

The huge door, built to accommodate *very* large people, swung slowly inwards and a small head poked around the door. Isaac visibly relaxed.

“Come in, Come in miss...”

<Galen> The tentative reply sounded...odd, and after a moments contemplation the good doctor realised her lips hadn't moved; her voice had decided to skip mouths and ears and go straight to echoing in his mind. He glanced back at the computer screen

“Yes. Well, I see you're new. Have you registered with the surgery?” Galen nodded once, then shook her head and quietly took the free seat while Isaac fiddled with a fancy red box that told him after a few seconds she was indeed simply a Gardevoir, no hidden fiddling anywhere. Giving another mental sigh of relief he turned to face the pale girl happily and, with a subtlety that would have shamed the Men in Black, checked her out.

At four foot, two inches it was obvious why the six foot doctor was relieved to have her; especially when he remembered his *last* patient (he's eye flicked down to the chain around his ankle). The pale Gardevoir smiled up at him through a pair of ruby red lips, her large eyes bright and alert either side of a thick, carefully maintained fringe of soft green hair. Her long white and green dress was torn, almost stylishly, in various places; and he could see the smooth pale flesh of her legs through the small gaps. He blinked, taking in the gardevoir's surprisingly muscled body. From what Isaac knew of the race they preferred psychic powers over brute strength, and while Galen didn't look disturbingly muscled, it certainly looked like she'd trained to run a race, and then decided to lift a few weights on the way; Although he wouldn't have bet on her, he wouldn't have been surprised if she was able to lift him into the air without any psychic help.

“So...” he leaned back and tried to contain his blushing, looking into Galen's focused gaze and suddenly feeling extremely conscious of the fact his shirt, shoes and doctor's coat were in a sticky pile next door “S-since this is your f-first time” he cleared his throat and mentally slapped himself, this was the *one* patient who couldn't do him harm he'd had in weeks and he was *not* going to lose her over a little thing like emotions “Would you mind telling me why you've moved to this clinic” he turned to his computer “You know, moved house, old one burned down...problems with your old doctor”

<Of course...Soline recommended you> Feeling a little more at ease, the gardevoir smiled to herself and settled back in the squishy patient chair

“Soline? Soline, Sol- you...y-you don't mean Ms *Soliniqueze* do you?” Galen blinked her large eyes at him, shrugged and nodded; tilting her head to one side as some of the colour drained from Isaac's face. The huge panther was another one of his regulars, much like Amber the elephant, but worse. Amber at least pretended to have a 'problem' that needed fixing; Soline's excuses barely reached as complex as 'I've got an itch in...' wherever she wanted him. Even though he had the chain and clapped it on every time he saw her name, he still turned pale when he saw her name on the list.

<Is something wrong? She said you were *very* good, Doctor> Isaac refrained from getting her to specify exactly what the panther thought he was good at, it would have been un-professional and besides, he was afraid of the answer.

“I-uh o-okay... Well then Miss Galen, what c-can I do for you?” The Gardevoir’s pink tongue flicked out across her lips as they split into a slow, almost re-assuring smile.

<I have a sore throat> The doctor gulped loudly and slowly stood up, reminding himself over and over that at 4’2 it was very unlikely she could really *do* very much to him, despite her muscles she still probably weighed very little and he, hopefully, had the advantage. The clank of chain gave him a little more confidence, and he scooped up a strange metal implement and stepped over to the small woman.

“Open please” Isaac knelt before Galen, dropping to one knee and bringing himself level with her; she licked her lips once more, moistening the naturally red flesh before parting them and revealing the glistening pink of her mouth.

“This will feel a little cold, try not to bite down, it’ll warm up fast” With a deft flick of the wrist his instrument unfolded with a metallic **click** to reveal a thin addition, slightly curved that pointed out from the handle. He slipped this flat sheet onto her tongue, slipping it back to cover most of the flexing muscle and gently pulled down; flattening and carefully pinning her tongue while easing her jaw open a little wider. An odd noise like a soft, unpractised giggle, rippled up from the depths of her throat and Galen’s voice once again spoke directly inside his mind

<Should I say ‘ahhh’ doctor?> she sounded amused, but in such a way that vied to bring a blush back to Isaac’s cheeks.

