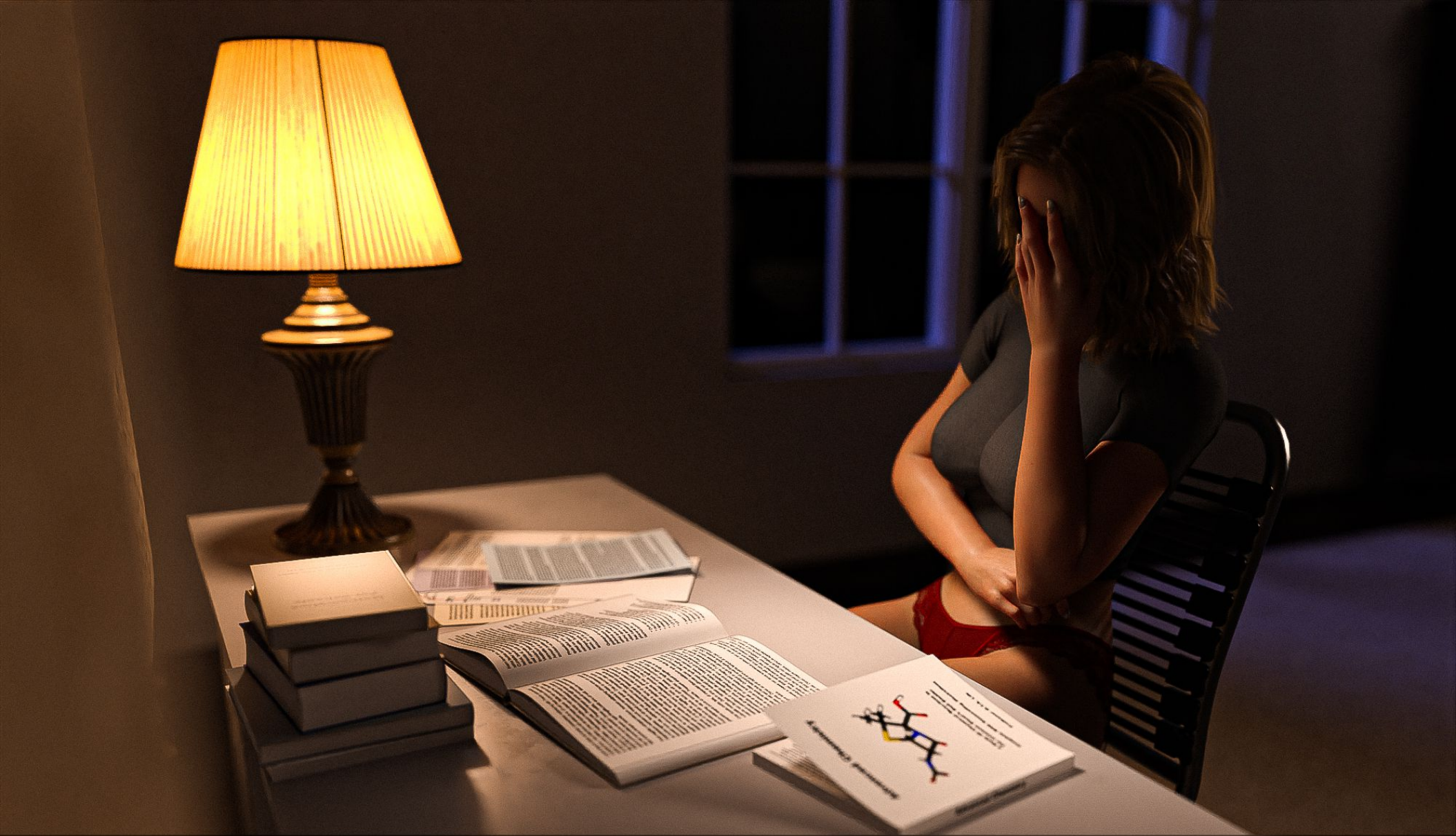


# BOY TOY



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The open study books stare back at Jen.



Each word she tries to memorize feels like it's rotting her brain into complete boredom.

She puts her head against her hand. She's so disinterested in studying for her exam, she feels herself dozing off into thoughts of something else...



