

Part 1

This part is primarily a character introduction for Velvet and Kamilla, who serve as the main focus of the October Writing.

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Name: Kamilla (Shorten to Kammy when needed)

Species: False Vampire Bat

Colors: Darker Violet, Sky Blue edges

Height: 5' 10"

Dimensions: Chubbier than average, curvy build. D cup breasts. Long legs, relaxed posture.

Occupation: Witch, for hire and profit; Kammy is popularly employed by kingdom to kingdom lending her talents, but she works on a client-by-client basis as well. She does magic as both as a job and music as a hobby.

Personal: She's a lady of few but carefully chosen words. She likes to experiment, especially on Velvet, and treats him in way just shy of dom. Sees to Velvet's safety, her clients' satisfaction, and her own hobbies and pleasure. Feels like she hasn't worked a day in her life. Her attitude toward even the most platonic of friends is best described as sultry and teasing. She knows what Velvet wants better than he does.

Favorites: Enjoys new/revealing clothes, loves Velvet as a boy and toy.

Powers: Via any means of potions, spells, or personal gestures (such as a lick), can change the form and size of objects and people. In addition, can lift lighter objects through telekinesis. Capable of producing any potion requested of her. Better at romantic magic than aggressive magic.

Other: Once, she accidentally lost a shrunken Velvet, and had to sort through a week's worth of panties just to find him.

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Name: Velvet

Species: Microlepidoptera-group Moth

Colors: Hot Pink, Black and White stripes around wings and midsection.

Common Height(s): 4' 6" (Unaltered Height) , 2.5" (Shrunken Height #1), 1.5 mm (Shrunken Height #2)

Dimension(s): Shortly built but skinny, given width by wings. Attentive posture.

Preoccupation: Velvet was "cursed" after confessing his crush on Kamilla to be unable to abandon her, and must remain within 20 feet of her or her place of stay, much to his delight.

As such, he is Kamilla's personal aide, and more often than not ends up a victim of her whims. May or may not secretly enjoy it and also secretly make his own requests.

Personal: Meek and quiet, he's more than willing to help Kamilla brew or jot down new spells under any circumstances, but changes into weak protest mode the instant he is asked to be her test subject. His protests aren't that serious, though, and often sound more sleepy and disinterested than anything. Is even willing to help Kamilla create potions and such for the express purpose of being used on him, and will only resist when it comes to their use. Virtually incapable of expressing real pessimism.

Favorites: Quiet moments, gentle contact, comforting smells.

Other: Despite being Kammy's guinea pig, Velvet is physically incapable of growing past his unaltered height or being transformed into any non-clothing item.

## Part 2

Contains: macro/micro, sexual implications + weird sex shit, dom/sub, softvore, humiliation, insertion/unbirth, clothing transformation, non-lethal crush.

Short setups and punch lines with the characters I made, Kamilla the witch bat girl, and her short humble moth boy servant, Velvet. Except instead of being jokes, it's erotica. Could possibly double as story concepts.

Horribly NSFW. It's basically porn the whole way down.

#1. Velvet gets turned into Kamilla's panties for three days. The first day in this humiliating role, he experiences the tight rubbing of her thighs, getting pulled and wedged tighter and tighter on her hips, being tugged higher, stretched, and soaked to the core. Sopping wet at the end of day one, Velvet gets pulled off and held aloft at the end of Kamilla's toes while she teases him by telling him, "You think you're wet today, that's just my sweat! Tomorrow I'll give you a taste of my juices." And thus, she wears them another day, leaving him worn, stretched out and soaked with sweat and all manner of sexual nectar. The next day, she leaves him exhausted in her room to sit in a pool of her moisture.

#2. An excerpt of one of Velvet's personal anonymous potion requests, and its results:

"I'd like a shrinking potion that works as fast and as powerfully as possible, please."

One brewery and retrieval later, Velvet heard Kamilla about to walk in on him in her bedroom, and quickly downed the whole thing. Before he could even put it down, he shot downwards, landing clumsily in the middle of her huge bed. Landing into the grooves and imperfections of a single fine thread of the downright titanic bedsheet, he found himself stuck in the slightly unraveling tight cotton. This thread couldn't be more than a third of a millimeter in thickness, yet its imperfections were rendered in startling clarity, which makes sense since he'd be no more than a tenth of a micrometer in height. And then, of course, Kamilla put her titanic rear down on top of him, and the two forces crushed and rubbed together. The only thing stopping him from being smothered below her ass is...

\*drumroll\*

absolutely nothing, he gets wedged into a thin fiber of Kamilla's panties, and spends the night trapped under plush booty. Poor little moth-speck.

#3. A brief dialogue.

"Hey, Velvet, want to help me out with a potion?"

"Huh? S-sure, what do you need me to do?"

"Can you bring me that bottle over there, on the top shelf?"

"But aren't you taller than me? By like, a lot?"

\*silence\*

"O-okay, I'll get it for you, Kammy."

"Thanks, shorty. Oh, and I told you to call me 'Mistress', didn't I?"

"R-right, uhm..."

"Well, it's almost done. I just need one more thing from you."

"Of course! What is it?"

"Get in it."

"EHH?!"

"Just dip your feet in, and the rest of you will slip in quickly and easily."

"T-that's not what I mean! Why do I have to get in it?"

"Because it's not going to taste good without my little moth-boy to give it flavor."

"H-wha-What is it?"

"It's a growth potion, silly. You can't grow, so as I sip up this tasty little concoction, you'll get to see your big mistress grow bigger and bigger before your very eyes before you slip right down into my belly like an ice cube."

"B-but I don't want to be a -!"

"No protests, Velvet. You'll make me sad."

"Y-yes, Kammy."

"Hmm?"

"I-I said, Y-yes, Mistress."

"Excellent."

#4. Dear Diary,

Miss Kamilla tried another transformation spell on me today. She said she wanted to turn me into a cute dragon for a client, but the spell just ended up turning me into a bra again! She says I must be, like, predisposed to being turned into clothes, since she hasn't been able to turn me into anything else, even when the spell or potion works on everything else. On the bright side, Miss Kamilla's nipples feel so good and perky! I just wish I weren't so short, since being wrapped around her big boobs for so long kind of hurt.

Entry #208

Test Subject: Velvet

Magic Type: Tested and Proven, Dragon Transformation Spell with added Drops of Lust to give feminine features and Ether of Enhancement to magnify subject's innate height deficiency.

Expected Result: Conversion of subject's body into that of a female dragon of height 3-4 feet and a 70/30 split in feminine and masculine hormone features (AKA Cuteness Ratio.)

Yielded Result: Conversion of subject's body into posh, silky bra with extra tricolor lace, contouring underpadding, and cup size C. Test subject's short stature resulted in production of a bra which is too small, though attempts at adorning the garment were successful.

Analysis of subject's diary indicate consciousness was maintained for the duration of transformation.

Proposed Changes to experiment: Test to see how the cuteness and size of bra produced varies with changes to the concentration of Drops and Ether.

Special Notes: He was so tired after he got turned back, he fell right asleep! It was adorable.

#5. Transformation into Candy Undies. Note to self, hell yes.

#6. Velvet wakes up on the inside of Kamilla at a tiny size, he guesses an inch, roughly. Using some basic telepathy, Kamilla teases the condition of his host: She'll let him out if he can successfully guess what part of her body she's trapped his diminutive form inside. He guesses from the presence of a small amount of liquids that he's not stuffed up her ass. She confirms this, adding that she'll have to remember the idea for next time. His next observation is that his prison doesn't really tickle or hurt, so he's not in her stomach, since the acids in there, even when he's immunized, tickle his body a little. Kamilla tells him to stop giving her such good ideas. With some level of confidence, he asks if he's trapped in her vagina. She responds that he's getting warmer. Completely sure of himself now, he guesses with pride that he's in her womb. Oops, that was wrong. Looks like he'll be staying his current size, in his current location. Kamilla then proceeds to talk about how hard it was to keep track of him when he was so small she couldn't even really see him, and harder still to actually use her telekinesis to fit him inside her ovary. Stifled in a tiny puddle of fresh estrogen, Velvet just blanks out from surprise.

Some fluff:

#7. In scribbly, clumsy writing:

Things Mistress Kamilla has done to me

Shrink me every size from 4' 6" to half a nanometer. That was a scary afternoon!

Stomp me with her paws. Did you know bat-paws are thinner and are almost like bird talons?

Eat me. She's chewed me, spat me out, deep - throated my body down, sipped me up like she's trying to get down a pill, licked me at full size with her weird powers and swallowed me before I was finished shrinking, and once she left me in her tummy for a while. I just woke up in bed the next day, and I felt really sticky and it was hard to move because my joints wouldn't bend. I don't remember what happened, but she must have spat me up, right? Right?

She's had...sex? With me? I don't know if being shrunken to two and a half inches (She's really insistent on precision for some reason) and pushed into her vagina counts or not. I'm also not sure being turned into panties once a week and held up against her privates counts, either.

Sat on me, not even while I'm shrunken, either, once she just sat on me and made me lick her legs to show her I still loved her. I mean, of course I do, but that kind of stuff is humiliating!

But the most humiliating thing she did was during Self-Acceptance Day. It's a weird holiday in one of the places which likes to hire Kamilla pretty often. Basically, you have to wear a label a friend gives you out in public. Miss Kamilla was mean and made mine "Boy-Toy". But she kissed me when I gave her the label I made for her. It said "Goddess". She says I act like a little kid sometimes, even though I'm of age and can vote and everything.

She's taken care of me for a really long time now. I think she loves me.

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### Part 3

This one, while certainly lewd just shy of all over, is probably the closest thing to fluff out of the entirety of the writing I did in October. This one is a longer concept, written as an

expansion of one of the ideas from part 2. It's also, in my opinion, the least organized out of all. Same deal as before, more Kamilla, more Velvet. It's mostly these two for the majority of the October writing, anyway.

Contains: Weird magic shit, A handful of furries, Height differences, Shrinking, Macro/Micro + interactions, stray clothing TF mentions, general despair (hospitalization), dom/sub tones, and probably some implications I missed.

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November 1

Dear Diary,

Miss Kamilla says I should write in this book she gave me. She says I won't be able to write in it every day, but that I should try my best. Apparently some employer of hers wants a log of some kind, I don't know. She uses a lot of large words whenever she talks about clients and the nitty gritty of magic and stuff. I don't really like the magic - talk. It's like breaking apart a whole bunch of different languages and putting them together in strange orders. I don't know if I want to understand Kamilla's job too well, since I think it's kinda scary. But Miss Kamilla asked me to write a diary, so I'll do it for her!

- Velvet

November 2

Dear Diary,

I think the reason why I have to write in this diary is because Miss Kamilla's testing a large batch of magic that's "untested" or "unproven" (I always get those two words confused!). I'm the guinea pig for all of them, which I don't really get. A whole lot of magic doesn't work on me, at least not in the way it says on the labels. I never really thought about why that is, but Miss Kamilla insists that it's important. She didn't even mention who put her up to such a weird thing. I'll have to ask about that.

Oh! I almost forgot to write about the experiments! Miss Kamilla would get mad if I just blew off the whole reason for keeping a diary in the first place. Yesterday's test was some kiddy stuff that made my voice sound higher and everything look bigger, but I don't think I actually got any smaller. It was fun to pretend, though. Today, though, I got hit with something called a "Pressure Dose", which apparently isn't supposed to start working until another week.

Miss Kamilla asked me a bunch of questions about a bunch of people I know, though I don't know why. I guess I'll figure it out as these two weeks continue. I'm actually pretty excited!

- Velvet

November 3

Dear Diary,

I didn't remember to ask about my mistress' client. But that's okay, because Winnie and Percy came by today! I was so happy! I met Winnie a really long time ago, I think it was years ago, and she brought Percy, who's one of the few other boys I know. If I remember right, their full names are Winifred and Percival. I see them together a whole bunch. I think they're dating. They got invited by Miss Kamilla (I should come up with something more short and less formal, writing "Miss Kamilla" so often is making my hand cramp...) to see me. I love little gifts like that. Winnie's gotten a lot bigger and fluffier since I last saw her, which I don't think usually happens with foxes. She's eight feet tall now, which is a whole

two feet over Miss Kamilla's height, which puts her three feet and six inches over my height, and five feet over Percy! I don't know how I'd feel if I was three feet tall like Percy. I'm only a foot and a third under my mistress' height, and she takes control over me pretty easily. I wonder how that would work with a fox and a jerboa. I don't think Winnie and Percy have the same relationship, though. I hope I see them again soon.

- Velvet

November 4

Dear Diary,

Kammy got mad at me for not including the experiment yesterday. She reads my diary and makes sure I don't miss anything important. Nothing really interesting happened today, so I guess I'll just talk about the experiments.

