

Full of fear and shivering in panic as you dangle in the air between the fingers of an enormous bunny, you come to the decision that the best way to proceed here is to be *nice*. Sure, you could scream that she's a bitch and demand that she put you down, but given how angry-looking her huge fuzzy face already is, you don't want to do anything to provoke her further.

"You're very pretty!" you blurt out almost randomly. The clumsy compliment you delivered definitely isn't one of your best. But given that you're in front of a woman the size of a building who's staring daggers at you with bright blue eyes that are big enough that you could dive into them like swimming pools... well, you're just happy that you came up with anything at all.

You watch as Ms. Matthews' tremendous face falls into a confused frown. "Huh?" she asks as she blinks a couple of times. She's clearly confused and thrown off guard by your strange reaction. "What did you just say?"

The huge bunny narrows her eyes at you expectantly. Your stomach turns with embarrassment. Do you really have to say it *again*? Well, it's either that or get crushed or eaten or... yeah, you don't want to think about that. Better speak up! "You're very pretty," you repeat.

"That's what I *thought* you said," the giant bunny murmurs as her face visibly relaxes. The eyes that were glaring at you before lid playfully as she tilts her huge head at you. Her long pink lips curl at the corners, making a smile that's oddly... *seductive*. "Well, go on then," she coos at you, "tell me *why* I'm pretty."

Now it's *your* turn to be confused and thrown off guard. For one, given how crappy your compliment was, you *really* didn't expect that to work... and for two, you have no idea *how* to elaborate. "Your eyes, they're... um..." Huge and terrifying? Definitely, but you can't say that! "They're very... blue?"

You cringe hard as Ms. Matthews makes a loud and disappointed groan at your absolute failure of a compliment. "Ugh," she grumbles irritably, oh-so bored and disappointed in you. "You're *useless* at this. Don't talk about my eyes you little nitwit. That's *boring*. Talk about my body instead. Don't tell me how *pretty* I am, tell me how *sexy* I am instead."

Every single fiber of your body tightens up in anxiety as your soul shrivels up inside of you. Being told off by a giant woman is *especially humiliating*. On top of that, she wants you to tell her how sexy she is? "I don't... I can't..." you whimper pathetically.

"Oh, c'mon, don't be a pansy," the big bunny mumbles irritably. "I'm *huge* in comparison to you and you must have climbed all over me to get up on my desk, so... surely you got an opinion about my body, right? Just spit it out."

You'd scowl at her if you weren't so terrified, but... all you can really do is swallow nervously. *Don't be a pansy* is easy for Ms. Matthews to say. There's a lot on the line here for you, after all. If you say the wrong thing and accidentally *offend* her then you're pretty sure that you're gonna get smashed into a pasty smear by the very hand that's holding onto you.

At the same time, if you say nothing at all, then you know you're going to face the same result, so... stuck between a rock and a hard place, you suck in a deep breath. Embarrassed and unable to look the bunny in her eyes, you tilt your head down and stare at her bright pink nose pad instead. "Your body, I... I like how small it is," you mumble nervously to her nostrils. "Even if I'm tiny, I can tell that you're... petite and slim. Uh, *perfectly* so."

Ms. Matthew's eyes brighten a little at your compliment and a smile slowly returns to her lips. It seems that your strange compliment has pleased her a little. "Oh yeah?" she whispers all silkily as she looks at you coily. "I bet that you'd love to throw me around the room and do nasty things to my little body if you were regular size, wouldn't you?"

Oh fuck. Oh shit. Your 'smooth' words have made the giant horny somehow. This *definitely* wasn't your intention. Throw her around the room? Do nasty things to her? Do you *want* to do that? Maybe... possibly... perhaps. You'd have to get back to your regular size before you could properly consider it, but... you get the feeling that you should answer yes here even if it isn't particularly polite. You nod your head and blurt out an answer. "Mhm," you say. "Absolutely."

Ms. Matthews flutters her eyelashes at you. "But, y'know..." she goes on boldly. "It might surprise you how well this little body of mine handles **big** things."

You give the big bunny a tiny and awkward smile as you try to process her words. Does she mean... is she talking about... no way, this has to be some kind of trap, right? Or is she just really enjoying embarrassing you? Both?

Or, maybe... Ms. Matthews really *is* just horny. So desperate for attention that she'd take it from a speck of a person like you. If that's the case, then you're not sure if this is more humiliating for her than it is for you. "Uh... what do you mean by that?" you nervously ask the huge bunny. Maybe you're just thinking along the wrong lines. Maybe she's talking about something other than penetration!

"I'm talking about *dick*," the huge bunny giggles impishly. "Obviously."

Okay, no, she's *definitely* talking about penetration. "Wow, that's uh..." you mumble, not sure what to say. "Impressive? I think?"

"Aww, well, you can't say that it's impressive if you've never *seen* me handle

something huge, honey,” the bunny murmurs playfully. Her tone of voice and her expression has completely changed now. Both playful and flirty without a hint of the fury that she was showing only a couple of minutes ago.

You *need* to try and get back on track here. Without swerving too far and pissing her off. “Well, maybe if you get me back to my regular size, then I can...”

