

Date: Friday, August 06, 2010

Location: Sunset Syndicate Macro Living Quarters – My Room

Heeeey~ Diary,

It's Lysi again and I had SUCH a good day I couldn't help but write about it while I still have time.

Y'know, if there is one thing I just absolutely adore; it's definitely my collection of teeny tiny adorable cuties. They're just the most perfect pets ever and I just can't get enough of them, and today, I caught me another one! I was so excited I nearly knocked over a vase and a hall mirror on my way to my room, glad I didn't or else the Syndicate would probably give me another boring lecture about my carelessness. Meanies! Sometimes I'd like to show THEM who is careless! Who keeps non essential giant furnishings around anyway?! I'm the only macro on their payroll!

I bounded into my room as giddy as a school girl. I so love my room, it's like a nice collection of everything I've come across during my work. Especially my little dolls, cuties I've come across all shrunk and dressed up. And they're so easy to take care of too! Though I do regret Moonie escaping from me, but someday he'll be mine. <3

In the mean time, there's my new little play thing, right in that hanging ornate cage I keep my darling dolls in. I made sure to decorate it to take away from its boring silver bar look, putting little bows and bells around in. You might call it childish, but I think it's cute! I wish I had some better lighting to show off the adorable littles though. Maybe some track lighting, yeah yeah, that sounds good, track lighting with a nice power blue perhaps!

One thing bothers me though; the little ones are way too timid. When I lean in close and take a good peek at them, they just look up at me with those terrified eyes. I'm not that scary am I? Gosh sometimes I just want to start a conversation or something and the most sound I get is a squeak or a whimper.

Do you think it's my eyes? But it can't be! I love the bright yellows in the day. They might be a bit weird at night, but I still think it's neat, turning blue and reflecting the moon.

Maybe it's my breath? Ew, yeah, remind me to take a mint.

Either way, even they're scared like little mice; they're still fun to play with.

Well they're not all mice. I got bunnies and foxies too! I had lots more but they crunch really easy when I play and cuddle with them. I admit I overdo it sometimes when I play, but that's why there's so many of them out there right? You break one! Get another!

And oh geez wouldn't you know it? I just got my new little recently and I broke him already! But it was completely his fault! Honest!

I ran my fingers across the bars as I looked over my adorable little catch. I forgot when I caught him, probably a week or two weeks ago. I was in the middle of a job and I remembered that cute lil face twisted in fear peeking from behind that tree. That adorable little cotton fluff tail twitching over that pinchable teeny hiney. Oh and those big long ears! SOOOO CUTE! I could have just gobbled him all up! Before he had a chance of even running off (though I think he was too scared to do it) I snatched him right up. It musta been too much for him though, cause he passed right out.

I playfully bumped the cage with my, well, generously ample chest (and really, why'd they make me with such huge breasts? They tell me it was some kind of anomaly during my creation, but I don't buy that. One of those scientists had to be a huge pervert) and watched it swing and tilt, my little play things squeaking and huddling together. I made an all star catch, nestling the cage right between my breasts (and I'm not doing THAT again, that thing is COLD! Brrrr!), grinning right down at them. They're so adorable when they're scared for their lives.

Once I was done shaking up the cage with my giggles (it was pretty fun watching it shake between my boobs like that.) I plucked it out and set it down by my feet, undoing the heart-shaped latch I put on there with my toe. And I didn't kick it over this time! Aren't you proud of me?!

"Wakey! Wakey!" I squealed happily at my little dolls, waiting for them to come out. And waiting...and waiting, tapping my foot impatiently. I swear EVERYTIME they keep me waiting. I know they're scared, but don't they get that I'm just lonely, bored and want to play? Then again, I have heard that someone can be scared so bad that they can't move. How silly! How could you run from danger that way?

They finally seemed to get the hint though as they slowly came out of the cage all crowded before my toes. I had to look pretty awesome to them, trapped in the shadow of my big body and the little light twinkles from the diamonds in my anklet. I rested my hands on my thighs and bent over, taking a good look at my collection of living dollies in their adorable powder blue and white frilly outfits that I stuffed them in.

"Sooooo! Who wants to be my playmate today?" I ask with uncontained giddiness, it was so hard to control myself! I rose up on the balls of my feet, splaying and wiggling my toes anxiously. I think I freaked them out though since they started to cower back. I guess I can't blame them, when I got this excited last night, it didn't end too well. Trying to play Twister with tinies isn't something I should try again.

All their eyes staring up at me did set my heart a flutter, but none of them stepped forward to be my playmate. I couldn't stand to wait any longer; a bored Lysi isn't a fun one.

