

Contains: dom/sub, macro/ultra micro, soft vore, smelly feet, shrinking, breastplay, sittings-on, sweat, many many lewd mentions and just a general pornographic attitude

Well, you had to thank your marketing team the next time you saw them next. Those three geeks had put up posters advertising your club, and you'd be darned if those those two girls and one boy what still wore braces at NINETEEN didn't at least know how to entice. You had more club members! You'd thank them later.

For now, you swayed your hips a bit. These were the latest recruits, and you had to give 'em the lowdown on club operations and stuff. One kept looking at your chest, so you hoped he could focus long enough to get the point.

These four bois were all lined up in a row, so you stood up from the club couch and started your lecture on the Pips.

It was a long, boring lecture, so here's the important parts:

NUMBER 1! The Pips are like little mini-syringes for shrinking solution. They get their name from "Pipette", the little tubes you squeeze to pull up water into em. They weren't really glass, just a small, LED-sized red bit of squeezable rubber, which contained the small amount of shrinking fluid. One end had a tiny, sharp metal tip, which was shorter than a thumbtack's point. Essentially, you poke someone with the point, which is only as bad as being poked with a pencil tip, or a 5/10 splinter. It didn't penetrate very deep. It gets stuck into the shoulder, the person administrating the dosage squeezes the little rubber bulb, and then pulls it out. Nice and easy! Then, once the liquid circulates fully, which takes about 20 heartbeats, shrinking! It happens REALLY fast, so fast that sometimes folks shrink faster than gravity can keep their feet attached to the ground, so with taller folks, they need to be caught.

NUMBER 2! Dosage amounts. The default for the club is a "1-dose" which turns a 6-foot male with normal BMI and typical eating habits down to exactly 5 millimeters.

(You demonstrated this with the fellow who happened to be exactly 6 feet tall. You knew this because all four new recruits were lined up on the handy-dandy wall which the geek squad had labeled with height marks. It was in feet/inches, then around the inch mark it switches to cm/mm...and you'd never actually seen it, but apparently they marked it down to picometers. You don't know HOW, unless they shrunk themselves, but you weren't going to ask. The ways of the Geek Squad were mysterious, and for all the convenience they brought, you were willing to let them keep their secrets, thanks.

While you thought that, you missed the shrinking of the boy, who was now, as predicted, exactly 5 mm tall. You assumed, anyway. You weren't gonna kneel down and check.

What you were going to do, though, is slowly strip off one of your thigh-highs. Your leg was glad to be free of the balmy sock. It was too warm in this room for thigh-highs! You took the other one off while you were at it. They were both inside-out, so you weren't gonna fix that and put 'em back on any time soon, you supposed. Anyway, you took a couple steps,

leaned an elbow against the wall, and put your stinky foot right - on top of - the 5 mm guy. Wait, you wanted to put him BETWEEN...you wiggled your toes, squeeze squeeze, stomp stomp, wiggle...and there we go. You weren't very dexterous with your feet. That's what hands were for, but at least you'd got him between your pinky and fourth toes now! You squeezed 'em so you wouldn't accidentally drop him. There we go! Back to the lecture...)

Where were you...OH RIGHT, DOSAGES!

The next two levels up in the dosages were the "2-dose" and the "3-dose", which, crudely, were also made of the same red rubber, but were just twice as long and thrice as long, respectively. They looked goofy as hell. It's important for administration that you squeeze the whole thing in a sliding motion, like you're trying to get the last bit of toothpaste out of the tube. They weren't any wider, so that was pretty easy. The increases in dosage acts as consecutive uses of the 1-dose. It was a way to circumvent the obvious problem - unable to re-shrink a person. It did convolute the process. The re-growth was in the hands of the administrator (it was basically as easy as snapping your fingers, just a byzantine hand motion that produces a slightly different sound. Tinies wind up too small to make the noise). Basically, the club had to settle with shrinking-growing-reshrinking instead of applying multiple doses, since the needle wound up too big to work. That, or you could just start with higher doses! They were all hypoallergenic, so there wasn't really a risk of overdosing. (That's because the shrinking technically WAS an allergic reaction.) Anyway, 3-dose, time for another demo.

