Negotiation Tactics
By Mollycoddles

Harold was too lost in pleasure for the words to register. If he even heard those ominous words, he didn't care. All that he cared about was drinking as much milk as he could as fast as he could. This time, it was Harold who finally had to pull away, gasping and sputtering.

“One sec… one sec… I just gotta… I just gotta catch my breath…”

Courtney placed a reassuring hand on Harold’s shoulder. “Shhh, it’s okay, little fella. You’re doing fine. I’m already feeling SO much better.” She stretched languidly, like a cat, her naked breasts hefting slightly with her movement. Harold idly wondered how much each one of those massive milkbags must weigh. She could easily knock a man out simply by swinging suddenly to the side and letting the inertia of her chest clobber a man in the head. They must be as heavy as big bags of sand!

His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden, familiar shiver – starting in his core and then quickly expanding to his extremities. It wasn’t unpleasant, far from it. It was a delightfully incapacitating tingle. Harold had heard of full body orgasms and he wondered if maybe that was the sensation that he was experiencing right now. He shimmied in place, his head nodding and his arms flailing, a stuttering gibber pouring out of him. Courtney laughed her smug laugh again.

“There you go again, ‘Harold!’ Oh my, look at you go! Quite the dancer, aren’t you?”

“I-I-I-I c-c-c-can’t stop!”

“Of course, you can’t, ‘Harold,’ why are you fighting it? Silly boy, just let it run its course. My, my, I wonder how much you’re going to shrink this time? Because you certainly did drink a lot of milk in this go…”

Harold gradually slowed, returning to normal. He stared up at Courtney; the monstrous woman loomed over him like a giantess! Harold barely came up to her knees. He felt like a kindergartener about to be disciplined by his stern, domineering mommy. And there was nothing that he could do about it! His glasses were too heavy for his face. They slipped off his nose and clattered to the ground, shattering into pieces. Goddamn it! Those were expensive! Blinking, he looked up at Courtney. His vision was blurry without his glasses, but he could still see enough to get his tiny little dick hard. His pants slid down, pooling around his ankles, and his briefs followed moments later. His dress shirt hung limp all the way down to his knees and his arms were lost in the sleeves. He felt like he was wearing an artist’s smock, but at least it still kept him covered up. As short as he was, when he looked up, he could see more than just the bulging balcony of Courtney’s epic breasts. He could also see right up her tight skirt, glimpsing her crisp white panties through the dark fabric of her nylon pantyhose. The sight only made him harder, but luckily he was too small for his dick to make a dent through his tent-like shirt. That was good! Courtney was already fully in control of the situation. Letting her know just how hard he was would only give her more power. Not that it made any difference at this point…

“My goodness, ‘Harold,’ I don’t believe you’ve got much of a career ahead of you as an engineer in that state! The way you look, maybe you’d be better off returning to Kindergarten!”

Courtney laughed a short, mocking laugh and Harold cringed. She was right! He was so short now that he was probably no taller than a 5 year old child.

“Now then, ‘Harold,’ are you ready to return to the negotiations table?”

“Er… what?”

Courtney pulled out her chair and plopped down, her bare breasts quivering and leaking. Gawd, how could she still be leaking after how much milk Harold had sucked out of her? She wasn’t kidding when she complained that she was full to bursting!

“You never signed the contract, ‘Harold,’ so technically we’re still in negotiations. But in light of recent, er, changes, I think I’ll have to change our initial offer. But don’t worry, I’m sure that you’ll still find it quite generous.”

She patted the chair next to her with a smirk across her glossy lips. “Come on, sweetie, take a seat. Let me show you what I’m talking about.”

What else could he do? Harold sighed and waddled over to the chair. He grabbed at the seat and struggled to hoist himself up. At his size, getting into a chair required as much upper body strength as doing a pull-up and, well, Harold didn’t have a whole lot of upper body strength… even when he was in his prime! Now that he was a tiny shrunken dwarf… it was a whole other story!

