

Primarina follow-up

male giant content. It's a Primarina, it's sexual. Heavily.

Contains: macro/micro, shrinking, dom/sub, faux-fatal crush, smell/descriptive fetishes, butt, penis, oral and nasal vore, some implied hypnosis, bathing suit entrapment, cum, and various general mentions.

Prim turned his ass to the crowd some thousand or so feet away, on the shore. He was thoroughly over their ogling of his front side for the time being. Beside, his other half needed sun, too. It's not like he had any bad sides, either. He was a hundred, no, two hundred percent gorgeous from all sides. He was also disgusted at how long it was taking for his ad to catch. One measly beautician wasn't so much to ask, was it?

Then, over his shoulder, he spotted someone looking quite daft out on the beach, looking for someone. Must be the person who got the ad, right? He didn't look impressive - a bit muscular. Perhaps he was a swimmer. The Primarina turned to lean slightly. That had to be the one, he'd brought a bag. He huffed, annoyed. Something would have to be done about getting him over here, to the small island he was lazing upon. There was no way he was going over near all those people, after all.

Prim was a shiny, and this status afforded him some networking, however. Some of his so called "crew", toady pokemon who attended to him and his other Shiny friends when they got together. They followed his orders, clearing away the disgusting tourists, arranging a flimsy craft for the human who had received his advertisement for a beautician, and then, they were dismissed. Prim had told them not to come back for a few hours or so. They were thankful for the moment of respite outside of the constant orders from their boss, and he got privacy. There really wasn't anything notable about this boy.

"You're the new beautician?" Prim asked, reluctantly lifting himself into less of a lying down position, and more of a sit.

"Yeah..." the human answered. He held out his hand. It was put down by a flipper. Prim, slightly larger than the average, 6' 5", looked unamused at him.

"I am Prim." The Primarina flipped his blonde locks. "Introduce yourself." His tone was bored.

"Oh, I-I'm Sam."

"Whatever. Leave your bag there." He sighed. "Come here and I'll see if you'll be fine."

"O-okay?" Sam was, expectantly, surprised. The ad hadn't specified the client, or...well, what the job even entailed. It didn't involve his tools?

"Alright. That'll do."

Prim threw both flippers around the human, pulling his size downward as he was pulled to a low state by gravity. His upper half bumped the ground without incident, and he lifted up. He

turned a bemused eye to Sam, who was struggling to escape from his clothes. When that happened, the pair of eyes looked up at the now-giant 'Rina.

"I estimate...an inch. That'll function for interview purposes." Prim recited dully.

"Wh-what happened? Did you become h-huge?" Same quivered, using the fabric to cover himself up some. Prim was too used to this question.

"No. You're tiny, I shrunk you. Get used to it fast."

"Wh-Wha!? You can't -!"

The sentence didn't get to be finished. The giant sea lion's maw came down upon the tiny, enveloping him. Prim tossed his head back up, pulling a corner of the shirt with him. He spat it out, then went about swishing his morsel around. After sufficiently getting a feel for the body structure, taste, and texture, he let saliva pool up in his mouth. Sam was making some noises, though he didn't care. The next second, Prim swallowed the human with a dainty gulp. Feeling the small body fit just barely inside his throat, descend until the lump entered the Primarina's stomach. He patted it, and let out a dainty burp.

"Hm!" Surprised, Prim straightened himself. "Excuse me."

The shiny boy summoned a profound strength, then drew it into his esophagus, and forcefully spat out Sam, onto the pile of his own clothes, the only thing which spared the tiny from injuries. Prim put some hair which had escaped its tie back, from the force of the expulsion. A pleased gaze fell on Sam as he shook off all the watery spit.

"How did you like that, little beautician?" A temperate smile was on the merman's face.

"It was so -!" Sam began, voice filled with disgust and shock. He looked up at the giant smirking down, however, and quickly wised up. He cleared his throat. "I-It was pleasant...Prim, sir."

The smirk got wider. "What was your favorite part?"

"M-my favorite part was - uhm - when you swallowed?"

"Are you asking me or telling me?"

"Telling. My favorite part was when you swallowed...um. Sir."

