

Night had fallen upon the Magi Academy; the famous esteemed boarding school for mages. Students and faculty alike settled into their beds for a peaceful night's rest, but there was one looking to take advantage of this opening.

Celeste, the infamous thief, had set her eyes on the Academy as her next target as it was no secret that mages always kept valuable treasures; magical jewels and artifacts always sold for a ton, and perhaps this time she'd make a big enough score where she could retire in just her mid twenties. Perhaps she could even live as a noble!

All this grand thoughts of glory and greatness swam about within her mind, holding back any giggles of glee as to not compromise her objective as she slipped into the dorm room of one of the students through an open window. Her cloth shoes touched upon the thin carpeting overlaying wooden flooring with hardly a sound; no doubt her shoes were magically enhanced to muffle the sounds of her footsteps and any shifting weight.

Her green eyes lit up in the darkness as she took a glance around the room to observe the situation. She looked over at the bed where a male student was fast asleep, smiling as she took a look at his handsome youthful looks. Laying face down in nothing but a pair of cloth shorts, he couldn't have been much older than his late teens and with his medium length snowy white hair and tanned skin, she found him to be quite the looker. Perhaps when she made it big, she could look him up.

Celeste shook her head and held back a giggle as she did away with these foolish thoughts and focused on the task at hand, continuing to scan the room until she set her eyes on a baseball sized, milky colored orb set on a small pedestal on his dresser.

Jackpot!

She could tell from the magical energy radiating from it that it was certainly an artifact, and it would certainly be worth quite a bit of gold. She crept closer to it, readied her satchel and started to reach for the orb. But as soon as her fingers were a mere inch away from collecting the object, the orb gave off a sudden bright flash and engulfed the surprised thief in a strange, magical energy as she utter a panicked cry.

"Mmmrgh," the budding magician groaned in his bed; his sleep suddenly disturbed by bright lights and a feminine voice calling out. "What's going on?" He mumbled as he slowly sat up and rubbed his eyes, followed by a snap of his fingers that summoned an

orb of light to float up to the ceiling and illuminate the room.

His dark eyes looked around the room for something amiss, quickly noticing his window was open. "I don't remember leaving that open," he muttered to himself as he slipped out of bed to make his way over to close it.

As he approach the space between the foot of his bed and his dresser, he heard a sudden loud, yet tinny, shriek down by his feet. Glancing down to the source, his tired eyes were suddenly widened with a mix of surprise, awe and curiosity as caught sight of the shrunken Celeste, hardly bigger than his thumb at best, knocked onto her behind on the firm carpeting.

"Ahh, I see now," the giant-in-comparison, said with newfound understanding and childlike wonder, "That golden hair, the green hood and green tunic...you're the lady from the wanted posters in town: that infamous thief woman from the Thieves Guild," his eyes quickly looked to the window, then to her, then to the orb on his dresser, and a wide grin appeared on his face, "You tried to steal my catalyst, didn't you? That's really too bad for you because that's my precious project I've been working on for a while, and in addition to that...I don't really like thieves," He added, setting his feet down on both sides of her with two powerful thumps while placing his hands on his hips.

Celeste needed a moment to take it all in. It was more than enough to suddenly end up in a young man's bedroom that now seemed to stretch out forever, but to now have that very same person stand over her like some moving mountain; it was like a bad dream. Still, it was quite a wondrous sight; his body was sleek, yet toned (which was unusual for a mage, but certainly welcome), and combined with his other previously mentioned handsome features, it was as if she was sitting before a God. She looked to those feet on both sides of her; that smooth skin and tanned mocha color, something so beautiful now able to crush her like she were a mere insect. As for the giant they belong to, she couldn't even take all of him in even though he filled her entire view.

"But I guess the real issue, what to do with the pesky little thief? Should I squish her? Throw her out the window from where she came from? Maybe hand you over to the guards, at that size they won't have any problem with you," The mage chuckled with his musings, slowly curling his toes, flexing them tightly and then relaxing them.

It went without saying that Celeste wasn't too comfortable with his suggestions, but

what could she do?

Run? She wouldn't make it past his feet.