Yesterday, I got licked with a new saliva modifier. It apparently spiked up my adrenaline, which is how Kammy says it when I get all hyper. I don't remember it doing that, but I guess that's why I should write about this stuff the day it happens.

Today, I was asked to stand still while Kammy tried out a spell on me from across the room. It traveling a long distance is part of the spell, I think. But I don't think I make a very good target. With a standing target, at least, if you miss, it doesn't hit the target. But if she might miss me, I lean into it to get hit on purpose. This one was supposed to be a growth spell, but it worked in reverse on me since I can't grow. I almost forgot how nice it feels to have my mistress' hands all over me, each finger wrapping itself around a limb and pinching me all over. I could tell she wanted to rub me more than she did, but since I was already panting and spent, she didn't rub me more than she needed to to get me off. I think she's busier than usual.

- Velvet

November 5

Dear Diary,

Yesterday's experiment didn't wear off, so today's experiment took place on top of it. It was a potion which changes chemistry based on the external heat and situation. If I get it right, it makes it so when you hug someone you really like, you start producing more of THEIR hormones in YOUR body. It's kinda like having a little piece of them inside you. I think it was supposed to make me feel all warm and fuzzy inside when I was held in Miss Kamilla's panty strap for the afternoon, but instead I kind of felt...nervous? I wonder why that happened.

- Velvy~

November 6

Dear Diary,

I feel weird. I told Kammy that I felt weird, but she didn't listen to me. I don't remember today's experiment very well at all. I think I just slept most of the day. I think everything has worn off, but I didn't really check.

November 7

Dear Diary,

I remembered to ask about Miss Kamilla's employer today. I don't remember what she said. I think I fell asleep before I heard any name. I've felt sleepy since this whole thing started. I remember today's test, though. I think it was a routine species-change spell, but like usual, it changed me into a piece of clothing. I don't think Kammy wore me, though. That's the first time that's happened. I'm worried.

- Velvet

November 8

Dear Diary,

Today's experiment made me feel sick. I have no idea what it did. I just stood in the middle of the circle like I was told, and I don't think Kamilla was focusing on it. There was someone else in the room, and she was talking to him and blinking a whole bunch. I don't know who he was, or why he was there. I feel dumb. On the plus side, Percy came by today. We had a really good time talking about how the bigger girls in our lives were such flirts! I really connected. I haven't actually talked to Percy too much, but I think we get along rather well. Kamilla didn't let him stay for very long, though. I've felt really bad recently. I think the sleepiness is wearing off. I think I'll be glad when this whole experience these two weeks is over.

November 9

Today, the Pressure Dose kicked in. It felt like I was being compressed for a long while. I think it shrunk me, but kept my mass the same? That's how it felt, but Kamilla kept yelling at someone, so I didn't really get a good handle on what was going on. I don't want to write in this book any more. I don't want to write about how Winifred came by and how we cuddled in the hospital bed. I ju-

\*It cuts off.\*

November 10

A lot came back to me today. I really tried hard to remember all the things I forgot this week. As I understand it, I caught something really gnarly, and that put me in the hospital. Kamilla's been stuck here with me, since my binding prevents me from leaving her, and I guess that prevents her from just leaving me in the hospital. So I guess it works both ways, huh... Well, I also have been having some hallucinations. I've been mishearing words, and because of that I thought Kamilla was doing this to appease a client. She's actually been trying everything in the hospital on me for my own sake. Oh, Mistress! I love you! I'll get over whatever this thing is for you, I swear it!

November 11

This is Kamilla. I'm writing in this book because I have to be at home today. I temporarily broke the binding curse between me and you, Velvet, to leave. This was regrettable, but I had no other choice. You slept all through the morning and into the afternoon. I didn't want to have to try some of the more dangerous curing magics, but I've decided to take your fate into my hands. I've been reading your diary, and I love you too. Too much to just leave you

while I stand around useless. If you wake up and read this later, Velvet, just know that I'm really sorry I can't be here with you right now. Don't let go, and I'll be right there tomorrow. I promise I'll be there with you tomorrow. I promise. I promise.

November 12

Dear Diary,

I...slept all through yesterday. Nobody wants to say anything to me, but I'm not stupid. Winnie and Percy have been here all day. They've been talking to me to keep me awake, but that's not what I wanted. There are more people outside, some of which I know. Some of them are even people I don't like too much. But they all have the same look on their face. They want me to get better. But Kamilla's not here yet. That's who I actually wanted to see. But, surprisingly, I'm not sad about this. I've really been thinking about how I thought about this week at first. I know none of that really happened the way I thought it did, but I think it's pushed me into wanting something new. So I'm not gonna let this drag me down from getting that! I read what Kamilla wrote in my diary. I trust her. I'll write again when I'm better.  
- Velvet...!

November 13

\*There's a bunch of signatures. They're all from folks Velvet knows. The biggest one is from Kamilla. Most of the messages read some effect of "Get well soon". Kamilla's reads, "Velvet, honey, could you wake up for me?" It has a bunch of pink marks next to it. Some of them are kisses.\*

November 14

Dear Diary,

I got better today. I think everyone already went home, except Kamilla. She was right there when I woke up. I was pretty surprised when the first thing she asked me was what I wanted to do today. I almost cried, but I held myself together! Miss Kamilla really is so wonderful! It's no wonder I got better so quickly, she's the best witch in the whole wide world. After they checked to make sure I really did get over whatever it was I had, they let me leave with Kamilla. I asked her to re-curse me. I don't want to be without her ever. I told Kamilla what I want to do when we get home. She's gonna play with me. She'll rub me every which way, shrink me, turn me into panties, do whatever I want today. She told me that I'm the boss today. That means I'll get to experience every last millimeter of her! She's not my mistress, she's my goddess! Oh, Kamilla! You spoil me rotten ♡!  
-Velvy~

P.S. I think I'll keep this diary.

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#### Part 4

Barby Character Bio. She appears a couple times in the October Writing later.

Contains: Weird anatomy, macro, overweight, huge breasts, mentions of hypnosis and transformation, vore implication.



Name: Barby (diminutive Babs), the Unslayable.

Species: Queen Dragon (anatomy includes slightly sticky/slimy body, proportionally large scales, short horns, large wings.)

Colors: Pure red, pale yellow underbelly, white wing accents, orange-yellow blood (included for details like the color of blushing, nipples, and other instances where the prominence of blood near the skin changes the color.)

Common Heights: 601 m (about 1972 feet, just above the line for “megatall” buildings), 300 feet (depending on environment, height adjusts to “fit”. Size range remains “mega”).

Dimensions: Body built proportionally 5’ 3”. Built overweight, with large, heaving breasts, a round, pudgy belly, and overtly rounded hips. Likely fits into “bbw” category, but is not fat enough to have “corners” or “folds” outside of the heavy H - cup breasts.

Preoccupation: Fits solidly into normal dragon tropes. Lives in and around cavernous cliffs which surround a massive abandoned medieval castle. Keeps a hoard, staves off invading knights from climbing the tower. Lives alone, is big and scary, occasionally goes out and terrorizes a town to assert her territory. Knights who challenge her rarely return or are seen again.

Personal: Giggly flirtatiousness mixed with dominant and powerful persona. Despite otherwise fitting into the “big evil dragon” category, Babs substitutes sex for violence. She refuses to fight knights, instead showing her raw power over them before abusing their little bodies before sending them on their way, soaked, exhausted, and generally snu-snu’d (or she keeps them). She is actually quite good friends with princesses, and invites them over fairly often, although only some actually come over, be their reason fright or awkwardness (She’s too large to wear normal clothes, but she has ways around this). In the same vein, her hoard doesn’t actually consist of much gold, though most of the objects in there are highly valuable or otherwise precious. It also includes a suspiciously high number of clothes. She only really invades towns to remind them that she’s still there, or to get a release she can’t get with small guys. It’s not HER fault if the buildings can’t handle her sheer size.

Favorites: Knights who know their place and don’t mistake a princess she’s invited over for a kidnapping victim or try to slay her. She also likes and respects witches.

Powers: Her “sweats” (multiple different kinds of sweat) are various sticky fluids which are characteristic of her Queen Dragon status. When they make contact with other animals (like, say, a knight), they cause any number of dominating effects, including but NOT LIMITED to exhaustion, making one’s body go limp, shrinking, being overcome with desires for love/desires to serve, and transformation.

Other: Her digestive system does not produce waste, but instead, nutrients are extracted from objects consumed, causing the objects to shrink smaller and smaller inside of her, essentially forever. Byproducts of her bodily processes are mixed randomly and turn into her sweats.

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## Part 5

This one took a lot more effort to transcribe. It actually came out of a chat log between me and a friend, so I did my best to re-encapsulate the feeling the log gave off. Kamilla and Velvet in another shenanigan. Part 6 will have some Barby in it.

Key: (1) is me, and (2) is my friendo.

Recommendation: Read the October Writing Part 2, the scenarios, before this part.

Contains: Cruel, shrinking, weird magic shit, playful dom, brief insertion, humiliation.

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- 1: I also came up with an 8th scenario for Kamilla and Velvet  
2: Do tell.  
1: so i'll get through this real quick and smooth  
2: Like I like it  
1: So there's this other witch called Sucorgian, which is a trashy name for a trashy corgi witch.  
1: She's a capital b Bitch, so of course Kammy and Velvet don't have a good time around her  
1: So, in three acts:  
1: Every time it comes around, Corgian labels HERSELF for Self-Acceptance Day. (mentioned in scenario #7.)  
1: She just compliments herself instead of getting a friend to label her  
2: Cuz she has no friends :(  
1: Among some other things, she also uses her bullying powers against everyone  
1: One such torture is trying to take Velvet away from Kammy, stomping him  
1: She didn't succeed, but V's scared of her  
1: the day it happened he cried, so bottom line she's a torturous, power abusing bitch-witch  
1: So Act 2 there's gonna be this competition between witches for bragging rights and a celebratory trophy  
1: And of course Sucorgian and Kamilla are the final two  
1: So it's the day before they compete  
1: Kamilla's brewing like a motherfucker trying to prepare for the competition  
1: Velvet is trying to distract her because he's scared of Corgi, and doesn't want her to deal with Corgi out of some level of fear and love  
1: To distract Kammy he asks her to shrink him and play  
1: Kam puts up a long arduous resistance, but eventually agrees to shrink him and just leave him up against her nipple while she works  
1: She licks him a few times, but he stays the same size  
1: Turns out her saliva mod just ran out  
2: darn  
1: So out of care for Velvet she wastes some time she could've spent prepping refreshing her saliva mod  
1: Ends up unprepared for the competition, but Velvet goes to bed cute and happy  
1: So the day comes by, and Kammy's unprepared

1: Sucorgian states her intent to crush and humiliate Kammy in front of everyone, prove wholly that she's the top witch  
1: And of course by the end of their epic competition Kammy realizes she's gonna lose  
1: So Corgian is gonna win, tells Kammy to come over and worship her or she'll humiliate her and brand her like a cow, or some other messy bitchy permanent consequence  
2: dramatic  
1: So Kammy crawls over to Bitchy  
1: Bitchy holds out a foot right at her level  
1: Kammy gives up and licks Sucorgian's toes  
1: ...then gets up and watches as Corgi shrinks.  
2: OHH  
1: Picks her up, stuffs her in her puss, masturbates with her as a sex toy, standing up, in front of everyone, cums her out.  
2: damn  
1: Sucorgian's a witch, though, so she doesn't stay shrunken for long  
1: she grows back drenched in liquids  
1: Kammy gets disqualified for that act since it was so fucked up  
1: So Sucorgian  
1: has to go through the whole ceremony, including the trophy acceptance, in front of everyone, soaked in Kamilla's vaginal liquids. Her clothes are ruined, everything is terrible  
1: Kamilla gets some more business  
1: So the day after the competition is Self-Acceptance day  
2: nice  
1: Velvet gets a more loving title  
1: After all, his personal push was the reason she got to do that  
1: So they have a good time getting a lot of attention for being runner-ups  
1: Of course, the point of Self-Acceptance day is to go out in public with the label of another person on you, front and center  
1: Corgian spends the day in her house, with the blinds and shit up  
2: I've been there.  
1: So nobody sees her, but they don't let her NOT participate  
1: in fact, she got the most labels  
1: They're all the same though  
1: all the same word, just all over her house  
1: One word  
1: "Fucked"

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## Part 6

This one is two shorter things, with Kamilla and Velvet, and then Barby.

Contains: Teasing, Dom/Sub, Expansion mention, gore mention, Macro/Micro, feet/paws, crush, insertion mention, stand-ins for alcohol, clothing transformation, mega giantess, weird anatomy, overweight, huge breasts, hypnosis mention, Harem, multiple sizes, Vore (soft?), sweat, giga giantess, and I'm pretty sure that's it.

