

Interplanetary Turnabout

A Story Commission for Sax

Rain - Dragonien

Content Warning: Macro, Micro, Nano, Shrinking, Soft Vore,

Pawplay, Extreme Size Difference

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Interplanetary Turnabout



“Mmm, that’s right. Get those tongues nice and deep in there between the toes.”

The giant’s rumbling voice rolled across the surrounding cityscape like the rumble of thunder. Not that anyone was surprised at the volume and deep pitched tone of the words considering the voice’s owner was well over five hundred feet tall. The people down below had little time to dwell on the immense size of their tormentor, though. Of the nearly two dozen people on the ground below the giant green and red skinned argonian every single one of them was busy dutifully pressing their faces and muzzles into the supple, malleable flesh between Sax’s massive toes. The city’s population had long since learned to do as they were told lest the giant become irate with them and clench his toes back together. When each of those toes was the size of a small house they would be lucky if being unable to breath smothered between two walls of green flesh was the only problem they had. They had already seen what happened when the giant actually made an effort to squeeze his toes together around one of them. Luckily the people currently on the

job they were the smart ones. Or at least, the smartest ones left that knew better than to disobey.

None of the people could remember how long it had been since the massive reptilian giant had appeared. One second it was just another normal day and the next the city was thrown into chaos by the reptilian man growing out of an innocuous building downtown they had come to discover was some kind of secret research laboratory. The population never had time to properly investigate the facility, though. Not when Sax had immediately moved to claim the city as his own. The giant had made quick work of any resistance and taken over completely in only a couple of hours. It wasn't even a full day later before the city's infrastructure and population were diverted to tending to his every petty whim and desire. Work crews with equipment normally used for heavy construction and road-building instead found themselves giving manicures to fingers sporting claws bigger than cars. Entire truck convoys were brought together transport food to the giant who often times simply picked up the truck and dumped its contents into his waiting maw with little care to if the truck, or its driver, survived. The few times the rough movement had jerked the truck's door open and left the driver tumbling down into the waiting chasm of the giant's mouth either he showed no signs of noticing or, worse, grinned and showed he was fully aware of what had just happened. But the people worst off were those forced into tending the giant-sized lizard's physical desires and his equally giant-sized ego.

His preferred pampering quickly turned out to be tasking the population with tending to his feet. He clearly took great pleasure in forcing the populace into rubbing, kissing, and even licking every inch of his feet. Feet which both shamed high end yachts with their enormous size. The giant would prop up his feet on their heels either flat on the ground or atop some building or overpass and just sit there, leaning back against a building like it were the back of an armchair. All the while he savored the feeling of dozens of tiny hands rubbing against the supple and clearly well-cared-for flesh of his feet. If Sax were being honest their efforts were barely noticeable. Even the roughest and most aggressive actions of people digging in their palms or elbows barely registered to someone of his size. They were simply too much smaller than him. But it was the thought that counted. And the thought of having an entire crowd of miniscule people forced to worshipping him like the god he now saw himself as was more than enough to make up for the lack of physical stimulation.

But, while their other actions barely even registered, the licking Sax did notice. He relished that cool tickle of wetness he felt every time one of their tiny tongues swept across his emerald paw flesh and left a trail of saliva in its wake. The actions may have only covered a fraction of a fraction of his paw's surface area but the spot of wetness sent tiny shivers up and down his spine when he felt the wind blow against it. At first the demand to start focusing on licking his feet had appalled everyone. But, after the loudest protestor found themselves singled out and casually snuffed out under one of the heels of Sax's feet like a cigarette butt without a moment of remorse or hesitation, the populace quickly stopped complaining anywhere he might hear them.

