

Contains: Goodras, amazonian heights, micro, excessive gratuitous reality revision, Godlike power, transformation, demi-apotheosis, Between-squishing, Goo, Thighs, Wet Panties, Verbal Encouragement and Teasing, Impossible Tasks

Office Ours

Mel poked his head around the corner, peering into the cluttered, paper-littered office. He was CLASSIC college student right now: hair in a rat's nest, glasses (just kinda crooked, y'know?) smudged up, a graphic tee that he couldn't remember if he'd worn earlier in the week, sweatpants. The only thing he'd eaten all day was pizza leftovers he'd said "fuck it" and eaten without microwaving first. He was *exactly* 5'11", and no, sneakers didn't make a difference about that. Lean, twinkish. Meek and slim, basically the perfect body type for sliding in and out of crowds. Oh, and for all intents and purposes, human male. Got all that? Awesome. Now on to the important part: The door.

The doorframe was a single, about 7 feet high and 3 and a half feet wide, like every other door in this hall, which wasn't much wider. This was the only door in the hall that was open, considering it was Saturday and most professors weren't working. Seated at the desk against the back wall of the white-walled room, grading papers, was Professor Natalie Slightthing, who had called Mel in on her office hours. She was a modest mountain of a Goodra: nine feet tall, and perfectly pear-shaped. Nevertheless, she fit in the massive hula-hoop of a skirt she was wearing, plus the much more reasonably-shaped sweater she had on over her dress shirt. She had that classic "librarian" look with the collar, ascot, square glasses, striped thigh-high pink-and-white stockings (because those socks couldn't go much higher considering the sheer insurmountable thickness of her fat upper thighs). Her socks were the one allowance of color, the rest of her outfit a wallflower's favorite shade of navy blue to compliment her body's purple color. Her flats were kicked off into the corner of the room. Her...hair? Insofar as Goodra had hair: The goop that was hair-shaped on top of her head that was noticeably not her antennae, was swooped over her bangs in a way that almost covered her bangs, and definitely did when she was looking down at papers hunched over her desk. Nevertheless, as Mel slid into the room, he couldn't help but get the impression that she was merely pretending not to have seen him yet.

"Ah, excuse me, Profes-" *THUD*.

Mel braced himself against the wall for what felt like an earthquake. Then another. The whole building rocked every so often, and things that were precariously on Ms. Natalie's shelves came falling off. Mel turned to the doorway. There, exactly in the pose he had been a few moments earlier, was peeking around the corner another Goodra, this one yellow and pink instead of purple. This one, she was wearing one of those "Rad Topic" shirts for the goths with the sleeves pre-distressed out of existence. It had some kind of Vtuber of some sort on it, probably. As she stepped up to the door, a few other physical characteristics became apparent: She was crouching to fit under the ceiling, she was quite noticeably taller and bigger around than even Ms. Natalie was, and furthermore, it was especially obvious when looking at her short-shorts, which were struggling to contain her gigantic hips in much the same way a spider's thread struggles to hold up a bowling ball. She didn't have socks or shoes on or anything, but she somehow didn't look like she'd been walking outside. This was...someone Mel had seen before, as the president or treasurer or something of the university's competitive gaming club. Her

name was...Peachi? Peachi looked somewhat solemnly at the doorframe, which she stood absolutely no chance of fitting inside. With a shy and anxious look, she gestured with her head in the Professor's direction, as though to say "Can you get her to help, I'd die of embarrassment if I said anything."

Mel turned back around, and tried again. "Excuse me, Professor? Knock knock."

Natalie pretended to double-take and notice her guests. "Oh, both of you are here, excellent! Please, Mel, Pleasance, take a seat!"

"About that, you see, I think she's a bit too b-" Mel turned around, but Peachi was no longer in the hallway. He turned around again just in time to witness the mountain of shiny Goodra take a seat in a chair that looked like it might cry from having to support her weight. As she sat, Mel bounced from the floor shaking beneath him. He shrugged and slid into the chair next to Peachi. The chairs were, he noted, just close enough that his shoulder was brushing her thigh.

Natalie then stood from her desk, the room quivering from her presence. Her skirt was...less than useless now that she wasn't sitting down. Standing up, and looking straight at her, her panties were just...straight up, right there. A frosty pink. Her hips were, proportionally, arguably more massive than Peachi's.

"God..." Mel murmured involuntarily.

"Did you say something to me, bud?" Natalie asked, putting one hand on her prodigious hip.

"Nothing really, I was just...wondering how you two got in the door. You're taller and...wider than the frame."