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#1. More Kamilla and Velvet. This time, questions are asked, answered.

In no particular order:

Q for Velvet: So, if you're a moth, can you fly?

A: "W-well, I...uh...no...but! I don't need to, since Miss Kamilla can handle all that stuff! Brooms are more comfy than you think, especially when I'm..."

\*He stares at Kamilla shyly from across the room. She glances in his direction. They lock eyes. She licks a finger and starts running it up her leg. He blushes and hides his face before it reaches her panties.\*

Q for Kamilla: So, why the whole witch shindig?

A: "It pays well. Or were you asking why I got into magic in the first place? Hang on a moment.

Oh, Velvet?"

"Huh? Yeah! W-what is it?"

"Can you go get the little book that's behind all the other ones?"

"There's a book behind the other ones? Uhh, I mean, of course! Right away!"

\*He returns with a small, poorly bound book. It's covered in stray scribbles and old-looking paper.\*

"Thank you, Velvy. You're free to do whatever."

\*He instinctively latches himself onto her lower leg as she sits, and shyly starts to lick her toes. Kamilla holds the book outwards.\*

"So, this number here is my childhood wish list. It was a project back when I was in school. We had to write up everything we wanted to experience in this journal. I was the only one who filled my book out completely. Of course, I had to redo it because of the content, but I still kept this, the original draft."

\*She opens it to a random page.\*

"Here, some excerpts: 'I want to hug a building!' 'I want to be the most beautiful girl in the whole world, and have everyone want to kiss me' 'I want Sucorgian to turn into a rat' and my personal favorites, these last two. 'I want to have a boy all to myself' and 'I want to be a witch'. I really liked those two."

Q for Velvet: Does Kamilla know about those anonymous requests yet?

A: "S-shush! W-why are you asking me? I-I don't know aaanything about those requests! I don't even know what kind of person would ASK for something so ridiculous as "A potion which makes one's breasts increase in size when sprinkled on food!" It's just such a weird thing to ask for!"

\*From upstairs, Kamilla is heard shouting "Why are all my bra's too small?!" then, shortly after "Velvet! Come here! I need to wear you out today!" . Velvet's face breaks into a small, contented smile, and he paces gently upstairs.\*

"C-coming, Mistress!"

Q for Kamilla: Who are your other friends besides Velvet?

A: "Oh, I have many a friend..."

\*silence\*

\*further silence\*

\*even further silence\*

"...Well, I've got Velvet. And the Witches' Association likes me well enough, I suppose. So at least I'm better than Sucorgian."

Q for Velvet: Who was your first crush? It wasn't Kamilla, right?

A: "I actually had a crush on a cat girl in school...I think her name was Katie... S-she was kind of cute, I suppose. We dated for a while, but eventually I had to cut it off with her... S-she was really clingy... A-and she was always trying to put stuff in my mouth when we kissed or when I was asleep. I didn't want to upset her though, so I just told her we couldn't see each other any more. She took me to her house after that. While I was there, she tried to put something in my food, and I think she intentionally tried to spill something on me... I kinda worried that she was up to no good, since her house was dirty...There were little red splotches and stains all over the floor, and all over her shoes and socks. Her socks...she was always rubbing her feet all over me. She would always purr stuff when we cuddled, like "I can't wait to feel you pop" and her nicknames for me were all stuff like "speck" and "ant" and "bug". I m-mean, I know I'm a moth, but it kind of hurt. N-now that I think about it, I think she really just wanted to crush me...under her soft toes, her plush paws...b-but, I broke up with her. Kamilla treats me much more gently!"

\*Suddenly, Velvet is splashed with something, and shrinks forcefully and quickly to his 1.5 millimeter size.\*

"Guess what time it is, Velvet~"

"H-huh? Oh, n-no~"

\*Kamilla immediately slams down her paw upon the shrunken Velvet, mercilessly stomping him over and over, grinding her toes on top of him, smothering him underneath her weight.\*  
"S-see?"

Q for Kamilla: So, what exactly is your relationship with Velvet?

A: "I wasn't aware you were allowed to ask multiple questions. Well, I'll answer you to the best of my ability."

\*She glances over at Velvet, who is staring at her. She decides to distract him. She licks a finger, then puts up a leg on the chair, and begins to trace a path from her toes to her panties. Velvet's face gets redder and redder until the second her hand reaches the edge of the fabric, causing him to hide his face and turn away.\*

"So, from this data, I'd say Velvet loves me in a boyfriend/girlfriend way, but is too ashamed to admit it because he's such a loyal servant to his mistress - how cute."

Q for Kamilla: That doesn't answer the question, what is your relationship with Velvet?

A: "W-Well! Obviously, we're...ahem!"

\*She tugs her collar.\*

"V-Velvet, dear, can you bring me the red bottle on the second from the bottom shelf?"

"Yes ma'am!"

\*He brings it. It's labeled "Inhibitions Inhibitor". She takes half the bottle.\*

"Thanks, hot stuff. Oh, can you go put this out for an anonymous client? I just finished with it."

\*She hands him a small vial. Velvet paces off with it merrily, and splashes himself with it as he turns the corner.\*

"Velvet is the single most adorable boy in this universe, and I want him all over my body at all times, with no exceptions. He's the light of my life, and you will pry his tiny, adorable body out of my cold, dead hands. Or, more likely, you'll have to suck his downright precious self out of my love canal."

Q for Kamilla: Answer the question.

A: "F-FINE! I love him, all right? I consider him a boyfriend on top of him being my precious

little servant! Who wouldn't?!"

\*She huffs and shifts uncomfortably in her chair.\*

"Happy?"

Last Q, for Velvet: What's your favorite thing that Kamilla does to you?

A: \*Velvet is nowhere to be found. Kamilla has her paws propped up, and is leaning back on a couch reading a magazine. She's completely naked aside from nylons.\*

"Oh, are you looking for Velvet? He's around..."

\*Meanwhile, the view shifts to focus on her nylons. It moves in closer, becoming more detailed until the details on each fiber is crisp and visible. The view slips between the fibers near her pinky toe, then getting closer and smaller, until finally ending with the view focused solidly on the underside of her pinky nail. There, just barely visible, is a speck-sized Velvet, snoozing gently. It appears that Velvet is in no condition to answer this question. View snaps back on Kamilla.\*

"Alright, that's enough of the Q and A. Go bother someone else."

#2. Putting Barby, the big, dripping dragon into several different prompt scenarios to see what fits.

A. College Barby - The trials and tribulations of a 601 meter-tall dragoness lady, as she struggles to adapt to college life in a number of ways, including, but not limited to: showing up the first day completely naked, and being asked to come back clothed, the mortification of nakedness only striking her when she realizes that everyone is staring up at her, at which point she heads back to her castle (which she doesn't live "in" so much as "around", and having to turn masses of knights into clothes so she can go to school. It takes several dozens to make up one pair of panties, nearly fifty to form a bra which can contain her sheer girth (H Cups of a 1972 foot tall overweight dragon lady sound SMALL to you?), nearly a hundred to form a shirt (which helps not at all in concealing her underboob, even WITH her pudgy stomach obscuring the view), a hundred fifty to form even a miniskirt (which doesn't hide the cameltoe or her undersized panties or her curvaceous rump at all), and three hundred plus to form even the tightest of thigh-hugging stockings. (Note, the school realized immediately that forcing Babs to wear shoes would be a mistake, and let her come to school without them.)

Other incidents include her accidentally shrinking her male classmates, having to take lectures outside because her body is several times larger than the lecture halls, and of course, constantly having to pay the hospital bills of all the relatively bug-sized people she steps on accidentally on a daily basis.

B. Waitress Barby - The trials and tribulations of a several hundred foot tall dragoness lady, as she struggles to serve food to tiny, tiny people underneath her step, all while positively soaked and dripping all over both them and their food, but also the restaurant itself, resulting in customers to spontaneously attempt to climb up her massive feet, to shrink out of sight on their chairs (usually to the pleasure of their girlfriends or wives), and constantly having to find a new janitor since the old ones keep getting turned into tiny socks. The management can't bear to fire her, though: She brings in tips like a monster, and the sight of her tremendous curves bring business from as far as the neighboring cities. Plus, despite how much she screws up and ends up compromising the bodies of her customers, she's never been given a single bad review. Of course, it would probably help if management

could pay her reliably without having to risk being shrunk or transformed by a gentle brush of her sticky skin. Of course, if and when she quits, she'll just eat the whole thing, and then the whole building will just continuously shrink infinitely tinier and punier inside her stomach, forever providing her massive body with nutrients and size to survive off of.

C. Dragon Harem Barby - Barby is the leader/caretaker of ten smaller dragons, the five smallest of which are male (the smallest barely measuring up to a normal person's ankle), and the five largest being female (the largest of which being 300 m tall, half the height of Babs herself). As is traditional with the harem genre, Queen Dragon Babs will have to make romantic with each and every one of them in tandem, and eventually fuck them. (Due to the size differences and the fact that not even dragons are immune to the effects of Babs' sticky secretions, it's more accurately "fuck them silly" or "fuck them nearly to death".) Since coming up with several personalities is hard, I'll give each of the ten names and two-word descriptions on top of their labeled gender and size, and call it a day with this idea.

Boy i. Damien - 6' or .3 m - strident and devilish.

Girl i. Cathy - 250 m - Shy? Dominatrix!

Boy ii. Flinch - 3" (smallest of the dragons), or .08 m - Frightened and pleading.

Girl ii. Elizabeth - 100 m - Bureaucratic but slutty.

Boy iii. Roy - 20 m (largest of the boys) - Brooding yet ~willing~

Girl iii. Ginny - 169 m - Almost violently exhibitionist.

Boy iv. Chibi - 3 m - Reserved, respectful.

Girl iv. Red - 21 m (smallest of the girls) - Just really enjoys suffering, of others and especially herself.

Boy v. Abel - 12 m - Moral-ful, Morale-ful.

Girl v. Hera - 300 m (largest of the girls aside from Babs) - Authoritative, Accident prone.

D. Final Boss Barby - Babs, as the almighty Queen Dragon, finds herself the unwitting last boss for basically every single globetrotting crew of adventurers. Her castle serves as the final dungeon, and once they reach the top, they receive the unfortunate news that their target is over 300 times their height, and several more times their weight and strength. As for those rare parties that actually manage to damage her (by using magic attacks rather than physical attacks, which just get them shrunk or transformed into toe rings or other such tiny paraphernalia (if they're lucky and aren't turned into mice or bugs or tiny slave-dragons)), they meet a fate of being plucked up by her fingers, and as they start to get affected by her sweat's affect, they're dropped down her huge maw, where they'll get swished around before they get swallowed into the "bonus dungeon", her tummy, where they'll wander forever as the dungeon grows ever larger around them, and any monsters they encounter get bigger and bigger (in reality, they're just shrinking faster than everything else), until their inevitable defeat, at which point they must face the terrible defeat of shrinking forever in the pool of stomach fluids and other things she's swallowed. Of course, Babs doesn't know why these warriors have a beef with her, she just wants to hang out and relax.

E. Everyone's favorite gigantic, lovable aunt Barby - This story might possibly involve an EVEN larger Barby, who is capable of striding across oceans in minutes, and is the adorable and precious caretaker of the entire world's population, protecting everyone from meteors and aliens and stuff. Of course, such a large woman is bound to cause some trouble, not to mention Babs' tendency to drip with her transformative sweat. If she takes a

bath in a lake or other massive body of water, several cities the next day will experience an epidemic of folks going limp and panting with pleasure at the slightest touch, or of entire town's becoming seemingly abandoned as everyone within them shrinks to the size of ants overnight. Plus, there's the matter of what happens when she accidentally steps on neighborhoods or even entire towns, or the pure seismic event that is her chubby body tripping and slamming tits first into the ground. Nevertheless, because of her wonderful personality and willingness to help, nobody really finds it in their heart to hold her (admittedly rather huge) mistakes against her. Or hold anything against her, really; it'll just get soaked with her sticky syrup and that's a recipe for disaster.

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## Part 7

This is more "bio format" stuff. Specifically, this is basically Velvet and Kamilla in Magic college, with two extra characters thrown in. I like makin' characters, okay?

Contains: Dom/sub, height differences, implications throughout

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Kamilla and Velvet have too much of their shit together. Let's fix that by dialing some times back a tad. Magic School for young adults, 18-year old bat-girl Kammy brings two-year, the short moth Velvet, who is already bound to her, with her as she enters the Romantic and Mixed Magics courses. They share a suite-style dorm for the Romance/Mixed Magic mages with two other kooks in a similar enough relation. In abridged form, all four occupants of this dorm ARE:

A. Name: Kamilla

Species/Colors: False Vampire Bat / Violet with lighter blues as compliment

Dimensions: 5' 10" Curvaceously built, chubbier than avg. D cup breasts. Has long legs. All clothes seem to fit rather tightly on her. Small feet.

