

Practice

Abstract: Short shrinking story based vaguely around a noncommittal structure.

Contains: macro/micro, shrinking, feet, butt, boobs, gentle, smell, embarrassment.

Benny and Sharon had been together for two years. It was “dating”, but there wasn’t anything new to discover, really. It was steady, consistent, and flirty. Benny was a thin, short boy, merely five foot, who shrunk when embarrassed. He also tended not to pay attention to any sum where the dickens he was going. Sharon, by contrast, was strongly dense, tall, fit, with unnaturally large breasts for her shape, which stuck out quite far. Her rump, while less extreme, was similar. And, aside from being oddly overgrooming of her feet, had no particular medical or social oddities.

On a quite recent dinner, Benny had departed outside while they waited to be seated, for purposes of a phone call. Upon his return, he roughly bumped headlong into his girlfriend’s ample bosom, and thereafter was bounced onto the floor. He got up into a sit, to see more than a few eyes on him, and his height cut itself decently. Sharon offered a hand much larger than his to him. “Need some help up?” She queried, breasts hanging over his head as she leaned down. She assisted her halfling, blushing, to his feet. Now a ruler’s length under the bottom edge of her profound tits, Benny let himself be walked with her to their table.

After dinner, they trundled both toward the restaurant’s door. The girl walked ahead of the boy, on account of the difference in speed. when Sharon realized she hadn’t the slightest where she’d put her car keys. She stopped immediately in the threshold, searching her purse. Finding them, she was about to resume journey when she felt her boyfriend clumsily run headlong into her behind, and, as before, fall unto his own rump. He shrunk rather immediately upon realizing where he’d run into. Sharon reassured him. “Don’t worry about it, babe. I shouldn’t have stopped so suddenly, anyway.” And both went along.

Benny clung to her leg when they got out to do a grocery run. He shrunk some more out of mortification for his situation in public, and hugged tightly her leg while standing atop her shoe. After collecting their needed materials, they returned to their shared apartment. Sharon sat upon the couch, tossing the leg without a passenger up onto her knee, removing her shoes and letting her decidedly odorous socks air out. She requested of her darling some artifact for tending to some obscure detail of foot care nobody would do aside from her. He took a while to return. She tickled him when he eventually did. She similarly removed her socks, and smells intensified. He commented, she reciprocated by putting them in his face. He covered his nose, which was smaller when he got away from her feet. He went off to do something non-specific. Sharon resumed what procedures she desired, and turned on the TV.

An hour later, Benny planned to return with a nice, tiny gift for his girlfriend. However, being much, much too small to lift the thing, he planned to get her attention and merely have her go to where it was and open it. He wandered the carpet, looking up and around for signs of her. From the smell, he assumed he was getting close, yet he didn’t see her shadow until after he had run face-first into her small toe. Tumbling over a third time, he realized how

completely minuscule he was, and as Sharon looked down from the couch to see him, he participated in a surprisingly loud cry while his face turned red and he shrunk a large bit. She held the crying, dotlike boy in her palm, and whispered reassuringly before smooching him. He got stuck to her lip for a moment, though he just hugged her lip the more. She let him remain for a moment, and opened the gift he had for her before both turned in for the evening, her watching him very, very, VERY slowly regain his height overnight. He was but a few inches or so in the morning, which, she decided, was fine. "You're so cute when you get all flustered. She positioned him in the morning on her toned stomach, barely able to see him over her tits. He nestled in like a cat, and both took a rest.

Smother

Dominant giantess discovers someone reacting unexpectedly.

Contains: paws, micro, shrinking, dominance, smell/descriptive fetishes, various other implications, on top of being demi-lewd.

The purple pawed woman was being kind by allowing a community of those inch-high people to nestle like cozy mice in her home. She acknowledged them, and let them borrow and eat what little of her food they needed, and in "return", she exerted dominance over their community. A dark violet/blue queen to be worshiped, respected, and feared, even if she didn't actually harm them or their tiny structures. Often, anyway.

Worth mentioning, however, is the case of the vixen's paws. Trapped in her sneakers and runner's socks all day, whenever she returned, dropped the shoes to the floor, and peeled off her socks, her paw pads on the toes, heels, and over the ball of her feet positively DRIPPED with sweat, and stunk mightily. It was the ritual of her roommates to retreat to their small commune under the sides of cabinets and tables. This was because she desired to clean her paws first thing, and would similarly resolve her footwear and the worn fabric after. A respected resident of the little people's community was out when he encountered her as she stepped. She found this the perfect opportunity, and rubbed her paws all over the resident, leaving him tired and dirty. Unable to wash off the foot's odor, he had effectively been marked by her, and the other residents spent much less time around him, showing him less respect and more pity. He acted more humble and quaint from then on. Of course, the entire group once had to relocate because she left her stench-drenched stockings right atop their tiny buildings, the fabric filling the streets, and then she also dropped her heavy sneakers on top of THAT, so even though both were gone by the morning, it wasn't really the best spot to live any more.

