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# *Leap of Faith*



Marooned on a shelf, you've waited for an opportunity to signal for help. The door swings open and the busy Katsu walks in. Knowing she's never been the nicest, you wager waiting may be the more cautious play here.



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That is, until your animal brain takes over.  
Her cleavage comes into view. It never escaped  
your notice before, but at this moment, the voyeur  
in you is caught in a trance.

Could they really that soft?



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Before logic can kick in and remind you that the fall, even to her chest, could be deadly, your legs are extended as you've pushed with all your meight, transfixed on the crevice created by two soft bodies.



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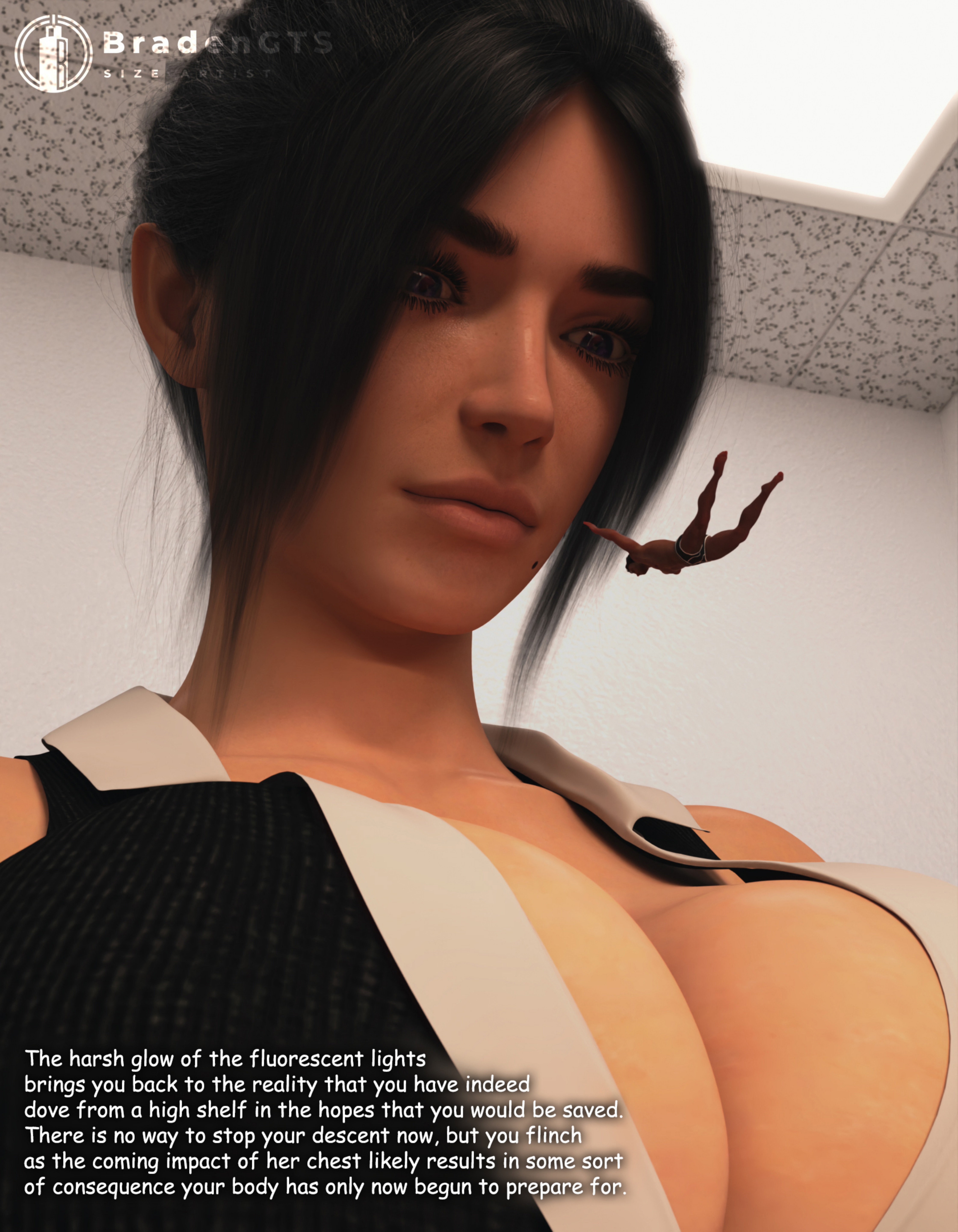
The fall is exhilarating the rush of the 'wind' flying past you. The fast approaching mounds you've designated as your 'landing spot.' And the cold gaze of a coworker who simply wanted some documents.





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The harsh glow of the fluorescent lights brings you back to the reality that you have indeed dove from a high shelf in the hopes that you would be saved. There is no way to stop your descent now, but you flinch as the coming impact of her chest likely results in some sort of consequence your body has only now begun to prepare for.



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Much to your surprise, they are even softer than you could have imagined. Wedged between her mounds, the fear of the days restricted to a dusty top shelf are washed away in the warmth of her bosom.



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"What?"







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Pinned now, you can feel her looking down.  
You are surely not under the radar now as you  
feel movement from the the woman. Perhaps  
she will be the savior you hoped for after all?



Hearing the beating of her heart brought no comfort.  
You lay prone as the fingers force back the unfathomable  
weight of her chest. Does she intend to save you?



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Instead of fishing you out,  
she pulls them apart further.  
As you plunge further into her  
cleavage, you can't help but feel  
there was a small miscalculation  
due to overwhelming horny.





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"You... just leapt in there didn't you? Wait, are you that guy they have been looking for? To think you've been in here the whole time" she said, exercising overwhelming authority with just her finger.





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She hardly seemed surprised you were there, let alone in any rush to help you out. She actively seems to be... enjoying her power at the moment, and with no hope to actually resist her, you futilely fight back on the lingering digit.



And like that, her competition in the office was handled. She'd wondered where he had gotten off to after shrinking him. It seemed like a discreet way to get rid of someone... but having not found him, this loose end had been bugging her for a week.



As the walls close in, the weight settling on your body,  
you remember the countless hours spent on that dusty ledge.  
Had you remained there, you likely would have seen her come and go.

No risk to your safety.

Do you regret having leapt?

Knowing that the very woman who held you  
deep in her cleavage was also responsible for  
putting you in this situation?

Hell no!



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"Good, I can still feel him moving around.  
I'll dip out early and get home."



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So instead of finding a savior to your predicament, you found an ambitious coworker who actively made her own advantages in the work place.  
It could be worse though.  
She could have put you in her shoe..