"O-oh...w-well, I think I s-sort of could just get in without really thinking about it too much." Peachi whispered, not wanting to be too loudly contradictory.

"I also think doors are...effortless. Water, Mel?" The professor gestured to a cup on her desk within reach.

"Oh, thanks." Mel said, but didn't reach for it, yet.

"I called both of you in here on a weekend because I have a bit of...extracurricular to float your way. You see, I'm grading both of your papers, since you're both in my Universal Concepts 602 course, albeit in different periods. Pleasance, you're in my period for seniors, and Mel, you're in the sophomore period. And both of these essays..."

"Y-you can call me Peachi, Ms. Natalie..."

"Gotcha. Both of your essays are *wrong*, and *bad*, but they're also *very similar*. You both wrote about Deities and Omnipotence from different perspectives, but you both seem to struggle with the concepts. So, I figured rather than fail your papers, it might be more productive to teach both of you at the same time, and we can make an errand out of it. Do the errand for me, and I'll give you extra points enough to make up for the paper. Deal?"

"Yeah, uh, you got it, boss. What's the errand?" Mel looked toward the door, eager already to leave. It was closed. ...Somehow.

"Y-yes Professor..."

"Cool. Good. *Excellent*. Now, first thing's first, the big thing you need to understand about Omnipotence is that it's not *just* the ability to do really spectacular and monumental things, like a flood, every once in a while. And --- Peachi, are you uncomfortable? You're fidgeting. Is Mel making you uncomfortable?"

"N-no, not at all! I...uhm!" Peachi looked away with a flushed expression.

"Well, maybe ixnay on the errand, then. Mel, you're dismissed. Sorry about your terrible essay grade."

"Aw, what? Boooo." Mel hopped out of his chair, admittedly quite happy to have simply taken this loss. Now he could go back to his dorm and pass out for the next forty hours. He went to take the water on his way out, though. It was further to Nat's desk than he thought. He had to reach up to grab the water, then swigged the whole cup down all at once. He had to jump to put it back.

"I take it back, actually. Mel, go ahead and sit back down, I'm going to work through this issue. I'm a *people* Pokémon." Natalie had a big, smug grin on her face, as though she could read Mel's mind and was wasting his time on purpose.

"Shucks." Mel re-approached the chair he'd been in a moment ago, reaching up and pulling himself up. He swung a knee up to try and place a leg up on the seat, but missed and had to try a couple times. He finally crawled to the middle of the seat, and let out a sigh after his brief moment of exertion. His legs didn't even reach the edge of the seat from the middle. Hang on...he... tried to grasp at something, something that was bothering him, but the thought seemed to instantly get crushed flat before it formed. Nah, probably nothing. Everything was...normal? No, not normal, *boring*, that's the word.

"Peachi, do you think you'd be more comfortable if Mel were...a bit less rough around the edges? Softer, maybe? Fluffier?"

"Uh-uh-uh!!! I don't know what you mean, b-but!! I-isn't he getting smaller?!" Peachi chittered, eyes wide.

"No idea what you mean. You're holding up the presses. Don't call me short, rude. I'm 2' and always have been." Mel shrugged dismissively and yawned. His fluffy tail bat back and forth on the chair, stretching his tight, tiny, sky blue panties that were the only thing he was wearing besides his glasses. His long furry ears flicked.

"N-no no no, s-something's weird, here! What is happening, Mel looks like, an Eevee, but he's also like a human, he..." Peachi struggled, reaching for concepts that seemingly didn't exist anywhere in this universe, then, from the ethereal and metaphysical nowhere, the word 'anthro' sprung into her mind, alongside all of its related ideas. She suddenly had a perfect grasp of every nuance. "Professor Natalie, w-why's Mel become a, t-tiny, anthropomorphic, d-demi-Eevee!?"

"Oh, wow, you're observant, Peachi! You're doing great." Natalie sat on her desk. It creaked. "I'll let you in on a secret. *I'm* omnipotent, Peachi, and that's what that means. It means I can set foot in my own office every day despite having hips wide enough to crush a backhoe. It means I can let you in here

and sit down without bumping your head on the ceiling despite you being 12 feet tall. 13 now.” She smirked with a playful, mature chuckle. “And it also means I can decide Mel was always 4 feet tall, or 2 inches, or 3 micrometers. It means I can decide something spontaneous like ‘All humans only wear the skimpiest panties I’ve ever image-searched.’ Or something minor like ‘when humans drink water, they become human-like Eevees.’ He’s cute like this, right?”

