

The morning came with the chirping of birds singing happily to the skies and the light of the sun filtered through the window blinds, numerous slits of light dancing over the sleeping male's face. He tightened his eyes, and flicked those tall animal ears in annoyance. He was never a fan of mornings, but those pesky birds weren't going to let him sleep in any longer. With a beat or two of his fluffy tail underneath the covers, he slowly sat up, pulling the covers off of him to reveal the standard male pastime of the early morning: a fully erect member, as nearly as long as his forearm and roughly as thick as half a water bottle; and the rest of his naked, slender form, a lithe body with some toned muscle underneath, complimenting his cute face and messy bleached white hair, a few bangs hanging over his right eye, giving him quite an attractive feminine boy appearance.

He stretched his arms up and opened his mouth wide for a yawn, flexing his toes tightly and cracking the knuckles underneath. His simple movements caused his bed's springs to squeak lightly, serving as an alarm to the tiny critters near his bed. For this male had a hobby you see, a hobby of shrinking down others and bringing them home for reasons the victims could only guess: To keep as pets? To collect? For no real reason at all?

All answers were wrong. The whole thing was a game to him, to force those shrunken victims into a strange world where they needed to survive with his deadly presence being a constant factor. Upon bringing one home, he would simply place them in a random spot about his household and then go about his business. The rules were simple; just survive for as long as you can. As for winning conditions, they weren't any; you either kept your life, or lost it. Not only that, the victims were shrunken at various sizes, from a puny half an inch to a more noticeable 4 inch height, but never any bigger. Some lived longer than others, becoming veterans of the game; knowing the giant's patterns, learning his lifestyle, realizing it's just as dangerous being unaware of your presence as he is aware, knowing that the giant will not help you no matter how much you appeal to him. Among the veterans, there was a divide: those that would help the newbies, the ones most likely to not last even an hour, teaching them the tricks of the trade of survival, bringing them underneath their wing, believing in the strength of numbers. There were also those that wouldn't help, the ones that kept to themselves or stay in a small, likeminded group. And those eager to have others lose the game, either due to their insanity, or developing a case of Stockholm Syndrome, wanting to see how others survive, much like their captor.

As the giant stretched in his bed, a trio looting a downed open bag of chips began to panic. Two began to make a run underneath the bed when they heard the springs compress and bend, signaling that the giant was about to get up, and signaled to the third to let go of his food and hurry. Sadly he was overcome by his hunger and greed, stuffing a crumb or two in his mouth while grabbing a larger chip to take back, before hearing a rush of displaced wind overhead. He glanced upward and saw the giant's foot descending upon him, that warm powerful sole smashing down upon where he stood as the giant unawaresly pressed him flat into the carpet with a crunch.

"Hmm?" The giant tilted his head and looked down with tired eyes, noticing the bag of chips and figuring that crunch came from him stepping on a chip or two, until he dragged his foot across the carpet; leaving a red staining trail of blood, causing him to smirk with a shrug as he walked over to his dresser and pulled open his underwear drawer.

He smiled upon seeing a few more shrunken victims ducking down to burrow deep underneath the various assortments of underwear, from boxers to panties to thongs, whatever fit the giant's mood. He made it a personal rule not to go out of his way to snatch up any of his playthings; all part of the game. He reached in and pulled up a pair of dark blue boxer briefs, eyes drifting to a tiny falling out of the right leg; free falling until he landed on the smooth tip of the giant's member, holding on for dear life. The tiny glanced upward, seeing if the giant noticed him, in which he did, but paid no mind as he lowered the pair of undergarments to slip them on.

Unknown to him however, were the numerous micros clinging to the fabric. As he pulled on the pair, the littles were pressed up tightly against him; two pressed firm into his taut backside, a stray tiny wedged in between those cheeks. Another was crushed against his taint, and any remaining ones were forced against his testicles and his excited member. He purred with delight feeling those tiny forms wriggle and crush against him, licking his lips with a pleased sigh. With that taken care of, he saw fit to have some breakfast, and marched out of his bedroom and down the hall toward the kitchen.