(The other three recruits were looking sort of sweaty and nervous after seeing you sensuously strip of your stockings and stomp your stinky soles, smothering the six-foot senior under smelly, slightly sweaty skin. Regardless! You produced a 3-dose, its silly length, triple that of the 1-dose, very apparent. You moved to the shoulder of the new leftmost person, while the other two recruits quivered, watching. Maybe they were entranced, maybe they were too scared to move? Or maybe it just turned them on. Dorks. Anyway, you stuck this 5'4" fellow in the shoulder, slowly rolling your thumb and index finger down the 3-dose until it could go no further, and then you removed it, and tapped your finger over the small dot of red, brushing it off. The little pokes were too small to really bleed for any length of time, so you didn't really "do" band-aids. That said, you wondered if the Geek Squad didn't replace the 3-doses silly appearance because of nostalgia reasons. Maybe they just liked how goofy it looked. Maybe they made dick jokes about it when you weren't around. That'd make sense. Being the Club President and Head Nurse Administrator of the Shrinking Club probably meant they liked talking behind your back. ...Yeah, for all the convenience those trading card game-playing nerds brought to your life, you figured you might as well let them talk behind your back. You couldn't possibly live without THIS~

Aaaand that's long enough for the shrinking to start! For those who aren't math-inclined like the geek squad, you thankfully had at least this much memorized. Since a one-dose puts folks at about 5 mm, the second, and, consequently, third dose then puts your ~~victim~~ VOLUNTEER at what you estimate is a nice, healthy...

35 nanometers. For the record, that means you skipped micrometers as a measurement entirely. Oh well, the things you do for demonstrations.

You decided you might as well give your other foot some attention, dragging your other leg over, once again propping your elbow against the wall. You were hot, and a bit of sweat fell from your shirt, SPLASHING down directly on the 3-shrunken itty bitty. Man, it was

practically tropical in this room! Or maybe it was just because you found this to be panty-wettingly fun. STOMP. No time to think about it!

You moved your foot around a bit, trying to bounce this little booger so he'd...urf...there we go. You got 'em to bounce off the floor, and then get stuck on the underhang in between your largest toenail and the toe. That'd be his spot on that foot, and you lifted your leg and used your fingernail to push him in a little bit more. There. Maybe his leg was sandwiched, and he couldn't pull himself out from under your absolutely heavenly toenail now? Probably! Back down the foot goes. Man, he sure was a Sir Squirmsalot for a nanoscopic little subspace speck.

MO-VING OOOON-!)

NUMBER 3! Higher doses. After the 3 Dose, Pips graduate from red to blue, and the pips are all a uniform, rounded off cylinder shape about the size of a thumb. This was much easier to handle and squeeze, and from this point all dosages were labeled with...wait hang on.

You kicked away the discarded clothes of the other folks into the "discarded clothes" pile, in a little closet. They were starting to mess with the aesthetics of the WALL OF SHRINKING. Ahem.

Number 3! Wait, you already did that. Uhm...bababaaa...oh, here it was. Blue doses, 4 and above are labeled in bold yellow text along the bulb. They're all the same size, so it's important to read and understand the exact measure of dose before administration, especially since with such a wide range covered between them, achieving a precisely desired size might be a little difficult. Not that you cared. Your club, your rules. I mean, if folks didn't like your rules, they wouldn't come back the next day after you sent em home. Which, they totally did! They totally did keep coming back day after day! Anyway, time for more fun!

(You held your intended sample aloft - labeled with "77K". That meant it was the equivalent of seventy seven THOUSAND doses, which...naw, you weren't gonna do that math. Fuck it. Didn't matter! The next subject was all lined up, with wide eyes, shaking and shivering like it was COLD in this room. As if. A poke, and then you gave it a squeeze. Something convenient was that the rubber was thicker on the blue Pips, which meant the dose was actually a small dot in the center, a precisely concentrated ball of chemistry that could PROBABLY win the Nobel prize, if the geek squad wanted to use this technology to like, cure world hunger, instead of using it for weird sex shit. But they didn't want to use it to cure world hunger, if they could. Maybe they couldn't? Not your place to judge, same as with the thermostat. Far as you were concerned, for all the convenience and fun this tech brought to your kinky life, you figured the geek squad could run a secret evil organization. Or they could set the temperature in this room to 105 degrees. Again, you were TOTALLY on board so long as - AND HE SHRUNK.