Your awkward suggestion comes to a halt as Ms. Matthews gently squeezes the finger and thumb that she’s holding you with around your hips. “Nah, no reason to bother with all of that,” she says with a dismissive wave of her free hand. “I got plenty of toys that’ll do the trick. C’mon, I’ll show you.”

Before you can so much as squeak as a word the bunny has you on the move. You let out a startled scream as you start to rush down through the air, your ears popping from the sudden change in pressure. Even though you really *shouldn’t*, you look down to see that the bunny is taking you toward her lap. Toward a small but finely-designed black leather purse.

She drops you inside of it. You take a terrifying fall through the air for a couple of seconds before you come to a safe landing on top of a packet of tissues. Suddenly surrounded by leather and laid on a bed of napkins, you take a quick breath of air and roll over, intending to scream up at the bunny and tell her to stop...

... but by the time you roll onto your back, the bunny is zipping up her purse. Leather-scented darkness closes in around you completely as the ‘ceiling’ above you closes tightly.

Your new prison starts to jostle fiercely as Ms. Matthews stands up from her seat. In the process, you’re sent right off the packet of tissues and sent slamming into one of the bag’s silk-lined walls.

Bedlam follows as the bunny throws the strap of her purse around her shoulder. Everything inside is thrown around... including you, of course. For a good few seconds it’s like you’re in the center of a tornado, being whipped around this way and that as things slam against you and you slam into things. Luckily, everything inside her purse - from the silk walls that surround it to the objects within - is fairly soft.

Still, though, by the time everything settles down, you’re in one hell of a state. Shivering all over and clutching at your face in fright. Also, you’re trapped. Funnily enough, the packet of tissues that you made a landing on just a few seconds ago is now on top of you. It isn’t overwhelmingly heavy - you can still breathe and sorta move around underneath it - and maybe if you were a little less shaken you’d try to move them off of you entirely, but...

... after all that, you need a few seconds to catch your breath. You soon start to feel the bag sway around you again as Ms. Matthews starts to move out of the lecture hall and make her way out of the college... but it's much gentler than before. Less of a tornado and more of a gentle breeze. She must have trapped her bag underneath her arm to stop you from moving around so much.

Strangely, it's actually kinda relaxing. Weighed down and smothered underneath tissues, you start to feel sleepy. It's hard to blame you. You had a very long and strange day and you've *just* come off the back of an awkward, confusing, and quite frankly *violent* encounter with a giant white bunny who is *also* one of your teachers.

You need a break. As weird of a place as it might be, there's nothing in the purse that can hurt you and you figure that Ms. Matthews will wake you up when you get to... wherever you're going... so you close your eyes and decide to take a very overwhelmed nap. Smothered by tissues and in a place that's dark and warm, it doesn't take you long at all to fall asleep.

You enjoy a peaceful nap. No dreams, no nightmares, no nothing. Just peaceful black nothing.

Then you're rudely woken up by a set of white furry fingers pulling you out from underneath your tissue 'bed'. Before you can refocus on the world and remember your strange and terrible situation, you're being yanked out of Ms. Matthews' purse. On instinct, you try to grab a hold of something so that you can stay where you are instead of being grabbed by the giant beast, but... it doesn't work, obviously. Even if you hadn't just woken up, you wouldn't stand a chance of resisting the huge bunny's grasp. She's too big. Too strong.

Bright white light floods into your eyes and blinds you as you're reluctantly taken into the outside world once again. You're not in the air for long. Soon enough - before you can even see properly - you feel something solid underneath your feet. Something like wood.

Shaken and off-balance, you quickly fall onto your butt. The dull, hollow, and barely audible *thump* that your ass produces confirms that Ms. Matthews has, indeed, put you on top of something wooden. Curious and more than a little anxious about where the heck the bunny has taken you, you lift your hands to your face and rub at your eyes.

The world around you slowly but surely comes into existence. Around you is what you presume to be Ms. Matthews' bedroom. It's a pretty small space - even by your standards - so you figure it must be in an apartment or something like that. There's *just* about enough room in it for all the standard furniture. A double bed, a wardrobe, a nightstand, a couple of chests - one of which that you're standing on - with *just* enough room left over for two or three people to be able to

walk around without bumping into each other *too* much. It's decently lit, comfortable, and clean.

Though... you quickly learn that there's more to take in than just the bunny's bedroom. Standing directly in front of the chest that she's placed you on is Ms. Matthews... and she's no longer dressed professionally. Instead, she's dressed in lingerie... specifically, a short silk nightgown. *Very* short - the hem is on her upper thigh. In contrast to her creamy white body, it's black in color and *very* translucent, meaning that there are very few details hidden from your eyes... in fact, she might as well be naked. Her 'small' and braless breasts and the hard 'little' nipples that sit at their peaks, the swell of her hips and her *amazing*-looking rear, her plump thighs, and the *tiny* lace thong that's *just* about covering her slit. You can see everything, and... boy, is there a *lot* for a tiny little you to look at. You could spend days just looking at her ass. Or her breasts. Or her belly. There's so *much* of it. Of her.

