

Quintessence

SPLACK.

A quick, messy shake, followed quickly by three others, and not a moment later by a bump as the door closed. Each padded step taken by the recently arrived housemate sent shivers down your spine. It was a lot of things. Like how each step was followed by a barely audible wet sound, how the tremors got more intense as she approached, the slightly detectable change in heat...the boosted humidity, the chuckling as she walked. Soon, the door to your shared bedroom flung open, and in stepped the Glaceon.

Your girlfriend.

"I'm back!" she cheered. She dropped some stuff she'd been carrying, shuffling her back to ruffle off the pack, leaving her quadrupedal body with nothing but her glasses on it. She used a front paw to pluck out a bottle of something and set it next to your box. Through the smudged clear plastic, you couldn't quite read it.

Thankfully, you didn't have to wait long. After setting the bottle down, she tipped the small empty candy box that constituted your home on its side, flicking open the lid and depositing you onto the desk. You had just enough time to look at the bottle – it was about the size of a hand sanitizer bottle, but without the dispenser top. Instead it was just a tall, skinny screw-on cap. You recognized the brand name and let out a worried gasp. "O-oh no." In a second, your Glaceon roomie had snatched it and you and fell backwards onto her bed, before turning around and dropping the both of you, and flipping up her hind paws so she was properly sitting on the bed. Her hind paws were sweaty, as were her front paws for that matter, albeit less so. Thankfully, they were all distant enough for now that you couldn't smell 'em. She started, her words cheery.

"You won't believe what a good find this is! I can't believe they made ANOTHER new and improved shrink potion formula!" One paw pinched the cap while she eyed the half-centimeter of you on her sheets.

"Robin!! Why do you want ANOTHER shrink potion!?" You protested, but it was for nothing.

"Well, uhm, let's see..." Robin plucked it up, reading the label. "This one is supposed to be about a dozen times more potent and like, four times as permanent as the last one, and...yeah! It'll make me even bigger and more powerful! Isn't that great?" She grinned.

"How do you get *more* permanent than 'lasts forever'!?"

She thought about it briefly but quickly gave up. "I dunno! I guess we should test it and find out, huh! Let's not wait on it, pet!" Her paw twisted, and the cap spun like a top and popped off. She scooted closer to you, pouring the semi-transparent, viscous fluid on her outstretched hind paws, wiggling them as it dripped between her toes and down her paw pad. She pushed it as close as she could to you. At this proximity, a droplet loomed overhead, getting heavier and ready to race down the darker blue surface at any moment. Your voice caught in your throat before you could think to say anything. With it this close, the smell quickly caught you off guard. You didn't mention it to her because she took anything you said and went overboard with it, but her paws kinda stunk. Not in that unpleasant way, but in that post-exercise cloud kind of way, magnified to a ripe intensity.

“Well? Whatcha waiting for, li’l nerd? Lick ‘em!” She snickered and pushed her paw forward again. It bumped into your chest and face, knocking you over, and with a flick of her digits, the goop flowed forward. Half-sweat, half potion, you tried to avoid drinking it at first, but as her paw imposed down on you, a tub of the stuff started pouring on your whole body. The instant you opened your mouth to gasp, you were greeted with liquid, and despite your sputtering, it was already too late. With a wiggle of Robin’s middle toe tapping your face with force akin to being hit by a wet pillow, you finally stuck out your tongue and felt at her paw pad with it. After a couple brushes, you’d swallow, breath, shiver from the funk, and repeat. Eventually, her left hind paw was dry, and it didn’t even take you more than ten minutes. Well, as dry as her paw could be. Clean of potion and somewhat clean of sweat. You finally wrestled out and away from her foot, looking up at her glasses-wearing face grinning a big silly grin at you.

“Augh...h-how long until it takes effect, R-robin?”