Talk? What could she possibly say to convince him? She wouldn't have been in this situation if she didn't break in. Damn, of all the mages in the Academy, why did it have to be **his** room?

There was one last option, besides giving up that is. She swiftly brought a hand to her waist and clutched the hilt of her dagger. What a crazy, and ridiculous thought to try and fight something over 30 times her height, but it was still a try!

Celeste bounced up to her feet and lunged toward the mage's left foot to try and drive her dagger right into his big toe for a quick stab. The tip made contact and the skin yielded, but it would not break, causing her attack to be rebuffed, bouncing her dagger away and knocking her off balance. With a loud "Hey!" from above, the massive foot shifted and slammed that boulderous digit right into the thief's tiny form, throwing her backwards with a harsh landing onto her back. Her body became sore with a dull ache, but she wasn't done yet. Clearly she needed a better weapon, she thought, reaching for her shortsword, but she was taken off guard by what was suddenly overhead.

Celeste's sparkling green eyes went wide as she saw the mage's massive foot hovering overhead; his skin of his sole being one shade lighter than the rest of his brownish color. She watched those toes wiggle and flex, his sole scrunching and then relaxing before descending down upon her, pinning her tiny form firmly underneath. Her head was forced to the side as an overwhelming amount of pressure, weight and heat came flooding over as she was effortlessly pressed flat between that mighty sole and the firm carpeting.

"Well that was easy," the young man said, clearly victorious in this one sided fight, "I've had harder times with field mice," He snickered while twisting his foot back and forth on top of the poor shrunken thief, grinding and kneading his soft, smooth, warm, supple yet overwhelming sole against her for a few moments before lifting his foot off of her, but kept it lingering above, "Done yet?"

Celeste gasped, drawing in fresh, cool air after having to endure numerous, long, agonizing moments underfoot; forced to deal with the humid air from his warm sole.

Her eyes suddenly widened and she quickly sat up, running her hands all over her person and checking for any injuries. No broken bones, no damage at all. Nothing more than a dull soreness. She surprisingly found herself in great condition for someone who just had the air and life crushed out of her. "I'm...surprised. I'm in far better condition than I would expect to be for someone who just got squished."

"You can thank me for that," the mage replied with a wide grin and a proud chuckle, "I cast a protection and regenerative spell on you. One to make extra durable and the other as a precaution. I'm sure you felt the force of impact, but it wasn't really ever painful now was it?"

Celeste hesitated for a moment. She could remember feeling the crushing force of his weight, the sensation of being crushed flat, she remember being twisted by the shifting and rolling pressure as he ground his foot upon her. She was definitely crushed, but there was no broken bones, her body didn't pop like a grape, everything was in the right place; there was only that aching feeling, like she had endured an intense exercise. Incredible. "N-no...it...it doesn't hurt at all. It was overwhelming, but I'm miraculously fine," She replied before gazing up at him in awe and curiosity, "And it was your magic that did this? If you don't mind me asking...but why?"

"Tut tut," the giant wagged a finger, "First you need to apologize for your break in and thank me for being so merciful."

Celeste's mouth went agape, the *nerve* of this boy! But sadly, he was right; she did break into his room, and he could have killed her right then and there, "I-I..." She took a deep breath, "I'm sorry!"

"No," the young man replied flatly and poked her with his big toe, sending her tumbling over backwards, "C'mon thief, even types such as you know how to address your betters. Bow down before my feet, apologize, and kiss them. Oh, and spice it up, perhaps call me your greatness, or maybe Great Maxim. I was thinking Master or Lord Maxim, but it'd be weird to not have those titles officially with my name. Wouldn't mean much from a little mouse like you."

Celeste grit her teeth, this guy was infuriating! But again, there was nothing she could do to stand against him, she could only do as commanded. Taking a deep breath as if swallowing her dignity, she stood up, approached his toes and immediately prostrate

herself before them, “Oh glorious Great Maxim, please find it in your heart to forgive this foolish woman, Celeste of the Thieves Guild, for her reckless behavior. I throw myself at your mercy!” She yelled out before pursing her lips, shutting her eyes tight and kissing at his toe, giving a light suckle at the supple flesh before releasing with a quiet *smack*. She could only hope she was too small to see her blushing.

