

Light fills my eyes. A sudden breaking dawn from one specific direction, not unlike opening a window and letting bright daylight into a pitch-black room. Yeah, that one's more like it. Immense weight is lifted from my chest, and I take a gasp, breathing shaky and uneven until it settles slightly, as fresh air falls into the immense chamber from the same skylight the light came from, and the same opening the weight is leaving through.

"Ough! There we go!" comes her voice, distant but booming loud.

"Hm...where are you... oh - you're not actually stuck to my sock! You're still in my sneaker, aren't ya. I had ya smushed under there for so long I thought you'd just get stuck and snagged to my foot. Guess not."

My whole universe gets tilted upside down, then sideways, then upside down again, and I slide, roll, and then fall across the insole and then out of the opening to her old, beaten up sneaker. Fresh air!!

As I took a few breaths, the world started to become clearer, my vision returning slightly as I panted.

"Let's check that collar counter, why don't we?" She cheered. I slowly realized she'd dropped me into her palm. It was a monolithic plane, each bump a dune several dozen times taller than I was. A thick metal rod, softened at the end with a bit of rubber padding, approached. Moving precisely, her other hand moved the instrument closer to my neck, to the watch-like collar tightly fastened around my neck. It was the only thing I had on besides my glasses, which were almost falling off, dirty and wet like I'd spent a day in both the rain and a duststorm at the same time. I lifted my chin so it didn't get in the way of the incoming metal implement. Putting up a fuss wouldn't help against someone so comparatively titanic, after all...

"There we go!" The rod poked a small button on the side, and she set the instrument on the nightstand next to the bed she was sitting on. She plucked her phone off that same nightstand and opened an app. It was like one of those fitness trackers - only, it was tracking me.

She started to read off the results. Of course, there was also a little screen on the collar itself displaying the numbers, but I couldn't see it without a mirror.

"Alright, specky. That was six solid hours in my old sneaks with my sweaty socks. Let's see how you did!" She put an emphasis and accent on 'sweaty' just to rub the word in more -

"878...wow! That's a lot, isn't it! That's..." She tilted her head. As I finished catching my breath, I shifted and fidgeted in my sitting position on her palm. One finger rested on her chin while she did the math in her head. "Once every 24 seconds, about, right?" She grinned, face leaning closer. My hands moved between my legs protectively. "Who knew a microscopic li'l thing like you had so much cum in you?"

She dropped her phone and it bounced on the soft covers. One of the skyscraper-esque fingers on her other hand approached, its sheer magnitude easily knocking my arms away from my torso, shoving me backwards. My hands braced myself against the palm to avoid being shoved further backwards and downwards against the skin. The soft yet unrelenting expanse of her finger pressed invasively against my cock. I let out a surprised gasp, trying to speak up, but my words were cut off by a deeper press from her assaulting digit. She adjusted slightly, using her tough yet delicate nail, thicker than I was tall, to tease my front. I moved one of my hands forward to try to stop the assault, but only succeeded in losing my grip on the 'ground' behind me, and consequently shoved down into the palm, worked in a blushing mess in no time at all. Within another six seconds, I felt warmth build up, and felt the all-too-familiar onset of an orgasm I wasn't in control of. I let out a squeal, hearing a light, quiet beep as I released.

"Aaand 879! And you're still not out of juice yet, aha!" Her voice was giddy. She turned her head to the side, looking at the phone still sitting on the bed. Without picking it up, she slid the screen.

"Here's your breakdown - let's see here..." Her bright eyes scoured the data. She practically bounced in her seat. She snatched it up, holding so she could look between me and the screen without turning her head.

With a voice like a game show host, she giggled out her next sentence. "Top Ten Things that make you cum inside my shoes~!"

I'd have protested, the situation was far too embarrassing to handle, but my voice would've been too quiet.

"Number 10! Masturbation...13 times! Oh! Wow! Just think, li'l guy! With a number that low, that means every other time you came under my big heavy toes was involuntary! You had practically no control under there, did ya! Hm hm!" She giggled, blowing a gust of air. Still sensitive from the finger assault a moment ago and primed from all the teasing, the sudden gale against my nudity got me. She smirked as her eyes looked to the screen as it updated.

"Oh, never mind! As of just now, your 10th most common cause of orgasm is listed as "wind". Oh, that's so cute! Just the feeling of air pushing against you had more control over your teeny li'l dick than you did!" She grinned and stuck her tongue out. I pinched my thighs together, totally mortified.

"Aww, cute pose, teeny!" Her thumb slid across the screen. Blurry words rose up from the bottom.

"Number 9! The taste of the insole...37 times." She re-read the information silently to herself, before turning back to me. "Hey so what's it taste like, then? If you enjoyed it so much?" Her eyes flickered mischievously. I squeaked out some reply, but she was ignoring it. "That's like, thirdhand, you know. If licking my toes is firsthand, and licking my socks is secondhand, then licking the padded insole is like, even weaker and more diluted! And *that* got to you! You must have some really sensitive, weak taste buds, aha!"

My face was pink. She didn't let up, though, eyes darting back to the screen and back to me just as quickly.

"Number 8's sweat, you know...I think there's gotta be some overlap between these. Do you think my insole has some of that drippy sweat you love so much still soaked into it? This app kinda sucks...what *about* the sweat? Did you drink it? Did you swim through it? Did some of it drip through your itty bitty nose? Huh? Did it? Is that why you came from my sweat *44* times? Geez..."

I couldn't even reply. I puffed my cheeks a bit and squeezed my eyes closed, trying and failing multiple times to even so much as start a sentence in reply. My hands clung between my legs, covering my shame.