He was the tall, lanky sort, so he was tumbling downward through the air, which was convenient! You didn't want to scrape your nails trying to pick up someone shorter than them. But gee, he sure was taking his sweet time complying with gravity. So, you decided you were patient enough. Well, more like, you'd have enough time.

You lay down on your back below his estimated landing site, and pulled your shirt up, exposing your bra-less chest. You held one of those orbs, plump areola and all, like a target for his tumble. You hoped your hand was steady enough to achieve this. You watched, sorta squinting to see. Light was hard, and at a certain point you had to just stop trying to

see how tiny these people were.

He came in for a landing...and didn't hit the nipple, huzzah! Instead, he kept going, falling into your duct and splashing into milk. You'd have felt him if he hit your skin. You were sensitive. This was a successful endeavor. You pulled down your shirt, barely, over your hefty chest, it pressing against your nips a bit, and sorta compressing the inner labyrinth of milky caverns, flooding him in that nice, white nectar. Booyah. You were practically leaking from arousal already, fuck yes.)

Number 4, Safety precautions and regulations.

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Fuck 'em.

And the lectures over! You took out another blue Pip for your last recruit of the day, watching out of the corner of your eye as the geek squad returned from playing D&D, or whatever it is they do! Not important, you had the strongest available dose in your hands and you were gonna USE IT. 999M (that's, duh, million), the strongest dosage available, was ceremoniously poked into this short doofus's shoulder. Squeeze, lift, dab the spot on the arm, and wait!

Oh, but hang on, Betty came into the room. She and her 4-inches-shorter-than-you-but-4-cup-sizes-larger-than-you-but-still-wearing-braces-at-nineteen-what-nonsense-is-this, SELF apparently wanted this one. You pouted. Well, you REALLY wanted this guy, and he's practically flailing in panic right now from the feeling of such a potion flowing through his body, and you figure you've been sort of greedy with the new recruits...so...eh, to heck with it. Betty can just HAVE this guy. Though you aren't happy about it.

Betty seems happy to hear that you're willing to indulge her, and while the boy begins experiencing the hardcore effects of almost a billion's worth of doses, Betty stamps merrily and thanks you profusely for being such a good and friendly leader. Then, she turns her glassed eyes down to her morsel. Thank goodness the floor is tile. You were NOT gonna deal with tinies in a carpet, or god forbid, hardwood. Well, you might as well sit back and watch the show.

You took a few steps towards the club couch, hovering your rear above it, waiting the 30 seconds necessary for the NUMEROUS 2-dosers spread out over the cushions to all get into position and prepare to prop up your pronounced, positively powerful posterior. Thwumpf. Man, was this couch the absolute comfiest thing your butt has ever sat in. You ground around and wiggled, these tinies be darned. They could just get lost in the fiber jungle under your skirt, for all you cared. COMFY BUTT, all that matters. Wiggle wiggle, grind grind. Heavenly.

Betty got down and loomed her face over her prey like a cat about to play with a mouse or a bug. Could she even SEE him? She opened her braced maw and salivated, practically drooling over the spot where that overshrunk little pipsqueak was surely squealing up a storm.

Betty stuck out her wet, slobbery tongue and hovered it, before slowly dragging it across the floor, picking up the BEYOND-puny toy of a boy into her mouth, which was positively ocean-like with her spit. She withdrew her tongue, getting up with an innocent expression on her face, and sloshed her mouth around a bit, slowly walking off her acquired prize. Would she swallow? Is she gonna get sick from LICKING the floor, like the gross, weird nerd she is? You guess you'll never find out.

Well, you squeezed your smelly toes together, wiggled em to waft, and leaned back, pressing tinies down into the cushion mercilessly, while also changing the angle of your breast enough that the tiny inside found himself being pulled by the force of gravity even deeper and deeper down into the milky sea.

GOLLY you loved this club!