You didn't want to admit it before - verbally or mentally - but now, seeing her standing over you like a big beautiful building dressed in a set of silky lingerie that clings to her 'petite' form perfectly... well, there's no more denying it. She's sexy. Sexy as all hell. So sexy it hurts your *brain* a little. "Wow, you uh... you look amazing," you mumble dumbly.

Clearly pleased by your stunned compliment, Ms. Matthews confidently sets one of her hands down on the right side of her hip. You're pretty sure that she's smiling too, but... you can't bring yourself to look at her face. You're too obsessed with letting your gaze wander all over her body instead - her breasts, her belly, her butt - there's just so much lingerie-clad bunny body in front of you that you couldn't possibly tear your eyes away from it. "Thanks," you hear the bunny giggle as loud as a stadium's intercom. "But I didn't bring you here to show *this* off to you. Remember?"

You blink a couple of times as you try to remember *why* Ms. Matthews brought you to her bedroom, but... *shit*, all you can think about is the multiple meters of woman that you're staring at. "I, uh..."

To remind you - and to startle you, seemingly - the bunny *whips* out the hand that she was holding behind her back to reveal that she was holding onto something... which is a dildo. A standard dildo. It's about six inches long, slender, and colored like flesh. You're not sure if it's just your shrunken perspective, but... even if it's of average size, it looks rather large in her 'small' hand.

In a move that startles you and makes you jolt backward a little, the bunny leans forward and places the dildo down firmly in front of you. Now it *definitely* looks huge. It's about twice as girthy as you are and three times as tall. It reminds you of a tree trunk. One that's been rounded at the end and had its roots and branches cut away from it... except, well, it's flesh-colored plastic.

You only have to gaze at the immense dildo for a second or two before you quickly remember *why* you're here. That's right. "You were... you were going to show me how you handle *big* things," you murmur nervously. You turn your eyes back toward the huge bunny and her beautiful silk-clad body and swallow. Is she... really going to shove that inside of herself in front of you? That's too good to be true, right? There's no way that she's just going to lift her nightie up and...

... the bunny *swats* the dildo off the wooden chest and sends it skittering to the floor! You squeal like a coward and bounce a few steps backward as her knuckles come all too close to striking your little body. You could have *sworn* that hand was coming for you. Gasping, you drop to your knees and clutch at your chest as your life flashes before your eyes.

Up above, however, the bunny just lets out a laugh as she amuses herself with your shock, awe, and fright. "Yeah, but that's not a big thing," she scoffs. "I mean, it probably looks like it to you, but... *everything* looks big to you, you know?" Grinning, she kicks the floored dildo and sends it skittering across the floor loudly before it *slams* up against her bedroom wall and comes to a rattly halt. "This next one, though? Well. Even people my size might call this one big."

You've *just* about caught your breath before Ms. Matthews *slams* another dildo down in front of you. As you look up at it, you lose your breath again. This one is *much* bigger than before. Almost three times your thickness and four times as tall as you, it's an eight-inch dildo made of jet-black silicone. There's nothing really noteworthy about it - by all accounts, it's just a bigger dildo than the last - but... shit. You feel like you're in the shadow of the tallest and weirdest tree in the world.

You jump and whine again as Ms. Matthews casually *swats* that huge tree to the ground like it was nothing. Since this one is a soft silicone rather than a hard plastic, it makes a distinct *plap* as it flops onto the floor. "But anyone who would call *that* big is a wimp," she scoffs. "That thing isn't even a warm-up. This sucker, though... well, you'll see in a second. It's definitely *big*."

Still gasping, you move from being on your knees and flop down onto your ass instead. As you breathe and poorly attempt to pull yourself together for whatever *huge* thing might be coming next, the huge bunny turns herself around and begins to dig through a chest or a box or something that holds, presumably, a bunch of dildos. You can't see whatever it is that she's looking through. Partially because of your shrunken perspective, but also...

... well, because you can't stop staring at her huge bunny ass. As she digs through the chest with her back turned, her cotton-tailed rear is hiked up in the air with only a thin layer of silky nightgown covering her big round buttcheeks.

You watch as the bunny's tail gives a sharp and excited little bounce above her butt. You hear her sigh in a mixture of awe and reverence - like she's very fond of whatever she's just found - and then, with her body shivering in excitement, she turns around and shows off...

... something that takes your breath away again. What she's holding onto is... it's not big. It's not huge, even. It's *enormous*. Another dildo - of course - except this one isn't of standard shape, it's canine. Realistically so - the tip tapered, the color bright red, and a fat *wrecking* ball of a knot balled up at the end. A length of dog dick so *vast* that she has to hold onto it with both of her hands to properly and proudly display it to you. The girth of it is so *thick* that she struggles to curl her fingers around the middle of it, much less its knot.

It's not a dildo. It's a goddamn *murder weapon*.

The bunny casually *slaps* the enormous doggy dildo down in front of you. Only the suction cup on the base stops the great jiggling thing from falling down onto you. This time, you don't flinch. You don't even gasp. Not because you've gotten used to the bunny casually *smacking* big fake dicks down in front of you but because you're still in a complete state of full-bodied *shock*. What's in front of you isn't a tree but a *monolith*. Ten inches long - or five times your height - it's a towering dog-dick-shaped monument to just how much of a size queen the bunny is.

