

First, the bio of the character.

Name: Phoebe

Species: Cat - Can take feral or anthropomorphic form. Anatomical differences manifest between the forms in unexpected fashions.

Colors: Pink, whitish yellow (natural), + green (artificially added)

Height: Approx. 280 times the size of the Universe, putting it proportionally at half the diameter of a small marble in comparison (Real); 5'5" (Proportional)

Dimensions: Youthful in appearance. B cup breasts, soft curves, skinny build that looks like it recently put on a pudgy, thinnish layer of fat from her nipples to her lower thighs. Her forearms and lower legs are also rather thick, turning into large paws.

Preoccupation: An immortal. Partially to entertain herself, she keeps a few dozen universes, no larger than a centimeter from her perspective, in her room. More accurately, she keeps ours and a few other favorites in bed with her, and she plays with them into eternity. She can't shrink, but she can project an avatar into a tiny universe to play on a more intimate level with its inhabitants.

Personal: Phoebe is a bit too playful for her own good. Her common outfit of choice looks like a magical girl getup. It's near perfectly white. The frilly skirt is a bit TOO short, though. It leaves the bottom edge of her panties visible. The outfit includes thigh-highs and gloves, but she usually wears variants that are open at the end, such that her soft paw pads are exposed. She views the universes as her personal belongings, and protects them, that is, when she isn't treating them like candy, toys, or something else naughty.

Favorites: She ADORES painting her nails. claws? Either or, she loves the smell of nail polish and will paint her smooth little bitties a bright shade of green.

Abilities: She's infinitely and selectively perceptive, eg able to focus on or observe anything, no matter how small or hard to notice, though not so that she's overwhelmed by minutia. She can't shrink, but she can project an avatar into a tiny universe to play on a more intimate level with its inhabitants. It wouldn't be accurate to say that she "can" grow, but she can STOP herself from growing. If she doesn't, she tends to explode to sizes even more inconceivably gigantic, even proportional to her current height. It can get hard to stop herself on occasion. In addition, despite her fascination with magical girls and that, she also is good with science which tends to be so advanced it's nigh-indistinguishable from magic in practice. With this, she can, among other things, grow and shrink other things she wants to change. She likes to pretend her science-y play is magic. They are separate from her natural skills, however.

Other: ??? ??? ? ????

Phoebe's Fun

I thought of breaking it up into chunks, but reconsidered just because I wanted to do it in one big chunk.

This is a story about the playful post-universal cat girl, Phoebe. It's lewd as hell, and contains some material which one might deem objectionable, even on top of the whole giantess - hundreds - of - times - bigger - than - the - universe thing.

The "Contains" section spoils some of the fun, but if you aren't feeling brave, it's underneath the Read More link.

Contains: Ultra macro/micro, universes, cosmic play and scale, paws, panties, oodles and oodles of fluid play, mentions of smells and scents and some tastes (passively), stripping, playful dom/sub, entrapment, growth, shrinking and...

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it also Contains: vaginal insertion, nail polish, cum, descriptive fetishes, penis anatomy, fantasy genital anatomy, cock vore, near-unbirth, and small touches of unwilling/despair. (Not really on that last one, but it's possible for some elements to be interpreted that way.) I think that's everything.

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Phoebe's heels swayed in the air. Her knees bent and tilted, letting her calves move in whatever way they felt. The soft paws would occasionally drift with gravity and bounce off her buttocks, covered by panties and a frilly skirt. While this went on, her chin was in her palms, her stomach was down against her mattress, and her large, gentle cat eyes were locked with intense intent on a few universes, about the size of marbles, a few inches away, it looked like to her. Her soft stare was not paying any mind to two of them. They were merely rolling with the curve of the bed's fabric, highlighting the actual target.

"You know," her purring voice lilted, high notes popping off her tongue like bubbles, "you've been quite a curious and playful little bunch down there." She started to brush the other two universes away, but stopped herself. Instead, she took one, tossing it up and tracing its path with her eyes, before catching it between two toes on her left paw, and affectionately squeezing. She was wearing her sole-less socks, which had ridden up a bit, exposing her toes and allowing the maneuver. The universe's space bent as it flattened. No harm would be done, but the gentle, girly fragrance permeated the empty space, aromatically coloring the blackish, starry orb with a sweetness like downing seven pixie sticks in a minute. And of course, they were toe-tally trapped.