“Poor baby, let me help you there,” cooed Courtney. She slipped her hands under Harold’s armpits and lifted him into the chair as if he was a baby being placed into a car seat. His face went red with embarrassment, but he didn’t say anything. Anything he said now, would probably only make things worse! Who knew what Courtney was capable of? She was as big as a giant! If she wanted, she could just put Harold over her knee and spank him like a naughty child. Or maybe she could do something even worse!

“Now then, ‘Harold,’ here’s my new offer. You keep quiet about anything you know. In exchange, you get nothing, but you get to leave now. What do you think of that, little boy?”

She pushed her horn-rimmed glasses down her nose and regarded Harold with icy blue eyes. Harold stuttered.

“B-but…”

“We did have a verbal agreement, didn’t we? You could either have the twenty million or you could play with my breasts. You chose. That’s fair, isn’t it, little man?”

“N-no! No, it’s not fair! I didn’t know you were going to shrink me!”

She chuckled and tussled Harold’s hair; the tiny man whined pathetically and tried to swat her away, but his tiny noodle arms weren’t up to the task.

“Well, honey, I’m afraid that’s your own fault. You should have read the fine print. Don’t you know anything about negotiating? I suppose maybe you should have hired a lawyer instead of trying to do it yourself, because, well, look where it got you. But you know what, I just can’t resist a short man. You just look too cute! It breaks my heart that you’re gonna go home empty-handed, so maybe I can fix that for you…”

“Really?” Harold hardly dared to hope that he might yet still get something out of this deal.

“Yeah… so here’s what I think. Since you’re giving up twenty million dollars, how about I let you take another yummy yummy drink, hmm?”

“Oh come on!” Harold shouted. “That’s a terrible offer! You’ve just gonna shrink me even more! Why would I want that!?”

Courtney sat bolt upright in her chair. Her breasts jostled, the cool air of the room making her nips stand to attention. Harold tried to ignore them, but his dick ached.

“Why WOULDN’T you want that?”

“Cuz… cuz…”

“Look, ‘Harold,’ this is as good as it’s going to get. I’m offering you one last bout of pleasure. You can take it or leave it, but I certainly hope you’ll decide to take it. I can already feel my milk reserves replenishing as we talk and, oooooh, it’s getting tighter. No one’s EVER milked me as good as you, ‘Harold.’”

“I… really?”

“That’s right.” She reached over and idly rubbed her finger over Harold’s crotch, playfully flicking his dick. “You wouldn’t leave me in the lurch, would you, ‘Harold?’ C’mon, honey, you know you want to. At this point, you might as well, hmmm? If you’re gonna go out, you might as well go out having some fun, hmm?”

“I…I…I…” Harold was having a hard time thinking straight. This was awful! He just knew that she was trying to trick him again. He’d already fallen for her feminine wiles two times and now he was going to fall for them a third time? Was he really that dumb? No way! He could resist! He had to resist! There was no way that she was going to shrink him again. Besides, he was already pretty small at this point. If he kept shrinking, he might be in danger of disappearing altogether! He had to be strong.

“’Harold,’ I don’t think you appreciate what a favor you’d be doing me. Omnicorp’s experiments sometimes have… unpredictable side effects. Do you think I knew, when I volunteered, that they would turn me into a human dairy cow? Do you think I knew that I’d start producing so much milk that I could feed a whole nursery, every day?”

Harold shook his head dumbly.

“Of course you didn’t. And, ‘Harold,’ I’m not complaining. Would any woman complain about a figure like this? It’s soooo easy to get the board of directors to listen to my ideas now. Why, I’ve got them all twisted around my little finger. I just show up at their corporate meetings and they’ll agree to anything I say as long as they get to stare at these big bouncy boobs of mine for a few minutes, all drooling and leering and hoping that they’ll get to see me pop a button or two. Hmmm, I certainly don’t mind having that power over men. Why, I think it’s kind of fun. It is fun, isn’t it, ‘Harold?’”