But his feet weren't the only place that Sax put the thousands of people at his mercy to work. Those that weren't relegated to foot worship duty were dropped in other areas all across the giant's body and told to rub, lick, and kiss whatever they could reach for his own satisfaction. The giant took particular joy in plucking up the larger people when he could find them, ones that looked like they had either spent a lot of time in the gym or lived a life of hard labor to earn a powerfully muscular physique, and dropping them on his biceps then flexing for them. The giant wasn't exactly muscular, though no one could reasonably call anything about him small, but proportionally he had a smaller build than anyone that spent more than a couple hours a week at the gym. Which was probably why he took so much smug satisfaction in making them kiss over biceps bigger than their houses when those biceps would have been pathetically small in comparison if he had been the same size as the muscular people.

Occasionally he made a particular point of visiting then casually resting his foot on top of the homes of some of these powerfully build people. Then he would challenge them to stop him as he slowly pressed down until the building crumpled into debris and was left compacted in a foot-shaped crater. Some of the people would yell, while others begged to no avail. A couple even tried to actually push his foot away despite being far shorter than even one of Sax's toes was tall. But no matter how big and strong they were and no matter how much they pleaded or raged, all of them found themselves completely helpless to stop the gigantic lizard. All of which only served to stoke the fires of the giant-sized Sax's already out-of-control ego.

Then there were the people he used for more 'personal' activities. It wasn't uncommon for an unsuspecting group of people to be scooped up by the handful and dropped between his legs. "Get to work." he would

order in his rumbling earthquake of a voice. When they would stare in confusion, unsure what the giant wanted from them, his lips would twist into a grin both sinister and lecherous as he pointed to his nethers. "Here."

People had long since gotten used to seeing the giant walking around in the nude. Its not like they made pants big enough to fit an ass that could crush buildings. But that didn't make it any less nerve wracking or intimidating to see the giant walking around with a near-constant raging erection big enough to crush a strip mall. Nor did it help that when he would make these demands of his latest crowd of toys he would expect them to give his bus-shaming erection the same treatment they gave his paws. And it was that much worse that the people still trapped in the city knew inevitably each of them would be forced to help satiate the giant's lusts one way or another.

One of Sax's favorite games was to dump a handful of people between his spread legs and tell them to start climbing; that the one who got to his tip first got to go free. He would then proceed to pluck one of them up at random and casually toss them into his mouth to be swallowed whole as if they were all nothing more than bite-sized pieces of candy. By this point the people had seen what the giant did to people that didn't obey his demands immediately so they would jump to it immediately. It may not have been the most physically stimulating thing he could have done, but the mental thrill of having over a dozen people literally climbing his dick like they were scaling a cliff-face was more than enough to make up for it. It wasn't uncommon for one or more of the people to be washed back down to the bottom by an errant bead of pre leaking from his tip. It would dribble down part of his shaft and wind up and soaking some of the climbers head to toe in the musky liquid. Not to mention slickening their handholds in the process and making falling that much more likely.

As they climbed Sax would randomly pluck one of the people still the furthest down and toss them into his mouth to be swallowed like they were nothing more than a piece of candy. The higher someone was up the giant's monstrous cock the less likely they were to be snatched up and eaten. But the winner, if you could call them that, rarely got to revel in their victory. While they would be spared the fate of ending up in his stomach they would almost always be the only one left after the giant snacked on the others. So when Sax reached down to finish himself off, painting his building-sized torso and face in his own load in the process, the 'winner' would be expected to clean him up all by themselves. They

never accomplished this, of course. At Sax's size, a single one of his cum shots could fill a small pool. But he enjoyed watching them struggle at the obviously impossible task before they, too, wound up disappearing down his gullet in punishment for their failure.

Even then the giant reptile never deigned to clean up, himself, unless he was in a hurry for some other fun activity. Instead, he relegated more of the captured population to cleanup duty and lounged away somewhere comfortable while dozens of people with industrial draining equipment and power washers climbed across his giant body to do their best to take care of the mess. Considering his size it was very much like trying to clean a building. The only difference being this building moved around almost constantly and would eat or squash you if you didn't clean fast enough for their tastes. It was probably the pettiest and laziest thing Sax did but he just couldn't be bothered to take care of such things anymore. The giant argonian had developed a full on god complex and, unfortunately, there wasn't anyone or anything around that was big enough to temper that sense of superiority. At least not until the alien arrived.