Room Slot: Shares a room of the suite with Romilly.

Personal: Younger Kamilla is less put together vocabulary and personality wise. She's overtly eager to experiment on the boys at any opportunity. Treats Velvet the same: Just shy of dom. Her thoughts are all very much romanticized and cutesy, which contrasts with adult self's down-to-earth dignity. Really wants Velvet \*all over\*

B. Name: Moby

Species/Colors: Fiddler Crab / Red and blue with subshades which blend the two colors together, eliminating "edges" between the two colors.

Dimensions: 4' 7" normally (but not often). Muscular and strongly built. As a fiddler crab, has one arm that is a hand, and one that is a gigantic crabby claw, though it's not very sharp. Casts a bold and manly silhouette.

Room Slot: Shares a room of the suite with Velvet. His bed is a lot closer to the suite door than the hall door.

Personal: Endlessly adventurous, capable of superhuman feats. Chivalrous and protecting of the ladies (even though the vast majority of folks are taller than him). His priorities: ADVENTURE, MUSCLES, and DAMES. Impossible to defeat under any circumstance, even with size or magic on your side. Luckily for everyone in the universe, he's also INCREDIBLY COOPERATIVE and WILLING.



C. Name: Romilly / "Roomy"

Species/Colors: Black-footed cat / White, grey and black with gentle reds as compliment.

Dimensions: 5' 9" Not overtly curvy, but also in possession of breasts and butt. Soft, not curvaceously built, but unnaturally heavy. B cup breasts. No waist.

Room Slot: Shares a room of the suite with Kamilla. She's top bunk.

Personal: Slightly pushy, acts without asking fairly often. On the first day of school, Roomy and Kamilla (but mostly Roomy) somehow made the boys consent to becoming the girls' toys at any moment. Enjoys the company of the ever - willing Moby. The only thing she likes more than roleplaying is when they squirm.

D. Name: Velvet

Species/Colors: Micromoth group / Pinkish with soft browns as compliment, Black stripes on wings/midsection

Dimensions: 4' 6" normally (but not often). Built short and skinny, looks wider than he actually is due to wings, which are usually wrapped around him. Looks like a large child despite only being a week younger than Kamilla.

Room Slot: Shares a room of the suite with Moby. His bed is a lot closer to the hall door than the suite door.

Personal: Even meeker and generally terrified-acting, but also more sociable than adult self. Still willing to put up with any treatment Kamilla puts him through willingly. Has some boundaries with Roomy, though. Still virtually incapable of real pessimism. Tries and fails to keep kinky thoughts bottled up.

Together, they are a hot mess of flirtatiousness and the dirtiest definitions of "fun". Of course, their rampant deviant habits end up pushing the four of them to the top of their class, so it pays off.

## Part 8

This time: More excerpts from Velvet's scribbly diary.

Contains: Clothing Transformation, Implications throughout, Dom/Sub, descriptive fetishes, height/size differences, macro/micro mention, Vore

October 19

Dear Diary,

I lost this book for a whole month! I got turned into a sock for Miss Kamilla, and after a couple days, she turned me back just like always, but my diary was missing! She promised me that she'd find it for my sake, no matter what. She even offered to let me just sit back while she handled it all. She meant she was gonna turn me right back into a sock while she looked! Not that I complained, Miss Kamilla's legs feel so warm and being snug around them is one of the best feelings in the world. It took a while, but, she found it! Now I can write about my day all I want.

- Velvet

October 20

Dear Diary,

I took a look through my diary today, and I'm so confused what this means... Some of the pages, right around the middle, are stuck together, and I've noticed that the book smells. It

doesn't spell bad, necessarily... It actually smells a lot like sugar. I asked Kamilla where she found my diary, but she said she forgot! She forgot already? It's only been a day! I suppose that's why she says I'm so helpful to her, she's so forgetful! Oh well. I'm not bothered at all by the wear, since the pages that got stuck together are some of my more embarrassing entries anyway! Now if Miss Kamilla were to ever steal this diary, I don't have anything to worry about~

-Velvet

October 21

Dear Diary,

I keep having the same wonderful dream, and I woke up just to write it down! In it, Miss Kamilla turns me into her sock again, only I'm a lot thinner and I cover both legs... there's a name for what that is, but I don't know what it is. They're kinda transparent-ish? But anyway, she slips her fuzzy legs through me, and her toes tickle me on the way down. Of course, clothes don't have eyes or much organs of any sort, but when I get turned into clothes without any feature transferal (that's when the clothes keeps some features, like ears, of the original object), I can always tell all that anyway. It's kind of hard to describe...It's like, when I'm touching anything, I can tell what color it is, and it's like my eyes are pressed up against it, but I can't see much of anything outside of what I'm touching. And there's the texture, which is just totally overwhelming. It's hard enough not to panic when it's just the floor or the rug, but when I'm being worn the sensation of the skin and fur pushing and sliding and rubbing all over is almost too much for me to handle. And when you're clothes, you don't have any means of release, it just builds up and makes you tighten up. I'd describe just how crazy taste and smell are, but I'm running out of space on this page! Anyway, Kammy puts her legs through my thin body, and as I feel her tug me upwards and pull out the wrinkles to get me all up to her hips, I realize that she's gotten a little chubbier, and I feel the new little bit of weight jiggle with each wonderful stride. Of course, you don't wear...whatever I was alone, so she wore panties underneath and toe-less socks overtop of me, and it felt a-ma-zing to be constricted on top of being held tight over Kammy's curves...and feeling the sweat and stuff drip through me. Oh my gosh, I'm getting excited just now writing about it...! I want to tell Miss Kamilla about it!

-Velvet ♡

October 22

Dear Diary,

I had the dream again! It was different this time, though. I didn't remember it too well. I described those sock-y things to Winnie, and she says they were nylons. They hug a girl's entire lower body, from feet to crotch to hips! I loosely remember hearing that before, but I'm glad I know for sure now! You can always count on foxes to know about the cutest things! I always rely on Winnie when I have a question about how I should approach my mistress. Her and Percy are dating, and they keep hush-hush about everything related to me and Kamilla, even if they tease it about me sometimes! ... Well, all the time! They're such a unique couple. They don't know any magic, but they sometimes ask Kamilla to brew stuff, and they're pretty differently sized anyway! Percy's three feet and Winnie's eight feet, so he barely reaches up to her thighs! It's weird having us all standing side to side - Kamilla's only breast-level to Winnie, and I'm about eye level with her butt and hips and stuff, but Percy's only three feet, so he's eye level with Kamilla's crotch and he has to look up just to see any part of Winnie's torso. I could never be that short to Kamilla. I mean, she shrinks me, but that's different. When you're as small as Kamilla makes me, you're not

really of a significant height...more like a thing to be carried, like a pen or keys or something. You aren't really...autonomous? I think? But that's part of why I love it, having Miss Kamilla be so full, like a land mass. I'm going to try and remember my dream so I can write the newer version down. 'til then,

- Velvet ♡

October 23

Dear Diary,

In the dream, I get turned into nylons with a magic circle. I've kept thinking about why such a powerful method would be needed for such a comparatively simple spell, and I think I figured it out. In the dream, I'm not \*just\* a pair of nylons. I'm also kind of sticky and...melty...to start out with. The meltiness doesn't end up being important, since I don't drip apart or anything like that. Kamilla pulls me up her legs, and I get tickled by her toes, and she's even chubbier in the dream, now. I barely fit on her, I feel like I'm being stretched on her thick, wonderful legs. She pulls out my wrinkles, I adhere to her skin, feel her fur all over me, some of it poking in between my threads, and she starts sweating again from how tight I am. I can smell something sweet, aside from Miss Kamilla's...sex, that is... and she puts on some panties over top of me. They're so tight, and they hold me so close, up against her, and I get to taste her sweat...and then, the strangest thing happens. Tonight, instead of putting on socks, she just sat down on her bed, squishing me under her butt as she sits, and she pulls her leg up on top of the other. She leans down and just starts licking me and her sole, but the weirdest thing is, I come off in her mouth, like she's licking part of me up. The heat of her body starts to cause me to drip and melt, and I start clinging to her fur. And Kamilla just swallows the part of me she licks up, and she acts like it's the most delicious thing. And she pulls bits off her thighs and chews them, too. It doesn't really hurt, and I even still feel the parts she eats. It was like the nylons I was made of were made of candy instead of thread...What a crazy dream. I always wake up feeling hot and sticky. I really want to keep having the dream, though. Feeling Kamilla doing that, and licking up my body, licking up my fibers and tasting me and pulling me off her thighs and the feeling of me sticking and melting like sweet candy...like milky chocolate, it's...so...wonderful~!! I can't hold back!

\*Instead of a signature, there's a stray stain.\*

October 24

Dear Diary,

The dream is real! I noticed today that Kamilla's cheeks have gotten a little rounder, and when I asked her, she got all embarrassed, which almost never happens! So I pried a little further, and I found out that she finally figured out a spell that can turn me into something other than clothes! Sort of. I still end up nylons, of course, but I'm made of candy! She didn't want to tell me because she's been testing it on me in secret! I wondered what happened to the little bits and pieces she bit off me, and apparently whatever gets pulled off from the main article just becomes normal old candy once the spell wears off. Kammy's been putting on some weight from eating me! When I figured all this stuff out on my own, she wouldn't stop blushing. It was the cutest, I've never really seen her so completely flustered before since magic school. I asked her if the spell would work in turning me into other stuff, but Miss Kamilla just lit up red and hid in her room. Unfortunately for her, though, I found her secret stash behind the bookshelf! A whole bunch of spell blueprints for chocolate socks, vanilla skirts, strawberry taffy gloves, dipped honey panties, oh how the list invites! To feel Kammy pull me tight, silky smooth, and to hook me in place as the tightest and most

delectable of marshmallow bras, to feel my fluffy padding be tugged off as she nibbles at me, and tugs on me with her teeth to expose her perky nipples from under the fluffy white coating! Oh, to smell her breath as she heats up, to be totally unable to resist her as she herself gives in to the urge for release. Feeling her...pressing...her fingers into me...into her thick, ripe boobs...me, but her fluffy bra...Kamilla !

...

I managed to get Kamilla out of her room! I even offered her my help with the spells and stuff. I think it's great that she's managed to push her magic so far that she can push the boundaries of the magic my body will accept. She says she's going to punish me later, though...I could smell her heat from across the room...

Oh, poor me...

- Velvet

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## Part 9

Q and A 2. This edition is not necessarily limited to Kamilla and Velvet. It's very on the nose and direct. It's rather crude, even relatively speaking.

Contains: Mega macro/micro, clothing tf, scalie, sweat, bbw, dom/sub, weird magic shit, other transformation, entrapment/insertion, harem themes, drug stand-ins

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Q for Barby: How do feel about yourself? Sorry for the kind of vague question, we just don't know much about you.

A: \*There's a massive shifting noise, as Babs wakes up, sitting up, her massive, rotund upper body fumbling softly about as she rolls around before her massive breasts settle in front, and her eyes flutter open.\*

"I feel...big. Ahhh, yes, I do say, I might just be the biggest around. I'm bigger than any other lady I know of by massive margins, and utterly eclipse males. Feeling this big is a truly marvelous sensation, I would recommend it to anyone who is capable. With such enormity, one is free to...spread...one's...wings...and legs...for the nicest stretches."

\*With this, she wraps her legs entirely around her castle. Even sitting down, it reaches just barely to her eye level. From a lower-level pair of windows, a clear view between her legs is present. Barby appears to be wearing some pleasant and tasteful pink panties today, which complement her red, thick scales and yellow underbelly perkily.\*

Follow up Q for Barby: Who are you wearing today?

A: \*Her breasts push to the sides of a castle spire, and she hugs the castle as though hanging on the back of a lover.\*

"Well, this particular pair of panties is one of my oldest. It's falling apart at the seams, yet it hasn't yet reverted back yet. Not that such a thing would be possible at this moment, for as you can see..." \*She stands up, dwarfing the castle, which only reaches up her crotch. Her sky-filling panties are dripping, soaked to the bone with the Queen Dragon's sweat which coats her entire body. Some drips down like a world-ending rain of sticky secretion.\*

"As you can see, for now, this pair of undies, weakened though it is, is permanently fated to be my constrictive, undersized, overstretched underwear for as long as I wear it. Not that I can blame it for being so small and tight. I doubt any pair of clothing made of less than thirty of those tiny human knights could even fit on my hips, what with how...utterly...humongous...I truly am."