Wait blushing? There was no way she actually liked doing that. Did he hit her with a charm spell of some sort?!

Maxim smiled and drummed his toes on the carpet with a simple wiggle, “I think the others are lonely, how about kissing the rest of them as well?”

Celeste held back a groan. She doesn’t think she’s ever been this frustrated in her life. Everything she worked for as a thief, the future she had planned for herself, had instantly been made irrelevant by someone at least 5 years younger than her, forced to do this ridiculous bidding with no safe alternative; and it was entirely her fault. Still, she held hope that he would return her to normal and this ugly mess would be forgotten about.

As ordered, she went to each of his un-kissed toes, pressing her lips against the soft skin with reluctant, yet meaningful kisses; one by one until they were all touched by her mouth. She was quickly growing accustomed to the taste of his foot; mostly salty.

“Now that wasn’t so bad now was it?” Maxim teased, more than pleased with feeling those tiny lips smooch his warm toes.

“Can you just return me to normal now? I promise I won’t pull anything. I just want to leave and put this ugly thing behind me. Err, I mean...” She quickly bowed her head to him, “Please, o Great Maxim, I beg of you!”

“You can relax on the theatrics, I was simply toying with you. And the truth is, I have no idea how to grow you back,” Maxim said.

Celeste suddenly raised her head with widened eyes and tightened her fists, “What?! Why would you make a spell like that without making a spell to reverse it?!”

Maxim quickly narrowed his eyes and slid a foot toward Celeste once again, this time

spreading his toes and gripping her tiny form between his big and second digits. He clenched, giving her a firm squeeze and forcing a pained squeak from her lungs, "I know I said there's no need for the theatrics," He said while grinding his toes against her, "But that doesn't mean you get to speak to me as if we were equals, understand?" He flicked her from his toes, tossing her down to the floor once again and folded his arms, "As a thief you may have had freedom and you could say whatever you wanted to whoever you wanted, but here, right now, is a different world for you and I. I can do anything I want to you, and as for you...well...you'll just have to deal with it, now won't you?"

"Y-yes sir," Celeste replied meekly while laying on her side and hugging her body.

"Good!" Maxim said happily, "Now if you'll allow me to continue; I never needed a counterspell because this spell was meant to be a supportive one to weaken enemy weapons. And instead of going through bothersome research to learn how to disenchant various metals in weapons, why not just render the entire thing useless? Shrink it. Make an entire vanguard wield nothing but toothpicks. At first the spell was temporary; it didn't matter to the Scholars, they praised me for my genius. Who cares if the spell lasted only an hour? That was more than enough to shift a battle," He explained.

"**Was** temporary?" Celeste asked.

Maxim decided to make himself more comfortable, sitting on the edge of his bed and crossing his ankles, smiling down to her, "That's right. I learned how to make it permanent and made it usable on all sorts of objects. Then I tried plants, just to see if it would work on a living being, and with some adjustments. It did. Then a small animal. And ultimately..."

"You wanted to try a person," Celeste interrupted bitterly.

"Very good! Imagine, single foes, whole groups, an entire army; all shrunk before you, no more than helpless bugs. Imagine how useful that would be! But the spell needed testing, and to test, I needed someone to test on, and the Scholars, Professors, even Headmaster forbade this. Safe to say was rather upset for a while, but then I got an idea; I couldn't get in trouble if it was...say...self defense. I prepared the spell in my Catalyst and had the idea to take a stroll through the more...unsavory parts of town, but then along came Celeste, my little volunteer, and you know the rest from there," Maxim

said with a grin, "And I'm grateful! The test seemed to have gone off without a hitch! You're perfectly functioning, just minuscule! I couldn't be happier!"

Celeste shivered at the thought. It really was bad luck. If she had picked a different day, or picked a different window, it would have been someone else, anyone else but her. His plan was sound, no doubt he'd be picked on by someone on the streets in the low class area of the town. No one would care, and he'd be safe because it was in defense. He was smart, he was crafty, a little crazy...but also ambitious.