You start to shake your head in disbelief. Ms. Matthews must be showing off right now. There's no way that your teacher could fit all of *that* inside of her. It's too much! Even ignoring your own puny size you *know* that the length in front of you would be capable of stretching out a seven-foot-tall bovine and leaving them in an aching mess. A bunny that's barely pushing five feet and not much thicker than a *curtain rod*, though? No chance.

Still shaking your head, you tilt your tiny muzzle back toward the tiny bunny. You stare at her middle for a few seconds, do your best to size her up, and then turn your head back to the angry red tower. You do your best to lewdly calculate *just* how much of this massive cock she could cram inside of her, but... in the end, you can't even begin to see it in your mind's eye. She's so slender and slim that you can't even imagine the tapered tip of this thing squeezing inside of her - much less the rest of it.

Though... you won't have to imagine it, will you? The bunny did say that she was going to *show* you how well her little body handles big things. So... is this the one? Are you about to watch the bunny slide her way down this thing and *stuff* that fist of a knot inside of her while she screams in bliss?

You're genuinely not sure what's weirder right now. The fact that you're two inches tall, or... the fact that you're about to watch your teacher *squeeze* ten

inches of dog dick inside of herself somehow. What a fucking day.

To your surprise, though, the bunny lunges out and *slaps* the huge dog dick down to the ground with the back of her hand. This time, though, rather than squeak in fright, you turn your head sharply toward the bunny and *yell* up at her in your shock. For the first time since you were placed down you manage to look up at her face. You see that she's grinning like a lunatic. A lunatic that's *creaming* their pants. "What the *fuck*?" you scream. "There's an even *bigger* one?"

"There's *always* a bigger dick, sweetheart," the bunny chuckles in response as she licks at her lips. Then - after *squeezing* her thighs together heavily and hotly - she turns around again and bends over... whatever it is that she's pulling dildos from. Once again, her ass goes up into the air...

... but you don't look at it this time. Not because you don't want to but because your head is *spinning* with arousal already. You cover your face with disbelief. Ms. Matthews is so fucking hot, she's going to *squeeze* something absolutely massive inside of her, and, somehow, *you're* going to be able to witness all of the juicy action. You can scarcely believe it, but... it's really going to happen. You're *really* going to see it. You're going to be able to see her face shifting as she struggles to squeeze it all inside of her, you're gonna hear hot *moans* that are going to be so loud that they're going to etch themselves into your brain forever, and you're going to have a front row seat where you'll be able to watch her hole twitch and shudder and clench and *struggle* around whatever mammoth cock she's going to show off to you next.

Speaking of... you hear the bunny sigh *very* happily as she finds what she's looking for. There's a *grunt* of exertion as she grabs onto it and lifts it out of the chest - then, a chuckle as she sees your tiny self sitting there shaking with your hands over your face. "Found it," she singsongs. "The *biggest* dick in my collection. So far, at least."

You're scared to look. Mostly because you're deeply concerned about whether your poor heart can handle another shock. But your curiosity gets the better of your health. Whimpering in nervous excitement, you uncover your face and turn your head and...

... shit. Shit. Shit! Ms. Matthews is holding onto an absolute *monster*. Even if you were at your regular size it'd be the biggest dick you've ever seen! Fitting to its immense size, it's shaped like a horse's cock. A fat flared tip with a mottled brown length.

If the absolute slab of canine dick from before was a murder weapon then the equine length that she's holding onto now is a *nuclear warhead*. Something capable of wreaking destruction on a mass scale. Horse-shaped it might be, but... you're pretty sure that this gargantuan dildo would make even the most

well-hung stallion blush. There are at least eleven inches of silicone there. No, twelve. Maybe thirteen? Fourteen? Do they even make dildos that aren't fourteen inches big? Shit, it's hard to tell when you're such a speck.

Ms. Matthew squeezes the enormous silicone length between both of her hands, displaying just how *tiny* her grasp is in comparison to it. Her slender fingers can, at maximum stretch, wrap around about three-quarters of its girth. You can see quite clearly that her hands are quivering, but... you're not sure if that's because of the dildo's weight or how *eager* the bunny herself is. "Now *this*," she murmurs in her hot and blatant excitement, "*this* is a big cock."

Still down on your ass and staring at that gargantuan length, you nod your head in agreement. "It is, but..."

Ms. Matthews raises the length an inch or so away from her hand before bringing it back down into her palm, interrupting you with the *smack* of hefty silicone. "But it's too big for a girl like me," she sighs wantonly. "Right?"

Once again, you nod your head in agreement. Ms. Matthews smirks and looks down at the absolute monster she's barely holding onto. "Too big for my puss, maybe," she says with just a hint of disappointment. "But my ass... well... mmm, it's definitely snug, but... *possible*."

"There's no way," you whimper in disbelief. There's no way that she's going to fit that inside of her and even if she could... there's no way that she's going to let you *watch*, right? She's your teacher and you are *far* from one of her best students. Not that she should be showing this to any of her students, but... still! There's no way on this planet that you could be lucky enough to see something as lewd as that from this beautiful giant of a bunny, student or no student!