“Oh, buh, ‘Like this’, she says. I’m always like this, so I’m *always* cute, obviously!” Mel stamped, now standing on his chair, barely distinguishable from nigh-microscopic crumbs.

“Yes. You. Are, Mel. Yes. You. Are.” Natalie leaned over, downward like an imposing, continental dragon, reaching a small wet finger out to tap Mel’s microscopic body. He was effortlessly adhered to it, pulled up into her grip, and shown to Peachi right below her nose.

“Hahah...H-hwhoa... What are you, P-professor? A-are you a God?”

“When someone asks you if you’re a God, you say, ‘yes’!” Natalie chuckled. “That’s how it works.”

“I-I’m so confused, wahh...” Peachi shook her head, as though the dream would explode and she would wake up any moment now.

“Well, about that errand! What say you help me pass, say, thirty minutes! I’m horribly bored grading papers. So many red pen marks. It’s dull. I’d love a couple of lively pals to help me pass the time~”

There was, very suddenly, a bed and what could only be described as *gay lighting* in the office now, that had always been there.

“D-d-d-do you mean sex!? I-I don’t know if that’s e-ethical, Professor---!” Peachi’s heart was nearly beating out of her chest. Her eyes were locked on Mel. He was...so cute. She couldn’t take her mind off it.

“Both of you idiots are adults. Unless you were asking if it’s ethical for a Professor and a student to have lewd fun together, in which case, it is now. I won’t ask you to read the new university code of conduct that I just willed into existence. I’ll just tell you the punchline right away, the first page has big bold text that says ‘Professor Natalie can fuck whoever she wants, especially tiny, nerdy speckboys.’ Hm. No. Actually, it says ‘tiny, nerdy pussy pets.’”

“Am not a pussy pet!” Mel squeaked from Natalie’s gooey fingertip, waist and undies soaking in her.

“Are too!” Natalie shot back.

“Am not!”

“Are not!”

“I am too a pussy pet, and that’s final!” Mel crossed his arms, and stuck out his tongue at his planetary professor.

“Never gets old.” Natalie snickered. “So, Peachi, what say you? Consent?”

"I-I-I guess so!! I k-kinda want to play with Mel, he's so tiny a-and I love tinies, b-but, what about him? D-does he get to consent?"

"Dunno, let's switch tabs and ask him." With an effortless thought, normality rolled off one horizon and returned from the other. "Hey Peachi, how tall are you?"

"I've always been 13 feet tall, P-professor, w-why do you ask?"

"Just checkin'. Hey Speck, how are things?"

"W-WH-WHAT THE HELL, PROFESSOR NATALIEEE-!" Mel squeaked with a frantic, high-pitched submissiveness in his voice. "YOU C-CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS, I HAD PLANS THIS WEEKEND-!"

"That would imply I've done this more than once, but as we all know, I shrunk you once and never grew you back, isn't that right?"

"DAMNIT, N-now THAT'S true, too!? That's so contradictory to reality it hurts to think about, ugghgh...! No way no way am I agreeing to this, Natalie!!"

"What did we say about what you can call me, little germ?" Natalie said. She hadn't actually made any rules with Mel about such a thing the previous times she'd done this. Nevertheless, just by her asking the question, an answer to it shoved its way into reality, just in time for Mel to repeat it like he was remembering information that had always been there.

"F-fuck, s-sorry!! Professor...Master...are the only two things I can call you...but, no! I'm not agreeing to this!!"

Peachi stuck out her tongue and leaned in. She seemed much more confident. Probably because this whole situation was much more immediately familiar to her now. "Aw, y-you're being really unreasonable, Mel! Professor Natalie's just trying to have some fun! It's not like someone as puny as you has much else to d-do, right?"

"Listen to your classmate, Mel. She makes a great point. Or what, were you hoping for an extra hour in my socks? Look, what if I sweetened the pot for you a little bit?"

"Hhhah...what did you have in mind?" Mel whined, padding at his panties with both hands. They were soaked with *her*.

"That water earlier?" Natalie chimed. "What if the cup were opaque? What if instead of water it had been..."

"O-oh no."

"My precum?"

With a brief gasping yelp, Mel squeaked a joyous, surprised little mouse whine. His tail was wagging, and his feetpaws lifted him up to a stand. "Okay, you convinced me, jeez!! B-but that means the usual effects, o-okay? T-that's a yes!!!"

"Yeah. Hey Peachi, random question, pick a number, 1-100."