“Y-yes…”

“Yes, of course it is. But you know, ‘Harold’, it has its drawbacks. Why, I just produce SO much milk that, if I’m not careful, my big milky tits would just keep growing and growing and growing, getting bigger and fatter and heavier and milkier… until they’re so big and heavy that I’d need a wheelbarrow to get around. Until they’re so big and heavy that I have back spasms all day and all night.” Her voice got lower, huskier, breathier as she continued, her hand still absently playing with Harold’s rock-hard cock. “I have to use a breast pump almost every hour just to keep my girls manageable. It’s already been so long, I can feel them blowing up even as we talk, ‘Harold.’ If I didn’t pump myself constantly, why, my boobs would just absolutely balloon. I’d look like I had two zeppelins on my chest. And with all that milk? Oh, it tingles, ‘Harold,’ my skin gets so sensitive that it almost hurts.” She rolled her eyes and fluttered her lashes. “It feels SO good that I almost want to pass out. That’s why I need someone to milk me. It wouldn’t do for me to be so distracted by my blimping boobs that I can’t do my job, right, ‘Harold?’ I need you to help me before I just blow with a big, wet, milky…” She leaned over, her lips at his ear. “…pop.”

“N-no… we wouldn’t want that…” Harold’s throat felt dry and he was suddenly unnaturally thirsty. He licked his lips. Gawd, her talking was really getting him excited. He wasn’t even sure anymore why he was trying to resist. He had to drink more! He was as sure of that as he was of anything in his entire life!

“So you ready, ‘Harold?’ You thirsty?”

“Y-yes… Yes, ma’am…”

“Good boy! Now come on, sweetie, drink up!”

She put her hand behind Harold’s back and pushed him gently toward her chest, his face suddenly buried in sort, malleable boob flesh. He groped blindly for her nipple and nearly came in his pants (figuratively… he wasn’t wearing pants anymore) when he finally connected with it. He latched on and sucked with all his might.

“That’s a good boy. Oh yes, that’s nice. That’s so nice. Hmmm, keep drinking. Oooh, ‘Harold,’ I can feel the pressure building. Please, suck harder! Drink all my milk. Hmm, I don’t want to burst, ‘Harold,’ keep drinking. Ooo, don’t bite, though! Be gentle. My boobs are too full for rough-housing!”

“Mmm…” Harold murmured. Her words washed over him in a dreamy haze, but Harold honestly didn’t care. She was right. Was there anything better than sucking on a tit? This was worth giving up all the money, it was even worth living the rest of his life as a tiny little elf-sized half-pint! It was even worth it if he just shrank down to nothing. There was nothing tastier than Courtney’s milk and nothing more satisfying than drinking it from the source!

This time, he only pulled away when he couldn’t drink anymore. His shrunken stomach couldn’t hold as much as it used to and he was surprised to see his belly bulging through the fabric of his oversized shirt when he looked down at himself.

“My, my, a thirsty boy!” said Courtney as if she anticipated his thoughts. “I hope you enjoyed yourself, ‘Harold,’ because I certainly did. You really helped me out, sweetie, I might not even have to pump my breasts again for another few hours with all the hard work that you did!”

This time, Harold was hardly surprised when he felt the familiar shaking in his limbs. A sick feeling rose up in his gullet; he recognized what that meant and what was about to happen. He was going to shrink yet again! He braced himself, almost deluding himself into thinking that if he just fought against it hard enough he could will himself not to shrink. It was a futile effort. Almost at once, his arms and legs were convulsing and Harold was bouncing in place. Courtney laughed, clapping her hands in girlish delight. She loved to watch the show!

“H-help! Help! I’m shrinking again! Oh Gawd, I’m shrinking again!” yelped Harold, his whole body quaking and quailing as he grew smaller and smaller, gradually disappearing into the folds of his oversized shirt. Harold kicked and punched as a billowing shirt, now as big as a circus tent, collapsed down upon him. He was going to be buried in laundry!

