

Coronation

Any other day, he would simply be Someday, a writer of silly, smutty things. Not today, however.

Today, he was going to be The Pint-Sized Prince!

The first step was getting into 'costume'. Standing in front of a full-length mirror within his petite home, he took a brief moment to appreciate the outfit he had. He spotted his sneakers off in the corner, rarely worn. Looking down, there were a fresh pair of white socks with dark blue highlights on the toe and heel on his feet. Should he start with those? His vision rose a bit, looking at the pink skirt. Hm.

On days where "playdates" were scheduled, his outfit was slightly different than on "business" days. Business days he wore a jacket, shorts, sneakers. Undecided days saw the ruffy skirt, but they also saw the shoes and spats or underwear underneath the pink curtain. Boxer briefs, soft yet fitting. Today was definitely a play day, so...

He didn't have anything on under the skirt. In a way, he regretted that. The thought of wiggling out of the extra layer of clothing was an appealing one. Still, to enjoy this the most he could, the skirt had to go first. Placing palms at the hem, his digits curled over, wrinkling the fabric with a gentle but firm grip. He tugged downwards. A gentle tease as the front slid down. He shook his knees to let the pink ring fall the rest of the way to his ankles, then stepped out of it. With one long leg, he kicked it near the hamper.

Turning back to the mirror, some color rose to the surface of his face. A gentle blush at how he looked. He lifted his ankles one at a time, using two fingers to slip off each sock behind his butt before lowering the feet back down. With a sock on each hand, he shot each like a basketball over to the hamper. One sock made it in, while the other hit the round edge of the basket and slid off, landing next to the skirt. The stripping showoff turned back to the mirror. A thought popped into his head. "You're now officially half-naked!"

A soft, short chuckle escaped him.

The shirt, a blue, long sleeved affair, came next. Pulling it off his arms, the brown mess of hair he had was all over the place. Taking shirts off always messed up whatever order he'd brushed into his hair that morning. Two hands' fingers got his bangs out of his eyes, then he tossed the shirt to join the rest of his former outfit.

Next to the mirror, a night stand with everything he needed to get changed. First - a different pair of glasses. The ones he had on were almost rectangular. He swapped them for the rounder, thicker-framed pair sitting next to the jewelry he'd soon be wearing. This pair of glasses looked sassier, he thought. He made a few faces into his reflection. He looked nerdier, for sure. Simultaneously easier and more difficult to bully, somehow.

Next, the jewelry. Mostly silver, with light-colored crystal blue gemstone accents and body-color bead chains. It looked expensive, but for the most part it was a tough nanofiber with some metal wrapped around and bonded to the frame. The whole ensemble was comprised of real silver, touches of gold, gems, beads, but in terms of raw materials it only cost him 35 dollars. He'd look like a million, though!

First, the anklets. He rolled the circles of beads up from his toes until they settled around his ankles. He gave two experimental stomps, satisfied with the quiet jostle. Subtle, it was.

Next, the wristbands. Right arm first, then left. He shook his hands around, felt around himself. This was to make sure the wristbands wouldn't fall off or obstruct the range of movement on his hands.

Then, the hip chain. He tapped a small notch, the loop opening in his slim fingers. He grabbed one end behind his back, wrapping it around his slim waist. He put the two ends together, latching them back together. He resisted the urge to dance...momentarily. He at least repeated the procedure with the necklace. The mirror helped see the small latch as he flicked it, feeling a tightening around his neck just above the shoulders, significantly lower than his chin. The necklace was really more of a choker, now that he thought about it. It was snug, but he didn't have any trouble breathing or anything, so there were no worries there.

His eyes met with his reflection. A silly grin spread on his face. One step back, then he rocked his hips to the left, then back to center, then quickly back to the left. Then to the right, center, right. Then back to the left, the hip sways bouncing to a beat only he could hear. One, two, one two, a light jangle accompanying his motion. His gaze slipped to his pelvis. As his waist and butt moved side to side, in the center was his excitement! His...well, his dick moved a little bit along with his bouncy dance~! The posh lad giggled eagerly, his heels lifting to emphasize the motion. Left, right, left - then he bounced on both heels twice, giddy and joyous. A blush stuck to his cheeks, he grabbed a silver tiara on the nightstand and nestled it onto his head. Perfect!

The prince is hereby coronated!

He moved to the front room of the house. In front of a couch was a coffee table. There, on the knee-high table, were four objects. First was a small gold chair, like a dollhouse diorama, surrounded by brightly- colored tape, encircling it. Next was his phone. He plucked it up first, quickly tapping out an invite to all of his playful friends:

"Come over to my place! Your itty bitty prince will be on the table when you walk in! Hope to see you soon! ♥"

He pressed the "Send to All" key and tossed his phone onto a couch cushion.

The third thing on the table was a medicine cap, filled with half a shot's worth of a liquid reminiscent of cranberry juice. He downed the cap, sitting the empty plastic under a lamp on a side shelf next to the couch. He then moved back to the table in front of the couch, not sitting. He felt his heart beat heavier. This was, in its own way, the second to last piece of the "costume".

His blush deepened to a mischievous red, and his member reacted all at once. He winced as the effect of the aphrodisiac took hold all at once. His legs shook, barely able to keep him upright. Deep yet slow and shaky breaths were all he could manage. To stop himself from making a significant mess once he *inevitably* started leaking pre any second, he seized the last object on the table, a small water pistol with some odd battery-powered attachments. He held it at arms length, the transparent plastic not hiding the wires under the surface.

He tapped the trigger with a single digit, a jolt passing through his whole body at once. A sensation of falling and being pushed back rapidly as his vision blurred. He heard the ray fall and land on the carpet, its soft thud amplified to loud quaking booms.

He was on the table, within the tape circle, with the throne right behind him. He stumbled backwards into the cushion of it. He got into his pose that he'd practiced. His cock shuddered, the tip showing its first drip. It took all his will not to touch. His outfit had made the journey completely fine, miniaturized alongside him to his..."regal" height of one singular millimeter.

No going back now. He was going to be prince for the day and he no longer had any say in the matter.

A minute or so later, the doorbell rang. It was unlocked. The tiny tyrant squeaked in surprise for a moment, then spoke up, clear as he could:

"Come in, dear guest! His Minuscule Majesty eagerly awaits!"

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