

Gift

A piece of an anthro Sylveon, playing with her real smol trainer, originally written as a gift.

Contains: paws, ultra micro/macro, furry, playful domination, continuous shrinking, socks, and so on

“Let’s see...at last measurement...”

She holds the ruler next to you, standing against it on tiptoes. It has a bunch of added markings between each number, and though the distance between each one is imprecise, as a whole this modified foot-ruler has been an extremely useful resource.

“You were...40 micrometers yesterday, right?” Your Sylveon asks. Her pink hand-paw is unsteady, and the ruler occasionally bumps your behind, nudging you forward a bit, towards her crouching, massive body, clad in naught but undies and sock, neither of which match her natural pink and white fur patterns. She’s a bit stocky, with a bit of chub and what cruder folks would call “plump thighs”, but really it’s just that she’s a bit thick in every part of her body. Also, “sock” IS singular. She’s only wearing one, the other one fell off a few minutes ago and she hasn’t really gotten around to putting it back on.

“Well, good news! You’re 4 micrometers today! Maybe 3! How exciting!” Her cheery voice flows over you like a cotton candy windstorm. She slowly lifts the ruler, and stands back up to her full standing height. She shifts a bit closer, almost standing directly over you, and leaning over a bit. She moves the tips of her feet towards you, as though pointing with her legs to show everyone where you were. Not like anyone without QUITE good eyes could see your speck-like body, anyway.

“Alrighty! Is my teensy trainer eager to get back to fitting between my toes or what?” She cheered, and each of her fluffy pink toes on her unsocked foot thumped down in rhythm, creating a localized series of magnitude 6 earthquakes across the floor where you stood as long as you could before falling over from the shaking. Her other foot, socked in a weird color that you couldn’t quite place but knew didn’t jazz well with her pastel colors, followed suit. The frayed, somewhat disheveled fibers almost seemed to be struggling to hold her foot back, as though they were a fiber cage for the beast that was her sole. You could see her massive toes between the fibers, and thankfully the fabric dampened the earthquakes from this foot.

Not that she’d wait for your answer, because she knew it was yes. She splayed the digits on her bare foot, lifting so you could see the pads on the underside of her foot, and chuckled as she brought her heavy paw above you. Her heel thudded down first, then the ball of the foot, supported by soft, plump, pink pad, and then her first two toes, landing to either side, creating a wall around you. You looked up, between the toes more than several thousand times your paltry height by a large margin, up the leg which towered over them, to the titantic, fluffy body of the Sylveon you’d evolved not too long ago. She wasn’t quite *THIS* affectionate when she was an eevee. Certainly not this hands on, and nowhere near as excited that her trainer was microscopic.

Still, you couldn't complain, not when -

SCRUNCH

The toes hugged tightly on either side of your minuscule form, as though she were trying to pop a grape between her toes. You were too tiny for that, though. The squeezing rubbed at you, and you found yourself slowly get lost in a small, difficult to detect groove on Sylveon's toe.

Your uber-massive pokemon then started pacing around, looking for her dropped sock, causing shift after shift in gravity from your perspective. Each step was a roller-coaster, each THUD of her paws against the ground an earthquake to the tiny passenger between her thick, yet petite digits. Her fur blotted out all but slight glimmers of light, each strand swaying with motion, a canopy of warmth which eclipsed you utterly.

Of course, that warmth intensified as she lifted that paw, tugging the found sock up over her toes, creating a new color of sky, and trapping you for the rest of the day against her tight toes, under the sky of warm, worn fabric, in a tiny indent along her foot.

You felt yourself shrink ever smaller.

Writer's block

Basically, this is a weird meta piece about 'me' attempting to find the words to describe the setting in which a work takes place, assisted by an untitled female. If'n you're of the disposition to relate to said female, go right ahead, I omitted her name specifically to encourage your goofy dominating-a-smut-writer-with-your-socks fantasies, whoever you are. Go right ahead and self-insert.

Lord knows I did, since that's the premise.

Contains: Macro/micro, Parodic elements, a self-insert, feet, sweat, smell, dom/sub themes, descriptive fetishes.

Tagged as NSFW, but there's nothing lewd in there. But COME ON, read this nonsense and tell me it isn't NSFW. You can't.

"This is stupid."

"No, it isn't! It's practice."

"Practice in what? Making you smell like my feet for a month?"

“Maybe! That’s part of it, you know? It’s about increasing my personal experience. You can only really write what you know, so personal experience makes the ‘knowing’ easier! It’s a good way to improve description, increase realism, and remembering it will act as an inspirational muse.”

