

New World Order (Book 1)

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Warning this story contains: Shrunken Man, giantess, mature giantess, BBW

Chapter 1

Olivia Newton-West looked at her reflection in the mirror. The years had been kind to her, in her opinion, despite the fact that she had worked hard for her whole career. Long hours and a stressful job took its toll but she had a natural energy which radiated from her eyes and face which continued to do battle with age on a daily basis. Today would make it all worth it.

She had finished applying her cursory amount of makeup. She did it for herself, no-one else. She preferred a striking eyeliner which set off her light brown eyes, a slight almost imperceptible bit of rouge on her cheeks and a clear lip balm which prevented the chapping of lips from the bitter winter weather, either from her two cities of New York and London; she now considered either of them to be home.

She folded a lock of hair behind her ear and then neatly arranged her cosmetics back in a line, in their place. She adjusted her dark outfit, it was a white blouse with a dark jacket, skirt and nylon tights. It was a specially made outfit for her. Quite traditional but she needed traditional today.

She needed to garner the support of men. Some of whom were older than her. Others were around about her age. She grimaced at the thought of it. It made her blood boil. The hard work that she had put into the company, over twenty-five years at the company and she had to basically interview for the job title that she had earned several times over in the last few years.

Her phone pinged with an alert. Olivia glanced at the smartphone, a tag blinked up telling her that her Executive Uber car was arriving.

She picked up her executive wallet-bag on the way out and grabbed her keys.

"Morning Olivia!" Duncan greeted her cheerfully as he met her in the stairwell.

He was on his way up from his morning run, beads of sweat were pouring off his head.

She respected Duncan. He was the only person awake in their luxury apartment block at 5.00am and he managed to always look so upbeat. She admired his tenacity. Just like how she lived her life she couldn't recall him having a day off from his routine either.

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"Morning Olivia, how are you today?" The security guard greeted her at 5.45am.

Olivia was on the dot every day and today she didn't expect to change anything, despite her agenda being deliberately clear up to her important 10am meeting.

"Morning Roberto, I am well thank you. Fresh and ready for another day, take care now," she smiled sweetly and swiped through the security gates to the lift core.

She knew that he watched her sizable hips as she walked past him through the security gate. He would see her large buttocks individually rising and falling, swaying, as she strode confidently.

He watched her every day, but she wasn't too bothered. He didn't leer, he appreciated her form.

Besides he was a man, who clearly liked a shapely figure, who could blame him following his instinct.

Roberto watched her enter the lift. She lumbered from side to side. He had a thing for much larger women than himself but he had never seen anybody quite like Olivia. At approximately 6 ft 2 she was taller than most men but her bust size and her hips were off the scale in terms of size.

How she could have such energy to go about her daily routine he didn't know, that was partly what attracted him to her, and had him in awe as well.

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The PIR controlled lighting flickered on as she entered the office space on level 8.

The lights continued to light up in advance of her, announcing her arrival as she marched down the corridor of the office space. The raised floor creaked under her weight as she proceeded.

She could see a pool of light at the far corner.

Her PA, Lucy, was quietly organising some paperwork at her desk. Olivia knew that her PA ensured that she arrived and was at her desk at 5.30. It was always before Olivia's arrival.

Her assistant was loyal to the bone and always ensured she was there before Olivia arrived and left after she was gone every day. That included Saturdays. That always made her first and last out of the office. Which also meant that in the London HQ office of five hundred people she tallied the longest working hours out of all employees.

Olivia ensured that she was recompensed sufficiently for the time she devoted to Olivia and the company, but pay didn't breed loyalty; her PA was naturally loyal to her.

It couldn't have been clearer when Olivia had encouraged her to take a Vice President position in her team and she had refused, proudly stating that being Olivia's PA was the highest position she needed. It had been flattering and, to be honest, astounding.

Olivia was so ambitious that she couldn't even comprehend what had compelled Lucy to make that decision.

She reminded Lucy occasionally that the position could be made open, in case Lucy was just being polite, but no she didn't want it. In fact she grew more and more agitated each time it was suggested.