The ship appeared in the sky overhead one day while Sax had been enjoying a lazy sunbathing nap stretched out across the local sports stadium with his arms and legs hanging out over the edges. His eyes narrowed in confusion when he saw the strange vessel with unfamiliar curving architecture that didn't quite match anything he had ever seen on his home planet. Those eyes then widened when he realized how far away the ship was despite still being visible. It had the same haze across it as the moon did which meant it had to still be out beyond the atmosphere. Though he had no way of knowing how big there was no doubt in the giant lizard's mind the ship was absolutely massive. Sax's shock quickly morphed into panic when a self-contained cylinder of blue light formed around him a split second. Then, with a booming POP of air filling the space no longer occupied, the giant monster that had terrorized the countryside for weeks was simply... gone.

Sax reappeared hundreds of miles above the atmosphere in the blink of an eye. One second he was looking up at the sky and the next he found himself in a large open space almost identical to any warehouse he might see on his planet. Though there were a few minor details that made it clear it wasn't a normal warehouse. The floor was metal instead of concrete and seemed to be made of some strange nearly black alloy that didn't look like anything he had seen before. One end of the room

was open to space with only the tiniest glow of blue around its edges signifying some kind of energy barrier separated the vacuum of space from the interior. But the biggest difference was the fact that he could actually stand fully upright inside the room! If it hadn't been for several vehicles he assumed were shuttle craft of some kind on one side of the room that looked roughly as small to him as yachts would be he might have wondered if he had been shrunk by whatever brought him here.

"Oh my, you're a big one."

The unfamiliar but definitively feminine voice caused Sax's head to whip around towards its source. The giant almost sighed in relieve when he found himself looking down as he had become used to doing over the last few weeks at anyone he talked to. The alien wasn't much different in size from any of the people back on his planet, save maybe a little bit taller. But what made her stand out was that, while she shared a striking number of features with an anthropomorphic tigress there were a few key details that set her apart from anything on his planet. Namely the ivory horns on her head, the purple eyes clearly visible even with such a drastic size difference thanks to them almost seeming to glow, her tail was slightly bulkier and more flexible like it was a splicing of feline and reptilian tails, a small red gem of some kind on her forehead. And, most notably, her fur was bright green striped with darker, forest green. His best comparison was that she looked like a tiger crossed with a dragon, favoring more of the tiger than dragon and dipped in green dye.

Despite the strangeness of his situation, Sax couldn't help but feel a continuing sense of confidence and superiority seeing that he towered over her like he did everyone else. Just to emphasize the size difference he straightened up to his full height for a moment only to then crouch down with his knees bent and arms resting on either knee, looming above her. Upon closer inspection she had a rather impressive physique both in toned muscle and proportion. Strong enough to have noticeable definition on her arms to give the appearance of strength but with padding in all the right places to maintain her feminine proportions and make her enticingly curvy.

"Somehow, I thought first contact would be a bigger deal than this." The giant lizard joked with a smirk.

The driger smirked back up at the giant towering over her, seemingly unphased by his enormous presence and how far up she had to look

to meet his gaze even with him crouching. For a moment, Sax felt a bit unnerved at the air of confidence coming from the alien despite her clear physical inferiority to him. He could crush her just by swatting a hand on the ground yet she didn't seem phased or intimidated in the slightest. It put him on edge. He had gotten used to people cowering before him and the accompanying sense of superiority that came with it. He quickly decided that he needed to emphasize the power difference between the two of them.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." She chastised playfully just as his arm lifted off his knee. Sax froze for a moment, unsure if she had somehow read his mind or had simply used a more mundane method of predicting what was going on in his head. When he decided it didn't matter and started reaching a parking lot sized hand down to scoop her up, she snickered. "I warned you."