"U-uhh...o-okay, Professor. 99...what do you need it for?"

"No reason. Hey Peachi, did I ask you a question just now?"

"Y-you didn't, why?"

"Just checking. Hey Peachi, what happens when humans drink Goodra precum?"

"Well, f-first of all, they become fluffy little anthro demi-Eevees, don't they? And they also get...what's the number, uhm...was it...99% pent up, edging...f-for...the..." the information invented itself as she finished the sentence, Peachi whispering the answer despite the fact that she was, with every syllable, instantly proven correct. "...rest...of their lives! I think."

"Top marks, excellent memory, Peachi. Now then, want to take a seat over there by the bed? I feel bad about making you stand this whole time."

"T-thanks a bunch, Professor." Peachi, who was standing the whole time, took several heavy building-shaking steps toward the bed, falling forward and laying on it lazily. She flipped her head on its long neck up to look at Nat, who joined her beside the next second. Mel fell between them the next moment.

"It'll be more fun if we strip." Natalie reached down, her short arms definitely too short to reach the ends of her long thigh-highs. Nevertheless, she found it effortless to strip off her socks because she could reach that far and always could.

"W-Why bother, can't you just think it and have both of you be naked instantly anyway-!?" Mel protested, trying to look from horizon to horizon for any way to escape his endless bed world flanked on both sides by moon-sized Goodra ass.

"You have no patience for foreplay, Clit Bug. Just for that. Boys don't get clothes." Natalie clicked her tongue, bemused for a moment, before smiling warmly at Peachi, who was busy somewhat methodically and meekly folding her clothes as she pulled them off herself.

"So, UnFAIR!!!" Mel whined, hands moving to cover his crotch, a bit late considering he had been naked the whole time. His dick twitched and dripped. He struggled to stand, or even think, considering his every second was spent wracked less than a hundredth of the way from orgasm. It was going to be really tough rest of his entire life.

Peachi finished stripping with her panties last, holding them with one hand. They were mint green, with a little ribbon. She seemed to contemplate them for a moment. "Hey, I think it is a little unfair, Professor."

"What do you mean, that's the way it's always been-" Natalie had finished taking off everything except her panties, too. The glasses stayed, though. There was a mutual glasses-appreciation between herself and Mel.

"N-no, I know that! That's sort of what I mean. I mean...boys NEVER get to wear clothes, y'know? So I feel a little bad, you know? Maybe we should let Clit Bug feel what it's like...panties, I mean."

"First of all, c-change my name back RIGHT NOW, MASTER-!"

Natalie obliged Mel without even mentioning it, too busy contemplating Peachi's implication. "Oh...hahaha...YEaaahh. We *SHOULD* let Mel feel them. It'll be a *great* learning experience for you, speck. You'll get to feel exactly how these panties feel. I've been *impatient* all day. And I bet Peachi's are the same. You should *FEEL* how excited we are. How much our big, slime-dragon bodies soak through this fabric completely. Would you like that? A once in your lifetime chance to feel how...*icky, gooey, drenched, heavy, overwhelmingly fogged with our femininity, how absolutely, terrifyingly SOAKED we are?*"

Mel was already trying to run away. He was more than a little slow, considering how distracting his arousal was. He could barely make it ten micrometers before Peachi joyfully shared her minty green undies. They fell with a wet thump against the bed, directly overtop of Mel's position, completely covering him for what was miles from his point of view.

For the tiny speck of Eevee, it was awful. The overpowering musk, it was like the shy gamer dragon's scent was rain that poured all over and around him like a cavern. Its viscosity was syrup, its scent was atmosphere-replacing. It was dreadfully everywhere, and as the fabric settled, the fibers drenched and heavy with liquid came to kiss Mel and hold him down like a net. Every thread was thicker and bigger around than he was tall, and he would easily be able to fit between if not for the liquid between every thread. It was as though every square of knit mint green was the building-sized frame for the world's biggest bubble-wand. Except the bubbles were gluey and heavy instead of light and airy. The thick, opaque color was undeniably Peachi. It was the same sick yogurt-like colors of her slime. It was nearly impossible to tell where her slimy sweat, her oceanic precum, and the fog of her musk bordered each other. They all ran together into a whole water world that Mel was forced to swim up through.

When finally he fought his way to the surface, he gasped and fought for fresh air. He climbed atop the ribbon, shivering and gasping as his body caught up with exhaustion all at once. He fell forward, laying still on his stomach for a moment, before cumming with a shrill whine. It was like he couldn't help it, because he couldn't. And then he was right back to 99%. He turned himself over to lay on his back, trying to catch his breath, but being met with more of Peachi's scent, mixed now with his looming Professor. She held her own panties over him with a tender precariousness, ready to drop them any moment.