Someday, a writer of goofy size pornography who, at the moment, was currently wedged, standing at near-microscopic height, between the toes of a friend, who had volunteered on his insisting. She was wearing some old socks, dug out of the bottom of the hamper, worn, but not *freshly* worn.

“That’s a lie, you just want an excuse to spend some time between my toes. I’d accuse you of getting a perverse thrill from it, but we both already **know** that you do.” She crinkled her digits, sending the minuscule writer tumbling forward, greasing him in some moisture from the inter-space between the digits.

“You do too, or you wouldn’t have said yes!” The reply was immediate and simple. Someday’s mind was elsewhere. Specifically, it had hooked on the idea that there wasn’t a good name for that space between fingers and toes. “Webbing” was most common, but it was a more accurate description for fingers than toes, and made it sound like she’s got platypus feet. “Toe crotch” was most informal, and despite its INCREDIBLE appeal as a term, it couldn’t be used without first establishing the area it referred to. The four valleys between the five toes. There. Now he could use it all he wanted. Toe crotch. Sweaty, smelly toe crotch.

This line of thought was interrupted, as the comment had momentarily frustrated the sock-wearer, who had given a quick stomping tap against the ottoman on which her feet rested. This bounced the passenger in the musty socks up, and he grabbed on to a ridge on one of his sides. This was right next to her fourth toenail, the size of a suburban front lawn. And back lawn, laid side-by side, with the stretch of street in front AND the neighbor’s front and back yards thrown in for good measure. “Good measure” as in “accuracy”, the toenails were monolithic. And polished. In this particular spot, the scent of nail polish overwhelmed the standard atmosphere of feet that hadn’t done much all day except be put into socks, get smelly, get aired out, and then put back into socks again. It was honestly surprising that the dried polish smell lingered long enough to overpower the more recent aroma.

Someday briefly took note of this fact, before another wiggle of his volunteer captress’ toes sent him rolling under the mild overhang of the toenail. It reminded him of “Hatchet”, that book about the teenager surviving in the wilderness. In it, he finds this “short cave” that’s described as a flat rock creating an awning over a small hill that merges into it as it rises. It’s not a room’s worth of space, and you have to crouch to stand under it. Someday figured that’s probably what being under a toenail was like. That said, the main difference here was that he DID have enough room to stand under the toenail, due to its size in comparison.

“You’re paying me back for this.” She pretended to sound upset.

“What do you want me to do?” Voice crack, sounded like a squeak. Cliche, but classic.

“You know what to do, come on!”

He actually didn't, but he made an assumption, and stuck his hands out to press against the flesh, rubbing it. It barely depressed at all, and he knew that in practice, there was no way such a minor sensation would be picked up. A feeling a touch more potent was needed, somethi - Oh, of course.

He stuck out his tiny tongue and winced a bit. Actually doing it was another matter entirely. It was at this exact moment that every sensation caught up with him.

The minutes of climbing toes to get vantage points, only to be sent hurtling down with the mildest twitch, creating a gradually increasing ache in his muscles, like a weight regiment where he picked weights above his skill level, then proceeded anyway.

The feeling of toe-sweat splashing against him, in droplets that wouldn't register as even full droplets to anyone else, but to him were wider than he was tall. Those, splashing down, soaking him, staying not just on top, but soaking in like moisturizer, creating a much longer sensation of dampness, like when you spend an entire day in a public pool, and get in the car after "drying off".

The scent of musky feet. An ambient mustiness from the sky of unwashed, dry fabric, mixing with the fresh, pungent odor of the sole, the reeking, disgustingly **PLEASANT** smell wafting from the toes, unavoidable and hard to breathe, yet almost tangy, acceptable. It's like...hot food. You smell it coming, it becomes all you can detect, and it fills the restaurant. It's not even YOURS, it's some other table. Some other table, every minute or so, creating a constant olfactory barrage until yours arrives. Like that. Exactly like that. Tasty, reeking, but instead of food it's foot. Creating a simultaneous desire to escape it by any means necessary, and an addiction to sniffing up hearty, bold breaths.

Her giggling. Gawd, her giggling. It was almost like she was mocking him, but he knew it was actually just because she got the same kinky rush. Heart pumping, a dull thud while a merry voice teases. He was the tiny, he couldn't giggle, couldn't show the same dominating joy. His method of expressing joy was obedience and blushing. That was it, basically.