"Aha!" Prim smiled with earnest happiness. "Excellent! It's so good to find good help these days. You've got the job."

"Wh...really?!" Sam almost forgot about being treated like food for a moment.

"Yes! Now to get you into uniform, and you may start immediately." Prim returned to his natural "pretty" look, and urged the small one closer. Then, he put his heavy mitt down on the already small body, and put as much weight down on it as possible. He ground it down flat, pushing down on it once, twice, three, four times. He lifted it off. "Too big still," he decided, then quickly slammed it down a second time, and twice as forcefully as before, repeated the procedure. Afterwards, he finally lifted up off. Sam looked up dizzily at the godlike Primarina, whose body seemed to rise forever into the sky. He thought to himself that he couldn't possibly be any larger than a mote of dust, though he was off in his math, as he was, in fact, about a factor of one-hundred smaller. Such a size would probably seem

to defy his understanding of reality, however, so he naturally didn't consider it. Somewhat more curiously, he became aware of what seemed to be a small, light, sparkling gold collar on his neck. He was unable to remove it. Aside from that, however, he was very naked. He was bothered none by his size, the collar, or by the Primarina, any more. It was likely a result of the "uniforming", though Sam had a hard time bringing himself to dislike it.

"It suits you quite well, bug boy." Prim's voice rang out, joyous, prissy, and loud, above. "You'll be starting now."

"What will I be doing, sir?" Sam asked up to the sky-overshadowing Primarina. To him, the prettyboy appeared to have gone from 6' 5" to fifty times the width of the entire earth. Prim, to answer, licked his flipper, and tapped it down atop the utterly, pathetically tiny male. His other one slipped into his swimming dress, holding it just barely open enough to drop Sam within. The next second, that's exactly what happened. Prim spoke snootily: "Your main assignment, beautician, will be to tend to my godly shaft. I know it's unusual for you to see something so gigantic and beautiful and amazing, but that's no reason not to give it your all to worship." And with that, he let the suit close with a light snap, snagging the nano boy right up against the base of the tower that seemed impossibly thick, and rose forever.

At a loss for what to do, Sam shifted closer to the rod. This seemed to be the epitome of the godly shiny Pokemon, the male, space-dominating organ not being without some femininity. He put out both palms, pushing against it, uncertain at first. There wasn't any reaction. He pushed his insignificantly sized forearms into it next, pushing with some extra force. It was, he knew, semi-cylindrical, but from any angle he approached it from here, it seemed like an endless flat surface. He leaned against it with most of his arms, just barely holding his torso, his legs, face, and crotch off of it. He wasn't certain about this in the slightest, and while a mixture of sexual compulsion, fear, and - well, it wasn't pheromones or hypnosis, but it was a chemical form of convincing - compelled him to do as he was told, he nonetheless resisted on some grounds he was too overwhelmed to solidify in his head. Prim tapped the front of his suit, and the cock smushed Sam between itself and the white, svelte, but blubbery, wall of lower abdomen / pelvis. This pushed Sam's face, legs, exposed genitalia, and everything else on his front of note against Prim's dick - or rather, it smothered him, filling in the space between the gaps of his limbs and extremities and the shiny Primarina's dick and belly. The semi-flaccid organ totally dominated the almost controversially tiny "beautician", who was forced into semi-aroused, semi-panicked thrashing as he gasped for air, before receiving it as the flesh withdrew after Prim had stopped touching himself. The air was, of course, thickly musky and smelled of arousal, though curiously not foul, as fish. The reasoning behind this was easy enough to grasp, the prissy ultra giant probably took absolute care at all times to make sure all physical components of himself were as inoffensive and gorgeous as possible. Though his personality might be a bit much, Sam thought, before being interrupted by the exact same physical squishing, this time with a slightly tougher cock. "Work, pygmy. If you don't, you're fired." The voice echoed into the tight wetsuit, making the space seem more cramped than it already was, somehow. "That'd be a disappointment. After you aced the interview, too." A loud whap noise echoed outside. It was concerning.