"Oh, trust me. When it comes to me and a dick this big? Well, let's just say then when there's a will, y'know... there's a *way*," the bunny chuckles as she continues to look down at her huge fake horse dick fondly. "Especially for a size queen... no, a *size goddess*... like me."

"You're... you're really going to put it inside of you?" you ask as you nervously point a finger at yourself. "In... in front of me?"

The bunny nods her head firmly. "Yup," she says all matter-of-factly. Casual and cool and informative. Like it isn't a huge deal at all. "You ready?"

Dripping in the sweat of a *very* nervous excitement and shaking like a leaf, you are most definitely *not* ready. "I, uh, gimme a sec," you whimper as you clench your palms together. "I think... you know, I, uh, need to calm down for a minute first..."

The grinning bunny suddenly *smacks* the horse dick down right on top of you. You only have time to look up and hold your hands above your head uselessly. Given how large and *hefty* it is you might expect that you were smashed into a pulp by this terribly violent maneuver, but... there's a suction cup on the bottom half, remember?

So underneath the suction cup you go. This is quite a traumatic process. Given that you were looking up at the time, you're first struck in the face and torso by the heavy base of the dildo. This knocks you onto your back belly-up, which is fortunate because there definitely isn't enough room to stand underneath the suction cup. Or, really, room to do barely anything at all. Even light struggles to find a way down here. Some manages to shine through the sides of the translucent suction cup, but... most of it is robbed away by the jet-black equine shaft that's parked on top of you.

As the cup surrounding you fulfills its intended purpose and starts to form a gentle suction upon the nightstand, your ears start to gently *pop* as the pressure shifts around your trapped little body and cool silicone weight starts to press down against your torso and abdomen. Neither is as bad as they could be. The cup's suction certainly isn't firm and the 'stallions' weight isn't entirely upon you. Indeed, from your miserable position you can see that there are noticeable gaps between plastic and wood. Certainly not wide enough for you to squeeze through, but... enough that you might be able to wiggle your fingers through and at least make a start.

At least, there *would* be enough room to try and do that if you could move your arms or your legs or your... well, your anything. The dildo's impressive weight might not be pressing down into you enough to crush you, but it *is* pressing down into you enough to trap you. Your hands are stuck at either side of your head, pressing against the upper portion of the suction cup and splayed out in almost exactly the same position they were in when the dildo was coming crashing down onto you. On top of that, you're quite stunned... because taking a building-sized sex toy to the face will do that to you or to anyone.

You manage to weakly tap your fingers against the underside of the suction cup, producing no sound at all to the outside world. "Ms... Ms. Matthews?" you squeak. "This... this isn't funny..."

Does the bunny hear you? Hard to tell, you can't see her. Though you can hear her. You think. Through gently ringing ears that feel as if they're being plugged up by cotton balls you can hear a sorta sloshy-smeary-slimy kinda noise. The sound of her huge fingers and palm spreading something wet and viscous around. The sound of...

... the bunny lubricating every inch of the impressive horse cock that she's about to squeeze up her tight little backside.

Your ears start to ring a little louder and the 'cotton buds' inside of them wedge themselves a little deeper. This is mostly because the bunny's hand is tightening the seal around you as she slides her slippery hand down her dildo's inches, but... it's also because you're reeling. This is happening. She's really going to do this to you.

Eventually, you open your mouth to scream. You're not sure whether you're going to bawl out something angry or pitifully plead for your life. You just know that you have to say *something* to try and stop her.

Unfortunately, those words never leave your mouth. Why? Because in the outside world - the one that you're no longer a part of, the one that you can barely see - Ms. Matthews has finished greasing up both her tail hole and her toy.

Which means that she's lining herself up above her toy. Doing so isn't particularly difficult for the bun. The chest that she's stuck both her horse cock and *you* onto is at the perfect height for penetration. All she needs to do is grab her cheeks, look over her shoulder, and lean back to...

... push her tiny little asshole against that huge flared stallion tip. This is the motion that silences you. That simple press of bunny butt pushes the dildo down enough to make the base of it *slam* against your chest, robbing you of both your oxygen and your ability to speak. You try to push back against it, but... let's be realistic here, you accomplish absolutely nothing. You don't stand even the slightest chance of holding up the huge horse cock - much less the bunny that's trying to bury it into her ass.

The silicone battering ram pressing down into your ribs is somehow the least of your problems, though. What's worse than that is the pressure drop as the seal tightens around you. As those tiny gaps between the suction cup and the chest slowly disappear, the pressure that was once only in your ears spreads and wraps around your skull like a vice. Your eyes start to sting as the ringing in your ears turns into a scream.

You scrunch your eyes closed and draw a strained breath. The air is thin and tastes like plastic. There isn't much relief or oxygen to be found in your gasp, but... that makes complete sense. You are one firm press away from being in a complete vacuum.

"Are you comfortable? Show's about to start," you hear Ms. Matthews coo from up above. Despite the pressure around your ears and head and - well, all of you - her words make it down to you. If you could answer then you would naturally tell her a firm *no*. But, you can't, and even if you could, you know full well that it wouldn't make a damn bit of difference anyway.