Wait, no it wasn't. There was also this.

Someday applied a lick to the girl's toe. He was initially planning for it to be a quick, non-committal lapping, but it went on, and was slowly dragged. This was the single strongest feeling any of his five senses had ever had, this taste, this strong taste of submission.

"Oh, yeah, just like that! Gimme 200 more of those!"

Someday shuddered. This feeling would linger indefinitely, stuck in the forefront of his memory so he could perfectly capture it in writing. So perfectly that, after a long time, once this memory finally faded, he would read what he'd written and it would all flood back, and he'd remember this feeling of submission. Forever this time.

Cool Sexual Dimorphism piece

Contains: Brief anatomical detail, macro/ultra micro, implied insertion, mentions of vore/tongueplay, mention of feetplay, clothing entrapment, titties, New World Order setting

You had to stop for a minute. The person behind you bumped into you, but you waved your hand at her, since she shouldn't have been following so closely. You stepped carefully, getting out of the way of a few other people who were walking down the same sidewalk you were. The last one stopped just before the same sidewalk tile you did, but you waved her past. She shrugged, taking a wide, slow stride over the tile. What a tease.

Once the area was clear of other ladies, you turned around, brushing your chest and patting down your skirt a bit. Just a cursory bit of maintenance, to make sure you looked good. You looked pretty good, except for your bedhead, but that didn't matter, since the top of you wouldn't be the part making any impressions. You took off your flip-flops, setting them off the side. If somebody came out of this building, you didn't want them tripping over your shoes while you were busy.

Anyway, back to what you noticed. You thought back to all those dating classes you'd taken. They like it when you make as strong a first impression as possible. Be friendly, maternal, make yourself seem safe if you want to keep 'em. And last but not least, be surprising! Playful! You smiled at yourself before turning away from the glass reflection, back towards the sidewalk tile. You got this.

Your eyes scanned the tile, trying to relocate...ah, there. You thought about it...should you jump? No, that might be scary. Besides, the sidewalk! You might get dirty. You'd be taking this a bit more leisurely. Here we go~!

The tiny, bug-like dot, only detected in your vision due to a stray glint of the sun, pure chance, kept moving. Kinda reminded you of a bit of glitter. A little shorter than a piece of glitter. You lifted your foot slightly, moving way out from your body, bending your other knee to balance. You were reaaaaching out, and...you set your second toe just in front of the little running dot, lifting your big toe. It might be scary to see your big toe first. Once his route was cut off, you slid forward, standing nice and straight, trying to look past your chest at the ground.

"Hi, cutie! How are you doing down there? Don't worry! I won't hurt you, I LOVE boys! I think boys are just the cutest, you know? You're soooooo teeny! Do you wanna come with me?"

The tiny male, like the rest of his gender, was QU-ITE small. He seemed intimidated, but stopped his frantic squeaking and stared up at you for a bit. You realized his gaze couldn't make it past your chest. Or...now that you put some thinking into it, he probably couldn't see past your panties.

You crouched down, moving your other foot to face him, and leaning a bit, so you could see him better, and he could see your face past your breasts... His face lit up when he got a better look at you...or was that just the sun? "I promise you won't have to worry about all

that normal boy stuff anymore! No more finding crumbs, or avoiding being stepped on! I'll be absolutely wonderful!" You smiled gently, and he gave a tiny series of squeals, running to hug your toe. You plunked your big toe down, and his world shook.

"Is that a yes?" Another tiny chirrup from the boy. Seemed like a yes. You were overjoyed, and squeezed your toes together, feeling his puny squirms in surprise as your toes came to hug him back. You let go, then plucked him up with two fingers. "Now...where should I put you, huh?"

You held him over your toenails...he gave a few worried squeaks. "Ah, you're right. I promise I'll put you there later, maybe when I'm wearing socks. You'll love it, little guy." You couldn't figure out what he was doing, you guessed covering his face from embarrassment.

Next... hm. You decided to go top-down. You lifted him above your head, looking up at him. You stuck your tongue out, zoning out as you thought about it. He seemed to mistake this for you about to drop him into your mouth, so he was frantically flailing, yelping in fright. You stuck out your tongue a little bit more, the tip of it drying in the cool air, and gently placed him atop it, almost going cross-eyed to stare at him as he stood, like a particle of salt, on your tongue. Boys...boys were tasty.