\*She stretches all over, and several fibers of the panties audibly and loudly snap. They barely hang on to her curvaceous hips, wedged as tightly as possible into her folds and rear.\*

"But you didn't ask "what" I was wearing...you asked for "who". This pair of panties..." \*She tugs it gently, feeling the front be pulled entirely into the front of her vagina,\* " It's made of roughly forty wonderful but hopelessly tiny young men who were engaged in a manhood ritual. For their 20th birthday, they were sent by their tribe to slay a dragon to prove to their tribe their masculinity. But, as you can plainly see...by how utterly...flat...umph...and wet...they are, they're currently engaged in the task of proving their masculinity...to me."

Q for Barby: Who are your friends?

"Hmhm~ Excellent question. Here's the complete answer: I'm friends with Princesses Phendrana of Chillpah, Gertrude of Mesa, Bethany of Royal Vineyard, Francesca of Highburg, Lana and Mary-Anna of Bidictoria, Samantha of the Tribal Union, and Queen Chelsea of Microtopia. I'm also friends with the Knights Freedman, Gawain, Henri, Victor, Brawn, Rex, Drake, Xavier, Vladimir, Breen, Kenneth, Joshua, Damien, Wallace, Christopher, Julia, Mason, Killian III, Zone, and Dennis. That's only the first 2% of my list of "friends", however..."

\*Here, she reaches betwixt her massive tits, digging between them with four fingers, wrapping her hand around something out of sight between them, and tugging it out from between the massive jugs of milky fat. The object she holds in her palm is a small group of men - transformed into small, wingless, scum-sucking reptile-boys. They sucked at her fingers, showing their role as cleaners of her huge, sweaty body. She palmed the tiny creatures gently for a while, her fingers toying with the small creatures, which stuck as close as they could to her hand. Eventually, however, she tucked the hand they held so tightly into her waistband. Her hand wriggled about invisibly behind the soaked fibers for a while, and then emerged, minus the small filter feeders. The front of her panties snapped against her labia, booming with size as among the sound of the fibers stretching, straining, and snapping even more, barely holding on, the sounds of the tiny critters yelping at the sudden impact of the fabric was cut short by the wet splotch that was them being forced into the cave by the wet, sloppy fabric. Babs padded the panties with a finger until they wrapped gently around her sex, showcasing the fact that not a single one escaped being forced inside the sopping muff.\*

"...However, I'm always looking for more friends. Would you like to join in?"

Q for Young Velvet: I didn't know you were a magician, too. What can you do?

A: "Well, I'm not an independent magician, you see... I can't do much of anything outside of what Kamilla tells me and some basic amping. Most guys end up being less powerful than girls anyway... You know what they say - magic power is stored on the X chromosome, so girls get twice as much! K-Kammy likes to take it a s-step further, though. She says that I'm, uh, that guinea pig-ism is stored on the Y chromosome, so boys are the perfect candidates...Ha ha. She kinda worries me sometimes, but I really I-like her."

Another Q for Young Velvet: How do you give presentations if you can't leave Kamilla's side?

A: "It's no problem! I just ask Kamilla to come stand behind me while I present! She's so kind when it comes to that sort of stuff! I mean, I sometimes get called a sissy since I can't go anywhere without her, but that's just because I'm her little man! She bound me to her, so we can't go anywhere without each other! ...Except when she leaves me alone in the dorm,

I guess.

...Man, I'm a little wimpy, aren't I?"

Q for Young Kamilla: If you could have one thing right now, what would it be?

A: "Velvet, a millimeter tall, licking the insides of my panties like I'm made of ice cream. I want to feel his tiny little body crawl around on my pussy like he's in basic training, I want to stuff him in and rub him around until I cream all over his dotty little moth body. I wanna feel him shuck my hymen to pieces, I want this virginity OFF ME, and I want his teensy widdle face pushed far enough up against my cervix so he breathes me in. I WANT VELVET, MICROSCOPIC, IN A FLOOD OF MY CUM, TO CRAWL RIGHT BACK INTO ME LIKE AN OBEDIENT DOG, WORSHIPPING MY SEX AS HIS WORLD! Where is that boy?! Velvet! Come here! I want to have a playdate, baby!"

\*Roomy is on the top bunk. She leans down.\*

"Sorry about Kammy. We just learned how to make Inhibitions Inhibitors, so she got loaded up on them for the weekend. Once she gets off this high, she's gonna crash like a train wreck, nya! Still, I don't want to be a lonely girl. Moby, dear!"

Q for Moby: What about you? What do you want out of life right now?

A: "There's only one thing which can sate my thirst for adventure. An eighth sea ta sail, har har!"

\*And thus, nobody ever asked Moby a question ever again. He's a nerd.\*

## Part 10

Two huge blocks of text await ye.

A couple of things featuring Roomy, the cat witch, and Moby, her fiddler crab compadre. I believe the clinical term for this is "shamelessly lewd". Low plot.

Contains: Hyper micro/mega macro, as well as the regular variety, dom/sub, climbing, panty entrapment, insertion, butt/anal, boob/nipple, soft vore, shrink n' growth, feet/paw, expansion mention, some humiliation.

#1. The voyage of Moby - Roomy wants to play the role of a gigantic land mass, continental, almost planetlike in scale. Moby wants to adventure. So Roomy shrinks him rreeeaalllly far, in some range just under 100 micrometers (less than 1/10th a millimeter) and has Moby climb her as she lays in her bed. He starts on the bottom of her left paw pad, and must climb up the black, soft surface as she wiggles her tootsies playfully, up out from under her toenail/claw, up her toe, and across her monolithic ankles. He must work his way up her legs, possibly stocking clad, possibly naked, until finally climbing up her skirt and into the embrace of her panties from below. Once there, he must alert the almighty Roomy that he needs to get past this enormous cavern of her clothing. He must get her attention by any means necessary (and by that, I mean that he must give her an orgasm by crawling inside the pussy's puss, which sits like a grand canyon of soft, fleshy cliffs within the darkened interior. Once the favor of his goddess is earned, she will slowly turn herself over onto her stomach, and the miniature spelunker must hold on or lose his grip and be lost on or in her body with no way of being found. Assuming he holds on, though, Moby will have to work his way around and up the sheer mountainous face of Roomy's perineum, now soaked from the residue, and through the terrifying valley of her ass cheeks, which at any moment could

sandwich and flatten him between them. He must also look out for the enormous pitfall, which he must take care not to fall into. (Guess where he's totally gonna go?) Once he's fallen into her anus, he must work his way up and out while pleasing her to once again gain the land's favor (and to have her the waistband of her panties for him.) He must then work his way across his goddess' tremendous deserted back. He must be both quick and stealthy. Too clumsily, and she will know where he is, and pluck him up for another detour, this time a guided tour back from whence he came, as she rubs herself silly with his tiny, impossibly small body. If it were anyone else, the frailty would be a real concern. Of course, if he's too slow climbing her back, she'll have no choice after the hours she's spent lying around but to take a bath. In the water, he'll have to sail ashore on the island of her nipple, careful not to arouse it, or else be forced into its volcanic peak. The white lava within is too much for all but the most experienced (and thirsty) of adventurers. From there, climbing up her shoulders, he must ascend her neck, as her disheveled hair blocks her face, and he must worm his way through the denser tangle of hair, before settling himself upon her face. Of course, she can't really see him, so she has no way of knowing that he's been there. Unless, of course, he can throw himself into the small vial of growth elixir which she will keep pursed between her lips. He must uncork it, and toss himself in without spilling it into the waiting mouth of Roomy, and then quickly work his way back out of her mouth before he grows to a size that she can notice him in her mouth at and swallow (She wouldn't grow him back all the way, that's ridiculous). Of course, if he ends up spilling the contents into Roomy, well then, she'll grow the same amount Moby would have grown...let's see, from around 80 micrometers to 3 inches is 952.5 times bigger...so for a 5'9" cat girl, she'd become 5476.9 feet tall. That's one mile, 196 surplus feet, and ten surplus inches. That'd get her attention. Of course, at such an astronomical size, finding Moby would be a true challenge. Specifically, she'd be just under  $\frac{1}{4}$  the size of the entire earth from his perspective, leaving finding him, even on her lips, a truly daunting endeavor.

Moby's probably got this whole thing in the bag, though, right? He can venture up her legs, through her panties, across her back, and get in and out of her mouth, no sweat. Probably. He's a good climber.

#2. A tale of the circumstances leading up to the dorm residents giving the kitty Romilly the nickname "Roomy". Following a particularly enticing game of size gambling with the boys, (rigged in the girls' favor, naturally) Romilly decides to lounge about with her new size. She nearly completely fills the boys' dorm room, and takes it upon herself to work her way through the door between the two suite rooms, but gets stuck halfway. She asks for help getting through. Moby takes up the challenge first, pushing boldly to try and force the kitty's rump through the narrow passage, but he ends up slipping on the narrow floor and falling into Romilly's open sex, parted from the awkward position of her legs. After some encouragement from the rounded giantess that is Kamilla, whose breasts and rear following the game have shaped out to match her height, twice as tall as before, though not nearly as large as Romilly. Velvet frightfully approaches the monstrous ass, pushing against her cheeks, in an attempt to use a more solid surface. Unfortunately, the kitty shifts, turning over to try and peer down her body through the doorway, and in so doing ends up tossing the poor moth, who, like Moby, had shrunk and been made softer by the game, onto the cat's pubic mound. In a foolish attempt to stand, Velvet trips and tumbles headlong to join Moby. It's Kamilla's turn to try next, but since she got second place and is a sore loser, she

decides to enact petty revenge. She decides to drive Romilly wild by holding her labia shut, trapping the struggling boys inside their suitemate. Eventually, however, the struggling ceases, and the motions inside the slick and wet organ calm, piquing the curiosity of Kamilla, who lets her grip go and peeks in. What she finds is the two boys in their still doll-sized states, camping calming inside of Romilly's pussy like a tent. Velvet looks calm and happy, and Moby is boisterous, even going so far as to taunt the cat-lady in which they reside: "It's roomy in here!"

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## Part 11

Clear your afternoon. It's a lot to read. A lot, a lot. Have fun, y'all.

The "main event", so to speak, of the October Writing. I call it "Ladies Night", but I'm sure there's a more clever title out there. It's the "finale" of the October writing, but there's also a much shorter bonus thing which I'll post today or tomorrow.

It's a story about a weekly occurrence when Kamilla the bat witch and her moth assistant Velvet were attending a college-esque magic school. They're taking the "Romance Course", and every week they have a party in the dorm.

It's *exactly* what it sounds like.

Contains: Implications throughout, Orgy, Dom/sub, Bondage, Vanilla sexual domination, Nude descriptors, descriptive fetishes, feeding (what I've been told from a friend), In-story roleplay, Playful, Feet/paws, Genitalia of both varieties, Voyeur mentions, weird magic shit, shrinking - macro/micro, french kiss, panty entrapment (not actually panties but it doesn't matter), Unaware, Role reversal, Macro/micro threesome, height difference, huge tits, thick, insertion, butt, pool, clothing transformation, breathplay, furry, general sex and romance *themes*.

.....

It was quiet in the Mixed Magic Dormitory. All was peaceful, the halls were silent, and each floor was empty. Many were in bed, lights were killed, and the moon hung over the building, casting shadows through windows. However, to say that all were sleeping would be a lie. At the end of the first floor, there was a massive double door separating the high-roofed Romance dormitory from the multiple floor Mixed Magic dorms. Across it, bold chains and massive locks were strewn. Windows were shuttered, locked, and blinded. Side doors were blockaded and locked, and none could get in from outside. From inside the great door, muffled noises drifted. The sleepless honors students of the Mixed dorms, accompanied by only the most curious from other dorms, would, whenever the Romance dorm was like this, attempt to get in, to try all the doors, to see if any windows weren't blocked, and, when all else failed, to sit, ears pressed against the great doors, trying to hear. The Romance students did this each week. None knew what occurred on nights like tonight, but they knew only that it drove them crazy not knowing. I mean, come on, an entire dormitory of 19-22 year olds doing who knows what? So of course everyone would try to listen to the hushed whispers and vague code words the Romance students would use to discuss and arrange, planning and laughing among themselves. Nights like tonight were the envy of the Magic sororities, and the lust of the Magic fraternities. What they wouldn't give to know what happens in the Romance dorms on nights like tonight! For tonight was...Thursday!

"LAAAAAAAADIIEEEEEEESS NIIIIIIIIIIIGGGHHHT!"



The chorus of voices rang through the Romance lounge. Ms. Freyja Joyful, master of ceremonies and Dean of the Romance course, finished bolting shut the great door, and turned to face the congregation. She smiled warmly at them all, counting them as she stood on her barefoot toes as though wearing heels, watching more arrive in the lounge each moment. Her jet-black skin shone in the dimmed lounge lights, and she began to make her speech.

