

This is basically four shorter stories stuck together in one place. Each section is named after its macro character, in the order they appear in the Content labels below. The original plan was to have it be one unified story, but since the paraphilias here are so niche, separating them into sections felt “correct”.

General content: macro/micro extreme size difference, quadrupedal/“feral”/non-anthro furry*, Pokemon, sexual content, dominance

*Harkness-passing. All characters are of human intelligence, are sexually mature, and are consenting.

Nina Section Content: F/m, domineering, shrinking, tail, anal play/entrapment, long-term

Poppy Section Content: F/m, insertion, UB/womb-entrapment, cervix, soft-vore comparisons, vaginal anatomy, implied PDA

Cyan Section Content: M/m, gentle, first-person, penis insertion/cock-vore/CV, convincing/hypno elements (it’s interpretable however you want)

Aoi Section Content: M/m (Aoi is masc/nonbinary), vaginal anatomy, cruel, implied hard vore, “gentle”, urethral insertion/entrapment, a deliberate omission of many descriptive paraphilias and also any mention of urine

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Nina

“Here, take this. Don’t chew it, just swallow it all at once. It’s fast acting and it’s permanent, so don’t worry about that, either.” Nina’s voice is authoritative as she pushes a small pill into the hands of her soon-to-be boy toy. She is forward, doing nothing to hide her intentions or her body, having already ordered him to strip a few minutes prior. Her skin is smooth, pale, not just warm but hot, and her breathing is heavy. As to be expected of the steamy Vaporeon.

He doesn’t end up needing any water to swallow the pill, looking a bit nervous in front of her. He stands on a smooth polished floor while she is slumped slightly on a squishy chair cushion that’s not firm in the slightest. Nina’s hind legs are in the air close to her body like compressed springs ready to kick, yet pointed in opposite directions. Her thick, heavy tail is slipped down and brushes the floor. As such, her crotch and butt are both exposed. Her eyes are half-lidded, and she looks bored and slightly frustrated despite her fore-paw hurriedly massaging her labia.

“Three...two...one.” She counts down, and watches as her naked companion twitches. He steps forward, and he opens his mouth as though he wants to say something, but his voice catches in his throat and all of his surface contracts in on itself, in a slow initial shrinking before a rapid, accelerating decline in height that exceeds the pull of gravity. He shrinks so fast his feet leave the ground as his form compresses in on itself. Not moving from her seat, Nina lifts her tail out to catch him, far away and so small that she has to guess where to position her tail fin. She feels a small thump and a series of infinitesimal patters, so Nina silently congratulates herself on her good job. Her tail rolls in a wave, dexterously pushing the guy, who was five and a half feet tall but now couldn’t even measure up to a granule of sand. When he tumbles close enough to her abdomen that her precise eyes can barely perceive the moving dot against her blue tail, she speaks to him again.

"I told you before, but I'll say it again. Do a good job, and press your hips against the curves and little details you can see at that size. But, I'm not going to let you out of my anus. Ever. Got it? Good." Her voice is full of impatience, and her subsequent movements are rough and fast, showing little care for her acquisition's well-being. She licked the front paw she wasn't using to tease her pussy, then lowered it down over her tail, pressing the wet sole-surface into his body to stick him to it. His limbs squirmed, but there was little time for discomfort.

As Nina's tail thrashed, she pressed the spit-sticky paw over the other, reaching over herself to squeeze her pawfingers between her buttocks, using a single digit to press and smear the speck around against her pucker.

"GET IN, already!" She leaned forward to slightly improve her reach, pinching the mite before using the middle digit to push his helpless body into the middle, where his body was wedged. The paw tending to her sex worked deeper, slower, and more forcefully, getting soaked with pre juices. Nina sat up momentarily and bucked her hips upward, letting this shake jostle her shrunken sex toy until he fell inside.

Not yet pleased, Nina hummed to herself, focusing as much as she could to feel his motions. She could feel for him obeying her, standing up within her ass, getting to his feet in a world surrounded by interior flesh, approaching a wall, and diligently yet apprehensively pressing his front against it. It wasn't quite humping at her walls, but the sensations of being inside her overwhelmed him; the sound of her insides moving and acting, her heartbeat, the heat, and the humidity. It was a sauna. It forced arousal into him, and with it, he began pressing his hips against the cavernous walls and floor more effectively.

Satisfied that he would do well, Nina worked herself up with both fore-paws, getting closer to her first orgasm, and willingly clenching what lower muscles she could control. Her speck, the puny bug that belonged to her now, was tossed around inside. The first clench bounced him around, forcing him against the ceiling and back down again. The second forced every surface closer to his body, tightening. And the third, with a pushing force of the flesh below him and a pulling tug almost like suction ahead, he lost his footing and was yanked deeper. The bossy water pokemon panted steamy breath through gritted teeth. Her muscles tensed as she put as much effort into her peak as she could. The microscopic prisoner was sucked in what felt like thousands of feet deeper, but what was in reality just about six inches.

Nina came, her nature not being the one to have loud orgasms. Afterwards, she simply methodically reached beside her chair for a tissue, wiped herself off, and then crossed her hind legs as she sat back up properly to no longer be slouched whatsoever in her seat. Her chubby thighs squeezed together. In a lower, quieter, somewhat kinder sounding tone, she murmured, "You had better last more than a year in there, or I'm really going to let you have it-!"