You plucked him off your tongue. Nah, you wanted to play with him! He'd be like... a boyfriend, kind of! So you moved your hands lower. You dug one of your hands into your chest, pulling your bra open. You wondered if he couldn't sit on your nipple? The bra would hold him in place, and he'd be able to sit right there, maybe wiggle and tickle you a bit. He might slip a bit, though. He might slip inside your nipple instead of sitting on it if you walk too fast. Hm.

You put that on hold, and open your waistband. Dangling him over the hammock of your panties makes him squeal, squirm and protest, trying to escape from between your pinch. Well, okay, little guy. You let him escape from your grip, and he tumbles in, panicking all the way. The bouncy panties are too soft for him to stand on...that's adorable! You decide to try this. You let go of your waistband, letting them snap back. He's...hee hee. Tee hee hee. Wow. WOW. He's really squirming and wiggling. That might be a lot to deal with. You put on your flip-flops, starting to walk back to your place...

Okay, okay! Gosh. You hold your crotch, unable to take it even after six steps. He's simply too active for a little dot, so you reach down and pluck him out. Gosh, even from that...it was only thirty seconds! He already got all sticky! You really found a winner!

Since he's so active, you decide to hold him someplace where he can't wiggle too much. You stuff him down your bra, letting him get settled on top of your nipple, straddling it, before letting it thwip back into place, holding him down much more effectively than your underwear did. Still, he might slip into your duct. Well, girls have a bunch, and he was small enough he might slip into any number of a few of them. It probably didn't matter! You could probably get him out later...! He'd just get milky, is all!

You bounce on your heels, giving your chest a shake, before resuming your walk back to your place, a big, merry grin on your face.

You just found a boyfriend!

Pants

This a short piece about a playful macro girlfriend arriving home to her speck, who's positively delighted to see her.

Contains: Macro/micro, butt, stripping, shoes, socks, mentions of smell/implied forced orgasm, domination, playful, descriptive fetishes

"Good news, sweetie, I'm home!"

Bad news, your girlfriend just came home. She was always **SO** happy to see you after a long day of work, which usually didn't just end with a hug and a kiss, to say the least.

In retrospect, it doesn't help that in comparison to you, your girlfriend is a miles-tall behemoth whose strides could eclipse cities.

The rumbles of the floorboards worried you, and you were in her shadow before you knew it. She hadn't taken her sneakers off yet, so her steps were heavy, and sent shockwaves which bounced you up, preventing you from placing meaningful steps, since you were tumbling over before you could get the opportunity.

Her loud, crashing footfalls stopped, and you gulped. Turning around, you confirmed that she had entered the room and spotted you. How was anyone's guess, you sometimes thought that you SURELY were shorter than the tip of a pencil, but how was the least of your concerns.

"Hiiii! Did you miss me! Don't worry, I'm here! I'll be right there. Lemme take these off first."

Her voice was extremely high, even for a girl. She put a gentle rise into each syllable, like every word she said was being spoken to the cutest puppy in existence. 'Who's a good boy!', but that tone for most things that she said. It was cute, but having such a voice echo like a rumbling thunderstorm throughout the airspace served to remind you of the present danger your extremely significant other posed.

She took a couple long strides over to you, putting the front of her sneaker against the lip of the heel, and pushing down until the shoe popped off the heel of her pink ankle sock. She wiggled the foot over your head until it fell off of her toes. The tread fell directly on top of you, the discarded shoe smushing you flat against the hardwood before bouncing from the momentum of the rubber and tumbling away. You didn't have time to get up before she used her sock to do the same to the other foot, dropping the dirty sole of the shoe on top of you, momentarily crushing you underneath it before it too bounced off in a random direction.

Seconds later, you finally were able to raise yourself up onto your hands and knees, sweating a bit. You were used to pressure, you'd have to be, but facing pressure all at once was enough to knock the breath out of you and easily make you sweat more than an entire day's worth of exercise. You looked up a bit, to see that your girlfriend had been scooching her socks closer...closer...closer... to the point where now the curvature of one of her big toes meant you couldn't see directly upwards. Trying to look past that, your girlfriend had such big, sweet eyes, looking at you with such childlike glee. She adored every second in your presence, it was clear, for better or for worse.

There were a number of games she could play at this point. One of the most common, especially once she'd taken off her sneaks, was to get you to sniff at her socks (they weren't awful! They were okay! Maybe even pleasant, but come on! That scent is way too strong for a tiny nose to take in without serious side effects, like ragged breathing or being unable to...contain oneself.)