A small light lit up on the driger's wrist and Sax froze when he heard the whir of moving servos. He had just enough time to look up and see some kind of device like a cross between a satellite dish and a tesla coil aim and fire a beam of green light directly at him! The giant widened his eyes and reflexively raised an arm to block to no effect. The beam's energy splashed against him and rapidly spread to cover his entire body like an aura. Then came the most intense stomach-churning sense of vertigo he had ever felt. It was like, for just a split second, he had been in a free-falling elevator before the sensation abruptly vanished. Then the feeling happened again. Then a third. But as disorienting as the sensation was it was a far-off secondary concern to what he was happening around him. With each of those surges of disorientation the whole room stretched out around him in a sudden, brief spasm. No, as much as he wanted to believe it wasn't true, the room wasn't expanding...

He was shrinking!

Turning his attention back to the driger Sax reached down to snatch her up before he got too small. Unfortunately for him by the time he had realized what was going on he was already less than half his previous size. In the time it took for his arm to reach down the hundred or so feet down to grab her two more compressive surges of shrinking robbed him of half his remaining size again. When he finally curled his fingers around her torso they were barely as big as one of her arms. Not two minutes ago they would have been closer in comparison to the size of busses and could barely wrap around her torso. Worse still was Sax could feel her

body spreading his grasp further apart with each subsequent spasm of shrinking.

The rapidly diminishing reptile only had enough time to raise the alien girl off the ground by a few inches before she became too heavy for his dwindling strength to hold aloft much less raise higher. When he was forced to let go Sax tried to maintain some sense of control and straightened his back all the way to maximize what little size he had left. Unfortunately, in the time it took him to stand fully upright the lizard found himself reduced to eye level with the driger thanks to his most recent shrinking spurt. That view only lasted for a split second before another compression wave brought his line of sight down from her eyes to her chest , then her stomach... her knee... her ankle...

When the formerly gigantic argonian's shrinking finally stopped it was like the cargo bay had into a totally different world; the large space stretching out around him in every direction like an endless field of metal. What was far more concerning than the now comparatively enormous size of the room, though, was the driger still standing in front of him. The driger who had once been smaller than a tic tac compared to him. The driger that now towered over him like a living, green-furred mountain. Her boot alone was the size of a football field and even just the toe end of the footwear stretched over his head like a multi-story building all on its own. Sax had no way to gauge exact numbers even if he had been less panicked but it was obvious that he had shrunk an entire magnitude smaller than she had been to him at his previous size. If she had been a bug to him before his shrinking then he was more like a speck of dust to her now.

The former giant didn't have long to dwell on thoughts of the mind-bending difference in scale between them now before one of the massive boots looming in front of him lifted off the ground and rose above him. The argonian yelped in fear and covered his head with his arms as tiny bits of dust and dirt that would have been too small for the driger giantess to even notice rained around him. From his perspective those pieces of miniscule debris ranged in size from pebbles to fist-sized rocks and made the small shower of dust particles like a flash hailstorm to him. But that was only a momentary distraction from the sight of her football-field of an undersole shifting to fill the sky over his head and darken the area around him with its shadow. Too stunned to think rationally when confronted with the sky overhead being replaced by a

boot, his body reverted to its baser instincts to act where his rational mind hesitated. He turned and run.

Unfortunately, even at a dead run, Sax soon felt like no matter how hard he ran he made no progress at all. He was just too tiny to be able to run more than a fraction of the distance needed to get out of the shoe's path. His flight was a desperate, ill-advised response to overwhelming danger but, even with more time to think, he wouldn't have been able to come up with anything better. What else could one do but futilely try to run when the sky started falling? Not willing to give up just yet despite the impossibility of his escape, Sax kept running as fast as his little legs would carry him until he felt the first wisps of a gale of wind crashing against his back. The wave of displaced air from the descending boot was his signal that time was up and the shrunken reptile made a last-ditch, desperate attempt to dive forward in a futile hope of escaping the impact zone.