Outside of your miserable little world, high up in the giant world of bliss, Ms. Matthews draws a breath of her own. Hers is easy and not done out of fear or because she's been dumb enough to get herself trapped inside a vacuum. Hers is drawn because of anticipation. Preparation. She's excited because she's about to take the biggest toy she owns... and she also knows that being stretched out by the thing is gonna make her fucking *scream*, so she's gonna need all the air she can get. Hopefully, the neighbors don't think that someone is getting murdered again... though, this time, they'd kind of be right!

The bunny reaches behind her and grabs onto her bed posts with both of her hands. Down on the ground, her dainty white toes curl briefly before spreading outward as she enters a state of total relaxation. Then, with a wriggle of her little cotton-bud tail, she starts to push down on her favorite toy *firmly*.

As the huge n' slick flared tip presses against her tight little tail hole, the bunny remembers just how much *effort* it's going to take to get inside of her. The best kind of effort - a deeply *blissful* effort for the bunny - but still, *effort*. She wonders if you'll even survive the process... or if you're just gonna be decompressed paste before she manages to squeeze in the first inch.

You're wondering the exact same thing. For you, the pressure is now at an all-time high. Physically, spiritually, and literally. Your entire body feels as if it's about to *pop* - both because of the tremendous weight bearing down on you and the vacuum seal that's formed around you. The only thing you can hear besides the gong pounding in your ears is the sound of your bones *whining*. Or is that Ms. Matthews *moaning*? Hard to tell with how much your head is spinning. It's hard to tell *anything* right now. You're not entirely sure where you start and the dildo ends.

There is nothing you can do to fight it. Struggling? Quite literally impossible, there's so much weight on you now that you can't budge a centimeter. Deep breaths to try and calm yourself? Forget it, you can't even take a shallow breath in the vacuum you're in, much less a deep one. You can't even panic in the state you're in. There's too much nausea and dizziness roiling through your little body for your mind to be able to form a cohesive thought.

A single thought ebbs through your overwhelmed mind... and, surprisingly, it's not of your own demise. It's of Ms. Matthew's rear. A visualization of her little pink wrinkle of an asshole *shoving* itself down onto that flared tip. How tiny it is in comparison to it. How it'd look like a fucking soda can trying to push itself into a penny.

You hear a *pop*. Not from your ears or your bones, but a distant sound from the world that you desperately hope that you could escape to. It's the sound of the persistent bunny *squeezing* that first flared inch inside of her butt. You know this because...

... the pop is followed by a loud *moan*...

... and the loud moan is followed by a fierce shudder of your entire environment, dildo, suction cup, and all. The intense weight on your chest lifts as Ms. Matthews applies the 'brakes' and eases off of her push a little. The suction cup wiggles out of place ever so slightly in the process, reopening a slender gap or two that equalizes the pressure a little and restores precious oxygen to your environment.

You draw a breath. It hurts a little to do so, but you can tell that you're still in one piece. That nothing is broken or out of place somehow. The oxygen eases your nausea and dizziness a tad, but... it doesn't really take away any of the other side effects. You still have a vice around your head, your eyes sting, and there's a church bell ringing in your ears... because at this point, you've been through several sudden changes in pressure. Even if she pulled the dildo all the way off of you then you'd still be suffering for quite some time.

You can, at least, concentrate enough to think about something else other than Ms. Matthew's ass... though the image of her asshole spread *white* by thick black horse dick does pop into your mind ever so briefly before you start thinking about how to escape. You still can't move very much at all, but...

... you can move enough to pound your fists against the base of the suction cup. "Stop!" you manage to croak. "Please!"

Ms. Matthews raises her brow as she *just* about hears your pathetic cry over the sound of herself panting. Quiet and distant your muffled little voice might be, but she can hear that there's plenty of life in you yet, and... she can even *feel* it. Barely there - to the point where the bunny isn't sure if she's just imagining it - she can feel tiny little vibrations coursing up the vast length of her dildo. The vague feeling of your tiny fists pounding against its stem.

"I see you managed to stick around," the bunny murmurs as she licks her lips and lids her eyes mischievously. She looks over her shoulder and down toward the base of the dildo that's an inch-or-so deep into her ass. She can't see you underneath the suction cup at all, but... she enjoys visualizing you down there. Trapped. Smothered. Suffering while she has fun. "Though you don't sound like you're enjoying the show very much."

"That's... that's because I'm *not*!" you squeak. A dumb reply to be sure, but nobody could blame you right now for not being able to come up with anything better. "Please, it's horrible down here!"

"So ungrateful," the bunny replies with a scornful scoff that sounds thoroughly amused. As she talks to you - with one hand still holding onto the bedpost firmly -

she sneaks her other around to her front so that she can press it against the soaking seam of her pussy. "I go to all this effort - put on something pretty, show off for you, get out my biggest dick - and your response is to scream with horror. You're not much of a gentleperson, you know that?"

You close your mouth and decide not to say anything back to her, because... how the *fuck* do you reply to that, anyway? Instead, you focus your efforts on finding an escape route. Maybe if you push and move around a little - rock your aching shoulders and knees - you'll be able to get enough wiggle room to, well, *wiggle*.

"Oh, well," you hear Ms. Matthews sigh arrogantly before you can even start. Outside, her fingers flutter over her clitoris, just a half-inch or so away from touching the swollen little bud. "At least *one* of us is going to enjoy this, I suppose."