“U-uh no ma’am” he felt her amusement at the title “Just try to hold still, and tell me if I’m being too rough” he glanced over to an almost novelty sized copy of the tool he held, and added in an undertone “Most of my patients are much...tougher”

<I’m tough!> she snapped indignantly, but one of the benefits of telepathy meant he could plainly tell she wasn’t offended in the slightest as he reached back and grabbed a small blocky device, clicking it onto the top of the mouthpiece and flicking it on, flooding her maw with light. The doctor examined her, gently hooking a finger into her lips to manipulate her to get a clear view. He blinked with surprise at the much bloodier red at the back of her throat, the blotchy colouring towards the back of her mouth and the apparently swollen tonsils. Pulling the tool out and setting the saliva covered piece on his desk he turned and realised he’d forgotten to take his finger out first; Galen’s tongue swished over his finger and her lips pressed warmly, and tightly, around his knuckle. When he looked back she smiled and opened her mouth slightly again, letting him go.

<Mmm, sweet> her voice purred, and she made a point of licking her lips happily. ‘is she flirting with me?’ Isaac thought in bemusement, wiping his finger dry on his shirt and shuddering in discomfort when the warm saliva instead smeared onto his bare waist. Kneeling before the Gardevoir again he lifted both arms and cupped her pale head, gently tracing the line of her jaw to find the correct spot and softly pressing his fingers into the cool skin. As he expected he felt the firm lumps beneath her flesh, sighing he returned to his desk, tapped a few things out and walked over to a very large, securely padlocked cupboard

"You have Tonsillitis Ms Galen" <Just Galen please> she interrupted, smiling sweetly as he returned with an obscenely large glass jar, stoppered with a huge cork

"I really shouldn't Ms-" Her smile disarmed him and he sighed, bending to put the bottle down beside her "Alright...Galen, can you carry thi- ok never mind" she easily lifted the large bottle and flicked out the cork, sniffing the thick, sweet liquid within <Mmm, smells like Soline> a faint red tinge crept to her cheeks as her nose was filled with the thickly caramel scent.

"Yes...err what?" He knew exactly what the Gardevoir meant, having had an *appointment* with the panther only a few days ago "I'm told it's to disguise the taste of the actual medicine; a form of cough syrup with a few antibiotics laced in. Just sip this stuff frequently until it's gone, it ought to last about a week, come back then and we'll see if your sore throat has cleared up." He watched as the Gardevoir carefully lifted the bottle to her lips and took a mouthful, swished the treacle-thick fluids around her tongue and gulped it down; her wince of discomfort softened as it coated her throat in a protective layer of honey-like liquids "Oh, and don't drink any for two hours before eating, it disrupts the digestion...I mean you *can* drink it all you like. But anything you eat will just sit in your stomach for a few hours"

<That's nice, thank you doctor...but I have another problem> the hungry look in her eyes made Isaac look down to his chain once again. Somehow suddenly glad he'd needed it for his last patient, at the time he'd seen no benefit in crawling waist deep into squirrel vagina to retrieve a near human-sized dildo. But as Galen set the large, dark brown bottle back down with a slightly muffled *thunk* he felt like he was staring into the open jaws of an alligator for some reason and took immense comfort in the unbreakable chain, even though he had almost two feet on the slight, toned girl. He sat down again and waited patiently for her to continue, after several minutes Galen scowled

<Oh poo, I can't think of anything, oh well> The Gardevoir flashed her pearly white teeth at Isaac and lifted an arm, her irises darkened to deep purple and a purple-pink haze enveloped the eyes, while arcs of purple electricity sparked between the digits of her uplifted hand

"Wha-" was all the doctor managed to get out before a darkness rushed in around him, seconds later his vision re-adjusted and he stared in shock around the room that had suddenly grown six times larger. Looking around his eyes settled on Galen, still sat in the chair but suddenly thirty feet tall. No, wait...everything hadn't grown, *he* had *shrunk*! "W-what did you do! Fix me!" his higher than normal voice rang out and the Gardevoir shuffled to look down at him with a coy smile.

<I shrank you down to a foot tall, you would have been a bit on the big side otherwise> Isaac's gaze flicked unintentionally through a hole in her skirt and from his new angle he could see straight up... Well, he knew she wasn't wearing panties.