She kind of liked that.

"So what happens now?" She asked while sitting up to stare up at him; from those feet, which she had been closely acquainted with, all the way up to the smiling, handsome face. "My life is literally in your hands...well...at your feet."

Maxim curled his toes tightly and smirked before sitting forward and gazing down at her, "Well then I guess that means you belong to me. After all, at that size you won't be able to do much for yourself. I'll have to take care of you," He said.

Celeste wasn't quite sure how to handle the idea of 'belonging' to someone, but again, he was right. There was very little she'd be able to do on her own. She **needed** him if she wanted to survive, "No argument there," She replied.

"Good, now let's see what I'm working with," He said as he reached down for her, gripping her body between his thumb and index finger and lifted her up from the floor.

Celeste gasped as she was deftly plucked up from the floor, as if she weighted nothing. But then again, at her size, she did weigh nothing. She felt a little light headed from the quick rush as she was rapidly lifted up to eye level but quickly recovered now that she was finally able to see her captor up close. As daunting as it was at how **big** his face, it was equally appealing to see his handsome features up close; even those slight imperfections in his face. The light bags under his eyes from late night studying, a few unnoticeable bumps, nigh unseen whiskers on his fairly clean shaven face. Even that smiling face, pearly white teeth that were large enough to cleave her in two, piled on more fear and appeal of her situation. It all just added to her closeted attraction towards him.

“First, let’s get rid of these clothes. I want to see all of you,” Maxim said with his massive, dark fingers already reaching toward her to unceremoniously strip her of her clothing. Off went her hood, tunic, shoes, leggings, everything until she was completely bare and promptly dumped into the giant’s palm.

Naked, afraid, yet intrigued; Celeste quickly cuddled up to Maxim’s middle finger for both warmth and balance support. She couldn’t help but find some amusement in the poetry of her predicament; her hair was golden, her eyes a bright green, her skin pale. While his hair was white, his eyes and skin were dark. She was older, he was younger. He was bigger, she was smaller. It was quite the entertaining contrast.

She stayed quiet while watching his eyes look her over from head to toe, him smiling the entire time. She gave a hushed gasp as a giant finger came close and ran itself along her body; stroking her sides, her legs, brushing over her modest breasts. She was petting him, and it felt rather...nice.

She was unsure of what was coming over her; she was supposed to hate him for what happened to her, but as the seconds went by, the more she felt a need to be his. Perhaps it was out of necessity, but part of her also wanted this too. She blushed even deeper and reached up to grab that petting digit, giving the tip of Maxim’s finger a sweet kiss.

“Someone’s getting quite cozy,” Maxim teased.

She tried to hide her face behind Maxim’s fingertip, both embarrassed and fairly unsure of herself. “Look, it’s my first time with a giant, okay? I’m trying to improvise on the foreplay.”

“Are you trying to say I’d get intimate with an insect?” Maxim replied flatly.

Celeste blushed even deeper and punched his fingertip as hard as she could, which to him was nothing more than a light press, “Hey you! What am I supposed to think when you undress me like that and start touching me all over? Don’t mess with me like this!”

That very same finger pushed into her, knocking her back and pressing her into the giant’s warm palm, “Your tiny perspective is confusing the situation,” Maxim said, starting to gently rub that warm, soft, smooth fingertip against her body, “You’re my pet

and my experiment, we're not boyfriend and girlfriend."

If she had a moment, Celeste would be crestfallen by his words. She would be embarrassed, feeling stupid for misreading the situation. But she was being taken on a trip by his finger which was deviously rubbing against her sensitive breasts and in between her thighs. She wasn't given a chance to speak, she could only gasp and moan, unable to find the breaths needed to say what she wanted to say.

"Bastard," she thought to herself.

Maxim smiled at the tiny woman's writhing underneath his fingertip; the way she gasped and moaned, the way she arched her back and bucked her hips against his finger. It was fascinating...and quite arousing. It was his first time getting this intimate with a girl, let alone a tiny one; he never once expected he would get so excited, even though he was already getting riled up from the earlier fun. To manipulate, control and handle her in anyway he pleased; this was more enjoyable than he imagined.

