

Aftermath

by Pandoza

It had started with a request to do a special film, the kind that Stacey would normally have dismissed out of hand, and a few years ago would have been in the realms of fantasy anyway.

“Group but multisize. And the crew are shrunk too.”

“What?!”

“We use the shrink gun to make you and Billy small, and you screw on another couple who are also screwing.”

Stacey paused for a beat.

“Who’s the ‘Another’?”

“Stella Ready.”

Stacey smirked. Stella was a twinkie. Cute and blonde. Skinny and spunky but nothing special. She was new. Stacey would be the star.

“Alright.”

The shoot was set with Stacey and Billy shrunk down to maybe an inch tall. Really tiny. But the crew were microscopic - relatively seeming an inch tall in turn. This was even better - Stella and her fellow twinkie costar would basically be the background. Too big for the camera crew to really even get into shot. It would be wild but she wasn’t going to have to fight for the director’s attention.

It was the first time that either of the seasoned pros had been shrunk. They held hands as the beam fired and they were engulfed in a bright light. When the glow subsided the world had changed. She looked up and up and up at the now humungous Stella Ready. Stella was naked with a full blonde bush, and bit her lip as she looked down at the shrunken couple, glancing sideways at her skinny young costar Michael Monty, who was absentmindedly fiddling with his dick, now (appropriately) the size of a semi.

Stacey and Billy had to look after the director and the rest of the crew as Stella lay back and placed them all onto her toned stomach. The minuscule filmmakers might be lost forever if they strayed too far from their spot just below her belly button.

Things were going as planned, the filming had to be more free flowing than normal because of the difficulties in communication and the restrictive timeframe, and the risks meant that the less time spent shrunk the better. As Stacey was “climaxing” for the third time, and getting ready to change position, there was an unexpected eruption. Stella had completed her own fifth quivering orgasm but Michael was unable to hold onto his load any longer. He pulled out and making sure there was something to film, sprayed his load all over Stella’s belly. Stacey was covered. Huge gobs clung to her and Billy, as if they had been gooped on kid’s TV. Stella’s body was shaking as she tried to stifle her laughter. The film crew were miraculously missed, and now living through an earthquake, but had managed to capture the moment perfectly. The money shot!