"Y-you can't! Look, this is unbreakable. N-now change me back and I'll forget all about this....please?" he shook his foot, relieved to discover she'd accidentally shrunk she chain and his trousers alongside his body. In response Galen simply scowled and focused again, sitting back in the chair. Purple energy sparked around Isaac this time, growing brighter and brighter until the world shifted around him again with a suddenness that made him yelp in surprise. On moment he was staring through a purple haze at Galen's shins and the chair legs, and the next he was staring at her chest and trying to balance on her thighs. There was no transition or movement; in less than a

second his view completely shifted. Unable to keep his balance on the surface that was Galen's legs he swayed, stumbled and fell. Fortunately the Gardevoir's hands quickly cupped his middle and held him steady; leaving Isaac with the growing realisation that the chain no longer clung to his leg.

<Teleportation *and* shrinking, you had better be worth this effort!> her voice drew his gaze upwards, into her own eyes. Perspiration clung to her face and chest; she looked exhausted, but victorious as she lifted him off his feet with a single hand around his chest. Immediately the doctor began to push at her two fingers and thumb, trying to prise the thick digits away from his body. A mental image slipped into his mind from the Gardevoir and he struggled even harder, still unable to prevent her reaching down with her free hand and fumble with his tiny trouser-buttons. The speed at which she tore his trousers away leaving him in only his underwear suggested *lots* of practice, and didn't leave Isaac with much hope. She stuck her tongue out in distaste at the cloth and tossed it over her shoulder, before turning her hungry gaze on Isaac, letting her protruding tongue slide over her soft lips again, moistening the already wet flesh

"P-please...?" Giving up the ghost he didn't bother to finish, he was entirely at her mercy. The nightmare of any doctor, the only thing he had to bargain with now was money and he doubted Galen had turned up to hold him ransom.

Smiling softly, the Gardevoir lifted him eye to eye <Don't worry, if you behave you'll be fine> She lifted him higher and gently grabbed his legs in her other hand; bringing his feet to her lips she pressed them against her hot lips in a smothering kiss, before parting them slightly and taking his feet into her mouth, quickly covering them in saliva and licking every patch of skin with her tongue; projecting her delight at his taste into the trapped doctor's mind.

"Oh... oh god no! P-please not that... G-Galen? No...I'll do anything just d-don't please!" as he struggled more violently Galen continued to lower him into her mouth; parting her lips enough to let him drop deeper onto her wet tongue. As her hot lips slipped past his knees he felt the back of her mouth with his toes; the slick flesh flexed and undulated around his toes, bending them firmly down and into the tight embrace of her throat. The medicine he gave her squelched around his toes, lubricating him and helping her swallow him down. Isaac continued to fight and beg, punching at her fingers and screaming for help even though he knew the walls were sound-proofed to prevent patient voices getting out. He couldn't quite see over her fingers, instead simply feeling the warmth of her mouth rise steadily up his legs, pushing more and more of his feet and shins into her throat as her tongue paid attention to every inch of his body, making him squirm as she licked up higher and higher. Although it wasn't until she slurped up his hips that her tongue shocked him into freezing momentarily. The warm, moist flesh slid up over his thighs and quickly soaked through his underwear as her tongue curled around his waist and spent a lot longer on his crotch than she had the rest of his body.

<See...I can be...nice if I want to> her impish thoughts crept into his mind and he glanced down fearfully at her sweaty face and into her eyes.

"P-please...I have money? Don't do thi-whoa!" He cried out with surprise when Galen flashed him a wicked wink and removed her hand, gulping quickly and powerfully at the same time. She pulled him in all the way to his chest and forced his back to bend uncomfortably around the bend, trapping his body from the hips down in her crushingly tight, increasingly hot throat. With only his arms, upper

chest and head free she settled back in the chair and crossed one knee over the other; content to take her time now she knew he really was firmly trapped. As before she let her tongue roam over his entire body, covering him in warm saliva and getting every bit of taste out of him before finishing. Ignoring his hands pressing at her moist lips and perspiration slicked cheeks Galen slowly brought a hand up to press her index finger on his head. Her throat muscles relaxed slightly, granting Isaac a brief respite as her single finger easily overpowered both his arms and pushed him deeper into the slick, smooth drop of her throat. His arms were forced upwards as her lips crept over his armpits and he wriggled his toes experimentally, feeling them slip from the crushing tightness of her throat into a roomier space; her stomach, he noted with horror, realisation dawning that she really did intend to swallow him alive. The thick, gooey medicine *he* gave her squelched around his body as her throat flexed and clenched, coaxing him steadily deeper. Any final retort or plea was prevented as her moist red lips crept over his head, sealing him in the dark, gloomy pink interior of her mouth.