He slowly withdrew his finger, keeping those dark eyes upon her. Watching, observing. Those moans became needy whines, breathless complaints for more. He even had control of her body in the throes of passion. Truly this is what domination was, to have control over her physically, mentally, emotionally....and intimately.

He leaned in closer to her squirming form and parted his lips, letting his warm breath wash over her naked, diminutive body with each pant. He pressed his soft lips to her body, kissing at her smooth pale skin. He did it again, and again, peppering her body with sweet smooches from head to toe. Her face, her torso, her legs, all over was subject to his lips pressing and suckling against her body (and most notably for her, were her sensitive breasts). Passions were increased the moment his tongue returned to action; the caresses of that thick, wet undulating muscle combined with the excitable vacuum pressure of his lips; it was almost too much for Celeste to bear.

Succumbing to pleasure that had been, until now, so far beyond her scope of imagination; she climaxed. Her body squirming and writhing in passion against the giant's mouth. "Damn," She whispered, and flopped back into the very warm, dark skinned hand that was supporting her, wrapping her arms around a finger to the best of her ability and cuddling up to it.

Maxim licked his lips, licking up the remains of her juices, licking up the tastes of **her**. His dark eyes remained focused on her, finding her curled up in his hand like that to be...well...adorable. He pondered letting her rest, it was late after all, and he did have classes in the morning. On the other hand, he wasn't quite finished. She got hers, and now it was time to get his.

"How was it?" Maxim teased.

".....different," Celeste said breathlessly, having to take the moment to summon up the energy to answer him, "But incredible. I've never...felt **anything** like that before," She started to smile up at him, slowly sitting up and leaning against his finger, "I'm surprised you did that though...maybe...you're having second thoughts about our relationship?" She giggled.

She was suddenly blasted with gust of air from his nostrils as he scoffed; as if her hair wasn't already a mess. "You're still forgetting about your situation," said Maxim as he quickly turned his hand over, removing Celeste's footing and causing her to fall freely onto the bed right in between his legs.

"Ow! Hey! What was that for?! What do you think you're....do....ing...." Celeste trailed off as she watched him rise up on his knees while adjusting his boxers to reveal equally dark colored member, thick and half erect. Her mouth dropped and her eyes went as wide as dinner plates as she saw him over her; as she saw **it**.

"Don't forget your place, my little thief. You're my pet that I can do anything to when I please," Maxim declared before kneeling to a sit; dropping his thick, hefty member on top of her with a simple quiet *thump* on the bed sheet.

"Ack!" She cried out as that girth was dropped on top of her, pinning her lightly underneath. It wasn't too unlike being underfoot, but with a lot less crushing force. Her head was forced to the side and her arms and legs could be seen poking out from underneath the dark pillar. It was safe to say it was the biggest dick she had ever seen, she also found it unusually heavy, rather warm, hot even; and could feel a deep, but gentle throbbing, like a heartbeat. She could even smell a peculiar, but rather nice, scent. While she was only thumb sized at best, she could only imagine he was no slouch at normal sizes either.

She felt herself getting excited again.

“Biggest you’ve ever seen, I bet,” Maxim teased, leaning forward and pushing down on his member with a spare hand, pressing it down harder against her. He lifted his hand and sat back before pulling her out from underneath him and placing her atop the length of his dick, “This is your chance to make yourself useful as a pet, satisfy me and I’ll forgive you for forgetting your place.”

Easy for him to say, Celeste had no idea where to begin with a dick bigger and thicker than a large bed mattress and roughly three times as long as she was tall. Traditional methods were certainly off the table. She had no choice but to wing it.

She opted for a simple start; rubbing her tiny hands against Maxim’s monolith of a member. Her hands pushed, pressed and kneaded at the smooth, leathery flesh as if she were giving a massage. She let out a surprised “Oh!” as she could feel the surface thicken and harden underneath her, she could hear a dull, booming rumble of moan from the giant behind her, a positive sign that she was doing something right.