"Well, it slipped my mind until now, little panty dot, but I forgot to give you your errand. How about this – I'll let you experience my panties, and all you have to do is *not drown*. Easy, right?" She didn't wait for an answer, just dropping her even wetter, worse panties. She practically threw them on top of the puny Eevee. She barely heard him squeal "nooo" before being muffled with her pink.

"Oh, t-that was really cute! W-will he survive? D-did you modify him so he can s-swim in it?" Peachi was back to being normal, and aware of reality changing around her. Now that things were in full swing, there was no reason to keep either in the dark. Except Mel, in the literal sense.

"Even better." Natalie said simply.

For Mel, it truly was worse. It was dark as night, impossible to see. Mel could only navigate purely by how wet his hair and fur got with each direction he turned. Stuck between both pairs of panties, everything truly become sea above and below. Both flavors of Goodra mixed into a slurry of aroused evil, levels of sticky, feminine waterfalls that were impossible to conceive of. Natalie's

contribution was much more explicit, difficult to swim in. It was thicker, clingier. To be precise, more of it was cum instead of merely precum. Her drenched panties were salty, sour, and horribly sweet all at the same time. The soupy, unending fluid completely surrounded Mel, forcing him to hold his breath through drops and strings of liquid bigger than he could possibly swim through. He fought, barely able to move, barely able to think, completely unable to breathe. Desperate for everything, anything to help, Mel kicked, trying his absolute best, but every direction was nothing but more sweat, more salt, more of a swamp more hypnotically toxic than a planet of acid. He gasped, but all that he could find was more, more, MORE of his all-powerful Professor's pussy juices to swallow. There was no air anywhere...it was impossible, there was no way to breathe, he was going to...to...!

Then, Mel gasped, atop Natalie's pink panties, pulling the upper half of his body out of a droplet of precum bigger than a city block.

"I-I did it..." he huffed, peaking a second time as he winced, the helplessness and lack of control he had over his own body just serving to be another reminder that his Professor was his God...

"No, you didn't." Natalie stated, matter-of-factly.

The three words were so curt, but so shocking, Mel had to ask. "W-what?"

Peachi took over explaining. "W-well...uhm...how to put this. You...*did* drown, actually."

"But...I'm alive! I fought my way to..."

"No, you didn't." Natalie repeated. "For having the entire semester to understand the concept, you still don't get it, you little amenable bit of panty fluff! It's like this. I tell you not to drown, then, because you're so helpless, you try your hardest, but you just can't! So you drown. But I'm omnipotent, so instead of dying, you survive. You drowned, and you survive anyway, even if you fail, because *I* said so. I could ask you to support my weight, and you would be crushed flat, and instead of all of you becoming a stain, you'd just cum and whine like you always do, because *I* want it that way. You could try to run away, successfully plan the best escape, get as far away from me as possible, so that I could never find you, and then I just reach into my panties and find you like you never left. Because you never left, because I never even considered that you might. I'm not *your* God, Mel. *I'm just God.*"

"But...! I...swam...out of Peachi's panties, didn't I?"

"N-no...h-how to say this...y-you drowned in my panties, too. A-and you lived...again...b-because *I wanted you to. Because I'm God.*" Peachi said, looking down at her nine-foot Professor for approval.

"She gets it, pet." Natalie snickered. "But, you were so cute climbing your way through all of us! I feel a little bad for you, but it's okay! It's okay if you can't handle us. We're so big, after all. Who could blame you if you drowned a dozen times in each of our panties, and came enough times to soak through a single fiber. We're still proud of you, because you're so cute doing it! That's my job, as an educator, after all, Mel, to *encourage* you."

"Wh-what am I e-even supposed to do!? Th-there's no way I can...handle this, even if I say it... if I say, 'I'm God', nothing happens-"

“Because y-you’re not God, just me and Professor Natalie...” Peachi whispered, as gently as she could. “She’s...s-sharing. With me. You’re our speck, and trying to be a-anything else than the most adorable student e-ever just means that you need to be punished. T-to f-further your education.”

“Ahahhh...wait, no no, hang on, why are you talking like Master, too, all of a sudden?” Mel crawled backwards, struggling to think of anything, anything to do.