But there was a certain odd case more recently. A bright-eyed boy, just past his transition from childhood into adulthood, had merrily wandered out at the wrong time, and had found himself knocked onto his rump by an earthquake. The mistress of the house had stomped her sneakers into the home right in front of him, and had looked down and spotted him. She

had thereafter pulled her fresh, ripe socks out of her jogging kicks, planting her soles to either side of him, before stomping her freshly odorous and damp socks onto his helpless form. Each foot got a turn with his weak form, each toe wiggled over his arms and legs and snout and pressed down on his crotch at least once. And once that was true, she also then pulled off her socks, dropped them on him, pulled him out, and then gave him a twice-over with her naked paw pads. the leathery, oceanically soaked, reeking pads toyed with the inch tall boy, before, paws now cleaned, she stopped crouching down over him, leaving him dripping and stinky. She giggled, gently teasing him with a nickname..."paw rag"...or something to that effect.

So, a bit ragged, and covered head to toe in the answer to the question "what happened to you?", he sat next to the other fellow who suffered the same fate, and gently whimpered for a minute with his head on the other fellow's lap...

But then he got up. He wiped his face, and he walked back out, while a few others watched, curious where he intended to go. They didn't follow him, though.

The next morning, the vixen woke up. Completely bare, she joyfully kicked off the covers to her bed, laying there in her glory, savoring a brief feeling of power. When she was done feeling very very powerful, she put on her round, large glasses, put on an ill-fitting shirt, and sat at her desk, playing nerdy games and watching nerdy shows. When she was done with THAT, only then did she put on an ill-fitting skirt, and a single wrinkled sock, since she couldn't find the other one. She didn't intend to shower or look presentable today. It was Saturday. Nobody looks presentable on Saturday. Nobody.

She boldly kicked open her door too hard and cringed when it smacked against the wall of the hallway. That moment of discomfort halted the forward progress into her home she otherwise would have made, giving her plenty of time to notice the tiny at her feet, just outside her door. She stood on her heels a moment, holding her fingers of her hands together behind her back, imitating the six bratty teenage years she had just recently birthday'd out of, and took a moment to study him. He was the same boy from yesterday.

...He was the same boy from yesterday. He came back. The fact struck her like a wooden mallet to her large, dorky forehead, and she crouched down to get a closer look. He looked the same age as her. Maybe a bit older, but barely. He was still drenched in the same level of her as yesterday, which her short snooter detected. That was to be expected, since the atmosphere and sweat and allthat from her feet wasn't exactly the easiest to get rid of, even for a normal-sized being like her, so what hope did these puny people have of beridding themselves of it? She delighted in that, partially because it was funny, but also because she thought it entirely innocent - and in a way, it was. They might die outside her home, but the worst they got inside was foot exposure. It did seem to be a bit...slowing for the tiny folks, she would admit. Her toes had nerfed the social status of an up-and-coming man, so this boy must have felt very embarrassed and sad after his encounter. But he came back to her?

Unable to make anything meaningful of it after standing dumbly there for entirely too long, the lady of the house spoke to the boy.

"What's up, little guy? Didja come back for seconds?" She giggled and wiggled her toes, wafting a bit of their residual funk into his nostrils. He briefly held a hand to his face, but then dropped it.

“Well, I can certainly getcha again, little man! Ha ha~” her high spirited voice sung, before she smeared her morning paws on him again. Mushing a toe over his entire face, she teased. “You like it?”

She also paid extra attention to his crotch. The miniature, unwilling stiffy. “You really really do like it! Don’t you, little paw raggie?”

Once done, she let him be again, then ate breakfast and jumped her rear in the skirt which had ridden up her legs until it hid nothing into the too-soft couch, which her body, fit from jogging but disrespected from junk food, strongly firm with a thin layer of jiggly fat, and cantaloupe-sized breasts. She relaxed into a messy, boring pile on her furniture, before she got up and was ready for lunch. The boy was in front of her again. Worried that he might make himself pestilent (mildly annoying), she pulled a laptop beside her, and her eyes shifted between him and her screen while she shopped. In a miraculous hour, her package arrived. She received it, almost stepped on the boy following her while she carried it back to the sofa, and punched her fingers through the weak tape covering the box. She took out the ray designed for jobs less petty than this one. She dialed it a little, and pointed it at him.

“Listen, I’m really sorry, widdle guy. I just don’t know what you want! So...I’ll give you ‘til the count of three if you don’t wanna get zapped.”

The boy, in response, sat gently on his knees in front of her, slowly, and didn’t move or speak.

“Oookay! One, twooooo~ three!” She pulled the trigger and held it while the beam quickly shot a little pellet of light at the boy. He shrunk even further, rapidly becoming a meager dot on the floor, barely distinguishable. His goddess got up and shook her cutely massive toes before him, setting the object back in its box.