Next she started using her whole body. She laid face down and straddled the titan’s phallus to the best of her ability and started to rub herself against it. Gyrating her hips while pressing and grinding them into the velvety flesh while kneading and stroking it with her breasts. Her hands caressed and squeezed the tip of his dick while she kissed, licked and suckled at the skin in complete worship. She felt him harden further and gasped as his member started to rise to a full erection. She nearly slipped, that was until Maxim’s giant thumb fell upon her, pinning her firmly to the giant’s dick.

“I’m impressed,” Maxim said while curling his fingers about his thick phallus that may have been like tanned tree trunks compared to little Celeste, “I didn’t think you were capable of this.” It was certainly no lie, with her tiny form he didn’t expect to get much out of it, but those tiny hands at work, those little kisses, her puny body squirming and shifting; he hadn’t been this excited in a long time.

His thumb held firm, pushing her flat against him and pressing her face into the heated flesh. He began to stroke himself, dragging her poor body along; up and down the smooth organ in a steady, but quick rhythm. His powerful, deep moans silenced the tiny woman’s small, quieter ones; but it was certainly clear both captor and captive were enjoying themselves.

The act continued for minutes, much to Celeste's chagrin. The rough treatment on her body; the pressing, the squeezing and the increasingly rapid repetition on her already tired and worn body was worsening the soreness and aches more so than before. But she wouldn't dare complain, not that she could in her current position, she had to endure the giant's will and abuse until he was satisfied.

The relative titan himself was in sweet lustful bliss; aside the usual enjoyment, the sheer fact he was using a tiny woman to aid in this task excited him further. He tried to hold back as much as he could, trying to keep the moment going on forever. Alas, the prior toying with his new pet had served to bring him quicker to the brink than he liked.

Approaching the point of climax, Maxim loosened her grip on Celeste slightly to slide her up along the length of his member up to the very tip of his head, "Don't just lay there, make yourself useful," He teased, pressing his thumb down into her head and burying her face into the slit with a deep moan.

Celeste squeaked as she felt the sudden weight on her head force it down into the tip of his cock; her face suddenly assaulted with the heat of his depths, that peculiar scent and a quick burst of his preseed. Her eyes stung and her nose and mouth were filled with the sticky stuff, leaving her with no choice but to gulp, suck and lick down what she could. This lasted for a few agonizing moments until she felt that weight finally lift, allowing her to raise her cum-stained head with anger. With furious, stinging eyes, she glared up at the giant. "Hey! What's the big idea?! I almost choked you know! You could at least warn me before you—ACK!"

Before she could finish chastising him; the giant's volcano erupted with her still laid over the tip. She was suddenly blasted with a thick load of his hot, sticky white seed with enough force to launch her off of his member; that is, if not that his thumb was still hovering nearby, preventing her from flying away. She was forced back down against the head of his cock, forced to endure the remaining loads as she took burst after burst after burst until there was nothing left; leaving her coated in the gooey stuff.

Maxim chuckled softly at his pet's predicament, but couldn't have asked for a better finish. "Well aren't you a sight? I guess I should get this mess cleaned up and wash you off. Shame on me for not having any cloth on hand."

While Celeste may have had a few choice words to say, she couldn't muster up much more than a cough or a sputter. She decided it was best to take the defeat in silence as she was scooped up and carried off to be cleaned. She had enough action for one night.

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Maxim yawned loudly as he settled in his seat in the classroom, rubbing his eyes in a futile attempt to wipe the sleepiness away.

"Wow, Maxim, you look exhausted," said a fairly observant classmate as they settled down in the seat next to him, "Did a lot of studying last night?"

Maxim chuckled to himself while propping up his elbow and resting his chin in his hand, "I guess you could say that," He grinned.

And unknown to his classmate, in the depths of his right cloth shoe underneath his toes was poor Celeste who had the misfortune of misunderstanding what he meant when he said he was bringing her to class with him.

Maxim curled his toes tightly, dragging the tiny girl and tucking her into the space between the ball of his foot and his toes, where he squeezed at her tightly while smiling inwardly, "But it was worth it."