The alien woman's titanic boot slammed to the ground with the force of a meteor strike. Or at least, that's what it felt like to Sax. By some miracle that he could only attribute to the giantess intentionally missing him with her footstep Sax hadn't been crushed under the boot like he so easily could have. But that hadn't stop the wall of air that blew out from under it to blast against him while he was still mid-dive. The displaced air slammed into him like a linebacker's tackle and sent the miniscule reptile tumbling head over heels across the cold metal floor. The now battered and bruised lizard barely a minute to recover and scramble to his feet, all the while fuming over how humiliating this was when he had been big enough to headlock Godzilla just minutes ago, before he looked up to see two massive walls of polished metal descending towards him from the sky above. Whether from fear, disbelief, or outrage at the utter humiliation all Sax could do was stand there as the two massive metal pieces clamped around him in a vice grip and lifted him into the air with stomach churning speed. The former giant monster that had once been able to effortlessly withstand military bombardments without causing more than an itch could only helplessly rage at the indignity of being plucked up with a pair of tweezers.

When the nauseating ascension stopped Sax found himself hanging face to titanic face with the driger. Dangled in front of her enormous muzzle it helped to drive home just how tiny he was now. If there had been any doubt that he was several times smaller relative to her than she had been to him they were gone now. If the visual difference

wasn't enough Sax watched as her lips moved to say something to him but he just couldn't make it out. The size difference was too great between them. Her words were so impossibly deep and loud that they did little more than deafen him with an incoherent chain of sonic booms. The driger giantess either didn't notice, or didn't care that he couldn't understand her as she immediately moved him again as soon as she was done talking. When Sax saw where he was being moved to his eyes went wide and he started to struggle against the tweezers on sheer reflex.

Higher and higher they lifted him into the air until he was dangling directly above the green alien woman's head. A playful grin matched with a smug expression stared up at him from below before her lips opened wide and exposed the dark chasm of her mouth to her tiny captive. Teeth the size of buildings and a tongue wider than a highway spread out below him, all of which lined the seemingly endless dark chasm that led down her throat. Thick droplets of saliva sloshed around her mouth and dripped from her teeth, each one alone barely a fleck of moisture to her but more than a bathtub worth to someone of Sax's current size. The hot breath that blew over him like gusts of wind every time she exhaled was humid enough the feathered reptile felt his plumage grow damp.

She let him dangle there for a moment, just long enough to really take in the view below him. After that there was no more teasing, no more attempts to communicate with the giant-turned-gnat. Without warning the tweezers spread apart as she relaxed her fingers and suddenly Sax was sent free falling down towards the waiting chasm of fangs and flesh below. The reduced reptile didn't even land before a sharp CLACK of teeth on teeth left his ears ringing as her jaws jerked and snapped closed around him like a striking snake. Darkness enveloped the argonian as he finally landed on a soft, fleshy surface covered in the thick, viscous liquid that was her saliva. Gravity shifted as she tilted her head back, the lizard's attempts to find purchase failing as every surface he tried to grab at was slickened with spittle. Then a sudden shift in pressure caused Sax's ears to pop when the giantess casually swallowed.

Sighing in satisfaction, Rain all-but purred as she rubbed her throat with two fingers and savored the moment. She hadn't actually felt him go down her throat, the little thing had been far too small for that. But the knowledge of it happening was more than enough for her to enjoy. Finally satisfied, the alien turned her attention toward her wrist device and tapped a few commands into on the holographic interface. She smiled ominously when she confirmed the transporters tagging

system had worked without issue and still had a lock on the miniscule little lizard. Which meant she could bring him back out anytime she wanted. Rain pondered letting him stew in her stomach a bit before she retrieved him for the next bit of fun she had planned. Reluctantly, Rain tapped her interface again and set the transporter to retrieve the little speck. As much as she enjoyed the idea of letting an formerly oversized cocky lizard like that digest in her stomach like a piece of candy she didn't want to rob her collection of it's newest member. At least, not until she had his pattern saved in the bioprinter and she could make a replacement if she accidentally played a bit too... rough.

