

# TOP SECRET

(By: Unknown)

Tom felt the motion of Lisa's walking until she entered the security company's vehicle. After a short drive and some more walking, Tom heard voices and felt a stirring above. The bag was being searched. He held his breath until he was sure Lisa was on her way again. Finally his hideaway was put down. He peeked through the little opening and saw the vent he was to enter. It was party time and Tom was ready to rumble.

Tom wasted no time. He was running on adrenaline. Surprisingly enough, Tom had no problem navigating his way through the airways. He wore a hardhat with a built in flashlight similar to the ones the miners wore, so he easily saw through the dust. When he got to the room he wanted, he stopped in the vent to catch his breath and locate the microfilm. The room was dark and the door was closed. No one had been in the room yet. Tom squeezed through the vent and headed for the place in the room where he was told the microfilm would be. He was sure he found the right spot but he didn't see the microfilm. He climbed up a file cabinet where he could get a better view of the room, but it was just too dark. He stood by the edge of the cabinet searching until he heard the lock on the door turn. Behind him, he found a pile of books to hide behind. He watched as the door opened and a tall woman in a white lab coat entered the room.

As she walked through the doorway, the woman turned on the lights. Tom got a good look at her as she headed his way. She had very dominant features in an attractive sort of way. Her hair was blonde, shoulder length, and straight. She wore glasses and had a scowl on her face. Tom did not want to be captured by her, but she was headed straight for him. Tom crouched behind the books and waited.

Tom saw the woman's fingers wrap over the top book and pull it off the cabinet. Her fingers were much larger than Lisa's. Tom watched as she pulled the second book off the shelf. That left only one thick volume for Tom to hide behind, but sure enough the woman's fingers came over the top of it and began pulling it off the shelf. Tom panicked and stood up to run, but when he did, the top of his head hit the big woman's fingertip. She quickly pulled the book off the cabinet but Tom was already gone. He ran to the edge of the cabinet and jumped.

When he looked down to see where he was headed, Tom saw the microfilm. It was sitting on the table he was headed for. Tom hit the table and came up running. He grabbed the microfilm and dove off the table just as the top book crashed to the table behind him. Tom hit the floor, picked up the microfilm again, and looked up just in time to see the bottom of a shoe more than twice his length coming down towards him. He dropped the film and dove under the table.

The shoe came down behind him and smashed the microfilm to smithereens. Tom jumped up and let out a huge sigh. He headed around the perimeter of the room

towards the escape vent. As he squeezed through, he looked back and saw the big woman on all fours looking under the table. As he ran back through the air ducts Tom wondered if he was going to be in trouble for not retrieving the film. He knew there was no way anyone could read it now. He figured the big woman might be the one in trouble. Tom had to hurry. He knew he had been spotted. He followed his footprints through the dust to the vent from which he entered the duct.

When he peered through the vent, Tom noticed that the bag had been moved away from the vent about a foot. Figuring someone probably kicked it accidentally, he squeezed through the vent and ran towards his doorway into the bag. He never made it. Three steps away from the vent, a hand came from out of nowhere and wrapped its fingers around Tom. He was quickly lifted and dropped into a pants pocket. It all happened so fast that Tom didn't see who had him. The hand felt like a woman's hand. In fact, it was soft like Lisa's. The thigh he was up against felt like a woman's thigh too.

Tom could feel the soft meat on the other side of the thin pocket lining. He even thought he could smell that smell that only women have. Tom was sure he was in the pocket of a woman, but who. He hoped it was Lisa. He found out quickly. After a short time of fast walking, The fingers wrapped around Tom again and removed him from the pocket. He was brought up quickly to the woman's face. He let out his second sigh of relief when he saw the woman was indeed Lisa. She was in a bathroom stall sitting on the toilet. Tom could read the concern on Lisa's face.

"I don't know what's going on, but things are in an uproar", Lisa whispered to Tom. "Did you get the microfilm?"

"Somebody saw me and accidentally crushed it", he answered.

"Good, I have to smuggle you out of here but I don't know how. The guards are searching everyone who tries to leave. I'll have to hide you somewhere on myself." Tom knew where he wanted to hide. "What about between your breasts", he suggested.

Lisa gave him a look and said, "I'll have to make you smaller if you don't want to be noticed."

"Then hurry up and do it so we can get out of here." Lisa quickly tore off Tom's clothes and grabbed his hard manhood. Tom immediately began to shrink. When Tom was two inches tall, Lisa released his organ and he stopped shrinking. She then gave him a half hearted smile. "Enjoy yourself", she said as she dropped him in her cleavage.