“It activates the second I tell it to! With a fun keyword. And about you calling me ‘Robin’ – that was fine when you were just a bug living in a mint box, but think about it! I’m gonna be WAY bigger in comparison in a moment, so I dunno if our old pet / girlfriend dynamic applies anymore! I’ll tell you what, though. Since I like it when ya sport a boner for me, I’ll pick a new dynamic that’s sure to please you and me! I’ll be your almighty planet-sized diety, and you’ll be my toy! Plaything. Speck. Do you like that idea, li’l runt?”

You blushed and stumbled a bit. It wasn’t really possible to hide the arousal without clothes. She giggled. “Perfect! Well then, it’s about time for you to get smaller, isn’t it! Do me a favor and just SHRINK away for a good while~”

Every nerve in your body jolted at once, and as much as you wanted to run, it simply wasn’t possible. You felt your body get weaker, felt every last fragment of your once-noticable size disperse as the world around you blossomed, getting at once bigger and farther away, such that some things didn’t seem to get bigger at all, except for your lower and lower angle on them. When you were a dot on the bed, you heard Robin’s voice echo overhead.

“SMALLER! SHRINK SMALLER!”

As if on cue, your body tensed and loosened again, and what little power you held on to slipped out from under you as everything rapidly shot upwards, the sheer degree of size difference finally settling in. Just as Robin breathed, your world shook. Particles of fluff on the bed were entire hills for your insignificance.

“PERFECT. FINALLY! YOU’RE MICROSCOPIC! AND YOU’RE MICROSCOPIC FOREVER! AND MINE! OH, THIS IS THE BEST!”

She stuck a mountain, a continent of hind paw in front of you. This was the other one, still as sweatlogged and dirty from her walk as ever. She moved it closer – must have only scuffed it forward a millimeter, but to you it was an oppressive distance. With droplets closing in like a rain of entire lakes at a time, you shivered and tried not to cum on the spot. “HOW DO YOU LIKE IT DOWN THERE?” She purred. One breath and you instinctually squeaked out a response:

“I-it’s so u-unbelievably smelly!”

Her ears perked up, trying to catch your words just right to hear you. “WHAT’S THAT? YOU’LL HAVE TO START SQUEALING A BIT LOUDER, DUST FLECK!” Her ankle tilted, and the toes came crashing down with tidal strength. The bedspread flowed from the impact, and you barely held on to avoid being blown away. Somehow even more world-rending was the spreading of those toes. In an instant, her digits splayed, the claws lifted out, the hind foot flexed, and you got a clear view of the toegaps. Strings of thick, gluey sweat stuck from toe to toe, heavy with the droplets that weren’t dribbling down the sides. Crumbs of microscopic sock lint steeped in foodstuffs, dirt, dust mixed together into a slurry of what your instincts instantly flagged as “appetizing grime” despite your better judgement. With her toes getting ever-closer and more impossible to avoid, Robin’s voice thundered again. “HOW ABOUT YOU PROVE YOU LOVE IT? SHOVE YOUR NOSE IN THERE AND SNIFF, BUGTOY~”

With an order like that, you couldn’t possibly say no. You nervously approached, the smell clinging to your nostrils, getting heavier, wetter, hotter. Your knees slipped, and you fell forward between the toes. Not wasting a second, the state-sized digits enclosed, scrunching together on your body in a cataclysmically tight toe-hug with an audible SQUELCH. Sweat slapped against you from all sides. Fur brushed past you from all angles as the tight pinch of her cinched digits tightened and constricted like she was trying to crush a grape between them. The pressure built most on your crotch, and it was all you could do to whine and follow her orders. Your deep, panicked inhales were half stink, half sweat, and rapidly your nose proved insufficient. You breathed through your mouth, licking and swallowing sweat, if only to save your ability to breathe actual air, even if that air was nothing but hers. With a quick and sudden squeeze, every last bit of helpless worry in you was squashed like an instantaneous full-body, leaving only your blissful self to cum, whether you wanted to or not, and you clearly did.

The next moment, she tossed you down onto the bedsheets, your body limp from post-orgasm exhaustion.

“GOOD SNACK. STAY RIGHT THERE!”