With a much smaller flicker of blue light than last time it had activated, Sax again found himself once again teleported without warning. This time he was much more receptive at being teleported without warning or consent. He couldn't think of many worse places to be than inside the stomach of a giant green alien girl. When he looked around to figure out where exactly he ended up it took him nearly a full turn standing in place before he saw the background behind him and it clicked. He was in Rain's palm. He was in her palm and that now-familiar small mountain that was her face was staring at him, grinning wide enough that some of her concerningly sharp teeth were showing. When he felt his altitude rapidly lowering there was a moment of fear he was going to be put back on the floor at her feet. The last thing he wanted was to be saved from her stomach only to wind up a smear under her boot. Luckily, he wasn't dropped on the floor like expected. Instead, her fingers closed around him in a fist to keep him from falling out while she fiddled around with the buckles on one of her boots. It was little solace that he hadn't wound up on the floor when Rain's fist opened again. This time, instead of the giant driger's mouth he was being dangled over the mouth of one of her boots.

Wordlessly, the driger turned her hand sideways and let the little speck of a lizard tumble from her palm into the hot, slightly musky chasm below. At this size Sax weighed so little that he could feel his body being pulled back and forth by tiny drafts of wind that normally would have been too minor to even notice. Considering how strong some of them were it was a miracle he wasn't blown completely off course and sent sprawling on the floor instead. Thankfully whatever material the insole of Rain's boot that he landed on was made out of was shockingly soft and the impact barely hurt at all. If the insole hadn't been so soft and his body so light thanks to his reduced size Sax surely would have broken something on landing at the very least, if he survived the fall at

all, considering that to him it had been like he'd been pushed off the roof of a skyscraper.

The first thing Sax noticed was the heat. The ground and walls of fabric material all around him still radiated the lingering body heat from Rain's paw. Despite everything the little lizard couldn't help but blush a bit at how strangely intimate that felt to him. When his nose caught up he took in the powerful scent of the driger's paw and the intensity left him light headed. He was reluctant to call it a smell as it wasn't exactly pungent or offensive. If anything, it smelled surprisingly clean inside the boot. All that permeated the material was the raw natural scent of the alien woman and her feet unmarred by sweat or grime.

His examination of his surroundings was cut short when darkness fell without warning. The light coming from the mouth of Rain's boot vanished when the driger leaned down to look into the boot at the little green fleck that he had been reduced to before her head moved away again. Moments after her face vanished from the sky overhead Sax felt the boot shift violently enough to send him stumbling. His best guess was that the boot was now being carried by the driger somewhere from the sporadic movements that left his whole world rocking and shaking. Sax was forced to get on his hands and knees and dig his claws into the soft material of the ground for purchase to keep from being flung back and forth across the circular indent her heel had left in the insole. When the movement finally stopped and he looked up to see where they might have gone. The sight that greeted him made the color drain from his face. He barely had time to recognize an all-too familiar green dish pointing directly down at the shoe before he was blinded by a flash of green light once again.

Surprisingly, the beam had been focused to an absurd degree and hit with the kind of precision that Sax wouldn't have thought was possible. The beam hit him, and only him, leaving the surrounding boot completely unaffected as he once again felt the jerking spasms of compression robbing him of yet more of the miniscule pool of size he had left. Before the second burst of shrinking the interior of her boot had stretched on like a massive chasm or hollowed out cavern around the reptile. But it rapidly became something so much more terrifying as he shrunk smaller still. The ground rose up around him until those little divots in the insole Rain's foot had left became rolling hills and mounds to climb over or slide down like the dunes of a desert. Tiny tears of wear went from being barely visible even up close to large cracks that the

argonian could have tripped on and got his foot stuck in. The mouth of the shoe expanded above him, stretching wider and wider like it were some kind of portal opening in the sky above. Sax didn't even have a frame of reference for how small he was getting and somehow the lack of even a guess at numbers to put to himself made it that much more terrifying.