The other soon received a similar fate. Still resting her chin on the palm of her other hand, she dexterously plucked the sphere of thin space, only 7 mm diameter-wise to her eye, and with her fingers bent it over one of her hand's claw-nails, smooth and firm, carrying its own slightly different aroma from the rest of the paw (which would only ever be noticeable if you were on the magnitude of scale this ball's residents were, or if she clipped them and you put your nose close (try it at home!)). She, still with one hand, albeit with a bit of help from the classic "hold it in your mouth" trick, painted over the universe with green nail polish. The

lacquer dried at a surprisingly quick rate, and in no time at all an entire system of creation was adhered to the surface, underneath a coat of green which had yet to fade of that distinct alcohol scent present in paints of its sort.

Then, at last, her playful eyes drew back to the orb teetering in a small dent in the sheets.

"I think, because you've all been so inquisitive, asking me about my naughty habits, playful tendencies, and deep little secrets, I'll give you all a chance to experience them up close!" Phoebe chuckled. A bit of physics-defying had been put in place, naturally. This particular universe, and all of its inhabitants, including one blue marble called Earth, could see outside of the dim sphere, to the giant cat girl in magical girl dress hundreds of times larger than the sheerest limits of what they could ever ordinarily hope to see or experience. It wouldn't be any fun if they couldn't see ex-ac-tly what she was doing, after all.

With a thumb and forefinger, she pinched it. Her pinch was shabby, the edges of her fingers' compressing and shape altering influence ended at the equator of the ball, even though they could easily smother the entire thing if she so wished. This universe...let's call it Alpha, for the sake of simplicity, was a bit smaller than the one she'd stuck under the glistening green. Only 6 millimeters...well, from where she was sitting, anyway. She was 280 times larger than it, after all. Figure out the true size of the entire universe, and then you do the math. Regardless, holding Alpha near her nose and looking at it up close, she had an overwhelming thought she couldn't get rid of.

"Too big..." she murmured. She sat up, criss-crossing her legs and stretching over with the hand she'd been leaning on, which had fallen asleep, over to her nightstand. There was a small vial there.

She uncorked the vial with a thumb. The liquid must have been under a spot of pressure, as it steamed a bit when the cork was removed, and the steam escaped in a wisp out of the top. Testing, her palm swished the liquid around the flasklet. It appeared to be right.

"First thing's first. I know exactly where to put you naughty critters and your teensy solar systems, but in order to help you fit, I'm going to need you to shrink for me, okie doke?" More teasing lilting in an innocent-sounding voice.

She turned her fingers upside down, pinching Alpha along the bottom. It was surely dizzying for the residents, over a hundred billion-trillion times smaller than the sphere itself, and then some. She tilted the lip of the vial over them. This let a slow, molasses-like string, with a round, shiny bead of liquid, drip out, slowly descending like poured glue until it pierced the periphery of the space. The effect was immediate. It looked like a minor reduction to anyone but those whom it affected, which, in Alpha, was everybody. The black novelty marble went from a scale on the order of millimeters to the order of micrometers. .06. 60 micrometers of universe. That'd fit.

"Yippee!" Pink paws were lifted victoriously. The shrinking fluid dripped out and stopped affecting Alpha a few seconds later, and Phoebe cleaned it up. Thereafter, the pathetically tiny circle was set upon the bed, situated carefully so as not to let it slip someplace due to its size. "All right, now to give you a little strip show!"

Oh boy. Oh jeez.

First to go was the top. The whitish-yellow fabric, complete with accented heart bust, was tugged off. Her paws flung it up, it bouncing awkwardly off a corner of the bed and tumbling unceremoniously to the floor, where it probably smushed an entire order of existence or four. It *was* kind of a big top, after all. Next, off came her bra, B cups freely jiggling with her next set of movements, removing her tiptless mittens, which had also ridden up onto her wrist, followed by her socks. This left her skirt, hiding all but the bottom edge of her panties at all times. Phoebe hesitated.

“Eeheehee. Don’t freak out, okay?” She teased. Thick, fuzzy fingers slipped into her skirt waistband. They lowered down her svelte thighs, creating a meniscus of fabric, which was probable. Any other garment would behave the same. The curve started to get a bit stronger, however. It was almost as if it were stuck on something. Then, *\*thwip!\** Off it came, and her legs curved to hide her crotch until after she’d gotten the ruffly thing off both her legs. Then, she spread her legs straight out, stretching down over Alpha, which was given quite a view.