“Oooh, you look kinda like a sugar grain!” She said, awed. Her digits gentle taps on the floor were like pounding thunder. She continued. “Do you like my feet so much as you do NOW, ya teensy little speck?” She teased, and knocked him on his back before putting her little toe on top of his entire body. He must have soaked, sniffed, and been drenched in so much of her sweat and fragrance it’s amazing. She considered pressing down a little on his body, just enough to hurt him a bit. Not break him all the way, but just to show that she’s a big meanie to the tinies. The plan seemed fine to her...

Then, she felt the micro boy put his lips to her toe, and give it a gentle kiss. Her heart melted immediately, and she lifted her foot off, sitting down in a crouch on the ground quite hard. Clothes askew, she plucked the speck up on a single sticky finger and showered him in kisses. She cooed over him, and shared earnest, affectionate love for the tiny boy, and he reciprocated, peeping up in a tiny voice. They spent a good time on the couch, and he climbed all over her body, head to toe. She went to bed and took him with her.

The small boy didn’t grow back, and neither did he properly return to the community. Instead, he stayed with the giantess, who kept him like an adorable and well cared after pet. Sometimes, when she would pass by the tiny bit of civilization with her stinky soles, he was happily clinging to them, riding along. Other times, he stuck around in a bit of her clothing or on her shoulder. He wasn’t able to wash off the smell of her feet, but that was okay. He kinda liked it. And the rest of the community were.... jealous of the privileges he received.

Well, sorta.

Lood Mood

Contains: macro/micro, dom/sub, insertion (left ambiguous as to what sort), feet, mentions of nipple insertion and shrinking.

Picture the following scene (s). Micro first, then macro second.

If you're a micro:

You've just been invited alongside your macro friend alongside on a vacation. It's quite the extravagant room you've got, complete with its own room which can be set up as a sauna. After a day of relaxing on the beach, you make the long walk back to your room, slip under the door as you're wont to do, and are presented by the stomping feet of your companion. Her feet, which make you seem an ant in comparison to her mighty stride, tease you from above. You gaze upward and regret your decision, as she's clothed in naught but a skirt. Her breasts shake with her booming chuckles, and she leans over to pluck you up. You're snapped into the waistband, eyes just barely poking out so you can see her walk over to the sauna room. She pulls her skirt down, stopping at certain spots along the way to tease you with local sights, before dropping the fabric to the floor, and taking step after step around your small body. She, between steps with shake your world and make you totally helpless beneath her soles. Thankfully, there's no harm done. With now a towel draped around her waist, which stops around her knees, she picks you up again, and takes you into the hot room. At your size, the heat and humidity is even stronger, and your giantess also seems to have automatically started sweating, as well. She sits down, and places you about halfway in the towel, and pinches knees together, her thighs not far apart, and the tight environment creating a secondary layer of heat and humidity, one sourced not from water vapor, but from her waiting sexy core, in front of you, her own radiating body heat adding to the pure heat. She teases you about your size, about your location, about how you shouldn't be wearing so many clothes in a sauna, about where she wants to put you, before you eventually concede to her wishes (though they in the end weren't very different from your own) and strip before climbing in a third layer of sauna, hotter and slicker than anything you'd experienced in recent memory: her cavernous, gigantic hole. In here, you put your arms to her flesh, and work dutifully.

If you're a macro:

You turn the sauna on, let it start to get steamy within, and go about the rest of the intended plan. You strip everything except for your skirt, and when you hear your minuscule roommate squeeze under the door, you briefly consider shrinking them even more before you begin. Such a plot would make it possible to do something like dropping them inside of your nipple, but you figure that it's not necessary. This is plenty fun as-is. You stomp in front of their eyes, laughs echoing around their form, and reach down. You pinch their antlike body like a grain of salt, and tuck them into your skirt's waistband to give them a blush.

They'll need it for later. Once that's done, you pace into the room leading into the sauna, poking an arm to test the heat. It's steaming in there, so you figure it's ready. You tug your skirt down your thighs, giving your passenger a view of your good and plenty, before just letting go and stepping out. You make special point to stip and stomp all around their body, wiggling your toes to further tease your puny friend, before wrapping a towel around your upper legs and entering the sauna with your friend in tow. You sit with force to give a further impression of your enormity, wiggling into your seat. You pull the bottom of the towel up a bit so you can place your tiny on the inner portion of it, before sealing them between your massive thighs with your knees. You don't quite know where they are, given that they're walking on the towel and not your skin, so to further them along to where you want, you tease about multiple subjects: Your eclipsing size and power over their every small feature, how the heat would be so much more bearable if only they'd take off those sweaty clothes and go nude like you were, how delightful they'd feel squirming around inside your pelvic area...until you feel something tiny hit your thigh, and then squirming enter you. It's startling, and you almost gasp from how absolutely, albeit expectedly, wonderful it feels to have someone so tiny inside of you. You squeeze your thighs together and wiggle your rump in your seat, even going so far as to unwrap your towel and re-wrap it tighter so your new inhabitant can't escape. You stand up. You need some panties, pronto. Can't have this little one popping out before you've had your fill. You're sure they wouldn't have it any other way.