As her tongue continued to slurp over his shoulders and head he looked around and even managed a forced laugh at the ironic thought 'if only I were a dentist' as he saw the back of her white teeth, the flesh of her cheeks slightly lighter than the depths of her maw. Galen's finger continued to push, following him into her mouth and gently pushed him deeper, until he slipped fully into her throat. In a final, almost petulant attempt to escape he managed to grab hold of her upper lip, digging his tiny hands into the full flesh and clinging on for dear life. The Gardevoir hummed happily and stroked the bulge in her throat with both hands as the powerful muscles clenched and flexed tightly around Isaac's body; she allowed him to stay holding on for a few more minutes, enjoying his pinned wriggling in her throat before finally tiring of his fingers. She gave him one last lick, her tongue flicking out to get his hands before swallowing harder than normal and effortlessly dislodging his grip. Soaked in saliva and medicine his arms squelched softly down into her throat, and his entire body started to slide down into her belly; traced from the outside by her fingers as she followed the bulges down until they vanished into her chest. The simple weight of her body, pressing in all around quickly crushed any real struggles Isaac had left, and the gentle flexing of her stomach slowly coaxed him into a curled up position in the total darkness of her belly. The sound of her heartbeat filled his ears while medicine and saliva – no stomach acids, or even juices... yet, he thought – squelched and squished around him, marinating him in her stomach. Unwilling to give up simply because she had won Isaac fought back his exhaustion and squirmed some more, managing to break out of his curled up position for a few moments. The struggles had the opposite effect he wanted.

<Oh you're still going?> Galen's voice echoed in his mind again, this time laced with sexuality and heavy with lust <I thought you'd be tired out after all that struggling> Smiling softly Galen licked each individual finger, tasting the lasting residue of Isaac on them before stroking her distended middle and trying to ignore the need in her nethers 'when we get home...' the thought made her smile wickedly and slowly climb to her feet, getting used to Isaac's extra weight within her body.

"L-look Mis-G-galen, you've g-got two hours u-until t-the medicine w-wears off. J-just let me go before t-then a-and I'll f-forget this e-ever happened...please?" The sensation was bizarre, he knew what to expect from classes but nothing could have truly prepared him. Her stomach stretched around him and held him firmly in place, giving under his movements but always seeking to press him down into a tighter ball; at the same time as being held tightly he was moving slightly, the entire organ moving naturally within Galen's body. From the blood rushing to his head he guessed he had

wound up upside down and squirmed weakly using his last vestiges of strength to turn until the blood stopped pounding. Right as a gush of hot, sweet fluids sluiced into the tight sack with him.

Galen licked her lips and wedged the stopper back in the bottle, placing it gently down on her seat and walking slowly over to Isaac's computer, smiling softly at the doctor's words <You have nothing to bargain with, I hold *all* the cards...including *you*. And I'm taking the medicine you gave me> She stroked her middle again as he squirmed frantically, realising what she meant... a potential week within her belly < I don't *need* that stuff to keep you safe in there but I really *do* have a sore throat> she pouted <I don't know why you're complaining, it's your fault for tasting so good, how could I resist?> she paused <Ok...so maybe I *did* come here specifically for you. But I promise you'll be fine...and the way this stuff washes away your flavour? We'll be doing this all over again as soon as my throat is feeling better>

"W-what!?" Her last sentence sent a shiver of fear up his spine "G-Galen this isn't funny! P-please! T-they'll know I'm m-missing, y-you can't do this!"

<Oh but I can> Her tone grew teasing as she placed a hand on Isaac's computer and summoned the last vestiges of her psychic energy <They'll know you're missing, but they don't know I've ever been here>. Purple flashed across her hand and short-circuited the computer <Ha-hehe phew...oh I'm exhausted now!> she panted, bending over and leaning on her knees. She wiped sweat from her forehead before straightening and eying her belly

<Mmm, but it's *totally* worth it. Time to go Isaac> She picked up the large bottle and paused to listen to his muffled voice, sounding as exhausted as her, if not more so. Galen shrugged to herself – if anyone noticed she could pretend she had just been prescribed a suppository – opened the door and, with a soft and knowing smile, left Isaac's room.