Your rubbery confines jostle once again. Then, everything comes crashing down on you again as Ms. Matthews jerks her hips downward and *squeezes* another couple of inches of fat horse cock up her ass, pummeling you with weight and shocking you with yet another harsh shift in pressure. Something inside of you *pops* and... well, it's not your ears or the bunny's asshole this time. Hard to tell what it was, but it's definitely something inside of you that *shouldn't* have popped and also it hurts. A lot.

But even the pain of a broken whatever isn't enough to distract you from the vice-like grip of the suction cups vacuum squeezing at you. It's worst around your skull - like your head is pinned between two concrete walls that are closing in more and more by the second - but that isn't to say that your body doesn't feel like it's being squeezed dry too. All in all, you don't feel too dissimilar to a kernel of corn sizzling away at the bottom of a hot pan. Like your insides are boiling up and expanding inside of you and you're gonna *burst* at any moment.

Before you can the pressure eases as Ms. Matthews stills her push to take another break.

You suck in all the air you can as a truly scant amount of it leaks in through the barely broken seal. Quite a lot of the bunny's weight is pressed down against it now, after all, meaning that there are fewer and fewer gaps. This time, though... whether because there's simply less air or just because of the barotrauma... your nausea does not fade. Your dizziness does not ebb. The pressure all around you doesn't dial back an inch. If anything, it only feels worse.

Before you can really soak all of that in, though, a greedy Ms. Matthews *humps* her perky butt down into you.

Then, everything *definitely* feels worse.

At least for you. Ms. Matthews, on the other hand, is having the time of her life. With six and a half inches of stallion cock in her ass and her fingers rubbing furiously at her folds, she's making loud and frantic moans out into the open air of her bedroom. What's *really* making her juice herself though - besides the girthy dick stuffing her ass and her thumb rocking over her clit - is the vague feeling of your struggles. Yes... she can still feel you. Or at least, the bunny *thinks* that she can. Perhaps that extremely vague *thing* that she can feel squirming around underneath the suction cup somewhere is all in her mind, but...

... it makes stuffing her tight ass full feel twice as pleasurable as usual. The bunny always knew that she had a sadistic side to her. Tying with whomever she managed to lure into her bed was always one of her favorite pastimes. But trapping one of her students underneath the suction cup of her favorite dildo and crushing the life out of them with her ass is far, far more than mere *toying*. It's torture.

The bunny's asshole tenses around the stallion stuffing it as she hesitates. She considers whether she should free you. Release you while you're still in one piece. Let you recover. Not so that she can save you - not because she regrets her actions here - but rather so that she can use you *again* later. A shrunken speck of a student like you is something that she never expected to find, after all... and there's a very good chance that she might never run into someone with your 'problem' again. That she might never have this joyful experience again if she, well... *wastes* you.

In the end, though, the bunny teacher is far too impulsive. Her clitoris is throbbing underneath her thumb, her butt still needs to be stuffed to the brim with her thickest 'friend', and her body is *blazing* with need.

The bunny's hips hitch forward, pulling about an inch free of her asshole's hold while dragging the dildo's wide flared head along her insides. A breathy moan comes out of her mouth, one that she quickly silences by biting down her lip. The suction cup jostles ever so slightly as she does so. A motion that she knows will bring you some air, that will relieve some of the pressure, that will prolong your survival.

Then - with a moan so loud that it couldn't be muffled no matter how hard the bunny bites her lip - Ms. Matthews thrusts her ass down *harder* than ever before. She needs to, really - not just because she's aching to be filled - but because the last half of her horsey friend is *always* a struggle to swallow. To the bunny, though, that's the best part... or at least, it was before *you* stumbled your way into her life. Her hump was good, though - skilled, practiced, she is, after all, a self-titled *size goddess* - and it's enough to push almost three-quarters of that thick fake cock into her ass. Sending that flared head close to her deepest depths.

The heavy thrust up into her guts tips the horny little teacher over her edge. Ms. Matthews cums - and she cums **hard**. A roiling screaming orgasm that sends her juices splattering all over her thighs and down onto the floor beneath her paws. While she shudders, while she squirts, while she *screams*, she *humps* and *humps* and *humps* at the fake horse cock beneath her like the bunny in heat that she is, pulling an inch or so out of her stretched ass before slamming it all the way back in. Having the absolute best time of her life while you...

... well, while you suffer horribly. You were already in quite a terrible state... and that was before the rabbit decided to turn into a jackhammer. Her previous thrusting was slow and methodical but now it is a *fury*. Silicone pounding against your frail body repeatedly, a vacuum creating and recreating itself all around you constantly, pressure shifting all around you and squeezing at you like it's trying to juice you like a fruit...

... it is a complete and total sensory and physical hell. So bad is your state - so ruined are your ears - that you can barely hear Ms. Matthews' shrill noises of pleasure... even if the neighbors can with *much* less proximity and several walls of plaster between them and the bun. You feel as if you're deep underwater and the giantess is the ocean that's crashing all around you, again and again and again.