She flipped forward, her front paws crashing with a soft FLUMP against the mattress. You were bounced upward, her entire front lowering rapidly to catch you before you landed. Robin’s tongue stuck out and met your front before pushing you down out of the air against the mattress. With a slow, methodical drag, she slurped your exposed front. She smacked her lips as if tasting it, then, in a sultry whisper just as booming –

“LET ME HAVE A TASTE OF YOU -!”

Her tongue slammed down against the mattress and slurped like a wall towards you. You couldn’t escape even if you were running, let alone lying down and off-guard. This time, the slobbery wall stuck you to itself, pulling you off the mattress and onto its surface. Robin lifted her head while you were planted like a sticker between her taste buds, but that didn’t last long. In a second, she withdrew her tongue, and you were instantly surrounded in ultra-hot maw.

The pressure was astronomical. The air was so dense and tight, making it tough to breathe between her own hot blasts of air that passed through her. She was panting with pleasure. On your wet floor, globs of spit rained like stringy oceans, making the floor slippery where it wasn’t coated. You were thrown from cheek to cheek, completely bathing in it, before her tongue and the roof of her mouth met,

sandwiching you face-down. The pressure increased, then even further until you came. Then came again. Again... she was doing this on purpose. Sucking on you like she was drinking the juice from a fruit or popping one of those candies with liquid inside. In moments, however, she flicked you forward to her lips, catching you between them. With an immense view of her teeth and with your head being licked, and caught between her pillowy lips, you couldn't exert any control as she inhaled through her closed mouth and sucked on your body with more and more pressure by the second with the seeming intent to milk you dry. You groaned, but were mostly unable to even put up the slightest resistance. There was almost no downtime between orgasms.

1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8...9...10...11...12...13...14...15...16...17...18...19...20...21...22 times in a row her forced pressure got you, until, limp from exhaustion, you were spat out. She slurped and seemed to taste the inside of her mouth again, swallowing. Satisfied.

“GOOD RUNT. STAY STILL FOR A LITTLE BIT. LET ME PICK YOU UP A MOMENT.”

She shifted around, laying on her side and lifting one of her thick, rounded haunches into the air a bit. With how soaked in semi-sticky liquids you were, her front paw was able to get you adhered to it just by pressing down on you for a moment. Before you could drip off, She swiveled it between her thighs, flexing the toes until you dripped off, landing on the mostly-smooth and squishy leg with a wet slap. Instead of withdrawing, her paw moved up slightly, forming a slight curtain before her toes acted like fingers and spread apart. As you looked up, you were greeted with the sight of Robin's immense, deep, dark vagina. It was more full of liquid than her maw and her toes. It was like a bubble of pre and assorted fluids had burst in there. Past her thighs and her paw, her eyes behind their glasses were looking at you expectantly.

“YOU'RE TOO SMALL TO STAY IN THAT LITTLE PLASTIC BOX ANY MORE, SO FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE IN HERE. I EXPECT YOU TO CRAWL AS DEEP AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN. I'LL HELP YOU OUT. NOW GET IN, MORSEL!”

With that booming command, her upper thigh twitched, its weight as your roof becoming clear. Not wanting to wait around long enough for it to come down and smash you between them, you ran towards the immense sideways ravine before you. Upon reaching a point where her outer labia met the thigh, you tried to grapple up onto some form of foothold. You fell down, but thankfully didn't have to try again. Instead of having to climb, a drop of pre slipped over the edge of her interior, and you barely avoided being pounded beneath it. However, realizing you still had a task to complete, and with her thigh beginning to lower, you shivered and took a deep breath to hold. You dove in, pushing and swimming through the viscous semitransparent drop, going as far as you could up through the streak along her skin before pulling out for a gasp of sexually-charged air. The whole area was dark as her thighs were nearly together. Using her folds as leverage, you pushed, climbed, swam through until the surface dipped in. You pulled upwards with the remaining amount of your strength. The floor pulsed in reaction to your touch, its squishy pad somehow able to feel your microscopic weight. She was apparently sensitive enough to you that a moment later, a fat bead of pre splashed directly on your position like a targeted strike.