Quite a view, indeed. That is, a view of Phoebe’s white striped panties, with a prominent bulge quite nearly thrust in their puny collective faces.

Phoebe clarified.

“Surprised? Heehee. I don’t have a penis when I’m in pure kitty form, you know. There, I just have a juicy little pussy pussy~”

Were sound capable of traveling through the vacuum of space, a rather mousey squeaking squeal would come from Alpha, as the entirety of the universe’s residency made reactionary noise to this surprise. They didn’t have time to revel in shock for long, however, as cutesy words drifted over them.

“Go-ly, though, these panties are SOAKED! Your questions really got me going, you know? I think I’ll...free my prisoner! Four inches soft, 7 inches erect...these are way too small for that, you know? I really ought to get new panties, but they’re just so comfy and cute.” Without any ado, she lifted her butt off the bed as she rested her shoulders and back down the mattress a tad. Her fingers darted into this second waistband, slipping it down her fuzzy pink thighs. She held it, once removed, in two fingers. She plucked up Alpha, set her panties worn side up, and set the sand-grain sized ball of galaxies in a bit of leakage which had settled onto but not soaked into the panty fiber. It was enough to almost entirely engulf the entire universe in girly pre.

She posed, spreading her legs wide, which accented her erect member, squared the bottom edge of her breasts with her forearm (which holds them up slightly, for the unfamiliar), and prepared herself. She then made a unique statement, which only heightened nervousness everywhere.

“Ahaha~ I’m going to push you little ones into my slit. You’ll go aaaaalllll the way down to one of my balls. I’ve already got a universe in there, you know. Every time I play with myself, my balls fill up with cum, flooding them with it. Then, when I release, it mostly pours

out and leaves, but the universe remains cum-soaked, and it remains in there to provide me fun little feelings! And you're gonna join them. Every last one of your suns will be cream-coated. Every last planet will get a thick new ocean. Every last puny, adorable galaxy will become another Milky Way. Reaaady -?"

A collective "eep!" echoed through Alpha. It was damn near impossible to get sound to carry through the void of space, but they were all so meekly intimidated by this cat girl's sexual appetite, that they found a way. It was play time.

She started by licking one of her fingers' pads, and sticking her finger in the pre, smothering Alpha with her finger. The sticky liquids both worked to adhere the black granule to the soft, dampened surface, allowing Phoebe to carry it without pinching. Lifting it through the air, she eventually let it settle just over the head of her erect and ready cock. She smeared the puny-verse off on the head, below her slit slightly. Musk flowed and filled the empty space. Some nebulae couldn't compete with it, and thinned out in her sexual musk's intense presence. Naturally, as a speck it would be small enough to fit. Two paws came once the finger wiped Alpha off. The first wrapped its soft, huge fingers around the length, and stroked along her shaft, while she shifted and leaned forward and kicked her legs out. The second's fingers made no contact, instead palm-first coming down upon her head while she rubbed it around, causing Alpha and every last astronomical feature within it to be smothered and rolled along like a trackball.

Both hands eagerly stroked and rubbed. Heat escaped her maw as she panted, breath practically steaming from the delight shuddering through and warming her core. Pre dribbled upwards out of the slit, coating all but the innermost layers of Alpha, in clearish, sticky fluid. Among those the pre ensnared was the entire human race on its little marble of Earth. The pre seeped over entire cities, partially over others, clinging like stringy, wet, sexual-scented spider webs to the sides of buildings, or slowly pouring through streets like a tidal wave in slow motion. Surprisingly, those stuck within its surface found it to be...breathable. They didn't really have a choice, so, gross as it was, they resigned to their fate at her whims, weaker than even a drop of precum. It wasn't unpleasant...nothing about this entire experience had been outright unpleasant. It was more like...pleasurable in a way that was weird, slightly gross, and unfamiliar.

Phoebe rolled Alpha up a slight hill, directly overtop her cock's drippingly wet slit. With two fingers, she held it open just a slight bit, not that it was necessary, and used the finger between those digits to push the 60 micrometer sphere inside. Fleshy tinted walls, steeped in liquid, pulsed with feeling. They were, of course, shifting slightly before, but here, they came to life, seemingly gulping the existence-turned-sex-toy deeper, lower.