“Tsk tsk. Well I guess I have to choose, don’t I?” I mutter, but I couldn’t help but smile. I slowly lifted my foot, hovering it over them with a giggle while I counted in my head. One...two...oh that was fast; they all rushed back toward the cage...all except for one, the newbie. I slammed my foot down in front of him, knocking him clear off his feet and onto his cute lil tush. Sometimes you just have to put your foot down to get your way.

I watched him the whole time with a small chuckle, licking at my teeth as he slowly got up to his feet. I could see his body trembling before me, giving me tingles of excitement. I flexed my toes, scrunching them up nice and tight before relaxing them, popping my claws out. Oh goodness, I really need a pedicure; this really won’t do at all.

Guess I really spooked him when I did that cause he took off running like hell toward the door...which I closed. What a big dummy! I mean little dummy!

I had to give him credit though, he could really move! I couldn’t help but watch him for a while, that adorable lil bunbun dashing off before I started walking after him.

I guess he heard me coming cause his ears started to droop. Though for tinies they do feel and hear our footsteps. That must be pretty awesome to experience. The poor lil guy, his ears drooped down in terror, I could only imagine what’s going through his mind, what he’s thinking. I wish I had psychic powers like Moonie at that moment.

I took a quick peek back at the rest of my dolls and they’re so well trained! They stayed put and kept their eyes right on the newbie. I kinda feel sorry for him. They’re one of those “better you than me!” kind of looks.

One of these days I have to get a camera set up on here so I can watch replays of my playtime from different angles. Once I cornered him he gave the most adorable little squeal! I poked him with my toe and knocked him on his stomach, resting my foot on top of him afterwards and he just squirmed like some kind of desperate worm. I guess he really wanted to play after all cause the little bastard was tickling me! XD

I rolled him over slowly onto his back, resting my foot on him once more. I could easily feel his bones straining against the pressure; I have to admit it excited me even more. And those adorable little squeaks! My goodness, it just had to be against the law to make noises that cute!

At the time, I was afraid I was over doing it, it was so easy to crush him like a lil buggy, but I don’t like to end my fun that fast. I do like to enjoy myself before I have to start another mission.

And to think, it was probably humiliating for him too. Maybe he was something special in his old life, an important business person. Or maybe an athlete, and now he was a cuddle pet. I’d almost feel sorry for him, but he was WAY too cute!

Gosh I couldn't get enough of that squirm, but oh my god when he started LICKING my toes?! I was in a whole new world. To think someone so small could make me feel so good! The tickling and that tongue, it was driving me crazy. I think he was begging for mercy too, he was too much!

He just kept going and going and going and then I heard a sudden snap and he just started SCREAMING!

"Urrrgh! Shut up! SHUT UP!" I yelled, placing my big toe over his head, pushing it against his face to muffle his screams. That was so much better, I cannot STAND screaming, it's SO UNCUTE! But as I saw those big ol ears peeking under my toes, I was happy again. It was too adorable, and he was finally nice and quiet. I'm glad they learn quickly.

He started squirming again, ticklish as ever. The little scamp sure didn't give up! I pressed my foot down hard just a smidge. I couldn't tell if he was still trying to play or trying to fight off any more pain. Oooh, I see now. I crushed his pelvis didn't I? Ouchie. It wasn't going well for him, but I on the other hand was enjoying ever little bit of it. It's kind of like stepping on some bubble wrap, those neat little pops under your feet. I kept rolling my foot back and forth, pushing my pads into him. Pop. Crunch. Pop. Crunch. It felt and sounded AMAZING!

I really need to not let myself get carried away though. I ended up leaning up on my toes and heard a much louder crunch this time. It's too bad, I really did like him, but well, I do have plenty more where that came from, and if worse comes to worse, I can always get more.

Or so I thought. As I started to finish him off, lowering back to my heels and twisting my foot to delight in the grinding and crunching of his body, I felt a sharp sting at my toe pad!

He bit me!

The little asshole bit me!

Can you believe it?

OF ALL THE NERVE!

That was so not cute.

Safe to say I had to teach him an important lesson and my pets had better been watching. I crashed down with all my weight, hearing one wet squishy pop. The last one I'd ever hear from him. I totally mashed him into goo! That warm, stickiness against my sole. If only you were a living person Diary, you'd totally have to try it sometime!

Of course it wasn't what I had in mind, but he started acting like such a jerk and I have no patience for that.

Well that's all for now Diary. I gotta clean my foot up before it fully dries.

~Lysithea

I sat up from my bed and looked over to the cage, wiggling my toes. "Hey you five in the corner, come over here and clean my foot!" I demanded, resting my paw upon its heel near the cage. I don't have all day you know!"