Assuming the worst, you turned and fled, stumbling on to wobbly knees and trying to sprint away, tripping and barely able to stay on your feet. You heard the sound of fabric shifting, something...a button being undone? A zipper? Some footfalls that were more akin to adjustments of position...you didn't turn around, keeping your head in the game, until...

THUMPF

A massive object fell on top of you, pounding you immediately back down to the hardwood. It was slightly tougher than you thought, but it wasn't as heavy as her body, so you didn't think she'd smushed you. Rather, you crawled as much as you could under the heavy canopy that had been dropped on you, coming to realize she had taken off her jeans, as well, and had just dropped them on you without a second thought. It would've taken a while to escape the diameter of the jeans even without the weight of buildings all around, surrounded by darkness, and forced to crawl, but after a few minutes, you did manage to find a slight gap through which light shined, and a place where the wrinkles allowed you to stand, and resumed your uneven sprint.

Another minute more and you did it. You managed to escape into the daylight, you were home free, you -

CRRRKRAASSH!

"Teehee! Got you, my adorable little sweet!"

She'd thrown herself into a sit, her pink-striped underwear landing right on top of you, crushing you against the fabric. You couldn't really even move, with all of her weight on top of you, and it would've taken you outright MINUTES to finally catch your breath again, the sheer exhaustion caused by all of this monolithic girl's weight on top of you at once almost pulverizing you instantly.

She started wiggling and rubbing around in her seat on top of you, exasperating all of the effects and ensuring that you wouldn't be able to so much as move a single muscle for hours. You were defeated. It was a miracle you were still conscious.

“I think I’m just gonna sit here and grind on ya forever and ever, okie doke? ♪ “

Aaaand that’s exactly what she did, just sitting there, wiggling her panty-clad rump overtop of you for what felt like forever and ever.

Bedbug

A piece written within an hour.

A gal wants to get some shuteye. Her bed is currently occupied. My usual brand of macro/micro smutty content ensues.

Contains: Heavy lady, breasts, ass, puss smotherin’, macro/micro, strong NSFW elements, dom/sub, descriptive fetishes

The titan of a woman lumbered into the room, running the butt of her palm along her side. Her chubby thighs, supporting chubby knees and chubby thighs, with fat, flat feet crashed down, sending earthquakes across the wood floors, sparking fear in the hearts of insects and rodents everywhere. (By everywhere, I mean in houses two doors down, as well.)

Her shirt was too short for her chest. Remove those G cups (G for “Geez those tits are bigger than my head”), and sure, that shirt could reach down to the waistband of her undies. However, instead, the shirt had to take a detour around those milky mounds of soft fatty flesh, and so the hem of the shirt ended just shy of her areolae’s edge. The ever slight curve poked from underneath, a ring of bumpy pink.

Her entire body was a thick, heavy, lumbering aircraft carrier of woman. Her hips were righteous, her butt barely fit into what...I supposed you’d call momma’s panties. You know the type, they’re big. She was plus sized all around, which made for an intimidating cuteness. She was clearly the type to give BIG hugs.

She reached a Queen sized bed too small for two. Too small for two, even WITH one of them being nigh-microscopic. He was a skinny, tall thing, and he’d lost his glasses someplace in the sheets. He shouted something up to her when he saw her leviathan form, casting a shadow across the mountains and valleys of white silken sheets, as though the tallest and thickest building in the world had strolled up to him, and was getting in bed, knees-first. Eyes closed, her sheer girth rumbled the very air as she set herself up, four-pillars style, on her hands and knees, above him.

She was...

Too tired to care.

Her shirt, carried by gravity and the shifting of her shoulder, fell, the hem of the right breast in particular finding the perfect combination of folds to fall just enough to expose her right nipple to the cool room temp. Her elbows buckled, and just like that, the single greatest volume objects in existence crashed down directly on top of her tiny lover. He was pressed under her right nipple.

Here, for those of you who have difficulty picturing such a thing:

Imagine you have a water balloon. Fill it with milk. No, with more. More. Almost. There you go. Now, picture the skin of that balloon made of thick, soft, squishy flesh, EASILY capable of holding twice as much milk. Now imagine that the breast you've pictured is like a mountain, and the areola of that breast is HANDILY the area of four city blocks. And the nipple...a peak to the mountain, stiff in the slight chill, or maybe she's just happy? and there's several little holes which a man can fit in. Through which milk may slip.