Pre dribbled through and over the universe. A droplet was, of course, bigger than its entire volume, but nonetheless some thin strands found their way sticking between galaxies, and creating sticky pools in which solar systems could sit. Alpha slightly expanded in diameter due to how much precum it had taken in, like a thin sponge expanding in water. Each stroke of the massive hand from outside thrust the soggy ball deeper. It would bump and smear and rub against the walls as it descended, sending shudders through the giantess, which only caused even more cataclysmic disruption.

After several more pulses of the all-of-creation-dwarfing shaft, Alpha, and all of its beyond microscopic galaxies, solar systems, stars, planets, moons, civilizations, cities, buildings, and puniest of all, life forms found themselves being swallowed with one quick pulse. It fell into one of the monolithic girl's testes. Dim though it was, her interior wasn't entirely black, probably because she wanted them to be able to see how cutely powerful she was. They got a good look around the fleshy interior...or rather, what wasn't flooded with cum. Roughly two thirds was filled with white, thicker than glue orgasm fuel. Suspended, or rather, practically submerged in it was the universe Phoebe had mentioned to them on the way in. It seemed they were sharing the ball with it. It was completely coated - aside from small patches of discolored and twinkling space, the entire exterior looked like a gooey, slimy ball of cum.

Alpha sooned joined it in being nearly sunken, as it touched the surface of the ocean of cum, and slowly lowered in, the thickness and incomprehensibly gigantic nature of the fluid agonizingly prolonging the process. Observers got to watch all but the top 5% of their totality's surface be covered entirely in the girl's thick juices. As the surface slowly rose, filling Phoebe's gonad, Alpha sat, helpless, in the soup of her cum. Like any good ingredient soup, its flavor was made uniform, a gentle and tasteful mix of the taste of the soup broth and its own latent elements. The broth, in this case, was slightly more prevalent in the equation, but nonetheless Alpha found itself in a position where it could be satisfied with its state of being. The adorably small living creatures, particularly those species intelligent enough to have built cultures, found themselves trapped under powerful globs of planet-swallowing cum. It...was also breathable. They were reluctant to inhale and submit themselves to Phoebe's cream, to admit that they literally needed it for survival was...embarrassing, to say the least. All while heart hugged them, and heavy, powerful motions echoed through their background.

And that's how the universe came to be permanently entrapped within Phoebe's little nutsack for all of eternity.

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No, not really. It was only about seven minutes more before she came, emptying the nut of its thick load. Petting those stuck inside her, Phoebe decided she wasn't quite done, and teleported them out.

She held the dripping wet universe in her palm, breathing panting breaths over them, which only truly served to assist the cum in drying and caking throughout the spacial ball. She seemed to still be a bit winded from orgasm.

"Nyahah...was that fun, my little puny-verse? Hmhmhm...I can sense quite a few worshipers down there. D'aww, I don't deserve that many, hee hee. Oh, how I'd delight to shrink you all again! But I think I've got a bit of a better idea." She purred, setting the planet down amongst her sheets.

For those whose view wasn't blocked by cum, something utterly overwhelming graced their vision. Phoebe seemed strained, gasping quite a bit, as though holding something back just

a tad. Seconds after this started, her body seemed to start packing on extra inches. While she did this, she also transformed, paws becoming less dexterous, thighs getting plumper and curvier, her toes splaying out and even growing a bit, even her face adopting a more feline appearance from the norm. One paw was in front of her sex, so nobody got a view of what went on there, but by the time the paw was removed, a glistening, shining wet vagina had taken her cock's place. It seemed she hadn't been fibbing earlier. She stopped her rumbling growth once her feral form was twice the height it had been prior to transforming. Her pink tail swished behind her. She shifted her sitting position slightly, causing the whole bed to creak beneath her terrifyingly massive weight. She giggled somewhat haughtily.

"Do you like it, punies? Pathetically cute little microbes~ Now I'll give those of you who weren't a fan of my earlier toying a true treat!" She parted her lower lips with both forepaws. It dripped a thin and almost sparkling stringlet of natural lubricant. The cat goddess got up a moment later, releasing her spread to step gently, paw after paw after paw, overtop of Alpha. In her shadow, the universe soon came to understand itself as more accurately being directly beneath the kitty's apocalyptically large pudenda.