"Morning Olivia," Lucy called out with an impossibly chipper voice.

She looked up from her paperwork in her arms. She clutched a manila folder to her chest.

"Morning Lucy, did you sleep Well?" Olivia gave Lucy a warm smile.

"I could barely sleep, I was so excited about today... big day!" She was literally squirming with excitement for Olivia.

Olivia had grown used to Lucy's enthusiasm over the years. It was endearing, she nearly found it infectious.

"I was the same," she lied with a thin smile.

"I have your presentation," Lucy followed Olivia into her partitioned office, oblivious to the lie.

The lights came on automatically, bathing Olivia's large executive suite in artificial lighting.

In the near distance, outside the glazed curtain walling of the office building, the golden rising sun was starting to peek itself past the silhouette of St Paul's cathedral's domed roof.

"What are these boxes here for?" Olivia looked down at the floor near the door.

"Oh I'm preparing for the move so that you are ready and moved by tomorrow once we get the news..."

"It's quite presumptuous Lucy, they still need to ratify it all and so on..."

"Oh, please," Lucy flicked her hand down in the air, "it's surely a formality. Who else is there for them to choose from, who else is more suited for the job. They said that the brief for the Board was to recruit the new CEO from an experienced and well respected individual within the company."

Olivia nodded in agreement. That's what the Chair of the Board of Directors, Martin Wheeler, had informed her two months ago.

He and Olivia had collectively bridged the gap left by the swift departure of the incumbent CEO, Michael Bradley.

He had been dismissed in disgrace. Only Olivia's department was the shining beacon of performance against the sudden declining performance of the rest of the company under the Bradley premiership. Olivia's department had singlehandedly developed several new vaccines through the final Phase III trials and a number of new technologies and medicines were in the pipeline.

Her department was also working on the secretive shrinking technology, that had been banned in most countries; since the incident with the original creators over five years ago now.

"Thank you Lucy," Olivia reached forward to receive the hard copy of the presentation material. There was also a USB stick with the content.

"Let me know if you want another dry run," Lucy offered to Olivia.

Olivia nodded her thanks but ultimately declined.

"I'll go and make some tea," Lucy pottered off; leaving Olivia to her thoughts.

She ran through the presentation in her head several times.

After some time there was a knock on the side of her door.

"Yes," she said absently.

"Hi Olivia, just wanted to wish you luck for your meeting today!" The Finance Director, Faisal, and several of the company project managers had assembled in her doorway.

"Come in everyone, thank you." She welcomed them in. She stayed in her chair, her large folds of her butt and thighs filled her executive chair. "I'm very grateful for your support, I must say that it is completely down to the Boards decision today,"

"Yes, Yes," the Faisal responded with a wry smile and roll of his eyes, "no need to be modest we all know that you're the right person for the job," he gave a warm smile and thumbs up.

"Yes, thank you, we'll see," Olivia blushed at the huge show of support.

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Olivia sat in the soft seating lounge adjacent to the Board room. She was there at 9.45, her presentation material was lying on her lap.

She rarely felt nervous. She was usually in full control in every situation she was in at work, and usually in her private life as well. But today she was very anxious. Her palms were sweating, there was a slight and uncontrollable shake to her arms and legs. Sweat trickled down her back.

"Hi Olivia," a male voice projected across the lounge from the lift lobby. She looked up at the voice, startled.

"Hi Sam," she replied quizzically.

She wondered why the Director of Procurement was here. She watched him hawkishly as he made his way over to the soft seating and sat down opposite her.

He was dressed in his finest tailor-made West End suit and tie, he looked trim and athletic. He leaned into the back of the sofa with a very casual look cast in her direction and then immediately broke eye contact and glanced at the magazines on the coffee table for longer than was necessary.

"How is everything in Procurement?" She finally asked, breaking the uncomfortable silence.

"Good thanks..." he looked up at her, his eyes unwilling to settle on her for too long. He was uncomfortable looking at her. He had always been that way. Athletic and thinner people seemed to take great umbrage at her presence. "How is everything in Operations and R&D?" He asked back through gritted teeth.