Below her desk, Jen softly rides her hand up her thigh - caressing herself.



Quickly, she starts getting warm.

*Fuck, she thinks, I really should study... this isn't a good idea.*

...



She turns around to face her bed.

A small, dark green box sits under her bed... calling her name.

...



Jen's breathing is already heavy thinking about her new toy.

*I need that little fucker, she thinks to herself.*

...



A green box hits the bed, with an eager Jen ready to rip into its contents.





She pops open the box and pulls out a shrunken man.

He flails in her hand, unable to defend himself. His eyes are taped shut - his arms are restrained by a hair tie.

...



Jen gets comfortable on the bed, holding him up to her face.

“Excited for round two, fuck-toy?” she giggles. “Yes, Goddess.” he shakingly replies. “Good boy. You haven’t forgotten what to do?” she smiles.

“No, Goddess.” he responds. “Let’s see then...” Jen says.

...



She presses his face against her warm neck.

The man instantly sucks and kisses her ravenously, wherever she places his head.

“Fuck... such a good little boy!” she praises. “You’re getting me wet, fuck-toy. The way you widdle down to a mere sucking machine... designed to pleasure me. I love you, little shit!” she laughs.

...



Jen slides him down between her breasts and presses his head into her cleavage as he continues to make love to her body.

“I was wondering what was poking my tit... you’re a little stiff, huh? My little plaything wants to cum all over my perfect skin, hm?” she teases.

...



She brings him back to her face.

“I don’t think so, little man. Cute though!” she giggles.

...



Jen licks him upside the penis... he moans loudly.

“Aw! You want it so badly don’t you, toy?” she taunts.

“Good little boys listen to big women. So keep your pathetic cum in that puny little cock.” She reminds him.

...



...and then up to his head.

“You’re the luckiest little toy ever, you know that? Not many men get to fuck me... and you get to every night.”

Jen says. “No batteries either!” she laughs.

...



She sticks his head into her underwear as he flails.

“Flailing again? Normally I’d sit on your face until you can’t breathe for that... but it kind of - feels good!” she laughs. “Keep fighting, man-toy. Your Goddess loves feeling your weakness against her pussy.” Jen says.

...





Jen rips off her underwear.

The shrunken man makes contact with her clit. He does as he's been commanded - sucking and kissing anything he makes contact with.

...



“Fuck! Ugh... yes! That’s a good boy.” Jen reacts to the amazing feeling.

“I fucking crave this! I think about you all day, fuck-toy. Your tiny little mouth, eager to please your ruler. I got wet in class just thinking about how small you are... how powerless.” she explains.

...



“Get the fuck inside me.” she says as she slides his head down towards her pussy.



Jen fucks his head into herself, his legs kick around - trying to fight her... but it's no use.