“Come on, come on! We’ll miss all the good stuff if we don’t hurry!” Kamilla rushed, pushing her dorm mates through the suite door. Roomy went easily enough, though she did not make it out before Moby, eager for adventure. The only one truly resisting was Velvet, as usual in a pile of work, cross legged on his bed. Kamilla pulled him anxiously. “Velvet, come, come! It’ll be fun, you love this!” Velvet continued to resist Kamilla for a minute longer, before finally letting his arm be engulfed by Kamilla’s arms, and was pulled up, meekly protesting, into the hall, light brown wings twitching with his usual nerves. Roomy and Moby had already gone off to find their own partners among the crowd, leaving the bat girl and her moth boy among the last to arrive. Not that it mattered, since Kamilla, as with every time this occurred, wanted Velvet to be her partner. She so enjoyed this. She had her first time during her premier at one of these events, and had been oh-so eager to experience more thereafter. The couple slipped behind some hand-holding dogs near the back of the crowd, and tried to peer past them to see Ms. Joyful.

She was finishing her introductions, which included explaining the basics; that this was the Romance dorm’s secret, that she had to fight to get the school to let her be so hands-on with the Romance Course in the first place, and that the whole Course could be disbanded should anyone else find out. The class all understood this, and nodded eagerly. They were told this every time, but didn’t need to be told twice. Then there was the explanation of the rules which could never be broken under any circumstances, no use of any violent Magic, not to do anything that would have permanent consequences for anyone, that despite any roleplay, the class was to respect each other, all the usual things. It was now 5:45 PM, which meant she had been speaking for 15 minutes. Detecting that everyone understood and agreed, and were eager to get on with it, Ms. Joyful decided to just get on with the second part of the explanation.

“So,” she said, clapping her hands eagerly, almost shaking with giddy excitement. “Welcome to Ladies’ Night, everyone! You know what this is, I know what this is. The goal of such a large romantic party (everyone in the crowd whispered “orgy” under their breath) like this, as you know, is like a crash course for the Romance Magic class. You’re all partnered up, I assume?” Everyone in the crowd nodded. “Excellent. So, you’ll be playing with your partners, though you’re free to mix and mingle with other pairs. I can see that, like usual, the pairings are mostly male-female with some stray female-female pairs and male-male pairs. Perfect! So I’ll stop beating around the bush! You know the concrete rules already, so here are the more flexible “laws” of Ladies’ Night!”

The crowd murmured along as she prattled each law off.

“Law #1 of Ladies’ Night: Ms. Joyful and/or the girl partner are in charge. If you’re in a pair of two boys or two girls, pick which one is in charge among yourselves, but that person is in charge all night.” Here, Joyful took an aside: “Don’t worry if I step in on your fun. I’m just here to make sure you have the best time you can. I know what feels good.” She winked.

“Law #2 of Ladies’ Night: Only one layer of clothing is permitted, at most. This includes belts, scarves, hats, gloves, close-toed shoes, clothes with more than one layer to them, and any clothing worn over lingerie, bathing suits, or underwear.” With this, shuffling of clothes took place, as many in the crowd stripped off the majority of their clothes, and the din of so much fabric being tugged off skin and fur rose, and the clothes fell in stray piles. Joyful was already in a bra and panties which shone with a deep purple, which greatly complimented her pure black skin, yet she still unfastened her bra and let it fall to the floor at her feet. Her moderate, shapely breasts fell out, pink nipples contrasting with the colorless skin. She shivered.

“Law #3 of Ladies’ Night: All Magic aside from mind-altering and violent types are permitted. No permanent spells.” Some boys among the crowd began to shift nervously, and their partners hung tightly to their arms. Velvet stood perfectly still, yet Kamilla tightened her hug on his arm anyway. She was a foot and a third taller than him, so the difference in strength was massive. He tried to suppress a smile.

“Law #4 of Ladies’ Night: On the lounge table is a tub of grapes. Both genders may handle them, but the Dominant partner determines what they’re used for.” Joyful gestured to the grapes like a female costar on a game show. The crowd laughed, in part because of her demeanor, and another part thinking of what they were going to do soon.

“Law #5 of Ladies’ Night: Aside from the obvious reasons, which we’ve never had to deal with before: If the Submissive partner disobeys the Dominant partner, a three strike system is in place. Strike one, a second dose of all spells currently in effect. Strike two, authorized use of bonds. Strike three, Live demonstration on the lounge stage with Ms. Joyful’s participation.” With each listed strike, the nervous shifting of the subs in the crowd became more fervent. The scent of arousal from those of weak constitution began.

“Law #6 of Ladies’ Night: What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas. Discussion of any events which take place during Ladies Night are as forbidden as discussing Ladies Night itself.” Kamilla grinned. She moved her arms to Velvet’s other side, pulling his entire body closer. He started to sweat.

And finally...

“Law #7 of Ladies’ Night: Be in \*a\* bed by midnight.” Everyone snickered. The “You don’t have to sleep” at this point was implied.

“So then...” Ms. Joyful projected her voice through the room. It was calm and collected, and mimicked her body, regal but flirtatiously constructed. “Let Ladies’ Night...” she drummed on her thighs.

“Begin!”

From the crowd, flashes and spells of all types began. Over a hundred voices of all different tones spoke at once, half as many pairs each starting their business among themselves. More clothes were thrown and discarded. It was a glorious chaos. Outside, the curious ears against the door strained to figure out what was occurring. Their bandleader, the Violent Magic valedictorian Lola Sucorgian, sat cross legged near the crack in the door, listening.

"Do you think it's a Summoning?" She asked, and the idiots shrugged their shoulders. They uselessly kept listening.

Kamilla, among a few other select pairs, kept what cool she still had left at the end of the speech, and made for a couch on the other end of the room. She led the naked Velvet by the shoulders, herself now wearing only a bikini she had prepared ahead of time. It complimented her violet and blue tones with scandalous mint green. It was like a minty green floral quilt, as though an antique bedcover were stretched to cutely cover her erogenous zones. She gently pushed Velvet down onto his back over the couch, hovering over him with her legs on either side.

"Hey there."

"Uhh! He he! Wh-why! H-hey..."

"How are you, baby?"

"I'm o-kay..!" His pupils were shrinking. He looked terrified already, but she could tell from his rising member he was probably just as eager as anyone in the main pile. Kamilla sighed.

"That's good. While we're talking, rub my legs, wouldn't you?" He obliged, trembling hands caressing her calves.

"Ooh, that's nice. So how are you liking school, Velvet?"

"Well, I'm behind on some of the Mixed Magic work, and I wanted to get it done before Friday..."

"That's nice. Rub up higher. Velvy, you work too hard. You should really just drop your little baby boy image sometimes and just have fun." As Velvet's hands rose over her knees, Kamilla began to sway with their movements.

"I-if you say so, Kammy."

"Oop! What'd we discuss the other day, Velvy? I told you to call me "Mistress", didn't I? Or, if you can't handle that, just "Miss Kamilla" will do just fine. Rub higher."

"S-sorry, Mistress."

"That's better. Hey, don't you think it's cold in this room, Velvy?" the bat sat down as Velvet's hands rose to her upper thighs. She straddled Velvet's crotch, her weighty body pressed down. He felt her taint, covered by the mint-colored bikini, against his lower body. She wasn't fat by any stretch, but she had definitely put on weight recently.

"I-d-oon't know what you mean, m-mistress?" Velvet bit his lip. This was torture. Kamilla's legs hugged his body tightly, and the force of her body on him was a stress he wasn't sure he could bear.

"Hmm...I was just thinking that the lounge wasn't warm enough. Maybe the fans are on or something. Rub higher, didn't you hear me?" She lifted her foot-paw, and pressed it against Velvet's face, rubbing it against his nose a little.

"B-but Mistr- Miss Kamilla, I'm already rubbing the top of your legs!"

"Oh? You're not listening to me, Velvet. That's strike one. Hum...you're lucky I'm not using any spells yet. Rub higher, don't disobey your mistress on Ladies' Night." She pushed her toes over his eyes, and he shut them tight, trying not to breath too deeply. Her scent was filling his nose, and he could swear she was rubbing her butt on his penis. Velvet shivered a little. He moved his hands up through the sides of the bikini bottom, rubbing the sides of her buttocks.

"Aha, see? You're shivering! It \*is\* cold in here!" Kamilla cheered, bouncing up and down on his pelvis. He was panicking now, thirty more seconds of this...

"K-Kam... ! I mean! Mistress Kamilla!" He accidentally took a deep breath of her foot. He started to feel a buildup in his member, felt himself start to be crushed by the bat girl. "!! I'm

sorry! I-Is this about Tuesdaaay?"

"Oh ho? What happened Tuesday, hmm?" She pushed up her left foot, pushing it barely under her butt, fondling the moth's package with it, as well. "Do tell!" She forced her right foot against his face, over his mouth.

"Mmppph! W-Well! I-I st...I can't! I can't tell you!" He looked a bit wrecked from the smell.

"Tell me what you did, Velvet. Obey your mistress, or I'll get up." The threat of all these sensations ending, her pulling her foot off his face, her bikini-clad ass being removed off his cock, the scent being pulled out of his nose, he couldn't bear it -!

"I TOOK A PAIR OF PANTIES FROM YOUR HAMPER!! FORGIVE ME, MISTREEEESSS!"

He pleaded, and suddenly, a surge of warmth overtook him. He was overwhelmed by Kamilla, who rhythmically bounced on top of his cock while he orgasmed and shivered. He panted on the couch. Her legs kept hugging his sides. He licked Kamilla's foot.

"Thank you for being honest and telling me, Velvet." In the presence of the spent Velvet, Kamilla clicked and chirped her contentment. "Of course, now that you've told me, I'll have to punish you just a little. Don't worry, you get off easy. She leaned over, pressing her chest to Velvet's. He felt her boobs squish against him. God, they felt good. Then, suddenly, her face was incredibly close to his. She kissed him, and her tongue pierced his mouth. His eyes glazed over. He was in bliss.

The bliss overtook him, and Kamilla sat up, barely lifting herself off Velvet. She watched as her spell started to work. It was applied via salivary modifications, so she had to get her saliva on or into him for it to work. The short lived but glorious french kiss did the job. Velvet's body started to become smaller, to compress. He became smaller and smaller each moment, appearing in mere moments like a doll in comparison to Kamilla. He lost inches rapidly, and sunk further into Kamilla's massive shadow. Her eyes lit up, watching him shrink before her. This was what she had waiting for. She looked up at the clock. 7 PM. Ha ha, Velvet was a legend! He lasted twenty whole minutes. She looked back. Velvet had already shrunken this far? He was practically his destination size already. Kamilla was a little disappointed she didn't get to watch him become smaller for as long as she hoped. She thought about licking him again, but reconsidered, remembering that he's already past strike one. She looked down. He had finished shrinking. It also looked like he had finished recovering, too. She plucked his body up with a single hand. He was only as tall as her little finger. She giggled, shifting into her next role.

"Poor little boy. You're just so small, aren't you? Are you lost? Are you looking for somebody, little guy? Don't worry, I'll take care of you. I'll help you find who you're looking for. I'll keep you with me for now." She smirked, lifting some fingers from her grip. She now held him, dangling from her ring finger and thumb by his arms. She ran her other arm down herself, watching his eyes follow its journey. She ran her hand over her tits again and again, watching his eyes bounce with her breasts. She pulled the back of the string, letting the top come undone and fall off, her breasts rolling outward to breathe in the open air. She shook them upward. Was he drooling? How cute! Her fingers walked down her midriff, pinching the front of her bikini waistband. She peeled it out, displaying her sex. She pulled the garment out further, her slight muffin top returning to a natural curve as the waistband was removed from her stomach. She pulled it out until it was like a hammock wrapping under her sex. She held Velvet between her breasts. She whispered something inaudible to him. He didn't hear it, but the next second, the fingers were gone. The boobs to his sides rose as he fell, and he saw into her belly button before that, too, rose above him. Suddenly, his sky was covered part ways with a sickeningly light shade of green. Kamilla let her bikini bottom

snap back against her, and felt Velvet get pushed against her. She clicked with delight again.

"Oooh...This bikini's a little too tight, don't you think? It's pressing in my tummy, don't you think, little boy?" She teased, leaning back to take the spot where Velvet had been laying several minutes ago. She leaned over herself, gazing directly at the front of her bikini. She found the small lump and tentatively felt at it with two fingers. It wriggled in response. She smiled.