Not wanting to disappoint, but moreover not wanting to learn what firing entailed, Sam pressed his whole body up against the cock, rubbing as much as he could. He almost made angels in the flesh while it was still somewhat malleable, but it quickly turned tough,

inflexible, erect. At this point, he tried climbing up it. Naturally, this was futile, since even when entirely flaccid the sexual spire exceeded the diameter of earth several times. He was reluctant to do more than he was already, but a dismissive sigh from above, followed by a shift in the minimal amount of light filtering through the tightly-woven, thick suit, convinced Sam otherwise. He pressed his face into what was, in effect, the area just above the merman sack, and, between deep, long, and hard to swallow wiffs of the vaporous scent, he thrust and lapped, tongue moving every which way so that every corner of it made contact with the sexual flesh. Surprisingly, as tiring as each second of this felt, he was able to keep it up for more than a few straight minutes. Prim had shifted onto his stomach, crushing Sam between the semi-soft beach upon which he sunbathed and his worshipping spot. The sea lion breathed heavily and irregularly, affected by the utterly, indescribably infinitesimal body, which was somewhat mysterious. It wasn't enough to put him over the edge, however, and once both realized this, Prim removed him, placing him on a solid patch of earth.

The heart-shaped end of the mertail came down heavy, unmercifully, and strongly upon the standing body. Sam felt concussed, and, learning fast, got down into a laying position to absorb the rest of the blows. And there were more. Each felt stronger, more enraged, and snooty than the last, and...bigger, though this, Sam realized, wasn't related to Prim's apparent pressure-based shrinking power (that was what he'd decided it was) ; rather, it was a mental trick. Regardless, the discipline worked, and the disciplined (yet still, miraculously, no more than minorly bruised) boy wandered towards the front of his god. No thought of his wasn't swirly and hazy, and Sam found himself unable to focus on much else besides Prim's task for him. The giant held down the tight fabric with one flipped, and swept the meandering tiny with the other, pushing the miniature body right against his slit. Subsequently, he held him there with the flipper, and rolled merrily through the wet sand, letting a wave or two lap at his lowers. He rolled out of it before Sam even considered the possibility of drowning, however. The stimulation right where it counted, the tiny, wormish body breathing him in, licking him up, thrashing his sensitive areas with reckless, shrunken strength, and humping so dutifully succeeded where the prior attempt had failed, and Prim came his own surrounding waves directly into the tiny body held over the slit emitting them. He released his vice on his boy toy, letting him swim in his cum for ten minutes, before he washed both off, not wanting to sully his perfection.

He held the tiny body in front of his face, dangling. He smiled. "You've earned a reward for your effort thus far. Sam, was it? It doesn't carry any sort of elegancy with it. I do believe that instead, I'm going to call you Sally."

Sam almost objected, thoroughly mortified at the assignment. "But -!" But he was thereafter enveloped in Prim's "reward."

This was, in reality, being dropped onto his nose. "This is your break time, bug. Enjoy it!" He laughed haughtily, then snuffed the tiny within the pink honker. The interior of the sinus cavity was as anticipated, sticky, gross, and dominating, but, somewhat mercifully, the de minimis human didn't have to deal with it for long, being snorted to the back of his throat, caked against a bit of saliva he was also swallowing, and then thrust down to the stomach once more. For the next hour, Sam was tossed around as Prim rolled onto his sides to get equal sun, before eventually spat up, somewhat less forcefully than before, yet still painfully.

He was rolled over by Prim's mitt, which resulted in him being dried, then struggled to get his bearings.

He only succeeded enough to notice the sea lion god's hip, or more accurately, butt, coming down upon him, pinning him under a weight he had never experienced before. It was heavy, so heavy he thought all his bones might explode at once and he might pop like a particularly juicy grape, but he didn't, and he had no idea why. The pokemon wiggled unmercifully to get comfortable atop his prized pet, then made his announcement.

"Go to sleep, beautician. My plump derriere will secure you, and when I awaken you, I'll have you do some more work."

Sam couldn't so much as move in protest. He simply lay in his forced stasis, until exhaustion overtook him, and as he fell asleep, the last part of his mind which didn't thoroughly love every second of the domination of this prissy, beautiful god of a shiny Primarina was erased.

"Sleep...tight~ Ohoho." whispered Prim, who watched the setting sun before getting some, to him, much needed beauty rest.