"Number 7. Getting rolled between my arches, my toes, and my heels...49 times...ha ha! That's a bit like cumming during foreplay, isn't it? You weren't even there yet, silly! On the way to your destination...not even there yet! That's like cumming while putting on the condom...! Still, that's pretty cute!" She kicked up one of her legs. Her other sneaker was hanging off her toes, and it wiggled a little bit. "Picturing you rolling down the spongy little hill of my insole, jizzing your heart out~ Bet that was fun for you, huh?"

Face was now completely flushed red. Any sentence I could think to reply with could only come out as meek stammers.

"Six!" She continued unrelentingly. "60 times from...Internalization of the situation. Huh. So...about once every six minutes, you came from...just thinking about how puny you are? About how I was keeping you in my shoe to see how often you cum? I dunno! It's not explained very well, you'll have to tell me!" She crossed her legs, leaning backwards slightly on her bed perch.

"We'll come back to that one later, maybe. What's the next one?...Oho!" She blinked, lifting her other foot again, letting the shoe hanging off it fall with a clunk to the floor. Still holding the phone, she used a couple fingers to peel the sock from her heel, tugging it off her dainty yet overpoweringly massive foot, turning the sock inside out in the process. She pushed the ripe, freshly peeled fabric onto the palm I was on, nudging it closer and closer with two fingers. I tried to back away, pushing backwards with my legs. Trying to escape was futile, however. The soft, heavy blanket of a sock covered and weighed down my legs, pressing against my member. She chuckled as she urged me. "Go on, go on! Lick it! Show me why

the taste of my damp sockies was your fifth favorite thing, ya li'l runt!" She pressed down on the sock, and the layers covered up to my chest. Knowing that it would just continue, I leaned down and placed my tongue against the fuzzy wall. Almost instantly, I felt a jolt, and pure sensation ran through my every nerve. I totally blanked, mind going hazy for a minute...

When I shook off the total overwhelming bliss fogging up my conscious thought, I realized my breathing was uneven, and I felt exhausted. I heard another beep. I stared at my mistress' towering, expectant face. She breathed a deep, awed, friendly laugh.

"Two at once! I've never seen that before... Up to 882 now. Hm hm, I guess that's why the taste of those socks is at #5, huh. 84 times. Next~"

Without any time to recover, she launched right into her next bit of play, reading from her phone again. "Number 4 is from getting compressed under the ball of my foot. See?" The foot she'd stripped the sock off of now rested on her knee, and she pointed to her sole, right to the indicated region. "Ya came about 95 times under there on my other foot, right?" Her palm worked against the exposed foot. "I feel so imbalanced! Remind me to do this with my other foot next time."

...Next time? That's...not good.

"Ah, I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's read more about you, shall we?" She winked. I squirmed, trying to find some sitting position where I wouldn't be readily at her mercy. None existed.

"Sitting pretty at number 3, with 112 points! Heel crushies!" She wasn't even reading off the phone. I think she'd checked already while I wasn't paying attention. "Oh! Just at the MENTION of them you start leaking~"

She was right - a string of pre dripped out of me just thinking about the torturous time I'd spent getting ground in by her flat, harsh heel. Her eyes were hungry, and I tried to turn away, or do anything to hide myself from her watchful, lustful gaze. "Remind me to get a taste later ~ I wanna suck you dry, dust mote!" Her voice cheered, echoing like thunder. The words were equal parts threat and promise.

"Silver medal goes to...!" Her voice was building, getting more excitable with each passing second. "Eeheehee! This one just reads 'Stink!' and it's got *161*! Jeez, I've gotta see this!" She leaned down over the bed, fishing around with her other hand, almost dropping me off onto her thigh. She pulled back up a second later, holding her sneaker vertically, hole-side down. She moved it closer to me until it was almost overtop me. "Deep breath, now!"

I didn't want to, trying not to inhale for a moment. Street-block width fingers curled down, one pushing me over and knocking the wind out of me. "I said deep breath~! Be good for me, okay?"

I decided to listen, taking a slow inhale, filling my fragile lungs with what air hadn't managed to escape the tennis shoe yet. Without even touching my cock, I felt several shuddering throbs shoot through me, and my exhales were quaking. Each quarter of the way I got through pushing the intense lungful from inside me, I heard another beep from the collar, with one extra at the end for good measure.

"Oh my god... FIVE?! You germ-sized champion~! That brings the score up to 166...and 887. You're almost at triple 8's! Let's top that off real quick, okay hun? One more quick sniff! C'mon, c'mon!"

She wiggled her shoe in front of my face, so close I thought I might be swatted off her palm if I didn't comply. I took a brief, sharp breath in through my nose, the aphrodisiac smell clinging to my insides. I couldn't so much as stand under its influence. One more beep followed as the thunderous feminine voice cheered a small little "yay!" as she watched.

"Good boy! You probably already know what number 1 is, but, I'll read it out! Your most common reason for getting pushed over the edge was...drum roll - getting your puny widdle body milked by my toes! Ta-da!" She winked. From my vantage, even lying down, still trying to recover from 888, I could see her wiggle her toes. "But, of course it is! You can't possibly resist that." Her voice was reasoned, almost understanding.

Something nagged at my addled mind, and I did my best to squeak it out, voice unstable and faint. She listened, though.

"What about the other four?" She parroted back. "Hm...good question! Lemme see...here it is!" Scrolling through info quickly, she found some page near the back.

"They're all single-case things! One's from when you first got dropped in - you creamed from the impact, how adorable! And you also let loose on the way out...and once from my fingerjob earlier. Oh, this one's unidentified! Comes with a mindscan!" She grinned.

"Let's find out what it is together, huh?"

She tapped at the screen, and it opened. She read it, and for once in the past six hours, I got her to blush instead. She read the message, and kissed me, barely visible dot on her palm I was, the very next second.

"I love you, babe!"