The droplet spread out and pooled together with others to flood your floor, so you moved towards the wall along the side. Outside, her front paw's digits released, and her lips slowly but forcefully collapsed together, like tectonic plates crunching together and reshaping your entire landscape. The amount of light inside Robin's pussy decreased immediately, and all the pooled liquids

were squelched and splashed into a far tighter space, handily turning puddles into lakes, lakes into oceans, stalactites of natural lubricant dripping down the walls, and changing the ratio of air to fluid from 40-60 to 2-98. There was almost all sticky syrup in every direction. Outside, her thighs rested on each other, and you felt the rumbling of your diety as she laughed at your touch.

“YOU’RE SO GOOD AND OBEDIENT! I **CAN** FEEL YOU IN THERE, YOU KNOW. SO I CAN TELL THAT YOU’RE NOWHERE NEAR AS DEEP AS YOU NEED TO BE! YOU SHOULD BE WEDGED IN THE CORNER. SHOVE YOURSELF AGAINST THE BACK WALL AND CUM AGAINST THE SIDES ALL YOU WANT. CUZ I’M NOT GONNA LETCHA OUT OF THERE UNTIL I WANT YOU OUTTA THERE SO I CAN PLAY. AND YOU’LL **KNOW** WHEN BECAUSE I’LL **CUM** YOU OUT MYSELF. NOW GET BACK THERE!”

Her paw revisited the entrance, her paw pads covering it entirely as her middle digit stirred the pot of fluid. The whole flood splashed over you, but only thin drops could actually slip past her labia, and what was lost was replaced by her... “productivity” at a faster rate than it was lost. With her paw stopping you from leaving, the remaining amount of Robin’s pussy that wasn’t totally swamped in pre soon filled. You fought and thrashed through it, swimming in the thick liquid (thickuid?) until Robin’s paw slipped away for a moment.

As it did, you were pushed back towards the entrance by the currents of sexual juices pouring forth and out. You barely clung to the soft and springy wall, what traction your soaked skin had keeping you from being shoved out. You braced as she squealed, the feeling of your entire bare form shoved against her had pushed her over the edge. A white wall poured forth from much deeper, initially diluted by pre but quickly overtaking it as the predominant substance within her snatch. The relatively slow pulse became a rapid, a waterfall of cum shoving the walls in and out as she squealed from the bliss. She finished off her orgasm with a quick clench, which served to both allow air back into the environment and plaster you between both opposite sides of her titanic cavern, if only for a moment. You realized when you could open your eyes again that you were no longer totally submerged – you could resume breathing again. You’d also been transferred between walls by the clench, and the tight massage of the twin surfaces had teased your member to eager state again. You tried to ignore the arousal and flip back over so you could crawl and regain your progress, but a succession of white streaks running down the curve above you splashed one after another. The first one *merely* completely pounded you against the bottom of Robin’s pussy and got you aching for release. You weren’t so sensitive a single droplet could force you over the edge. That’s what the second and third droplets were for. Each. You came once from the second and once from the third.

After that, you felt gravity turn backwards. The light slowly rose as Robin turned her body. Now less a cavern and more a proper canyon, you could only fight the pull for so long before you got unstuck from the side and began rolling down the incline. The walls twitched in reaction to the ticklish sensation, bouncing you into the air and through the re-increasing levels of liquid until you landed with a wet SPLASH against the bottom, as deep as you could go. Robin’s clenches didn’t outright smash you in flesh here, but as a downside, it was an outright lake. You sat up slightly and watched as the light faded. With her lips closed, her body turned back over. Her hips rocking and the tightness of the cavern below prevented you from falling out when you were this deep. You heard that all-too-familiar voice, booming with the might of thunder, rumbling and echoing through her body, shaking you to your bones.

“NYAHahaha. YOU’RE THE BEST A GAL COULD ASK FOR. HAVE FUN IN THERE, TOY. I KNOW I’LL ENJOY YOUR STAY. DO ME ONE LAST FAVOR BEFORE YOU MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME IN YOUR NEW PERMANENT HOME, THOUGH.

SHRINK EVEN SMALLER.”