

Ant Farming

This is a piece written from a Few ideas:

- Drop the tiny in drippy sauce
- Ant farm double prince
- High-power shrink ray

Contains: nudity, insertion (ambiguous as to vaginal or cock, she/her pronouns are used), micro, jewelry, entrapment, nudity, size layers.

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Heavy, jangly footsteps shook the entire community. The Two-Dimensional city, walls of cheap plastic, shook with each booming impact.

The Farm was two-inches wide by two inches tall, and 3 millimeters thick. As such, it most resembled a cube-shaped stack of a few credit cards, laid on their side, supported by a small blue plastic stand on the bottom. Its structure was simple: four walls, a floor, and no ceiling, all composed of slightly dirty and smudged but otherwise transparent plastic. Inside, six pegs of plastic form are wedged between the thin walls, forming the foundation on which all the thin amounts of dirt, silt, and sand, sock lint, and a few drops of various liquids sit. Taken together, and coupled with the barely visible flora growing within, it looks much like a terrarium, with one unique feature: It is occupied by a whole host, a small town which has built its buildings without depth in mind, sandwiching structures between walls, makeshift floors, under plant canopies, along and around thin shores. It truly resembles an ant farm in that respect. All the occupants, some hundred of them, are much too small to be ants, however. Much, much too small.

Every day, their owner steps over to her little Farm, her high amounts of jewelry from her ears to her toes being the only thing she wears. She checks up on them, leaning over the table, shaking their containment on its shaky, weak shelf just by leaning her bare breasts on it.

She bears a big, happy smile to her small community. "Look at all you cuties down there! Ah, some of you are too precious. I gotta keep some of you on me. Some of you adorable little teenies just \*deserve\* to spend a week swimming!"

The procedure to which she referred was a ritualistic process in which she took a tiny from the containment and placed them in one of her body's ornaments. Many of them were clear, with air holes, so a selected person could be submerged in a world where the only outside contact they receive is directly filtered next to her body. Most common was a piercing which filled with milk, or a ring which slowly gained an ocean of sweat. And once done, she plucks them out, and empties the contents right back into the Farm. It was a good system.

"Ah, never mind that!" Her heels lifted and slammed to the floor, as she bounced giddily. chains, necklaces, bracelets, hip chains and rings jangling gently, coupled with light sounds of infinitesimal voices squeaking in surprised reaction, some muffled or wet-sounding.

"Lemme see my little princes!" The colony shuffled around as a bunch of puny beings scurried around, retrieving a little figure, just as naked as the rest of the Farm tinies, but about 1/20th as tall, wearing a little tiara, and a small hip chain with a small pocket, which, relative to the prince was a centimeter at the mouth and in depth.

"Ah, he's just as cute as ever! And where's his little prince?" Her voice was bubbly, and her thighs shifted together. The voices coming from various places on her body squeaked again, her movements causing a greater percentage of them to be muffled this time.

The prince poked at the pocket, retrieving a dot from the pocket and lifting the dot on his palms upwards to their owner's eyes, peering down from the sky. The dot made a barely audible noise, and jumped on the prince's palm.

"Good to hear it! You little folks have everything you need, huh? But, don't you think you could be smaller?" Her voice was genuine.

The hierarchy was simple: Those that the owner liked, she used more frequently. To delineate her two favorites, she had further reduced both's size and placed them in charge of the tinies while she was away. A minuscule prince, and even speckishly tinier prince to rule him from his hip pocket.

"Tell you all what!" Her voice shone, and she punctuated the sentence with a stomp, which elicited a long, slow squeal a few seconds after.

"I'm going to grab my little favorite, shrink him a little bit more, USE him like he deserves, and then repeat the process with my second favie~ And once that's done, I'll let them both back to you guys, crank up the ray REALLY high, and then give the whole Farm a zap. Any objections?"

Silence.

"Excellent!" She giggled, hips swaying back and forth, causing a jostling sound almost like a wind chime with a few, mouse-like screams rising above the din. "Toss him up here!"

She positioned her finger above the farm. The larger prince tried, gently, to toss the smaller upwards, and she caught him by intercepting his descent back downwards with the underside of her upturned fingernail. She swung it up to her face, looking close as she could. Her other hand, on the shelf layer below that which the Farm was kept on, was messing with the settings of an odd gadget. The wheels on the side of the device turned, its display shifting.

1/10...1/100...1/1,000,000...further still...

"Perfect!" She chimed, picking up and pointing, precisely, the tip of the shrink ray at the underside of her fingernail. "What do you think, little guy?" She briefly turned the ray sideways, showing that the ray was cranked up to the "Max" display.

The dust mote of a person on her fingertip fell to his knees.

"I knew you'd love it! DOWN YOU GO!" She grinned as she fired a precise shot, watching it fizzle. The boy was, for all practical purposes, completely and totally invisible. She giggled raucously. "JUST like you deserve, hee hee."

"Time to submerge you in the sauce, ready?" She teased, taking a seat on the cushioned love seat a few feet away. Her thighs parted, her muscles twitched, her jewelry jangled as the only part of her completely untouched by gold ornamentation revealed itself to her partner. His reaction was...negligible. She gently poked the entrance open with two fingers, shivering as she did and almost losing her captive to the motion.

Without further ado, she aggressively flung his insignificant little body into hers, letting her two fingers up once he entered her, and slamming her thighs together once he was inside. Pre soaked his universe. Cum would soon follow. She squeezed with her thighs, teasing herself.

"Fuck, I can't wait."

Her fingers fumbled at the cushion next to her for the ray. Her other hand clutched it tight, covering the "Danger: Higher than Regulation Power" label along the top. She twisted, the knob stuck, until something cracked, and the dial was able to turn, ever so slightly, further. She made sure it would still work. Her aggressive messing had its intended effect, successfully pushing the ray past its intended max. She pointed it at the entire Farm enclosure, hand shaking as she bit her lip.

"S-sorry, little guys! I guess I'm impatient, ehehe."

She squeezed the trigger. The Farm, and everyone and everything within it, vanished into sub-significance in femtoseconds. And, most importantly, her prince was thoroughly rocked when, not two seconds later, cum pounded his universe.