"Good Thanks, all going Well," she replied evenly, studying him over her chest as she laid back against the backrest of the sofa. Perhaps he was doing a presentation to the Board on something. She had seen the agenda and he didn't have a section on it, unless he was under 'Any Other Business'.

She opened her mouth as she was just about to enquire but the door to the board room opened. The secretary to the chairman peered down his nose looking into the waiting area. He was like a doctor calling a patient in.

"Sam, would you like to come through?" Sam looked over, smiled briefly at Olivia and then slipped past the secretary into the board room.

Olivia exchanged a glance with the secretary.

"Hi Olivia, did you not get the message?" he shut the door behind him and took a few paces towards her. He held his hands uncomfortably at his sides. He always seemed to stare at her enormous bust and not her face.

"What message?" She asked, feeling blood drain from her head, she picked up on his passive expression. This was not the warm welcome an incoming CEO would be given, it was the expression of someone who was not wanting to be the messenger.

“I left a message to let you know that you will not be needed in the board meeting today,” Olivia didn’t know how to respond to that.

“Peter,” the door opened and the Chairman poked his head out, “are you coming back in, the minutes won’t take themselves,” he spotted Olivia. “Ah…” his expression turned from playful to crestfallen.

“Hello Olivia, did you not get the message?”

“No, I’ve not received a message,” Olivia stood up. “What’s going on here, I thought today was about the announcement of the CEO?”

“It is about the announcement of the CEO,” Peter continued. The Chairman held his hand up and walked over, placing it on Peter’s shoulder.

“Let me speak to Olivia, alone please,” Peter departed, giving her chest a final glance. She couldn’t stick the creep.

Her eyes flicked to Martin Wheeler, the Chairman of the Board.

“What’s going on Martin?” She took a step towards him. He was slightly shorter than her, but half a foot and she could sense his slight unease at a taller and much larger woman in bust and hip approached him.

“Well, Peter was supposed to tell you…” she cleared his throat and glanced towards the lift lobby.

“Nobody is here but us Martin,” she spoke curtly, fed up with the charade.

“Well the Board has discussed matters and has decided that Sam Parnick is to be named the company CEO.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” She growled, pointing at the door to the board room, her bingo wings below her arms flapped inside her outfit almost causing her to lose balance in her anger. “You’re naming that clown CEO today? Instead of me?” Martin visibly took a step back away from her.

“I wanted to have a coffee with you and speak to you more calmly about this,” he replied quietly. “Can we speak another time please? I’ve got the whole board in there,”

“Yes, of course, we had better not keep them waiting.” She rubbed her palms against her sides, wiping off the sweat. Her anxiety was being shed and replaced with anger. “Just tell me, did he get picked because he’s better than me, or because I’m a woman?”

“Olivia, please, let’s not do this now,” he replied.

“Thanks, that’s all I needed to know,” she growled.

“I could have expected that from some of them but not you Martin, I’m very disappointed. After everything I have done for this company… and for you…” she was fuming.

“The medical…” Martin mumbled.

“What, what was that?”

“You failed the medical examination…” he trailed off. Olivia’s eyes were wide open in surprise, as was her mouth.

“The Board is very impressed with your work but it has confirmed that it cannot accept to have a CEO who is not fit and in shape to run the company,”

“I run the most important department in the company... globally...”

Martin cut her off with a polite gesture of peace, holding his palms facing upwards.

“I’m sorry Olivia. It would have been great to have a female CEO and one of your experience and ambition, but... rules are rules.”

Olivia’s face was red with anger. She turned on her heel and stormed back towards the lift lobby, loud thumping steps, and promptly tapped the button to get back down to Level 8.

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Olivia wanted to shrivel into a small ball, she detested every single one of the board members. Those snivelling little creeps only appointed Sam as CEO because he was a white male and part of ‘the club’. She was the right person for the job.

Martin had even prompted her with the idea, he had clearly been overridden by the board. The spineless toad hadn’t fought them on it, at least that’s what she gathered.

Medical exams can be overcome. If they really wanted her as CEO they could have given her a trainer... or something.