For those of you who wonder what it's like to be on the other end of this exchange:

Picture having a body curvier than the Super Duper Looper roller coaster. Now imagine hefting a travel backpack's worth of weight on your chest massive enough to smother and completely lose a person beneath your ...let's call it Affection. Now you can picture being able to lay down on the floor without needing a mattress because you're already laying on pillows. (Well, your tits might be sore in the morning.) Anyway, picture feeling a sliiiiight, squealing, squirming tickle, so minute you could swear you're imagining that, too, about a foot from the rest of your body, trapped right under your breast, unable to escape it. That's your lover. He's yours. He cannot escape. Enjoy him. He's a good, cute boy. If you weren't so tired, you'd let him up.

Pictured? Good.

The golem of woman was only about halfway up the bed, head nowhere near close to where it should be, right next to the headboard.

"Baaabe...squosh."

She murmured, her voice crushing the atmosphere, leaving only echoes in its wake, which the man trapped under her sphere had to breath in order to remain conscious. Thankfully, she got up. Her body slowly did a motion similar to the worm, but without any kinetic energy, which threw him down the sheets a slight bit. Her body heat had caused them to pick up a slight bit of moisture from...condensation, I guess?

She turned to her side, then threw her hulking form the remaining two inches, so her head was now resting on a fluffy head-resting implement, and not on her breasts, which now stacked like a totem pole. Her lover was pinned under her butt. It was shapely, sure, but nowhere near as soft as her chest. Firm, with cheeks that didn't quite fit all the way into her undies, and formed the shape of the back, so it was far from flat. Much unlike her lover, who was pressed under a fabric moon, a great heaving weight no mortal man was ever meant to carry. Except for him, every night she wanted him to. She was playful and friendly with her speck. Tonight she was just very sleeby.

“Squosh Squosh~” She whispered, which one might be convinced was in her snoozing state. Her hips raised up off the mattress, and the boards making up the frame briefly sighed in relief, before she dropped the weight back down, flattening her boy with incredible effectiveness. Then a third time did her hips rise and fall. Four. Five. Six. Eight. Twelve. Twenty. Forty.

Her thumbs slid into her waistband, and she lifted her knees to her chest. In one motion, she managed to quickly and elegantly tug the panties around her ankles. One ankle betrayed the other and broke free, and she lifted up again. The exhausted lover lifted his arms, bracing to try and stop the bare ass cheek from smashing down on his body.

“W-Waaaaah!”

His whines were too early, since the hip didn’t fall again. He was confused, at first. He thought she might be taking mercy on him, as one of her knees kept her hips risen. One of her palms slammed against the mattress, eliciting a “Fwump” of air being forced out from between the mattress cover. She stopped to feel her breast. Her palm rubbed at it. The left one felt sort of neglected...it hadn’t had a turn. She rubbed it for a few minutes, while her moon hovered with great intimidation over the squealing, pathetic form of her delightfully puny boy toy. She turned to her front again, pushing with her elbow while her palm kept treating her large areola to what it missed. Her crotch, soft, presentable, pretty, replaced her ass as her lover’s sky. His squeaking raised in pitch, and she sighed with contentment, pushing her face into her pillow and letting out a long breath before letting all of her limbs fall. She stretched her legs out, arching her back slightly. Ground for a couple...dozen...minutes. Content that her lover was stuck firm to her crotch for the night, she stretched out again, and fell asleep like that, almost entirely naked, lover pinned under her sex.

And she woke up with sore tits because she slept on them again.

steppies

A short piece, nothing out of the ordinary!

Contains: a boy being stepped on in worn socks, pushed inside, and kept inside, worshipping. BASICALLY.

You woke up, swinging your legs over the side of your bed, putting the balls of your feet down. Standing up, your heels fell thereafter, and you slid, turning your feet slightly on the hardwood. Satisfied with your morning stretch, you swung your legs and went to go eat downstairs.

You skipped steps on your way down the stairs, each thud against the descent shaking the stairframe and making slight creaking sounds. You jumped down the last set of stairs,

landing like a ballerina. Well, actually, you landed so hard you almost had to crouch down because of the momentum.

On your way to the kitchen, you noticed...an asymmetry. It wasn't noticable - It sort of felt like the floor was sticky. Wait, no. It was more like there was a sticky crumb, almost like a fragment of almost dried gum stuck to the bottom of one of your socks. You took a stamp with that foot, trying to rub it off on the tile. That didn't work, so you figured you'd just manually remove it when you sat down. You kept trying to remove it with stamps on your way there, however.

When you finally sat down with your breakfast, you lifted your left foot, resting it on your right knee, and leaning over to look.