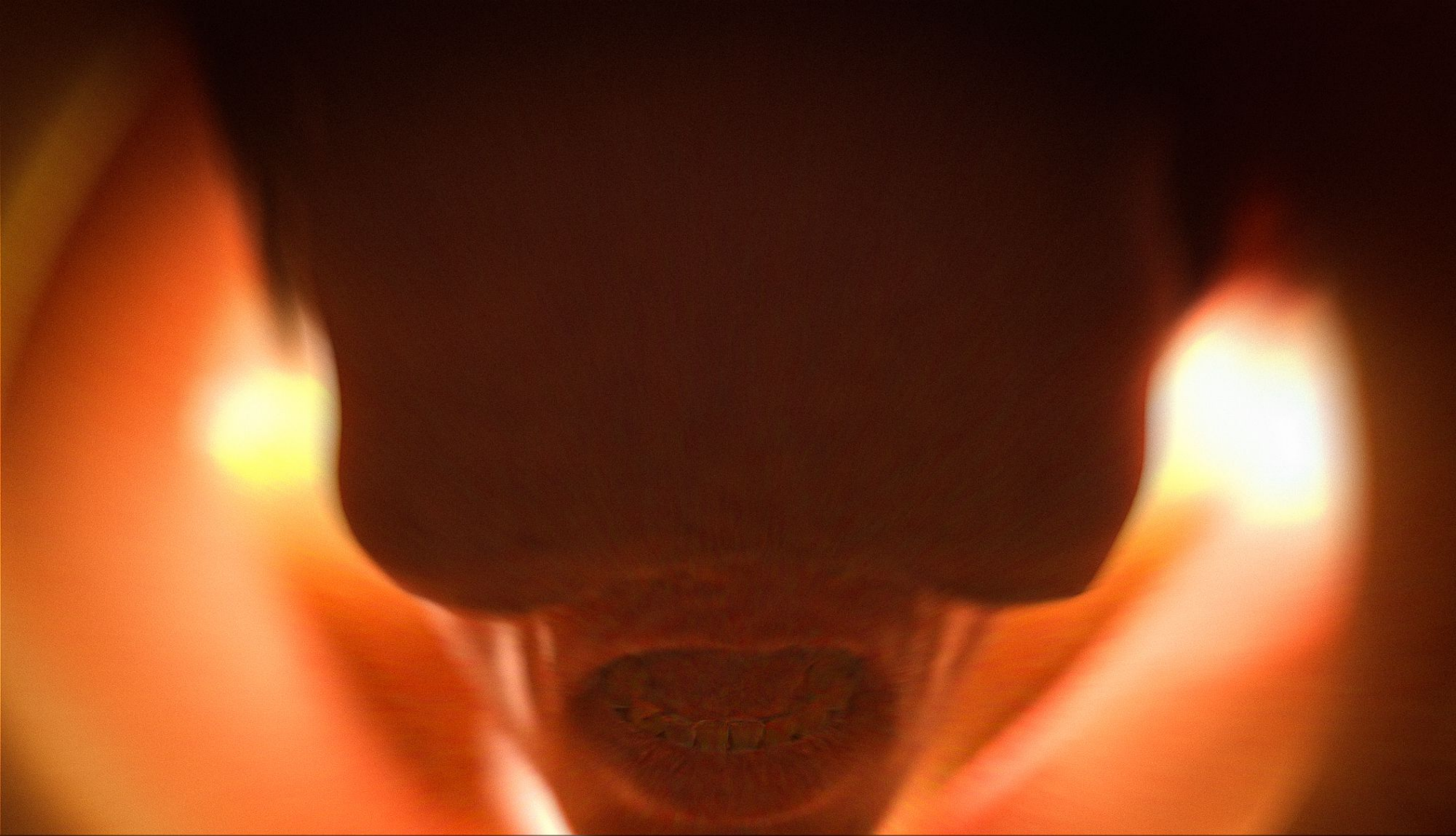
“Look at those little kicks! So fucking pretty. Kick! Kick, little man!”

She mocks his efforts for survival.

...



Jen grips him like a proper toy and starts fucking herself harder.



He screams inside her - the pressure building and building.