Tom was more than content right where he was, between two boulders of tit flesh, but Lisa still had her concerns. She pressed her hand up to her chest to see if she could feel Tom. She then pressed her breasts together, totally smothering Tom and did the

same. Tom was enjoying himself immensely until Lisa reached in and pulled him out by the head.

"That won't work", she said. "I can feel you. We'll have to try someplace else." Before Tom could say anything, Lisa pulled open the back of her pants and panties and dropped Tom in. Tom slid down the inside of Lisa's panties until he heard the elastic snap shut above him. He came to rest with his face wedged in between her butt cheeks.

Her cheeks were warm and soft against his face and naked body. Tom figured he could stay here until Lisa left the building. That didn't happen. No sooner had Tom accepted his new hiding place, when he felt pressure on his back. It was Lisa's finger pushing him completely between her ass cheeks that he was tasting, and those same cheeks squeezed tightly around him. Tom was being crushed between two giant slabs of flesh. Tom felt Lisa's ass move as she walked around the ladies room. Her ass was firm, but at the same time flabby enough to shake his tiny world with each step she took. Tom was beginning to wonder if he could survive for very long where he was. He didn't have to try.

Tom was buried in Lisa's ass for only about a minute before she let loose the grip she had on him. The immense pressure on his body subsided and he felt something grab his feet. Lisa reached down the front of her panties and pulled Tom until he was up against her warm soft muff. Tom felt a surge of fear course through his veins as Lisa pushed him feet first into her vagina. He felt her moist lips close around him as he was pushed inside Lisa by her forefinger that was the same size he was. He caught a glimpse of her face through her blonde pubic hair as his head was swallowed.

She had a look of panic in her eyes. "I'm sorry", she said to him as she removed her wet finger. "There's no other way." Tom couldn't move at all. Lisa's vagina had a pretty good hold on him. He felt her vaginal walls quiver in response to his presence.

He found at this size he didn't need to breathe often, and he was getting a sufficient amount of smelly air. Tom could do nothing but accept his fate and hope Lisa got out of the building quickly. He thought to himself that at least one question he had for months was answered. Lisa was indeed a natural blonde.

After Lisa regained her composure and left the ladies room with Tom hidden well away, she headed for the exit. She was forced to go through an extensive search and questioning. With the help of the growing warmth in her groin she stayed calm and after ten minutes she was released along with other employees. She was not asked about the bag she carried into the building.

Lisa was in a van with three other people on the way back to the alarm company parking lot where her rental car was, so she was not able to remove Tom yet. She could feel him trying to move about inside her, so she knew he was fine. She also figured he was safer right where he was until she got to the airport. She and Tom were booked on a 4:00 flight, but Lisa did not want to hang around any longer than she had to. She reached the parking lot, jumped into the rental and quickly sped away.

Lisa had to fight the urge to fondle herself on the way to the airport. The feel of Tom's tiny body in her pussy sent shivers up her spine and filled her with goosebumps. She knew she couldn't give in to the feeling. She had to stay focused until they were in the air.

Tom was alive and well but he had no idea what was going on. He knew where he was. He didn't find his situation unbearable, but he did want to get out. The more he struggled, the wetter he got. Lisa's juices were flowing. They penetrated his nose and mouth and went down his throat. Each time he tried to wiggle forward, Lisa's vaginal muscles clamped down on him holding him in place. By the time Lisa walked into the airport, Tom had decided he'd be better off staying still. Lisa had to let him out soon. He figured that she'd probably pull him out and grow him back any minute. He figured wrong.

Lisa dropped off the rental and went straight to the reservation counter. She thought about stopping off at the ladies room, but decided against it. It was a good thing she didn't because the next flight home was getting ready to board. She turned in the old tickets, grabbed the new one, and ran for the terminal. Again she couldn't stop at the ladies room. There was no time. She'd have to get Tom out in the restroom on the plane. When Lisa got to the right terminal, she saw it was nearly empty and almost panicked. Then she saw the stewardess waving her on.

"Hurry ma'am", she called to Lisa. "The plane is about to depart. I can't hold it any longer."

Lisa thanked the stewardess and found her seat. She still didn't have time to retrieve Tom. Now she'd have to wait until they took off and the captain turned the "fasten seatbelt" sign off. She didn't mind. It gave her more time to enjoy the feeling Tom was giving her. When she sat back in her comfortable first class seat, she felt Tom begin to stir again. She put her head back and enjoyed it. There was nothing else she could do.