Naught but a single bead of the sticky, sexual slurry making every last nanometer of her pussy moist fell. When the round drop, attached to the rest of the liquid by a long, shiny and clear thread, which fell after it like the tail of a mischievous pet, hit and re-wet Alpha, it was time. Phoebe put a single paw to her labia majora, pulling herself open slightly, and then slammed her floor-quakingly massive hips down into the bed overtop of the poor little universe. The frame creaked in denial, struggling to withstand the forceful impact. The bed itself bounced at her fast press, throwing Alpha inside her love canal, the cum-stained sphere doing its best impression of a basketball being bounced off a trampoline. The pink paw lifted away for a moment, if only to adjust to a position beneath her rump, stroking at her labia. The effect of this was the microscopic thing being clapped between Phoebe's sopping walls. The cat girl rolled backwards, eliciting further rumbling creaks from the bed frame, and putting the back of her sex in the direction gravity was pulling the universe. The vaginal slickness canceled out the tight, crushing force being put on either side of Alpha, which only got more intense with each contraction as the mind-meltingly brodingnagian pink feline masturbated. The end result was almost like a wet bar of soap, gravity easily tugging what had previously been a glittery, proud little universe down deeper into the sexual organ of its better. Another, distinct sexual aroma flooded the universe and replaced the other as it descended so fast it was almost like free fall. Heavy pants came as Phoebe rocked her hips, playing with the bean beneath the hood at the top of her lips (note, her clit was ALSO handily over 200 times the size of Alpha, for reference.).

As an aside while our poor reality is shoved deeper inside Phoebe, let's talk about homologues. One might wonder where an object like the poor universe still stuck inside Phoebe's testis went to when she transformed. Let's call it Beta. Now, it is most certainly true that there are a larger number of features to the female sex organ than the male sex organ. Certainly a larger range of accessible features. Well, the female gonad is the ovary - which means the microscopic Beta has found its way into there. Or, it never left, rather. It's treated instead now to a buffet of female sexual glandular productions, which once again pool over it, tease every last critter within its surface, until the moment when it all drains out. They aren't the luckiest, but at least their paltry existence is quaint. And, if we're being as honest as possible, disgustingly tasty. They wish they knew how to handle the conflicting emotions their submissive position inside Phoebe forces upon them.

...I mentioned draining. Picture the pressure system for a fountain. Done? Cool, now we're ready to return to the story proper.

An intense fountainous spurt, or rather, spurts, came up to delay Alpha's descent towards the cervix. Like a volleyball team, each squirt of liquid impacted the ball, forcing it back up some, before it started descending again. Eventually, it bounced rather uselessly off the side of the cervical canal, a slight tingling twinge which pushed the massive feline over the edge. A rushing flood came up, completely filling her. Unexpectedly large volumes of liquid poured and overflowed out of her entrance, taking the newly double-cum-soaked sex-toy of a supercluster container up and out of Phoebe's pussy on the third wave. She turned over, laughing from pleasure. She seemed, despite orgasming twice, to still be raring to go. Poor Alpha and all its residents trembled before her. They were having fun...as much fun as being helpless to one so magnificently huge could be, which was a lot. Scare-roused. Yeah, that's the word. The cat seemed to lose herself for a second, growing a couple more inches on top of her already doubled size. She didn't seem to notice, but the little ones certainly did. She addressed them directly with a proposal they knew would take the rest of the night. In spite of everything, they resigned to it, and accepted it as their new state of being. Their loop of existence.

"Heehee. Whoa~ You little buggies were so much fun! I bet you absolutely adore that new scent sticking to all of you now...along with everything else sticking to you, aha! I've still got a couple more rounds in me, so how about we cut your scale by about another billion and do the whole thing from the top?" While she spoke, she used a bit of sleight of hand and more than a bit of science to grow the rest of her room to fit her more appropriately, sans for every last one of her universes. Seeing things seem to grow around them, and emulate the shrinking before it even started, the life housed within Alpha was totally and finally completely defeated.

From the tiny universe, a miracle occurred. A tiny squeak, barely audible to any ear, escaped its membrane of empty space.

"Y-yes, goddess!"