. She even parted them, allowing him a brief moment of freedom, only to slam them back together again, giggling gleefully all the while.

Lysithea’s shenanigans had pushed him upward, leaving his upper body exposed while he was still ultimately trapped in her cleavage. “I think that’s enough ‘tenderizing’ for my mousie. If I overdo it, you’ll be too squishy for me to enjoy,” She giggled, licking her lips once more, “The offer for that warm, soft, resting place is still on the table y’know.”

It wasn’t as if he had any say in the manner; Lysi was already lifting her breasts while lowering her head, mouth open with a saliva slicked tongue lolling out. She leaned in close, pressing that thick squishy muscle against the mouse and slowly dragged it upward in a long, drawn out slurp; damping and staining the tiny male’s fur with her slimy, sticky saliva in the process. He was quite surprised by her sudden lick; both by the sheer power of her tongue, forcing his body backwards while forcefully tilting his head back as she licked over his face, and the cool temperature of her tongue; making quite the contrast alongside the hot, humid breath that washed over him.

He coughed and sputtered, attempting to wipe the Umbreon slobber from his face while his tormentor giggled from above. “Not a bad flavor you’ve got there,” Lysi said with a purr, treating him to the sight of that thick tongue dragging across her plush, full lips before it came down to assault him again. Lysi dragged her tongue over her plaything over and over; licking, slurping, lapping at him like he were a mere popsicle; teasing herself with his flavor. The mouse did what he could to try and fight back against her,

but that cold, thick, powerful muscle proved unstoppable; every push, every squirm, every struggle meant nothing before it. Then suddenly, there was a pause; prompting the mouse to wipe more saliva from his eyes just to see what was going on. Those very same eyes went wide as dinner plates as was staring into Lysi's open maw as her head dipped further down toward him.

He stared deep into the depths of that blue cavern in both fear and awe; noticing how slick and wet her mouth was with the subtle illumination from that unique coloring. He gazed at her sharp white teeth, often seen from her playful and teasing grinning, glistening with her slick saliva. Numerous tendril-like strands of saliva connected her teeth and the tongue he had quickly become familiar with, showing just how hungry she was.

Lysi dipped her head down further and closed her lips around his upper body; the poor mouse now trapped between her warm, soft, plush lips. Using just her mouth alone, she plucked him out from her cleavage with a loud, slurping, kissing noise and held him with her lips; his legs lazily kicking outside of her mouth. She blushed warmly and brought a hand to her cheek as she savored his flavor. The poor tiny male was attacked relentlessly with the tip of her tongue again; brushing over, dragging along, and poking at his face, head and all over his torso.

A vacuum force of pressure came down upon the mouse's body as the giantess slurped him in even further, trapping him completely within her mouth. The mouse was sprawled out upon that soft, squishy, slick, wet and cool-to-the-touch tongue that he had become quite familiar with; a rather pleasant contrast compared to the hot, humid air of the Umbreon's maw. Not that he had the time to find enjoyment in the situation as that tongue began to shift and undulate underneath him; swiftly rising and slamming him up against the ridged roof of her mouth, pinned and pressed by that tongue as the gorgeous Umbreon began to suckle on him as if he were a mere piece of candy. She tossed and wrestled him carelessly with her tongue, pinning him against one inner cheek only to throw him against the other; teasing herself with his flavor for moments on end.

"Mmmmm~" She purred; the feeling of having a tiny living being her mouth has never become tiresome, especially when they were delicious like this one. In any case, the time had come to put an end to the game; her mouse had put up a good struggle, but unfortunately for him, Lysithea never loses this game, ever.

Placing an anxious set of fingers gingerly upon her throat, the giant Umbreon slowly began to tilt her head backwards while simultaneously working her tongue to urge the poor mouse down towards the depths of her gullet. Struggle as he may, he couldn't fight against the slick surface of that bullying tongue and gravity itself; crying out upon the fearful realization that he was about to be literally swallowed; gulped down and made to be a part of her.

Lysithea purred with a warm moan as she felt him slide down her tongue and fall into the depths of her throat. She brought her fingers to the noticeable lump in her neck, rubbing and massaging at it as she swallowed with a loud, audible "Ulp!"; those throat muscles squeezing and pushing the tiny mouse down into the depths of her stomach. She let out a pleased sigh as she felt that lump slide all the way down; her treat successfully swallowed and deposited into her stomach.

She gave her stomach a needy pat and a gentle rub, giggling to herself with a wide smile on her face, "Looks like I win again! Though I ought to not snack on little guys so much, they go straight to my hips!"