Neither you nor the bunny can't count how many blows you take in the process of her orgasm - or even how *long* it is. Albeit in very different ways, *both* of your brains are scrambled. However many pounds, however long it takes, the bunny eventually comes to the end of one of the best orgasms of her life. An orgasm that would utterly sate most people, that would leave them limp on the floor, that would make them ache for days in the best way possible, but...

... Ms. Matthews isn't like most people. Even though she's clutching onto the bedpost hard enough that her claws have left gouges in it, even though she's struggling to support her weight, even though she's sore and you're even sorer... the bunny is hungry for more. After all, she's only three-quarters of the way down her big boy. On top of that, she most certainly has a few more orgasms left in her... it's been a while since she's been able to pleasure herself like this.

Also... you're still alive. Barely. Ms. Matthews knows this. She can hear *and* feel you making your final gasps. She's sure of it. "Even if you've been so... *rude*," she pants as she catches her breath, "I wouldn't want to break my promise to you. I did, after all, say that I would get this fat fucker all the way inside of me."

The bunny's almost whispered words don't hit your ears. Though what does hit your ears - and the rest of you - is the bunny's downward thrust. Intent upon finishing the job, Ms. Matthews plunges herself down onto the dildo with a truly impressive amount of fierceness for a bunny who just practically squirted her

brains out. The last few inches *squeeze* into her ass. The pleasure, pain, and satisfaction of taking a stallion's cock into her little ass shoots up the rabbit's spine with such intensity that she starts to loudly cum *again*.

This time, though, you don't hear the screams. The blow flattens you completely. You have gone from being crushed by the thing both supporting and being fed into the bunny's ass to being smothered underneath it properly and totally as she sits on the chest that you were once standing atop of. Sure, there's a suction cup and a building of silicone in the way of it, but what you're feeling now is the *true* weight of the giant's not-so-petite butt... and, *fuck*, is it heavy. The heaviest thing you've ever felt. Heavy enough that it's crushing you to pieces, and, even if it wasn't...

... the woman's repetitive and frantic thrusts down into you most certainly would. Yes, just like last time, the bunny is humping at her beloved toy... though, this time, you have no chance of surviving it. This time, it grinds you into a pulp. Not that Ms. Matthews notices or particularly cares. Indeed, in her mind, you're still alive, suffering, screaming... and every hump is empowered by that.

"Oh f-fuck," Ms. Matthews whines as her orgasm comes to an end. Unable to hold herself up, her hand slips from the bedpost as her body slumps backward. Luckily, she's already sat down on the chest... so all that happens is that her back noisily collides with the footrest of her bed. Panting, almost whining, with her toes curling down on the floor, she makes a goofy but oh-so-satisfied smile. She wants more. So much more.

But... she's also sore. Worn out. Two thigh-soaking orgasms will do that to anyone. That doesn't mean that she isn't *trying* her best to keep toying with herself. Her slender fingers are stroking her sticky folds while her hips gently gyrate around her toy, bouncing butt and continuing your progression from person to paste. But she's also getting tired. Her motions slowing, her body relaxing against her will.

"You're getting old, Clarice," she yawns to herself as her eyes slowly close. Her lips smack together - and then, exhausted, she falls asleep.

The bunny's eyes flutter open about an hour later. The first thing that she feels is how sore and warm and... *good* she feels. The second thing that she feels is the immense horse dick still up her ass. *Fuck*. What was she even *doing* before she fell asleep? Her brain feels all scrambled... she can barely remember.

Ms. Matthews winces and shuffles her paws on the floor a little. Her legs *hurt* - but she needs to find her footing so that she can pull her fucking bludgeon of a toy out of her ass and *maybe* get some actual sleep in an actual bed tonight. "You do some really stupid shit when you're horny," she mutters grumpily to herself as her toes tense on the floor. "Really need to... stop putting this thing up

my ass... I'm going to break something one day."

She doesn't break anything today, though... or at least, not herself. She might be struggling to remember you right now, but that doesn't erase the fact that she utterly broke *you*. With a little grunting - and a *lot* of effort - the bunny manages to slowly pull herself off of the immense root of horse dick stuck in her ass and stand on a pair of *extremely* shaky legs.

The bunny presses her hand against her stomach and gives it a few circular rubs, attempting to massage away a little of the soreness. Then - wincing and hobbling - she turns around and wraps both of her hands around her toy and *yanks* it off the chest.

The suction cup sounds... surprisingly *wet* as she pulls it free, though. There's also... a vague red ring on top of the chest where the cup was stuck down. "Shit," she grunts, "did you make me fucking *bleed* you huge goddamn bastard?"

Suddenly feeling *quite* awake - but still very sore - the bunny's wide eyes flick down to the suction cup. Around its inner rim, splattered and red and pasty is... well, you. Or... what's left of you, anyways. An unrecognizable and well-pulped smear.

Memories come flooding back to her. The bunny smiles deviously as she remembers everything. Even though she was planning to go to bed only a couple of minutes ago... well, now she's tempted to start up another round with this bad boy. It might be 2AM, but there's still plenty of time before she has to get herself to college.

The bunny gives her favorite toy an affectionate and apologetic stroke. "That's right, you didn't make me bleed," she murmurs. "All you did was break a toy."