"Oh, it's definitely too tight. Little boy, you're being held against the mons pubis, aren't you? Just above my pussy? Wouldn't you say that means my bikini is a little too tight?" She listened, Velvet's small voice being further drowned and muffled by the fabric. She sighed and sat back. She was in heaven. She looked over at the pile. The majority of folks were on their third or fourth heat. She surveyed them a while, but didn't see Roomy. At first, she didn't see Moby, either, but then he dove body spread into the middle of it from what she could only assume was an unseen diving board. What a show off. Oh well. Roomy must have gone somewhere else.

Kamilla lay back and felt herself drifting off sleepily. She tried to stay awake, and Velvet wriggling near her slit helped to keep her entertained for a while, but she just wasn't as aroused as expected at the moment. She closed her eyes.

It was 8 PM when she finally opened her eyes again. Her muscles were heavy, so she just sat on the couch a while. It seemed many people had gone out of the pile, which now was mostly dispersed. Velvet had calmed down, too, only pushing himself up from her skin and trying in an arousing but useless effort to get the small green bikini off of him. Kamilla lazed for a moment. She wondered at first what she should do with him, but, as it turned out, she didn't have to answer that question. Ms. Joyful, nude, leaned over Kamilla from behind, wearing an expression which fused gentle worry and curiosity.

"What's up, honey? You're all by your lonesome." The Dean's breasts hung down, drawing Kamilla's eyes. Remembering Velvet, she put her legs together to cover her bikini bottom. "Huh? No, no, you don't understand, Ms. J - " pink flushed on the violet cheeks, she started, but the pink nipples against the skin, like an uncooked section of a well done steak, kept drawing her eyes. Regardless, she was interrupted by Joyful anyway.

"No need to be shy. And please, there's no need to be so \*formal\*. You can call me Joy if you want." The nude mare's royal stature paced around to the other side of the couch, and she leaned against the side of the couch. "Now, tell me, where'd your moth friend go, hmm? Did he leave his mistress? Not much for Ladies Night?" She seemed to genuinely feel with Kamilla, even if she was totally off-base.

"No, uh. Joy. V-Velvet's is "around". " Kamilla tried to be vague, if only to convince the hovering Dean to depart. Her efforts were useless, however.

"Don't be silly, Ms...Foster, I believe?" The tall horse lady sat down just shy of the bikini, and faced Kamilla. It occurred to the bat that she had changed places with Velvet, and that, in her place, this goddess of sex had strut in, convinced that she had been stood up. How was she supposed to explain the situation to her?

"That's not! I wasn't...stood up, it's just that he's..." Kamilla looked down at the small lump in the mint fabric. Darker floral patterns of greens highlighted him. Her eyes darted between him and her. The dean had a grape in her mouth. She watched as slowly, the teeth came pressing down, and the grape splattered upon the inside. Velvet blushed, looking back down at her bikini. She was wet.

“Oh, hush, honey! You don’t have to explain yourself to me! I can entertain you just fine! I’m not busy by any stretch! Just lean back and let me work.”

The black, toned legs rose, settling under Kamilla’s arms. The naked sex of the Dean came to press against Kamilla’s crotch. The mare flipped her hair, and popped another grape. She gulped its remains down as though teasing her charge. Kamilla tried one more time, clearer this time, but was hushed again by the mare. She leaned forward, and her legs hugged Kamilla’s sides. Slower than would be natural, Joyful leaned forward, her sex rolling over the tiny moth in the bikini. The horse’s massive breasts met Kamilla’s, four orbs rubbing against each other. Joyful’s absurd but natural J - cups dwarfed Kamilla’s D’s, which were small enough in comparison that her upper body slipped into the black cleavage. She put her arms over her head. The mare’s painted, starry fingernails pressed into the couch to the sides of the bat’s head. Joyful was taller, yet she was doing her best to match Kamilla as best as possible, rubbing herself downward until the two girl’s navels met. She pushed her comparatively huge vagina over the whole front of the bikini. Joyful’s dribbling cunt simultaneously nibbled at and steamrolled Kamilla’s loins. She tried to resist, but found steamy heat pouring over her. Joyful popped another grape, the slick *splat* noise teasing Kamilla and reminding her of Velvet’s predicament even more than the sensation of his body being crushed between her mound and the invasive force on the other side of the bathing bottom. The fabric started to lose its taut nature, now slick with both her arousal and Joyful’s dominant drippings. She looked up at her from behind her hands. She was sweating heavily, as though the room were a sauna. Her elegant fingers coddled Kamilla’s head, and her elbows pushed her breasts inward. She felt the huge and awesome tits press against her body, as if SHE were the small one. It was like she was such a giantess to her, yet the height difference between them was almost nonexistent. How was she doing this? She didn’t detect any magic, though she couldn’t quite focus with all this stimuli. She tried to keep her thoughts on Velvet, she did! But...

“Eat it.”

She hadn’t even noticed, but there was a grape dangling from Joyful’s mouth. the stem hung, like a small bud, and at the end, the juicy oval, almost pink, hung just under her nose. Kamilla regarded the thing with suspicion and worry, thinking about how easily and weakly they popped between the Dean’s teeth. She thought of Velvet, thought of him splattering against her, and intense feelings welled up within her. She wanted to protect tiny, precious Velvet. She shook her head, refusing. She felt Velvet shift under the fabric, the moisture evidently loosening him. She continued to procrastinate.

The soft fur folded over itself inside the tight cloth. Thick, feminine odor, like molasses, flooded the garment. Pressure asserted itself upward against Velvet’s side from Kamilla pushing upward with her crotch. Pressure asserted itself sideways as the fabric drizzled with arousal from all parties, even, or perhaps, especially, Velvet, who had spent himself twice already upon being dropped inside the seafoam green cover. It tightened each second, as though it were a corset being cinched tighter and tighter. Pressure asserted itself downward from above, arrhythmically but in strong motions, and with these motions came further earthquakes and a scent which was stronger than Kamilla’s, even in her home territory. Velvet felt his body give and his bones bend slightly under the immense pressure the foreign force exerted, but it would mercifully lift just as he felt he might aptly pop like a grape and become a stain disturbing the gentle green. Velvet struggled to lift himself now, and he found that when he breathed in, he unwillingly sucked in sweat and the invader’s

precum. He struggled to fill his lungs enough to survive, and despite his better efforts, was unable to remove himself from Kamilla's skin. Yet as this process went on, he slid, the massive ponds of girlish secretions which he sucked up so weakly lubricating his descent. He felt at first his feet scratch the edges of Kamilla's labia, and within seconds found that he could kick his leg and it would slip inside, up to his knee. As the minutes passed, he became able to lift his knees inside, then he was able to swing his waist inside, before he was finally able to slip entirely inside of Kamilla's vagina. He floated in a sticky sweet lake of bat pre, waiting to be ejected, and took a moment to breathe. The scent and thick fluids made it hard to breathe, but the pressing of Kamilla's open pussy cavern, on occasion, against his body and thighs was less powerful and threatening than the crushing forces outside. He gazed at the edge of the vulva, thinking immediately of a means to send his message of safety to his mistress. He held a spot out in both hands, and licked it, caressed it, and eventually nibbled on it. When he did so, the flood could no longer be prolonged. Cum poured in from parts unseen by Velvet, mixing with the liquids waterlogging Velvet, and then forced themselves in pulsing, harmonic waves out of the pink spongy sex. However, their progress, and Velvet's, was impeded as he slipped further upon his ejection. He soon found his fragile, puny body wedged against the taint. But mercy! There was a hole, small, in the fabric where her thigh conjoined and met the hole for the bikini bottom. Velvet wedged himself through it, gasping as he fell, exhausted, tiny, soaked to the bones, and feeling like his lungs were full of liquid, out onto the couch below the giant women. He looked up, tracing the black leg up to the mane of a mare, the Dean, and gasped. He saw Kamilla's face, one of concern, but purely for him. He waved his arms. The pair shifted as he did so, however, and he was caught behind his dom's ass cheeks, hiding him from the scandalously rubbing girls. He called out to them.

Suddenly, Joy's ears perked, and she stopped. She looked down herself, at first noticing nothing out of the ordinary through the layers of drizzling sweat and her own vaginal fluids. Then, however, through the blurry mass, she spotted some small motion, and rose up, her massive, hardened nipples grazing Kamilla's ribs as she rose up. She looked behind herself, down her ass at the small creature underneath her. She pushed herself off her student, ass falling back onto couch with a sexy bounce. Then, she picked out the small boy from between her ass cheeks where he had landed upon him, and dangled him before Kamilla's eyes.

"It appears we have ourselves a miniature voyeur, don't we?" Kamilla blinked, sweat almost blinding her, and frantically looked at Velvet with relief.

"No!" She blurted. "That's Velvet!" Her exhaustion overtook her in that moment, and as though on a cue, she lost her composure a second time, and orgasmed. Recognition flowered in the Dean's eyes.

"Oooh! Oh, my! I'm so sorry! I didn't realize!" She placed the moth upon Kamilla's heaving chest, and as Kamilla rolled onto her side, Velvet was sandwiched between her naked, jiggly boobs as she shook and shivered in pleasure.

It was 10:00 PM. Every - one had regained their composure, and every misunderstanding had been cleared up. Sick of wearing the damp thing, Kamilla had discarded her bottom, and now sat, naked as the day she was born, alongside Ms. Joyful, a regrown Velvet sitting on her sticky lap, shivering from cold but otherwise perfectly fine.

Kamilla had explained herself in more eloquent terms to the Dean, who simply sat and had

grapes delivered directly to her teeth by a small boy in leather. She would slap him on the butt as he walked away.

"I apologize for my accusations earlier," the mare was repeating in rushed whispers, "You two are ever-so-cute together, and I'm deeply sorry for ruining what must have been a tender moment."

"No, no. I should've just told you right away!" Kamilla tried to right herself. "I was too embarrassed to tell you, and look what happened!"

"C-can I get back to s-serving My Kamilla, p-lea-se?" Velvet held them both accountable, though for the opposite reason.

"Ah, yes, of course!" Joyful cheered, happy to see someone eager to get back to action.

"What marvelous sex drive! I applaud you, little one!"

"Y-yeah, whatever..." Velvet sighed, hugging tighter around Kamilla's midsection. He buried his face into her right breast.

"Let me make it up to you. I'll let you in to the pool area for the rest of the night, how about this?"

Kamilla's face perked, and Velvet hugged tighter still. He rubbed his ear against the side of the squishy surface, and whimpered. Of course, he wasn't fooling anyone. He was grinning wildly.

The door slid open with a gentle nudge, and the three walked briskly into the pool room. They weren't the only ones, however, as several couples (about 14 people in all) had found their way to the pool, as well, and were strewn about randomly. The crystalline water, sparkling and distorting the moonlight, threw stray ribbons of light across the walls and ceiling. The only uncovered window, almost an entire wall, overlooked a massive drop, making looking inside the building from outside impossible. Regardless, just to be sure, nobody went close to the window. To the right, the open halls bent around the corner, their back walls labeled for the mens' and women's changing rooms. Beside this, a towel rack and used towel disposary. The dark room, cut through with the bright blue rippling water, invited them. Velvet slipped out of Kamilla's reach and dipped a foot tentatively in. It was frighteningly cold, and he withdrew quickly. Resignedly, he walked back over to the girls, kicking cold water as he stepped. Kamilla shivered, putting her hands on her biceps and hugging herself. This room was amazing, she thought, but compared to the hall or the lounge, it was frigid. Chlorine hung in the air, and the sticking smell masked the mixing smells of arousal among those in and around the pool. Thankfully, since the pool wound up being used for a lot of Magic, it was filtered every ten minutes, thoroughly flushing out any dirty substances which found their way in.

"Well. I'll leave you two to it." Joyful sighed, quickly running her hand over her sex almost as though she were straightening herself before quickly turning and walking out the door.

Velvet and Kamilla only looked at each other's naked bodies, fur bristling and toes trying to conform to the hard floor. Kamilla was thinking, Velvet was not. She took his shoulder. She bent her knees, adjusting herself around him before quickly sweeping her other arm under his knees, lifting the much shorter and lighter moth boy in a bridal carry. She looked at his face. So cute, she thought. His expression of loving joy didn't last long, however, as he remembered the part he was so completely used to playing at all hours. He was such a masochist, though he would never admit it. His eyes watered with crocodile tears as he started back up in his role of an unwilling sub. She moved her arm closer to his butt. His blubbling ceased for long enough for her to carry him quickly into the girl's changing room.



Kamilla backed into a changing stall, letting the door close before sitting down on the bench in the small stall. The cold plastic was dreadfully uncomfortable. She leaned against the wall and closed her eyes. Back into roleplay.

“Oh, Velvy,” she began. “If only I had not lost my bikini! I no longer have a single piece of clothing to wear! And so I am stuck with you in this stall, unable to face the outside world! I could but cover my shame and swim, without a bikini top. I could stomach that. But without something underneath...Oh, Velvy, whatever shall I do?” She wet her lips, careful not to spit on Velvet, as that would shrink him again, and ruin what she planned to do. She opened one eye to peak at Velvet’s face. His eyes were shining.