Most of the tinies that wandered the halls knew better to get in the giant's way, having seen so many others go under the giant's powerful, attractive feet. Sadly some of the newer tinies couldn't help themselves but be in awe of the beautiful giant, craning their neck backs as they watched him approach, starting to move a little too late. What were two simple steps for the gorgeous male were two grueling ends to the two littles that were unfortunately in his path.

One met the same end as the previous tiny, caught in the shadow of the giant's descending foot, throwing his hands up as if that would somehow stop the ball of the large one's foot pressing down upon him. The unlucky shrunken runt was forced down upon the hard wooden flooring of the carpet, smothered by that sole as it seemingly folded around them, pinning them flat for a brief moment before the pressure of the giant's passing weight pressed in, forcing that tiny body to give in and flatten underneath, crushing its bones and insides, and eventually popping like a grape underfoot.

The other was caught between a pair of the giant's toes as it swung forward, snatching up the remaining tiny and carrying it through the air like a violent amusement park ride, until that foot came to a landing and those toes tightened and pressed together on the little one's lower body, instantly crushing his legs and waist. The next time the giant's foot swung through the air, the half crushed body was flown free and landed on the wooden flooring, tumbling along until that very same foot came crashing down upon it with a loud crunch. From there it was easy to tell who was new to such a thing and who wasn't; the veterans didn't even so much flinch at the scene, while the newer captives looked on, or away, in horror. Some even feeling sick to their stomachs, puking right there on the spot.

The giant strolled on over to the kitchen, tilting his head and putting a finger to his lips in thought, wondering what to have for breakfast. He opened up the cupboard and grabbed a blue colored cup, peeking in to spot a micro no more than an inch and a half at the bottom of the cup.

"Well hello there," said the giant in a low voice before setting the cup down and opening the fridge to grab a half gallon jug of milk. With a playful smirk down towards the one trapped within the tall, circular

prison before pouring in the white, thick liquid down upon the tiny, filling the cup up with milk before returning the jug to the fridge.

The giant then watched with amusement as the helpless tiny splashed about the milk, crying out for help. Ignoring his pleas, the giant simply picked up the glass and brought it towards his lips, parting them slowly while tilting the glass towards his mouth, letting the thick liquid flow passed his lips and into his thirsty mouth; the milk flowing freely down his throat as he started to chug it all down.

The micro tried its best to swim against the strong current, but was unable to fight against the raging river of milk and was pulled into the giant's mouth; flown over his tongue and down his throat, squeezed tightly but the muscles within as the tiny was pushed down by the help of the milk, down into the giant's stomach.

"Ahh~", the giant sighed with thirst quenched relief, setting the empty cup down and patting his stomach, "I think I'll have a fried egg sandwich," he said, deciding on his breakfast choice with a lick of his lips, going toward another cupboard to rummage through pots and pans, much to the chagrin to the micros occupying his cupboards.

He was seeking a particular frying pan, buried under three others. It was nothing to him to get the pan he needed, but for the micros that foolishly occupied them, it was a deadly, deafening roller coaster as the pans were shifted about and clanging loudly against each other. A few unfortunate souls were smashed in between pans as the giant shifted them about, humming happily to himself as he pulled it free, not paying any mind to the tiny pair shuffling about on the slick surface of the pan.

Setting the pan down on the burner, the giant turned up the flame while going over to the fridge to get an egg. With a simple crack of it against the counter, he let the yolk fall into the heating pan, right on top of the micros trying to escape from this predicament. But as it wasn't looking good for them before, it was hopeless now as they were trapped among the sticky yolk that would later harden with them trapped in it, doomed to become part of the giant's sandwich, who was completely unaware of the extra "seasoning" that was added to his breakfast meal, such was the way of the game.