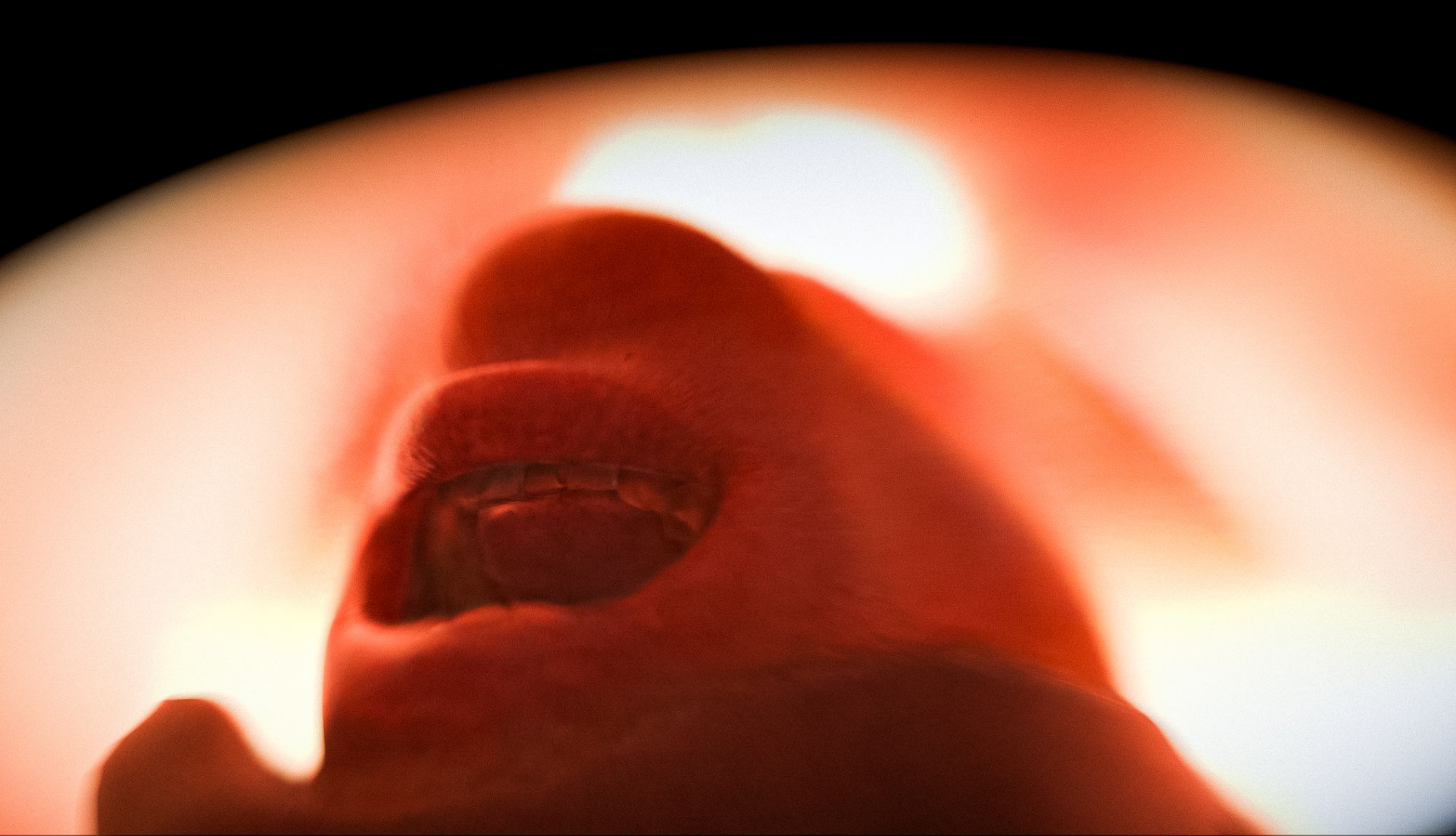
The air feels like it's draining too... if she keeps this up he might suffocate.

...



“Good boy... good boy...” she gasps as she fucks herself. “Fight it harder, fucker! I want to feel all of your attempts as I over-fuck you!” she moans.





His vision is clouding now... he's close to passing out.

Jen is thrusting him so hard, his brains feel like mush.

...



Jen whines as she gets close to orgasm.

“I’m going cum all over you, puny-fuck! I can’t even explain how good it feels to fuck a man like this... a mere toy... powerless to stop me from mocking your existence...” she moans out.

...



She sinks in pleasure as she moans out in finality.



Jen slows her breaths down as she pulls the man out of her.

She notices he's not moving. "Come on, little shit..." she whispers to herself.

...



She pokes him in the neck once or twice, and he jolts to life - coughing from the pressure.

“Thank god! Ready to go back into your little box, toy?” she laughs.

“Please! Stop! No more of this! I can’t fucking take this! You’re a psycho! I’m going to die soon!” he cries out at her as her juices dry on his skin.

...



Jen drops him between her tits and holds each breast.

“Bad boy! Say, ‘Yes Goddess’!”

...



“Please! No!” he whines some more.

She crushes him a bit between her breasts, forcing all the air out of his lungs. “You’re losing your privileges.” she commands.

...



“Y-yes... yes Goddess!” he screams, but it barely comes out from the force of Jen’s titties.

“Are you going to be a good little man now? Hm?” She snaps.

“Yes! Please my Goddess!” he screams.

...





She tapes around from his penis to his ass, preventing him from feeling anything.

“Next time you want to disobey me, I’ll tape your little legs behind your head.” she growls.

...



Jen drops him back into the box for next time.

“Get your puny act together. I’m fucking you harder next time, little slut-boy.”

...



**THE END.**