"Oh, wow. I've never seen one of you guys this small before."

There was one of those tiny folks who had been visiting your house and treating it as a safe haven recently. They were usually of noticable height, but this particular one was only about three fiber-links tall, meaning his hips and shoulders had been being pushed into the gaps between each fiber of your socks. They were pretty tightly knit and fairly new socks, too. He wasn't wearing pants, but then again, neither were you, since you'd just woken up and didn't figure you'd be needing to cover your undies yet.

The minuscule critter moaned, sitting up on the fuzzy footwear. You ate watched his tiny movements with intrigue, waiting until it looked like he was okay before talking to him.

"How long were you stuck there for, teeny?"

"T-teeny?" he seemed surprised by the nickname, looking up at the monument in the middle of breakfast that was your face.

Ah, it was an embarrassing nickname. You decided to try again.

"Ah, sorry. What I meant was, how long were you stuck to my foot for, puny?"

You couldn't detect it, but the tiny figure gulped and then spoke up.

"About...since yesterday, around lunchtime? You haven't changed your socks since then, and I got stomped while you were dancing."

You remember that! You love that song. The choreography involves just a ton of jumps and heavy stomps. You couldn't do them nearly as good as the dancers in the music video. You figured their knees would hurt after a while of practicing that.

Following you remembering your dance routine which had gotten this little feller stuck and fuzzy, You remembered how intensive your jog downstairs had been, and swore to apologize to this poor tiny guy immediately for subjecting him to being flattened over and over for half a day, leaving him stuck to your feet all night, and then reflattening him this morning. You took a quick swig of juice and then started your apology.

The words came out as "Hey, do you want to kiss my toeprints?"

His entire color changed as he flushed, humiliated by a question to which there was no right answer. “Buh, I - Wha...N...Y...U-uhmm...”

You had just seen a cute kitty out the window, and wanted to walk outside to pet it, so you weren’t quite paying attention. There was no way he didn’t accept your apology, though. As a way of making it up to him, you decided to give him a home, free of charge.

“Great! Let’s see...” You gently flicked him up to your middle toe. The pinky toe was a bit too wild, and the big toe was a meanie, so you figured you’d give him something more his size and speed. He stood with each leg on a different fiber. Using the same finger, you pushed him down into the sock. He was skinny, so it was super easy. Just to make sure he was snug, you pulled the sock up and let it go, the light sound of your fair-fitting foot cover snapping back confirming that his position from earlier was reversed, and that he was now face-down getting his absolutely adorable little face all up between each one of your toeprint ridges.

Then, you ran out the door and into the grass to go pet the cat in your backyard. That kitty ran from you, but you caught and gave many pettings to the furry friend.

After that, you wound up wearing your socks for a couple more days. It was a long weekend, and you liked sleeping in them! By the time you peeled them off, your new buddy had left cute lip marks from all the smooching. Unfortunately, you were out of socks, and planned to wear flip flops when you had to go out and about the next day, but hey, that’s what your drawer of bras and panties were for, right?

Anonymous requested:

Tiny civilizations growing on someone and getting played with all the time

She’d had about enough of these rascals. She’d asked them to come out of her nipples a couple hours ago, but they had yet to do so. Unbeknownst to her, however, the reason for the lateness was not obstinacy, but inadequacy. They were too weak of climbers to clamber through the slight, microscopic bumps and canals of her mammary ducts.

However, she’d already decided it was playtime, and the societies on every other part of her had already moved to the designated gathering place on her ribs. Yes, even the ones who famously had a difficult time getting there, such as the feet societies, who had to travel a really long distance, the societies in her hair and on her face, who wound up getting tangled or lost on their way there, and the society which had made her crotch their home. Their problem was flooding, and becoming too sticky to move.

Nevertheless, the group living on/in her boobs had moved, settling and centralizing. They were now more squarely focused on her areolae, and those who were in her nipples had gone deeper. This was good for stability since they didn’t get jiggled and thrown as much, but awful when it came time for roll call.

In order to force them out of their tardiness, she massaged at her breasts, and eventually dripped their entire civilization out of her ducts, washing it away in a white flood which barely amounted to a trickle.

Once everyone, including the breast group, who now needed to rebuild, had now gathered, it was once again time for nightly playtime. When it was over, she punished the late group - their new temporary home was on the wet cumstain she'd just made on her panties, and they were forbidden from returning to their homeland until they were spotless.

Anonymous requested:

Sending specks over to your friends via sticking them on a spitball and launching them at mach speeds at someone else's butt.