He clawed his way through folds of fabric and gradually emerged into the light. He blinked and looked around. He wasn’t the size of a 5 year old child anymore! He wasn’t even the size of a baby! He was the size of a mouse! The entire world looked so big and imposing from this point of view; the legs of the negotiating table each looked as thick around as a mighty sequoia and the table was so high above him that it might as well be lost in the clouds!

Courtney was still here, so huge that she looked like a giant out of a fair tale. Her nylon-clad legs seemed to stretch endlessly into the sky and Harold was so small that he could almost imagine himself climbing those legs using the cross-stitching of her pantyhose as rope netting.

She crouched down so that she could get close to Harold. If he thought she was stacked before, he almost fainted to get a close-up look at her breasts now! Harold thought that each pumped-up pontoon looked as big as a zeppelin, so huge that he could almost imagine those titanic tits filling an airplane hangar each. Her nips were almost as big as his body! Gawd, he was so small now that he didn’t think he could even drink anymore of her milk even if he wanted to: his mouth was simply too small now to latch onto her nips! He heaved a sigh that was half-relief and half-regret. At least now, she couldn’t possibly shrink him anymore! At the same time, damn, it was kind of a shame… that meant he wouldn’t have any more chances to suckle at Courtney’s magnificent mams. Sure, he’d given up everything at this point – not just the money, but his whole life! There was no way that he could go back to a normal life now that he was so small he could live in a knothole and sleep in a bed made out of a sardine can like she was a cartoon mouse! But the big question that lingered in the back of his mind was always: Was it worth it? And as much as he tried to remind himself of the precarious nature of his situation, he had to admit that, yeah, he would totally do it all over again if he could.

“My, my, my, aren’t you a sorry sight, ‘Harold!’ You’re tiny! By goodness, you’re the size of a mouse! Why, I bet I could just eat you all up!”

Harold blanched. “Whoa… you’re kidding, right? C’mon, Courtney, you’re not serious!”

Courtney laughed. The noise was as loud as a dozen hyenas to Harold’s tiny ears and poor little Harold doubled over in pain, clamping his hands over his ears, at the sound. Courtney’s planet-sized breasts shifted and quivered as she laughed, resembling the movement of the ocean to Harold’s perspective.

“Oh, ‘Harold,’ you poor little thing, you really don’t have any idea now, do you? First of all, ‘Harold,’ I don’t believe I said that you could call me Courtney? Are we really on such a casual basis, ‘Harold?’ ” She reached forward and prodded Harold in the chest with a finger the size of a fallen log. The force knocked Harold off his feet and he tumbled backwards, landing on his butt. He started to scoot backwards, hoping to get away from Courtney as quickly as he could, but Courtney anticipated the move. She pressed down on his chest with her index finger, pinning him to the ground like he was a bug under glass.

“Now then, ‘Harold,’ I think we’ve concluded our negotiations…”

“B-b-but I haven’t signed anything! We… we can’t be done until I sign something, right?”

Courtney regarded Harold over the edges of her glasses. She seemed amused by his tone.

“Now, ‘Harold,’” she said, clucking her tongue and pressing her finger more firmly into his chest. The breath was forced from his lungs and Harold could barely breathe. He was afraid that he might suffocate, trapped under her mighty finger! "Why would we need to sign anything? You’ve already made your choice, we’re done here. Besides, ‘Harold,’ you have to be a person to sign a contract, don’t you? And you’re not that. You’re nothing but a tiny, insignificant mouse now, aren’t you?”

“No, no… you don’t mean that!”

“Now, what should I do with you, ‘Harold?’ The truth is, you’ve really made yourself into a pain for OmniCorp. So much stress over such a little thing! It would really make things sooo much easier if you would just go away. And, from the looks of things, I don’t think making you go away is going to be all that difficult.”

Harold broke out in a sweat. What was she going to do? He was trapped like a rat, unable to extricate himself from under her finger no matter how much he squirmed. He was completely at her mercy and she knew it! He’s never been so exposed in his life. Here he was, tiny and naked, pinned under the finger of a woman as big as a skyscraper, and all he could do was beg for his life and hope that she might have some modicum of mercy in her being! But from everything that he’d seen today, he knew he was done for. Courtney was all business, an ice queen devoted to the corporation and her position within it; she had used her zaftig curves and feminine wiles to bring Harold to his knees and now she was going to make him pay!