About twenty minutes after takeoff, the "fasten seatbelt" sign was still on. Lisa was beginning to worry about Tom. He had been inside her for well over an hour, and from the amount he was trying to move, he must be quite agitated. She was about to ask the stewardess what the problem was when the pilot's voice came over the speaker. "Ladies and gentleman, this is your captain speaking. We will be flying through an area of rough weather ahead. I'd advise all passengers to remain in their seats with their seat belts fastened. Our estimated flying time is five hours - thirty three minutes. Lay back and enjoy the flight."

"Well that settles that", Lisa whispered to no one in particular. She couldn't just pull him out and grow him back to his full naked size in front of all the first class passengers. She and Tom both knew that the shrinking process, as well as the rest of the mission was top secret. "It looks like Tom is just going to have to please me for a little while longer." she closed her eyes and with a smile on her lips tried to sleep.

Now that she was relaxing safely in the air, Lisa began to loosen up. She felt the steady rumble of the four jet engines calming her frayed nerves. As she rested, she felt the stirring inside her pussy begin to manifest itself. It felt like a tiny star sending waves of energy out in all directions and lighting up her entire abdomen.

She began to slowly girate her hips, enhancing the feeling of bliss. She was aware of what she was doing and had to make sure the woman in the seat next to her didn't awake.

Tom also knew what Lisa was doing. Up until now, he thought she might be in some sort of trouble, unable to release him. How much trouble could she be in if she was using his submerged body for her own sexual enjoyment. He also had a pretty good idea of how much time had passed with Lisa holding him captive in her vagina. He knew that if she didn't grow him back soon, he might be stuck at this size like Mrs. Jones had said. He felt a surge of anger and tried again to fight his way out, but the more he fought, the more he was twisted and pulled in different directions by Lisa's pulsing vaginal walls.

As the pounding continued, Tom's anger subsided and was replaced by submission. Tom gave up. Lisa had him and she could do whatever she wanted to do with him. He stopped fighting and once again resigned himself to whatever fate Lisa had in store for him, even if that fate was to be rolled and squeezed by her relentless vagina. Tom survived hours of abuse as Lisa had a series of controlled orgasms. When the quaking finally subsided, Tom's tiny body was beaten and he was exhausted. He fell into a deep sleep.

Tom knew it was hours later as he slowly woke up. He laid perfectly still with his eyes closed. He slowly remembered his mission as a shrunken man. He remembered the big woman and the microfilm. He remembered Lisa shrinking him more and shoving him up her vagina and, yes, he remembered what she did to him while he was in there. As he tried to regain his senses, he realized that he was breathing fresh air, and he was no longer engulfed in moist flesh. Although he was able to move his head, the rest of his body was still being restrained.

He slowly opened his eyes and saw a huge set of lips. He adjusted his view and saw the rest of Lisa's smiling face. He opened his mouth to talk but Lisa beat him to it. "Did you have a nice rest, my little man? You've been out for hours."

"What did you do to me?", Tom yelled to Lisa. "Are you crazy. You..."

Lisa cut him off by covering the lower half of his face with her thumb. "Before you go getting all mad at me, pipsqueak, listen to what happened." Lisa then explained to Tom the events of the day and why she was unable to remove him until three hours into the flight. She told him that she tried to grow him back once the plane landed but it was too late. It wasn't until she finished talking that she removed her thumb so Tom could speak. Tom didn't like how she was usurping the power she had over him.

"Now what am I supposed to do", Tom yelled? He had to yell if he wanted Lisa to hear him. "This wasn't part of the deal."

"I guess I'll have to hand you over to the agency so they can use you as a test subject", she answered.

"No." Tom screamed.

"I have a better idea, but you have to trust me."

"What is it", Tom asked?

"I can't tell you. Can you trust me?"

Tom reluctantly nodded. He had trusted her this morning and look what happened to him. He had no choice but to trust her again.

"Good", said Lisa. "Now let's get you cleaned up." She took Tom over to the sink and lathered him up under warm water. Being in Lisa's perfect hands made Tom horny. Being soaped up and washed by those hands was more than Tom could take. After only about thirty seconds, his abused body stiffened and he erupted violently. Lisa squeezed and worked his tiny volcano bringing his orgasm to gigantic proportions. Tom twitched and shuttered in Lisa's smooth soapy hands for over a minute. Finally he finished and his once again beaten body went limp. At that point Tom knew he now belonged to Lisa. Lisa dried Tom off and gave him something warm to wear. It was late so Lisa heated up some leftovers for dinner. They ate quietly and went to bed. Lisa slept soundly in her bed.

Tom laid awake for hours in the night table bed Lisa made for him. He was exhausted but had too much on his mind to sleep. After hours of listening to Lisa's deep breathing, Tom fell asleep.