Bwaaaaaaaah

Reason #4 not to waltz around the house in the nude:

Your room-mate might shoot your shared, pint-sized friend at you while you bend down, landing a direct hit between your buttcheeks.

"Did you just shoot a speck at my buttchle?"

Your roommate giggles, removing the straw with which she had shot the dot-sized boy at your rump from her face. "And I hit it, too!" She beamed, smiling at her accuracy.

"You sure did..." You stood back up to full height, completely advertently *squelch*ing the dust-sized friendlet into your pucker with naught but the pressure created by your prodigious cheeks coming back together.

The chastisement you were about to give your roomie for the prank was interrupted; every time you began, the minuscule being who'd been engulfed in anus would squirm around your gigantic, empty, spacious insides. You didn't want to have to intersperse sentences with stifled groans, so instead, you figured you'd ask your buddy for the bead chain.

She promptly obliged, passing you the string that had...ninety...four? at last count? yeah. 94 infinitesimal particles of people strung to it. You moved over, sat, lay back into the couch, and used your hands over your plump body to gradually shove almost half the chain into your prodigiously powerful posterior.

"You want any help?" She was spectating the whole thing with a look of wonder.

"Nnngh...No, I'm not going all the way this time. I don't want to replace everything." You pulled the string out, sans all the tinies, who'd been rubbed off on their way out against the

inside of the anus, leaving them tied up and wiggling inside their new trappings. It was BLISSFUL.

Then, you felt a small *ping* against your asshole again, and looked between your legs to see, on the other end of the couch, that your room-mate had shot another speck up your butt.

“Direct hit, yesssss!”

You were a bit too preoccupied to chastise her.

Simplicity

Contains: laundry, masturbation, macro/micro shrinking, pre/cum, domination.

“Holy cow! You *gotta* feel these panties, they are soooooaked -”

She ran her hands along her legs, taking the running strands of pre with her hands, sticking along the sides of her thumb and forefingers.

The boy sitting sideways in the reclined chair turns slightly, jolting to alertness, and tried to reach out to her, but was shot down by the usual condition.

“Uh-uh! Naughty - You know there’s no touching unless you shrink yourself -”

She chastised, tossing the open bottle of the shrinking agent. It spilled on his clothes, but thankfully not the furniture. It had just enough time to soak into the layers of his outfit before it acted, shrinking his clothes off him as they tore off, at which half continued shrinking while the other halves, no longer in contact with those dampened threads, stayed the same size.

What she had just done was a terrifying power move, and not willing to wrestle with someone braver and bolder than he was, he shivered nervously, dishing a little bit of the stuff into his hand like shampoo and having just enough time to rub it in to his exposed skin before he joined his clothes in size.

As he blinked and his eyes adjusted to the changing light and angles, his vision was overtaken by pink, and subsequently his girlfriend tossed her panties directly onto his still-shrinking body.

The increasingly massive undies were impossible to push past, especially as she flicked the juices off her fingers directly onto the fabric, and by extension her minuscule boyfriend. He swam through the stickiness, barely avoiding being buried alive in them as two rumbling earthquakes disturbed the rain-soaked tent under which he explored.

She looked down at the pinkness between her legs, crouching down to get a better look to see if she could see it wiggle as he maneuvered through it. To her joy, that was not the case, the boy was speckish.

Her hands went to two different destinations - her right up to her mouth, as she teased her lips, and her left downward...also to tease lips. Eventually, she moved from a crouch to a position where she was sitting on her knees, then sitting almost flat atop the panties as her fingers rose and fell and slid across her labia. Her other hand caught her warm breath as she dripped and become more and more excited. The boy under her crotch fought through the transparent lake through the forest of pink fibers, as rains bigger than his entire height piled down on top of him. The instant he made it to the waistband, almost able to escape, a cascade of white shoved his body down and back.

She pulled the soaked undies and him off the floor. She balled them up in her hand and flung them across the room to her empty hamper, then celebrated at the perfect shot when they landed in. He was okay; a bit dazed and very, very tired, but not harmed from the fall. Subsequently, she grabbed the rest of her discarded outfit, tossing bra, shirt, socks, and so forth in one at a time, expanding the towering gauntlet which the tiny boy would need to climb up through to achieve victory.

This was something they'd done before - as she threw clothes in the hamper, he climbed until, at the end of the week, it was full and he was at the top, a true tower-climbing professional. Until then, he'd have to endure being positively buried in used laundry while listening to her tease~!