“I suppose I could just squish you right here and no one would ever know,” said Courtney idly, as if she was weighing the idea in her head. “It wouldn’t take much now, would it? Not to crush a little teeny weeny thing like you. Why, I just have to apply just a tiny bit more pressure and I bet you would just pop like a grape!”

As if to emphasize her point, she pressed down. Harold felt like he was being crushed beneath a monstrous boulder and all he could do was gasp and sputter as the pressure increased.

“P-please… no…” He gasped, his mouth foaming and his eyes bugging out. “Not that…!”

“Though that seems like such a waste,” mused Courtney as she eased up slightly. Harold choked, gratefully sucking in great lungfuls of air as his lungs were allowed to reinflate. “You know, ‘Harold,’ you’ve made me waste my whole morning with your silly games. I’ve had to delay my lunch because of you.”

Harold goggled. He didn’t like the sound of that at all! Was she implying what he thought she was implying? He started to writhe wildly but she held firm.

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic, ‘Harold.’ Let me tell you, it takes a lot of effort to keep my breasts full of delicious, warm milk. I know I told you what a hassle it is, always carrying around these massive mams, constantly refilling so fast that I barely have time to pump them before they’re painfully swollen again… well, I don’t think I told you another big annoyance I’ve had to live with. It takes a lot of energy for a body like mine to produce so much milk. And that means I work up a really powerful appetite. I think I’ve been remarkably level-headed this whole time we’ve been talking, ‘Harold,’ considering how famished I am.”

She leaned forward, her enormous mouth right by his head. He stared in humbled awe at her big plush lips and her perfect white teeth and down the dark gullet beyond. He realized with mounting terror that his head would fit perfectly into her mouth; she could easily bite his head between her teeth like a grape.

“But think about it this way, ‘Harold.’ You’ve enjoyed my milk so much today. Now you’ll have a chance to help me make some more. And I’m sure that will make some other poor schlub who thinks he can exhort money from OmniCorp very happy in the future when I offer him the same deal that I offered you today.”

“Don’t eat me! You can’t eat me! For crying out loud, I’m a person! You can’t do this!”

“Oh, but I can, ‘Harold.’ You’re not a person anymore. You’re just a snack.”

With that, Courtney scooped him up in one fluid motion and dangled him over her mouth. He shrieked and kicked, but there was nothing he could do. What could a tiny little shrimp like him do to fight a behemoth like her? He blubbered and shouted, crying for mercy, but Courtney just chuckled one last throaty chuckle and then released her grip. She dropped Harold right into her open mouth.

At least she didn’t chew. That was one thing to be grateful for. She slurped him down in one gulp as if she was eating an oyster on the half-shell, gulping him in one swallow and smirking to herself as she felt him struggling all the way down her throat. Within the tight confines of Courtney’s wet warm throat, Harold kicked and punched and shouted but it was no use. He was way too small to be able to do anything except go along for the ride.

Courtney chuckled to herself. Eating live prey was like eating a spicy jalapeno. She could feel the fire all the way down and into her belly. She smiled to herself, briskly wiped her mouth with her sleeve, and stood up. She strode over to the table, heels clacking, picked up her blouse and jacket and started to get dressed. She raised an eyebrow as she realized that her blouse buttons weren’t gapping nearly as much as usual. For once, she didn’t look indecent! She shrugged the jacket back onto her shoulders and stretched to admire herself. Not bad!

“Well, well, well, ‘Harold,’ maybe I shouldn’t have been so harsh on you. Looks like you actually drained enough milk out of these melons that my blouse actually fits a little better! At least for now. Then again, you DID try to get money out of OmniCorp and we couldn’t have that now, could we?”

She chuckled to herself again, picked up her attache case, and sauntered out of the room.

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles