

A calm dusk had fallen over the city park, giving the signal to a particular mouse that it was time for a meeting of questionable sorts. Sporting a black jacket with a dark gray graphic tee and a pair of black jeans, the black-furred mouse strolled along the stone path quietly until he arrived at the designated spot near a large tree. He stepped behind it, curling his tail about his leg while he pulled out his phone, brushing his black-purple hair from his face as his violet eyes scanned over the screen of his phone.

Swiftly firing off a text message, he shoved his phone back into his pocket and leaned back against the tree with a sigh, "I swear...if this is some kind of joke..." He mumbled to himself, taking in a few minutes of silence until his large ears twitched to the sound of grass shuffling nearby. "Well it's about time," said the mouse.

"Gimmie a break, man," said an approaching skunk wearing a baseball cap and some simple street wear, who was clearly out of breath, like he had ran all the way over. Tucked under his arm was a small shoe box which he swiftly relocated to his hands, "Had to make sure I wasn't followed, yo. I know people who would kill for something like this. Had to take a different route and everything."

"Uh huh. You say that about everything you get your hands on, Eli, I swear if this is more stolen junk you're trying to pawn off on me, I'll—"

Eli raised a hand to interrupt the mouse, "Nah Lucas, nah. C'mon Luke, it's nothing like that. This is for real."

Lucas rolled his eyes before settling them on the box, "Fine. What's in the box? You made it sound like a big deal over the phone. I believe you said something like, 'The kind of thing I'd dream of having'."

Eli gave a wide grin and stood beside Lucas against the tree, using his fluffy tail as a cushion. "So remember back in history class we learned about humans and stuff and that they got left behind in the evolutionary race?"

Lucas shrugged and folded his arms across his chest, "Yeah. They ruined their own civilizations and our ancestors got bigger and more intelligent than them. They were mostly wiped out, but we talked how it would be cool to keep one as a pet like how they kept others as pets. Yeah, so what?"

Eli held the box out in front Lucas and snickered, "Open it dude."

"I swear if you're wasting my time again..." Lucas sighed and took the box from Eli, flicking off the cover and peering inside. After a few seconds, the rodent's eyes went as wide as dinner plates and his mouth hung open, unable to believe what he was seeing.

Therein lay an unconscious human male, no more than maybe 2 or 3 inches in height. Short dark hair, fair skin, and naked save for a pair of dark green boxer briefs.

Lucas glanced back to the street-rough skunk, eyes blinking. "Is that what I think it is? This can't be real can it?"

"100% real. There's some underground trade going for em. They come from a lab. The nerds heading it up found a couple humans somewhere and captured them to experiment on them. I hear they're cloned and forcefully bred. Something to keep a controlled population up while making some big bucks on the side," Eli explained, "Anyway I know someone who knows someone, and they hooked me up."

"I feel like you're making that up, but..." Lucas trailed off as he looked back to the tiny human, reaching in with his index finger to gently poke the tiny male and run his soft furred digit along that smooth skinned body. The mouse quickly gasped and recoiled his finger once the human stirred slightly, shifting in his sleep. "Real, and alive. Holy shit, I can't believe it."

Eli flashed a grin and gave the mouse a quick nudge to the side, "Yeah so how 'bout it? Humans go for a lot, but I can't be risking it to hold onto hot product to look for a good buyer. So I'll let it go to you for cheap, and with a homie discount. 500."

"500?! That's more than anything else you've ever sold me."

"Look man. It's a human. Most folk think they're extinct and for anyone else, it's 4 digits easy. Probably 5. I'm cutting you a huge deal."

Lucas sighed, "350," He haggled.

"Damn man, really? Fine, whatever. 400." Eli grumbled, adjusting the brim of his cap.

"Deal," Lucas agreed, closing the box, more than eager to get home with his new prize.

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The roguish mouse wasted no time in hurrying home with his brand new purchase. He still almost couldn't believe it was real. An actual tiny human, all to himself; an old fantasy of his finally come true. He swiftly rushed to his apartment with the box in tow, going from his front door to his bedroom in a nigh instant.

Shutting the door behind him, he immediately plopped down onto the bed and set the box his lap, making the decision to get comfortable before removing his jacket and tossing it over a nearby computer chair. His shirt and pants followed suit, leaving the

dark furred mouse standing in just his snug fitting, dark purple underwear. He flicked the lid off the box and onto the floor, gazing upon the sleeping minuscule male with those deep purple eyes of his. His long tail flicked back and forth with excitement as a playful grin crawled upon his face.

Lucas gave the box a little nudge, then another, and another; all in hopes of stirring the tiny one awake without disturbing him too harshly. The mouse's efforts bore fruit as the smooth skinned creature began to stir; rolling onto his back and sitting up slowly, bringing up his hands to rub his eyes with a yawn.

"Alright alright, I'm up," the young human mumbled, scratching at his hair before reaching down to the floor of the shoe box as if searching for something. It was then he felt something unusual. This wasn't his normal sleeping location. His hand felt along the scratchy cardboard surface around him; a far cry from whatever he normally slept on. His eyes slowly fluttered open, taking a lazy glance around the area before they shot wide open. "Wha? Where am I?" He looked around frantically, glancing to all four walls of the box before gazing upwards, right into the giant purple orbs and grinning face beaming down at him.

"NOOOOO!" The human screamed, swiftly crawling backwards until he bumped into the nearest wall behind him; his face gone pale as he stared up at the giant mouse's face.

Lucas was hardly surprised by the human's reaction. After all, waking up in a strange place with a giant gazing down at you would be more than enough to make anyone panic. He also cared very little about the young male's predicament, and was far more focused on how small the little thing was before him.

Eager to take a closer look, he reached into the box with his thumb and index finger at the ready, looking to pluck his newfound pet out of that temporary prison. Said pet wasn't looking to make this easy, however, as he quickly tried to scramble away from those massive, furred digits.

He narrowly ducked under those grasping fingers, scurrying away to the other side of the box. He had no idea on how he was going to escape from the giant critter, but he wasn't about to give up so easily. For all he knew, he was about to be a meal, or to be packaged and sold, or perhaps something worse; regardless, he wasn't trying to get caught.

Lucas, on the other hand, found great amusement in his plaything's desperation while he narrowly missed grasp after grasp in chasing the little thing around within the limited confines. After a few brief moments of chase, he was finally able to trap the tiny human

against the opposite side from where he started. Having finally cornered him, those massive fuzzy digits pinched at the puny male's waist; gripping him like a mere pencil (and with the weight of one) and effortlessly plucked him out of the box. After a ride akin to that of a swift, rising elevator, he was held right before the mouse's curious, purple eyes.

"Now this is pretty cool," Lucas whispered; his warm, peanut scented breath washing over his tiny prize as he examined the human.

He brought up another pair of fingers from his free hand to take hold of the human's arms while the fingers pinching his waist maneuvered all over his tiny form in study. He was turned this way and that; rubbed, touched and poked from head to toe, handled by his arms, then his legs; completely at the mercy at those soft, dark furred fingers.

Lucas still couldn't believe it. It was like realizing some sort of fairy tale turned reality. It was one thing to read and be taught about humans, but to see and handle one was an entirely different realm of experience.

He marveled at the tiny's smooth skin and lightly toned body; no doubt he was forced to do a lot of running and climbing during his time. He poked at his rear, and rubbed between his legs, noting the lack of tail and a small (in comparison) but noticeable and familiar bump at the his undergarments that swelled slightly with the giant's invasive touching. "Wow, it's true. You really are just a hairless mammal. Wonder if you have a sheath too?"

The human made his aversion to the literal manhandling all too clear; squirming and struggling as much as possible against the massive rodent's overwhelming fingers, "H-hey! Quit it, you monster!" He yelled angrily.

Lucas' ears perked at this newfound development, a bright smile now appearing on his face. "Ooh! You *can* talk. I was wondering if you were intelligent enough to communicate, humans didn't seem too bright from what I've heard. Gonna be pretty cool having a pet I can talk to," He said while dropping the poor thing into the warm, soft palm of his hand with a chuckle.

Between being called a pet and the insinuation that he wasn't intelligent, the human didn't quite share in Lucas' excitement. He glared up at the rodent, folding his arms across his chest, "I have no interest in being a pet!"

"Oh yeah?" Lucas chuckled, bringing his face closer to the tiny male, "Don't think you have much of a choice, short stuff. You're mine now and I can do whatever I want with

you. The heyday of your kind is loooooong gone. The world advanced and grew without you, and now you're just tiny little things that can fit right in my hand. Small in size **AND** small in number. You're lucky your kind hasn't gone completely extinct. Consider yourself lucky!" Lucas said, following up with a laugh. He slowly brought his fingers inward, coiling them around his tiny plaything; forcing the human's legs together while pinning his arms to his sides. The mouse held the puny thing in his tight fist; leaving only the diminutive creature's head and shoulders poking out. "Get it, runt? You're my pet whether you like it or not."

The human groaned with pained, wheezing breaths as that tight grip bore down on him with a crushing force. It was thoroughly humiliating to be torn down in such a manner; further still to be merely subdued by being handled like some kind of toy. Still, the human was far too stubborn and glared right up at the giant rodent, "I don't care what you say! I'm not some kind of pet! You can't treat me like this!"

"Oh?" Lucas smiled, leaning backwards while settling into a more relaxed and comfortable sitting position on his bed. "I did hear that humans were pretty stubborn. I guess that's one thing that hasn't been cut down to size. But that's fine, I know pets can be a bit troublesome when you first get one. I'll just have to break you in."

Without further warning, Lucas released his grip; causing the human to plummet straight down onto the soft, cozy bedsheets with a pained grunt. The mouse smiled down at him while pulling his knees up to plant his pink, fully padded feet on both sides of the human.

The diminutive human groaned from the dull, minor pain that came about from the fall. He more than grateful that he had such a short and soft landing, noting that it could have been far worse. That was until he slowly rolled over onto his back, seeing that mouse grin down at him once again. As terrifying it was to see that face up close, it was far more daunting when much more of him could be seen. He knew he was small compared to everything else in the world, but between the rodent's words, the effortless manhandling of him, and being surrounded by mere **feet** far bigger than him; the human had never **felt** so small in his life.

"Man. I was hoping I wouldn't have to get rough, but you kinda left me with no choice here," Lucas gestured down to the way smaller male at his feet. "Cause now, I gotta put you in your place since I don't think you realize where you're at, shrimp. You gotta understand the difference between us since you don't seem to get it, and I thought of a really good way to do that," the mouse spoke, his toes twitching anxiously while he tapped his feet idly; thumping them with muted impact on both sides of his tiny target.

The human shifted nervously from the twitching movements of those vehicle sized paws while he listened to his giant captor talk down at him. "You can't talk to me or treat me like this," he replied in sheer defiance. "I'm not a pet, I'm not YOUR pet, I'm not ANYONE's pet!" He yelled. Even when at the mercy of a giant, he wasn't about to give up his dignity.

Lucas shrugged. "Works for me," he said with a smile.

His toes pressed firm into the mattress with a powerful flex before pushing off and raising high above the human. Hovering. Taunting. Wriggling toes expressing excitement over what was about to come. That pink, fully padded sole was on full display over the pet-in-training; a coral covered sky that floated over him until it finally descended downwards, falling down without mercy.

The human choked out a breathy moan as the giant's paw pressed down upon him; an incredible force bearing down on his tiny form, pinning his body firmly to the sheets. The pink, pillowy-soft sole weighed heavily onto his body while his head was nestled snugly betwixt the enormous rodent's first and second toe. Any attempt to struggle or squirm free was all for naught; the mouse's foot had him pinned perfectly, worse still was when his captor responded to his movements with a slight pinch of his head; those toes giving his face a squeeze to remind him of his predicament.

"Kinda sucks doesn't it? Being stepped on like you're nothing," Lucas said with a devious smirk. "I hear back in the human days, the role would be reversed. Mice would be the ones down at a human's feet. Wow, your ancestors really screwed that one up huh?" The larger male chuckled, rubbing at the poor human's head with his warm, soft toes as he playfully ground the smaller male under his foot.

The human would have had some choice words to say, if not for the crushing grip squeezing at his head and the tremendous weight resting upon his tiny form; both serving to force out what little air he could manage from his body. All he could do was moan, groan, and gasp for what air he could.

Shouting angrily was out of the question.

Lucas on the other hand was finding this a lot more enjoyable than he ever expected. Initially, he was just doing this for fun; a simple and amusing way to demonstrate the extreme difference between them. He just wanted to hammer home just how much size, power and authority he had over the little one. But to step on him. To feel him squirming underfoot. This excited Lucas in ways he never imagined. To have this kind of power over someone was...quite arousing.

The mouse bit down on his lower lip, holding back any sounds of pleasure while he dipped a hand between his thighs to rub idly at the enlarging bulge against the tightened fabric of his underwear.

“How you holdin’ up down there?” Lucas said with a hushed whisper, “Ready to give in yet?” He slowly and reluctantly lifted his foot from the human; tilting his paw up on its heel, keeping the threat of it very close. In truth, he wanted to step on the smaller male even more, but he decided to show some restraint; if only to tease himself further.

The human let out a loud, raspy gasp for air, drawing in as much as possible before panting to catch his breath and normalize his breathing. A rush of cool air ran over his body now that the blanketing heat of that smothering foot was removed from his tiny form. Much to his surprise, he got off with little more than a dull soreness to his body. Despite all the pressure of the mouse’s relentless weight, Lucas’ soft and supple paws and the yielding soft mattress served to keep him fairly intact.

If anything, it was his pride that was wounded. The human was utterly helpless against the giant male. From being handled by his hands or smothered by his feet, he couldn’t do a thing. He just stared up at his massive captor; taking in the magnificence of the mouse, gazing upon him in some kind of broken-in awe. Deep purple hair, purple eyes, a handsome face, a fairly nice looking body; Lucas wasn’t half bad looking.

It was at that moment the human snapped to attention, shaking his head. He wasn’t sure what came over him at that moment, but he wasn’t about to give in that easily, not yet. For Lucas, he took the human’s head shaking as a sign of more defiance; causing him to grin even wider, as if it was the very thing he was waiting for.

“Still putting up a fight? Good. I was looking forward to a round two,” Lucas said with a lick of his lips. He raised his foot over the little thing once more before unceremoniously planting his foot firmly on top of him.

This time the human disappeared entirely under the shape of Lucas’ paw without a single moment to protest; buried entirely underneath a far more intensified weight. His entire body was smothered underneath the smooth, soft, yielding, but overwhelming paw pad; dimpled deep into the warm, cushiony surface. All light had vanished under the thick pad, leaving only the mouse’s comforting body heat. His groans were muffled entirely while that immense paw rolled over him repeatedly. Pressing. Kneading. Grinding. Lucas bore down with as much weight as he could for what his yielding mattress would allow. The mouse rocked his paw gently, slowly lifting it onto its ball and toes before pressing back down to continuously roll it over the poor human; Lucas aiming to squeeze him in any way he could manage.

The human was at the complete mercy of the mouse's right foot. That pad practically engulfed him, folding around him and enveloping him; drowning him in its heat while the masculine scent of the mouse's non-offensive musk filled his nostrils, danced on his lips and tongue, perfumed his hair, and marked his skin.

Lucas played at himself more and more; his bulge growing, his underwear tightening. There was something so **wrong** but so **wonderful** about it all. He should have felt guilty and took pity on the poor creature, on the other hand, humans weren't the people they once were. They're just beings at the bottom of the food chain now; food, playthings, toys, pets, whatever suited them. But they were no longer people.

And that got the mouse hot.

Lucas pressed down even harder for a few, long and glorious moments before lifting his foot off his plaything; the human (un)pleasantly stuck to the rodent's warm sole before slowly peeling away and falling back down to the bed, gasping loudly as fresh air soon filled his lungs despite the taste and smell of mouse foot upon his tongue and within his nostrils respectively.

He winced in anxious anticipation as those immense feet suddenly moved once again, sliding out past him on both sides as his forced-upon master stretched his legs out. The human, now trapped in a relative canyon of dark furred thighs, was now in full view of the sight before him. His cheeks reddened with a warm blush as he watched that massive hand rub and squeeze at that thick, noticeable outline of the mouse's bits. His ears were tickled by the soft, yet heavy moans, gasps and rumbles of his captor's pleasure. His eyes widened at just how...**big** the rodent was. Sure, there was a major size difference at play, but that bulge was bigger than him...and getting bigger still. It was certainly a lot of take in, having never seen a turned-on titan before.

"Geez, don't just stare, that's embarrassing," Lucas said with a rather soft and breathy tone, panting among his own pleasure. "But it's cool, I just thought of a neat job for you. You can help me with a swelling issue I'm having," He grinned, those fingers reaching toward the small human once again.

The human yelped. As tired and worn as his body was; seeing those giant, fuzzy digits grasp towards him was enough to spur him into action. He sloppily scrambled to his feet and attempted to make a run for it, failing to make more than two steps before he was captured by the giant's hand once again.

"Got plenty of fight in you, still? Good," Lucas practically purred as he firmly pressed his pet right up against his groin in one swift motion, gripping the human against his goods

as he gave himself a squeeze. He chuckled lightly at how small his little toy was in comparison to himself, pushing even harder. "Man, you're tiny. Never mind my foot, I could just pin you under my dick," He laughed.

The human on the other hand was far too caught up in the situation to respond to his so-called master's taunts. Trapped between a hand and a hard place, his tiny form shivered as he was forcefully pressed into the thick outline of the mouse's manhood. He felt the shape of the rodent's fuzzy sheath and the thick, heated phallus that protruded from it. He subconsciously spread his arms, hugging himself to the soft cloth fabric stretched around the girth of Lucas' member; greatly appreciating the warmth that emanated from it. That giant kneading hand forced his face flat against that hidden member; causing each breath to be filled with a strong, masculine scent of the mouse's arousal. That dick throbbed and thickened against him. His captor was big, and seemed to be getting even bigger.

Or rather, he was feeling even smaller.

Soon after those fingers gripped the human's waist again and lifted him away from the thoroughly teased cock as the furry titan's other hand dipped a thumb into the waistband of his undergarments. "That's enough of the foreplay," Lucas said from above, "Time for you to *really* earn your keep, lil guy."

The mouse flopped backwards onto his bed and pulled down his underwear; wasting no time in pushing his pet up against the smooth, leathery member and coiling his fingers about his shaft and the human in a firm grip. With a warm moan, Lucas shut his eyes tight; stroking himself and taking the poor tiny male along for the ride. He was in a world of sheer bliss; groaning and rumbling warmly as he felt his pet's flesh against his own length. The human had no choice but to endure; no amount of squirming or struggling would allow him any escape against the mouse's tight grip and overwhelming member.

Lucas savored every passing second of those pleasure-laden moments; holding out as long as he could until he brought himself to that eventually climax. His legs quaked and his body spasmed as his large, fuzzy nuts emptied their contents amidst his orgasm; his cock releasing rope after rope of his hot sticky seed that splattered all over his chest and stomach.

"Ah, ff-fuck," Lucas murmured, squirming slightly from the sticky heat from his own mess, "Look what you did, you lil runt," He laughed softly while reaching over to the side table to grab some tissues to clean himself up, finally allowing the human some reprieve.

Sore, tired, and oddly aroused by the previous events; the human slumped down against the giant's sheathe, unintentionally cuddling up with his fuzzy nuts and slowly closed his eyes; hoping to put these events behind him. It was demeaning, insulting, terrifying and upsetting; yet for some reason, he was oddly comfortable with this giant's warmth, even though he still refused to be a pet.

Once he finished cleaning up, Lucas checked in on his pet; sitting up and grinning down at him before plucking him up with those fingers once again, "Aww poor thing is all tuckered out huh? No worries, I have a good spot for you," He snickered, pulling up his underwear only to pull open the waistband, and dropped the human into it; snapping it shut afterwards. "I'm sure you'll be nice and comfortable in there. Sleep well, little guy," said the mouse, giving his crotch a little pat.