She glanced at her reflection in the mirror of the lift. For the first time in a long time she saw herself how they saw her. It took her by surprise.

Her hips, butt and thighs had grown huge over the years. Her cleavage had also grown out of proportion. Most of her upper body and stomach was more slight in comparison, albeit there was an inevitable thickening to her arms and shoulders.

“I’m a fucking giant pear...” she growled at her reflection.

Lucy had been incredibly apologetic, she was waiting on the other side of the lifts, pacing up and down nervously. She had been denied access upstairs and Olivia hadn’t checked her phone, hence not receiving the message that had been sent to Lucy and her just as she had gone upstairs.

Lucy had apologised profusely but Olivia had assured her she just wanted to be left alone. She was in a brooding mood.

The rest of the day she had asked Lucy to clear all of her calls and meetings. She left out the back door of the office.

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Olivia sat watching TV in her apartment, she wasn’t absorbing what she was watching, her eyes were misted over, thinking over and over again the events of the morning. It was so embarrassing, the number of people over the last few weeks who had wished her good luck. Half the company had been vying for her to be CEO, now how could she look them in the eye.

She was respected as a prominent leader in the company, now how would they see her?

Outpaced by a buffoon; like Sam. He was younger than her as well, less experienced and more successful somehow.

But good at golf... Perhaps that is what had been more important to the all-male board members.

The buzzer to her door jolted her out of her daydream. She glanced at the door and then heaved herself up from the sofa and ponderously padded over to the intercom, glancing at the HD video display. She was surprised to see Lucy in the view.

“Lucy, what are you doing here at this time?” She glanced at the timer, it was nearly 22:30.

“Hi Olivia, can you let me in please?” Olivia sighed and pressed the door release, waiting for Lucy to get up to her floor she let her in. She rested her huge weight by leaning against the wall as she waited.

“Hi Olivia,” Lucy gave a thin, almost apologetic smile.

“You don’t need to tread on eggshells around me Lucy,” Olivia turned and headed towards the kitchen with a slow lumbering gait. “Drink?”

“Yes please, gin and tonic,” Lucy replied instantly. She waited until drinks were poured and then drank a healthy portion each.

“I can’t believe they did that to you,” Lucy finally said, nursing her empty glass in her hands. Her eyes looked at Olivia’s imploringly.

“I know, but I don’t really want to talk about it...”

“So I’ve heard a few things,” Lucy continued. Olivia’s eyes narrowed inquisitively, she headed back to the sofa and switched off the TV.

“What do you mean?”

“So, I’ve heard that Sam is dating Richard Parkinson’s daughter, apparently they got engaged very recently...”

Richard Parkinson was one of the senior board members. He was a prominent member, one that the rest of them seemed to follow on a number of issues.

Also it was Richard who Olivia had clashed verbal swords with a few times over recent years, with her presentations for new research budgets, which subsequently proved to be successful investments. She had thought it water under the bridge.

She shook her head.

“Fucking men...” was all she said. She leant back into her sofa.

“Fucking men,” Lucy drank her glass dry and leaned back into the armchair she was in. “They don’t like powerful women,” she said finally.

“They’re really still boys aren’t they?” Olivia stated. “They are scared little boys, who gang up together to protect their own.”

Lucy nodded in agreement.

“You would make so much of a better CEO than Sam, for the record,” she finally stated, looking sympathetically at Olivia.

Olivia nodded her thanks and finished her drink.

“Thanks, perhaps if there were some more open minded people on the board then it would be different.” She shook her head. “I’m feeling so done with the company right now,”

“Don’t let their stupidity force you out, after all your hard work. We’ve achieved some amazing things. The new technology we’re patenting and getting legislation passed through Parliament and the US Senate on the new shrink technology...”

Olivia waved it off. She heaved herself up from the sofa and grabbed more alcohol to top their glasses up.

“I can’t believe you’ll let them do this without a fight...” Lucy leaned forwards urging Olivia with the intonation in her voice. Olivia just felt tired in that moment. She felt... defeated. The anger had dissipated. She felt like she had no fight left in her; today at least.