“Uhm...that’s a really rude way to talk to your...Speck-Pet Responsibilities Professor. That’s w-what I am, and always have been, Mel...” Peachi struggled, but even if she wasn’t imposing her will on reality, she nevertheless found reality ducking out of the way and holding the door for her.

“Oh, that’s fantastically creative! How about we try something a bit more explosive?” Natalie hooted. The bed seemed to disappear, and both immense Goodras were standing, naked, absolute planets revolving around each other as they walked and circled Mel, who was now suspended from a tiny, soft string wrapped around his waist, dangling him at the perfect hip-height for both Goodras.

“S-sure! N-now...Mel...I understand that this w-will be a little scary for you...but you should be ready! W-we believe in you. You’re so cute, and capable, so you can handle this. J-just stay still, be a good boy, and we’ll treat you exactly like you want. It’ll be perfect for you. You’ll get so strong, and be s-so much better at being the best s-speck pet you were always meant to be, and when it’s done we’ll give you kisses, okay?”

“W-What are you going to do? Why are you...why...NO DON’T...DO NOT do what I think you’re going to do! Don’t do that...thing you just imprinted into my head. That you just...retconned into reality as perfectly normal!! That you just gave a NAME to while I’m dangling here-!” Mel squirmed, helpless to do anything, to stop the two goliaths that towered, impossible goddesses over reality. His reality.

“Hm. Ms. Peachi, you’re quite good at this, but I wouldn’t have called the thing we’re about to do to Mel the *Posterior Accelerator*. I think a name like *Boyspeck Obliterator* gets the idea across just fine. Uhp, never mind, forget I said anything. *Planck-Defying Hip Check* is perfect, no notes.”

Both Goodra stood beside the string-suspended speckboy whose tail and paws flailed desperately, escape totally impossible. Facing opposite directions, hips side by side, both fat dragons swung their colossal, planetary asses away from Mel, stretching, waiting, building up potential energy.

“This...w-will just hurt for a moment. S-stay strong, Mel. You can handle this, because you’re a good boy, r-right?” Peachi whispered.

Then, with the force of a particle accelerator, with the sheer atom-smashing power of two suns racing at each other faster than light, with nuclear, post-nuclear force, universe-demolishing power, speed and power faster than any measurable unit, but most of all, with the impressive girth of two monstrous draconic dumptrucks crashing into each other, Peachi and Natalie swung their asses toward Mel like a pendulum. They met, perfectly, in the middle, directly on top of his body, at the same time, sandwiching his adorable body, his teeny panicked face and glasses, his helpless edging dick, in perfect sync from both sides.

BOOM.

“Ah...hah...okay...d-done. Good job handling that, Mel! We’re s-so proud of you! You took it like a champ.”

Mel looked around. Everything was...so far away. So impossible and incomprehensible. This was smaller than atoms. Than everything, by such a wide margin that words failed.

“You can’t see atoms because it’s hotter if there’s nothing between you and Us, but you already know what we did to you. As you know, Mel, that kind of force is the strongest thing in the universe. Boys like you need to be punished with that or you’ll never learn. Getting crushed between our hips has flattened your body, compressed you to such an extent that you are The Smallest Thing In Existence. The atom is galactic, the quark is solar, the planck length is planetary. *You* are now the smallest thing that has ever or will ever existed. That’s what happens every time a man like you gets between two Goodras like us. You get...pressed until you’re the tiniest thing, ever. I know it’ll be rough spending the entire rest of your college career at a size so small you can’t even fathom our cells, but. You’re a good student. You can handle it.” Natalie’s lecture was like listening to several nuclear explosions blast over his ears over and over. Mel couldn’t believe it. He couldn’t. There was no way he would believe it. That was the only option he had.

The clock rang. Mel was back in the chair, 5’11”. Everything was back to normal. Natalie was seated at her desk, fully clothed. Peachi’s head was bumping the ceiling.

“Ah, darn. What a shame. My office hours are over. Just as we were really getting into the lesson, too. Oh, well. If only it were thirty minutes earlier.” Natalie clicked her tongue.

Nat then snorted, unable to stop herself from laughing at her own joke.

And then, it was thirty minutes earlier. And Mel was the smallest, most helpless thing in existence.

“Well, would you look at the time! We still have HOURS before my office hours end. Say, Peachi, would you like to learn some proper technique for putting a speckboy in your labia?”

Peachi blushed and looked away for a moment. “Ah...I’m so s-sorry, Ms. Natalie. I-I thought I told you...I w-wrote the book on where to keep Mel in Goodra pussy. I-it’s on your desk, a-after all!”