“I-I want to help, Mistress! Is there anything you want,” he gulped, “want me to do?” His cheeks were rosy, turning an even brighter pink than they were normally. He believed he knew what was coming, but she intended to surprise him.

“My heroic Velvy! Such a gentleman. Why, there is something with which you may be of service to me...” Her grip pinched his shoulder, and she let his body rest on her lap. She started the spell at this moment.

“I only want to swim for a moment, and I believe that you can assist me in dress!”

“O-of course, Kamilla! I would love to be y-your...” He huffed. A sensation overtook his body. He felt as though his blood had slowed, his heart sinking. His eyes fuzzed. He panted. The sensation got stronger, and he felt Kamilla’s fingers flatten his shoulder.

“Ah, Velvy! Are you quite drunk yet? Well then, listen to my request for me!” The bat giggled, watching the boy shrink and flatten. Her arms relaxed with the lessening burden, and finally she released him over her lap, watching him transform.

“I’ve always wanted the cutest frilly thing to wear around my hips, Velvy. A lacey, frilly thing, which cascaded down elegantly around my butt, which hid only the tops of my thighs. Beautiful, paisley lace to hug my rump, to flow like a waterfall over my lap, and to settle in a pretty and silky hem. A pink swimming skirt, to hold you close, but ever so tantalizingly away from the prizes you crave~” she indicated her engorged pussy. The boy had morphed in her lap, flattening, the flesh of his small form turning to plush fibers, which tangled into intricate lace, and wove into a short swimming skirt, sans undercarriage. The cloth was not a perfect mimic, however. Unmistakably Velvet, from the waist of the skirt’s twin layers sprung his short ears, and the thing vibrated and shivered as though it were alive. The cloth underlayer, a more alive and meaty shade of salmon, pinkish orange. It was teasingly adorned along the groin with a lively heart, its image jumping in surprise as Kamilla lifted the lacey top layer to look at it. She smiled warmly. The spell was complete. She stood to adorn her new bathing skirt.

“Perfect.” She held the rim between the two fingers on opposite hands, in front of her face.

“But first, just to make sure you’re fine, could you try wiggling a little bit?”

Velvet’s fibers wiggled slightly in response. Good, she thought, he’s still totally fine.

She slipped her toes into the waistband, tickling Velvet with them before pulling him up and settling the skirt around her knee. Her other foot followed. She pinched Velvet’s fabric between her fingers on opposite sides of her legs. He felt himself be tugged up her fuzzy, naked legs, and felt himself be stretched over her thick upper thighs. She wrested the back up and onto her rotund buttocks, which he tried to stretch over, but was squeezed into anyway. The lacey, two-layered skirt’s front was tugged up next, and his body passed her crotch. In this state, he could see nothing, yet all his other senses were inexplicably

accounted for. The thick smell coming from between her legs filled him completely, and he lost himself in it. She finally pulled him up to her waist, and he felt the quick jolt as she let his waistband snap against her lower back. He heard her ruffle him as she straightened out the wrinkles in the two layers of fabric, the bottom of the swim-skirt settling tightly around her mid-thighs. She felt the fluffy, frilly thread in her fingers, pushing her hands between her thighs, sitting down and feeling the tightly hugging Velvet be stretched in between her legs. And then, he tasted, for the most fleeting moment before she stood up, her tantalizing slit. He brushed it for the briefest moment, feeling as though he could lick it, before he was jerked back to his silky reality. Kamilla stood and pushed out back into the pool.

The cold pool deck under her paws, Kamilla carefully swayed her hips, pushing the gap between her thighs together as she walked, teasing Velvet, who could only vibrate, like a rub across her ass as she walked. She padded her backside down as she approached the water's edge. She let the sterile smell of the room permeate her boy-skirt. He relaxed and ever-so slightly loosened. She could stick her thumb in her waistband now, she reflected, before dibbing her toes into the cool water and plopping down on the side. Half of Velvet's body was smushed under her ass, the other constricted over her lap, being pulled betwixt her thighs and back into the aromatic zone between her thighs as she crossed her legs. She bumped a leg up and down in the water, letting the other just tease the water's surface with her toes. She rested her hand over her crotch as though protecting it or curling over, and closed her eyes. She just let herself feel Velvet on her, feel his body struggle and occasionally wiggle under the immense stress the intense sensations put him through. She became aware of the smell of her own arousal, and slowly removed her hands from herself. She pushed off the side, dipping into the water. It came up to her crotch, half soaking Velvet with pure clear water, while he was trapped close to the two arguing flavors, one spice and honey and the other chilly, bland water. They both pierced, teased him. Velvet could pose no resistance to these forces, yet tried anyway, manifesting in brief shifting rubs against her cute hips. She waded deeper, submerging Velvet. He felt like he was drowning, the water thoroughly soaking him, though he had no need to breathe in this state. She bristled as the cold water rose over her taint, then as it lapped over her anus and pussy, and as she finally stepped off the edge into the deepest part of the pool. The water rapidly rose up over her naked breasts, giving them some mild buoyancy and independence from her chest before she quickly splashed in up to her shoulders. The chilly water against her nipples only intensified the feelings she was feeling already, and she huffed, her breath sending tiny ripples into the water. Velvet felt mounting pressure as more water pressed in on all sides, pulling away the pleasurable smells, pleasurable tastes, leaving him with liquid pressure, sloshing noises and the feeling of wet fur as it tickled him. The outer layer of the skirt floated up, and as Kamilla swam, the tight under layer did nothing to hide her underside. But there was nobody to look, they were all focused on their own affairs with their own lovers. Kamilla got sick of the cold water quickly, however, resolving to head to the edge and lay down on one of the lounge chairs.

Velvet became aware that some time had passed. It wasn't much time, however. But, during the interval he seemed now to be missing, he blanked. He was still hugging Kamilla's juicy thighs, having been pressed down by the weight of the heavy water as she lay chest down across one of the lounge chairs, laying as though she expected someone to come by and apply lotion to her back. He tried to listen, wrestling his drenched self against her ass, trying to squirm as though that would do anything. At first, he didn't hear anything, but then, as water poured off Kamilla, he suddenly felt her voice swim through the liquid to him.

“Well? Are you going to do it, or aren’t you, Velvet?”

What? She had asked something of him? But what could he possibly have done? He shook himself back and forth on the bat’s healthy and squishy body. Once again, his struggles only jiggled her ass, and shook off some water like a dog. Kamilla repeated herself another time. “Velvet, if you don’t obey your mistress, it’ll be strike two...”

He wrestled, then stopped, aware that it was hopeless. What was he to do? He couldn’t fulfill a request he hadn’t heard, and even if he had heard it, he had no idea what he could even do to fulfill it when all he could do is weakly shake on the witch’s curves. Clothes didn’t talk, either, so he couldn’t ask. What fate but this could he have attained?

“Strike two, I suppose.” Kamilla sighed.

Kamilla walked Velvet, returned to normal, out of the pool. They had spent nearly an hour and a half in there, and Velvet drooped with exhaustion. He so loved Kamilla, but he was spent. They walked to the small side room out of which the bonds were dispensed, and he thought of what cruel fate awaited him soon. He thought on what the ball gag would taste like, his tongue pressed under it. He thought of Kamilla tugging, tightening him into the most uncomfortable of positions as her breasts pressed into his side. She would be leaning over him, holding him in her arms, and tortuously constricting him as she dominated over him with her lusty sex in his face. He thought next of her using some other spell, too. He had experienced it before, and thought now that he would experience it again. He remembered the hefty, intoxicating sight of her feet, himself tied and leashed to a single toe. He would be an inch tall, no, smaller, as she wiggled her mighty digits high above him, jerking him forward and back with each gentle shift. He would be forced to lick, kiss and worship her soles, likely at any moment to come pressing together in a crushing hug, like pinching a candy between your fingers and pressing until it cracks. He had already resigned himself to the fate of rubbing in between her towering toes. He would be like a bug underneath her, a goddess who he would spend the remainder of the night servicing in loving slavehood. But no, he reconsidered. Kamilla would want to orgasm. And more than that, she would want him to be there, to be sprayed as she came, to be covered under such a tiny amount of liquid, a fraction of her production. She would want to tease herself with a finger, dragging his helpless form along for the ride. Vigorously rubbing against her clit, scratching her itches while her sub was smothered under the tip of her finger, and pushed inside in the briefest moments before being yanked back out. And when she was done, she would dangle him before her opening, and he would be forced to anticipate her orgasm before the force of mighty ejaculation thrust itself upon him, wetting his bones before she hung him in the air gently and teased him while he dripped with the nectar of her pussy. He saw it before him, like soon his giantess would.

But, she walked past the stall. She kept walking, and they settled in front of their dorm suite’s door. She unlocked his end of the suite’s door, and let Velvet down onto his bed. He looked at her with confusion. His hands twiddled as he slowly laid down. His eyes traced the outline of her body as she sat her soft but slowly down upon the bed. She lowered herself to his level, pulling the cover up to their shoulders. She gazed into his eyes, her feet dangling off the bed, which was too short for her. She didn’t mind. She whispered to avoid waking any of their dorm mates, likely far past spent.

“Surprise.”

“Wh-what are y- why’d you walk past the bonds - !” He stammered, his voice at first too loud, but he lowered it to match hers.

"Ms. Joyful's laws?" she chuckled. "Sure, I could follow them to a T. But where's the fun in that?" She tilted his head with her finger, and put her other hand behind his back, pulling him against her breast. Their faces were so close, he had no choice but to stare only into her eyes. "She may know sex, but I know you, Velvet." She brushed her hair out of her face, which was so close that it was in Velvet's, too. "You're already bonded to me, unable to leave me. She pushed her mouth closer to his. She breathed the next words into his mouth, putting the words upon his lips.

"You love me, don't you?" She whispered.  
"I love you so much!" He whispered back.

They pressed each inch of their bodies against each other. Naked, cold, and sleepy, they slept, cuddling through delightful hour after delightful hour, and he nuzzled into her neck. And thus, the boy's night came to a conclusion. And his dreams, no matter how wonderful, could not match how he felt about his reality at this moment.

## Bonus

### "Roomy's Record"

Don't worry, it's short.

It's just Roomy, doing lewd things.

Contains: Macro/micro, insertion, dom/sub - harem-esque.

It was 1:00 in the morning, and the cat, Roomy, woke with a start. She sat up in her bed, examining herself. She briefly remembered the events of a few hours ago, and sighed.

She had gathered as many willing participants as she could, shrunk them, and poured them lustfully into herself. She sat on her top bunk, angling her vagina upward as she arched her back, feeling more and more of them, all just below a quarter inch in height total, wriggling and crawling, fighting their way to the surface as she stuffed herself fuller and fuller with them. A wriggling crowd of nearly thirty already inside fought and squirmed against one another in the cat woman's muff, pushing against the edges of her hungry surface, the tiny legs and arms squishing into the soft walls. Layers of cum flowed through and onto the crowd, pooling up inside of herself, trapping large numbers of them inside. So many were inside that her vulva was held open, wedged open by the sheer number of tiny bodies pushing it wide. And yet still she pushed more inside, handfuls at a time, and felt the new numbers conform in with the rest of the wriggling mass, the honey-thick fluid congregation squirming uselessly, yet so sexily, inside of herself, giving her new life. She slammed her fingers against her slit over and over again to keep the huge ball of bodies and sexual effluvia from shooting out of herself with each successive orgasm. She built herself up for the third, pouring some of the last clumsily through the wide-open gap, some missing the hole and tumbling out over the wet bead of her clitoris, or down between her ass over her anus before falling back down onto the bed. She felt the building sensation, hotter, stickier, felt her stuffed, cramped pussy chew on the wriggling crowd of fifty. She couldn't stand it...she was gonna..!

Roomy sat on her bed, rubbing her slit with some melancholy. Now, the organ felt so empty. Where before there had been so many tiny bodies stimulating her every nerve so thoroughly, bucking aggressively with tiny bodies against her g-spot, fighting over torrents of sweet cum just to get so many other bodies off of them as her wet, greedy vagina crushed them with her contractions... Roomy sighed. Where before she had \*that\*, she would, tragically, have to suffice with the mere twenty inside of her now. She had allowed those who did not want to spend the night inside her hot tunnel to leave, and left those who did inside herself, tightening her legs over her labia and resigning herself to sweet dreams. She experimentally pushed a finger inside, feeling inside. Her finger struck through the powerful layers of sweet girlish sex fluids, smashing randomly into small bodies. She withdrew the finger and lay back, rubbing her clit lazily as she dozed off.

Fifty. That was a new record.