“What if you taught the board members a lesson?” Lucy asked randomly, as if the thought had just occurred to her.

Olivia glanced at her curiously. Then she chuckled when she realised Lucy was being serious.

“I’m not a headmistress. They’ll learn a lesson when Sam runs the company into the ground. I just don’t intend to be there for the ride, that’s all.”

“I mean, something a bit more immediate and... physical...” Lucy trailed off. She pulled out something from her bag, it was oblong in shape but had a pistol grip and a trigger and a series of controls with a dome shaped muzzle.

Olivia instantly recognised it.

“What the hell are you doing with our handheld shrinking device?” She sat bolt upright, staring at the experimental company technology.

“Hear me out, it’s been signed out under one of our departed colleagues names, it’s okay,” Lucy held a hand up to calm Olivia.

Olivia looked at Lucy, wide eyed. Had her PA gone out of her mind? She was taking this whole CEO news worse than Olivia was by the looks of things.

“Listen,” Lucy continued, “you know how close we are getting to clearing the White Paper through Parliament for shrinking and growth technology to become legalised, at least for further testing. Sam will completely screw that up if he becomes CEO... Right?”

Olivia nodded in agreement.

“It’s a patented technology that Pharmadon owns, so if you left then it’s not like you can just pick up where you left off somewhere else. It’s years’ worth of research and then years’ worth of lawsuits if you start up a similar product.”

“Yes, but we can’t just take it out of the lab either...”

“Why not?” Lucy interrupted, “there was a whole row of these shrinking devices in the lab, they won’t miss just one of them.” Olivia leaned back on her sofa. Lucy noticed that it creaked as she did so. Olivia didn’t notice the sound, she was deep in thought.

Olivia slowly shook her head in disagreement... and disappointment at Lucy.

“You’ve devoted your life and career to the company, it’s about time you got some true recompense,” Lucy concluded. She looked at her boss with sympathy in her eyes.

Olivia’s eyes stared back at the TV, deep in thought. Lucy could almost see cogs whirring in Olivia’s head. She was working all of the scenarios out. Then she glanced at Lucy and finally nodded.

“Fine, I’m listening, what do you propose?” She enquired, clucking her chin.

“Well,” Lucy started, lifting her bag up in the air and depositing it on the coffee table, she brushed away various ready meal food trays to clear some space. “I was thinking that the first step would be to clear away the competition,” she reached her hand into the bag and lifted it back out.

Olivia’s eyes snapped wide open as soon as she saw what Lucy was lifting out the bag. She could see Sam’s head and shoulders and upper body protruding from Lucy’s hand. Pharmadon’s CEO was much smaller in size than he had been earlier in the day.

Lucy continued to lift him out the bag and then gently put him down on the surface of the table.

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Sam heard the zip of the bag being opened and scrambled backwards as much as he could, Olivia’s crazy PA was coming back for him. He yelped as a giant hand reached inside, he felt her fingertips probing blindly inside.

Some of them brushed over his legs and then the hand was almost instantly changing direction and wrapping around his waist.

He was lifted out, artificial light blared out him as he was lifted out of the bag. He clutched at the index finger of the giant hand, hoping he wouldn’t be dropped from height.

He heard the gasp of another woman and looked towards the source, as he was gently lowered to a glass table and then released from the giant hand’s clutches.

He staggered backwards, beholding the sight ahead of him.

He was disgusted... Olivia had been behind this all along, he should have known. She clearly didn’t accept that he had been made CEO and had taken her immediate and sick revenge on him.

He looked up in fear. Her thighs spilled over the sides of the mattress cushions and spread out either side of her enormous hips and buttocks. She was wearing a thin top which accentuated her giant breasts which always seemed, to him, to be so big and swollen that they were about to burst. Her arms billowed outwards from her body.

She was normally much taller than him in height and much, much bigger than him in stature, but now, in his diminutive form, she was distinctly ginormous.

She was a terrifying sight to behold. He couldn’t even take in her whole body at once without moving his head to look at her various features. Not that he particularly wanted to.

