

Everything You Bargained For

🔗 Questionable Content

Extreme musk and filth are mentioned but, otherwise, this is a healthy discussion between consenting adults. This is unusually wholesome compared to my usual porn.

📖 Story Description

You got more than you expected when you asked Mala and Chrys to make you their dirty little pawslut. You renegotiate the scene with them and everyone's happy.

I wrote the first draft of this in twenty minutes just to see what I could do. Turns out I still can be quick about stories when I'm not distracted, though I did spend another twenty minutes on editing.

“Are you ready?” Chrys giggled as she smiled down at you. The bright blue lizard girl had grown to six feet tall, slightly above your natural height, and sprawled out lazily on your couch.

“They sure seem to be!” Mala teased. The green lizard was only 4’7” himself, but given that he’d shrunk you to just under four feet—deliberately playing into the definition of small in a tabletop RPG—he still looked intimidatingly large.

You gulped and nodded. You at least *thought* you were ready for what the entertainment lizards were going to do. You’d told them you were in the mood to be a dirty little pawslut for them and they seemed all too happy to

oblige. Now you were (relatively) little, looking at their filthy feet propped up on the coffee table, and noticed just how overwhelmingly dirty they were. Thick strands of slimy sweat connected their toes. The soles were blackened with dirt; you could see the precise texture of their skin. The smell was so intense you feared getting closer to them; even from eighteen inches back it made your stomach turn.

“Y... yellow light...” you whimpered and bowed your head in shame.

“Aww, don’t feel bad hon,” Chrys reassured you. She pulled her feet off the table, leaned over, and gently caressed your head. “We want you to enjoy this! If it’s too much for you to enjoy, we’ll bring it down to what you really want.”

“Exactly!” Mala chimed in. “It’s not fun unless we’re *all* having fun.” He moved his feet to the side and brought his prehensile tail up to rub your cheek. “So... talk to us!” He beamed down at you. It was a warm, sincere invitation, but you still hesitated. They’re just doing what you *said* you wanted, but... you were having second thoughts. This was more than you thought you’d bargained for.

Chrys continued to gently pet you. “It’s okay, hon...” she cooed softly. “Really. Don’t be embarrassed that you’re asking us to tone it down. We’re glad you’re communicating that to us. Some people are scared of lizards who could shrink them into oblivion and annihilate them just for fun~” While her tone was still bubbly as she described that act, you shuddered and buried your head against the table.

“Might’ve been a *bit* much there, Chrys,” Mala teased.

“Sorry~” she said. “We do tend to get carried away with things. But if you want something a bit less dramatic, we’re happy with that too.”

You took a deep breath of surprisingly fresh air. Despite the sweaty heelprints you saw on the table two minutes ago, there wasn’t any indication of the mess they’d made. Another deep breath calmed your nerves. The

lizards waited patiently for you and allowed you whatever time you needed to decide what you wanted to say.

“I...” you pause for a moment to regain your confidence, “I didn’t mean dirty *literally*. I just like the degradation parts of being under someone’s feet. Especially when they’re bigger than my head.”

“Of course hon,” Chrys replied. “So... do you want our feet totally clean, or just want us to tone down the filth?”

You considered that for a moment. The lizards could customize the experience for someone, but what did you really want? It was a notoriously difficult question to answer. “I don’t want your entire soles to be filthy, and the smell was ... quite a bit much. Maybe just a few bits of toejam and a taste I won’t *quite* gag on?”

Mala and Chrys exchanged looks with each other and wordlessly traded ideas. A few seconds later, Mala looked down at you and nodded. “You got it. You’re in charge here. We’re just here to help you enjoy yourself!”

Chrys gently pushed you back from the table. She and Mala both melodramatically slammed their feet onto it once more. The soles glistened with sweat but were otherwise clean. There were some darker bits of grime between the toes, which stood out even more clearly without the rest of the filth. A few strands of off-colored sweat still clung to those toes, but they were mostly for effect; the smell was far less intense.

“How’s this?” Chrys asked. “More what you wanted? You *dirty* little thing?” She giggled and wiggled her toes. This was just playful banter for the lizards and making someone flustered was part of the fun.

You nodded sheepishly in response. Your initial description was embellished for effect but this was what you’d really wanted. “Yeah,” you said, “Thanks. And feel free to call me more things like that.”

Mala's grin turned devious. "Call you a filthy *little* thing for wanting to tend to our feet after a long day? Or perhaps you'd rather imagine us having just finished a workout, like a *little* locker room creep..." With each use of the word little, Mala siphoned off another fraction of an inch. Just enough for you to notice the change.

"Exactly. So... uh, green light?"

With those two words, the lizards started the scene, exactly as you wished they would.