When the shrinking finally stopped the inside of the boot had become an alien world all its own. It no longer resembled a huge cavern but instead an entire landscape that stretched out for as far as he could see. The roof of the boot stretched so high in the distance that it looked more like a fabric-colored sky than a ceiling. The mouth of the boot was like a window into another reality, stretching from horizon to horizon and pouring in light into the otherwise darkened world of Rain's right boot. It was so alien, so difficult to process, so terrifying to comprehend that Sax didn't realize the true danger he was in until the light coming through that window was blotted out by something far worse than a green-furred alien's smug face.

Toes like literal mountains descended from above; somehow moving both impossibly slow and terrifyingly fast. Even so high in the sky they should have been above the cloud line if Sax's new world of a boot had clouds, Sax could hear the thunderous whoosh of air being displaced by the descending landmass that was Rain's paw. Of all the things she could have done to him, Sax could have never guessed that he could be so awed and terrified at the same time by the driger simply putting her boot back on. On instinct, he again turned to run even as his conscious mind laughed manically at the idea of being able to outrun something on her paw's scale. He had a better chance of escaping a tsunami by paddling one of those little pedal driven swan boats in the open ocean.

Like before, a blast of wind preceded the descent of Rain's paw as it moved comparatively titanic amounts of air out of its way. This time, though, it was magnitudes more extreme than her footstep after he had initially been shrunk. A wall of air as solid as any concrete slab slammed into the nanoscopic argonian's back and lifted him off the ground as if he weighed nothing. The wind sent him flying through the sky so fast and so far the diminished reptile was certain he would simply splatter on impact like a bug on a windshield. Luckily, for what that little bit of luck was worth, when the wind hit the end of her boot's toe it rebounded and slammed back into Sax from the front. Momentarily Sax found himself smothered between two gusts of wind, halting the majority

of his forward momentum. Instead of slamming into a solid wall of fabric and shattering every bone in his body he went tumbling over the edge of a deep lake-sized crater in the ground.

His brain caught up with his body when he landed near the center of the crater and he leapt to his feet. The miniscule argonian looked around just in time to realize in horror where he had landed right before one of the driger's impossibly titanic toes replaced the sky overhead and descended upon him like a falling apocalypse. A wall of pink flesh so enormous as to risk him getting stuck in otherwise too small to see wrinkles on her paw pad buried him into the soft underside of one of her toes. There was no chance of resisting, no space for movement of any kind. If the fabric under Sax hadn't been so soft and porous he would have been crushed instantly. It was a sheer miracle it was soft enough to absorb the most dangerous parts of her comparative weight. He wasn't comfortable, but he hadn't been crushed at the very least. He was also lucky enough to be pushed into the ground face-down, where the insole was just barely porous enough he could suck breaths of heavily musk-laced air through it and avoid suffocation.

Outside, Rain happily smiled to herself as she buckled her boot back up and flexed her toes to get them comfortable. There was no way she could actually feel the little lizard at such an absurdly tiny size but she liked to think she could feel a little tickle on one of her toes that would wind up being him. She could, of course, check her scanner to find exactly where he had wound up but the alien woman found herself enthralled by the idea of trying to find him by sight alone once she was safely back in the privacy of her quarters. She wanted to introduce him to the other members of her collection but was also sorely tempted by the idea of a personal night of keeping him all to herself. She could only imagine what it would be like for him to explore her body at his current size. That was assuming he would even be able to discern what body part he wound up on. The thought of being effectively a living continent to the once arrogant 'giant monster' sent a shiver down her spine and caused a tightening in the front of her pants that, if Sax hadn't been lost in one of her boots, would have told him this alien girl wasn't as much girl down below as she was up top. Chances were, though, that he would be finding that out sooner rather than later if the way Rain was chewing her lip in anticipation was any indication of the thoughts rolling through her head.

As the driger turned to make her way back to her room she idly mused to herself if she should make him even smaller. After all, if she was going to be a living continent to him why not go all the way and become his new home planet. Sax had thought to proclaim himself a god after getting just a few hundred feet added to his size. But fate seemed determined to show him how big a real god should be. Or, in this case, a real goddess.



About Author

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