She had never been attractive to him over the years, but in the last few years she had worked herself so much and clearly it had affected her already large physique. Now she was a large woman but truly, the sight ahead of him terrified him.

He staggered back a bit more, he had drunk quite a bit that afternoon and evening, celebrating his success. He couldn't tell if this was really happening to him or some bizarre trip he was having, but it definitely felt real. It's not like he would have a fantasy about Olivia any time soon.

He looked quickly to the side, Lucy was there as well, peering down at him. She was kneeling next to the table. Her face was so close he could feel her warm breath flowing over him.

Lucy was attractive, a shapely woman, not normally his type, but she was good looking and had a nice big round butt and quite large breasts, which he liked, but Olivia's was... he looked back at the giant woman... massive.

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"Lucy, oh my god, what have you done, is that really Sam?" Olivia asked, leaning forwards as far as her large breasts would allow her to, whilst looking down at the diminutive man. She knew the answer already.

"Yep, he's going to find it hard to be CEO at six inches in height. It's going to be hard for anyone to respect him," Lucy giggled and reached out, giving Sam's upper shoulders a firm flick with her finger. He staggered forwards in shock, his arms wheeling as he staggered up to the edge of the table.

He yelped and his arms wheeled, his body wobbling in panic, trying to maintain his balance and prevent him tipping off the side of the table.

"Don't..." Olivia held up her hand to stop Lucy from any further action. Lucy had a wicked grin on her face. Her other hand was balled up next to him on the table, balled up like a club. Olivia wasn't sure what she had planned to do with him but the look on Lucy's face didn't evoke any thoughts that she was going to give Sam a nice and comfortable early retirement.

"Let's just crush him and flush this little fucker down the toilet," Lucy growled down at Sam.

Sam looked up at her in shock, shaking his head up at her.

"No, please... please don't kill me," He collapsed to his knees and clasped his hands together. "Please don't, it's not my fault the board voted for me to be CEO..."

"Enough," Olivia cut him off with a wave of her hand. "We're not going to kill you-"

"But..." Lucy started but Olivia cut her off with another wave of her hand.

"Lucy, thank you for trying to be helpful, but this just creates a massive issue for me, you've kidnapped a man and brought him into my home... I'm going to have to call the authorities..."

"No, please..." Lucy snapped her head over to Olivia's direction, her malice turned to an innocent fear of disappointment. She looked up to Olivia and looked devastated that she had disappointed her. "I just couldn't stand what they did to you, so..."

"I know," Olivia nodded. "Your loyalty goes beyond rational thought sometimes," she gave a brief chuckle and then looked down towards Sam, apologetically.

"I think it's time that you leave Lucy... We can speak more about this tomorrow."

"Okay," Lucy responded uncertainly. Her expression softened slightly, Olivia's sudden change of tone gave her hope that she wasn't about to be called in and arrested. "Fine... I'm sorry Olivia..." she reached forwards to pick Sam up from the table.

Olivia stopped her with a hand outstretched.

“I think it’s best that you leave him with me... don’t you?” Olivia suggested. Lucy glanced at her, then back at Sam and then slowly nodded.

“If you don’t mind,” Olivia held out her palm and gestured with her fingertips for Lucy to bring him to her hand.

Lucy lifted up the six inch tall man and handed him over to Olivia. Olivia’s large hand wrapped around his body. She could feel the soft fabric of his tailored suit beneath her fingers. He wriggled slightly but then realised it was not in his interest to do so.

There was a murderous woman within reaching distance from him, he realised it was best for him right now to be in Olivia’s grasp.

“Leave the shrinking device as well please,” Olivia instructed.

Lucy picked up her handbag and started for the door.

“See you in the morning,” Olivia shouted after Lucy.

“Good night,” Lucy quietly left Olivia’s large apartment. She clutched her handbag close to her side. She was glad that she didn’t tell Olivia that she had tested the shrinking gun out before she had used it on Sam.

Inside her handbag she had a six inch tall man, some guy that had been in the male toilets when she had burst in, spontaneously looking for someone to test it on.