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Poppy

Standing up on all fours, Poppy shook her back half with quite a bit of reckless force. The pink bubblegum-like gooey Vaporeon was somewhat stubby in proportion but standing up she was far leaner

and more svelte. Her haunches were pinched together, and her back feet were one on top of the other. Her taunts were loud and ringing. "I told you, I told you, it'll be FUN. Quit hiding and let it swallow you!"

The micro she was commanding was a pitiable quarter-mm-tall jock stuck in her vagina. To be precise, the escape was below him, but it was closed, and Poppy was experienced in moving micros within herself. He had climbed to the sides and pushed himself between two walls using his rock-climbing expertise, though he wasn't used to walls this sticky, and he kept having to reposition as her goopy body dripped around him. He'd escaped as best he could to the posterior fornix, a tight section near the back (or top, in this case) of the pussy, to the side of the cervix. The cervix, round soft-but-firm-padded opening at the center of the back wall, was what he was trying to avoid.

"It's not a big deal!! You'll only be in there until Friday! I'm telling you, I really just want to know how a tough muscular body like yours feels being gulped through the cerv. If you don't stop hiding, I'm gonna flood you, you know." She shook her ass again, and fluids were splashed every which way. It was getting almost impossible to stay put, the walls getting more slippery, and grip strength failing.

Outside, Poppy got down and rolled onto her back, before lifting her hips and dropping them again. The vertigo of the roof suddenly becoming the floor got the climber's grip to falter, and he fell to the back wall on all fours. Before he could recover and reposition himself, the hip drop threw him sideways and out, away from the corners, sliding and splashing off the walls. With a squeeze, the side walls pushed him to the center, and by now every surface this close to the fore was too slick to hold on to.

The pink cavern turned once again, the ground becoming an incline, a waterslide that the jock's strength was useless to stop himself on. Picking up speed, and unable to turn away, his tiny point of view rapidly approached the cervical gap, which almost seemed to open to catch him. Even the tighter canal was too smooth and gooey to halt his momentum, and he was thrown into the womb like a dust-sized bullet. The opposing wall caught him, squishing and compressing slightly before pushing him off like a trampoline, the roundness and open dark interior of Poppy's inners were all that the micro could see. Unable to find the way back out in such a dark place, the mischievous pink pokemon's desire to swallow him with her crotch for the week had come to fruition, after all.

It was *Sunday* right now, "only until Friday" wasn't much of a consolation.

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Cyan

"It's your first time, I totally understand~!" Cyan's voice was pitchy and uncontrolled. His hips edged closer on the bed towards me. "The other tinies all have the saaame apprehensions you do, it's fine! Look, I'll even let you take a really up-close look, or stand in the tip so you can get comfortable as you want ahead of time!"

The blue-green blush on the Vaporeon's face didn't help matters, but there was an endless plain of bed behind me to run through, making escape impossible. His towering body was gentle, yes, but it was still imposing. That didn't change when he got closer, and closer. One of his paws shifted away from the center of his body, and as if being let loose, his member fell forward. Like a mile of penis, its sheer thickness and height couldn't be comprehended for someone on my scale. The sound was a THUMP

against the bedspread that rippled an earthquake throughout, straight beneath my feet, knocking me over. By the time I got to my feet, I was face-to-face with the glans. One forepaw held his stiffening tip against the soft giving curtain of the sheets, while the other moved in, carefully pinching open the slit with two digits. And then, Cyan moved closer, the affectionate and enthusiastic boy seemingly unstoppable.

“Don’t be shy!! You should really feel how the insides are under your feet! It’s soft and wonderfully inviting! At least, that’s what every other cute li’l speck that’s tried this has said! Heehee. I promise, just take a couple steps in~!”

The darkened interior flesh of the cavernous entrance was...tempting. With it so close, so held down, infinitesimally and precisely close, the lower edge of the urethral slit’s opening was within a couple footsteps from my position. Cautiously, skeptically, I did take a step forward, then another. Finally, a third, and I was standing, just barely, nigh-imperceptibly, within the first quarter, nay, the first infinitesimal fraction of the inside of Cyan’s shaft. The floor was soft and squishy under my bare feet, and I couldn’t help but take another couple steps, sliding down onto my knees. I felt at the floor with my hands, but sure enough, it was soft everywhere. The side walls were a bit far, since I was so small even this infinitesimal and precise spot of his body was an immense cave. Soon, his digits holding the glans moved away.

The walls came closer together, but even when they “closed” and the whole interior darkened, I could still barely see. There was still plenty of room between the walls, even though now the trip between the two wouldn’t take me several minutes. Suddenly, the whole cavern, and more, the infinite hefty weight around it, pulsed with the slightest jolting reaction.

“Eehee. I told you you’d like it! Geeeee, you touching my peen like that has me very hot. I can’t help my li’l cocktwitches here and there, so you’re probably gonna have to start swimming when I get drippy soon! :D I’ll let you push and squirm deeper if you give my tip a kiss, though! Otherwise, I’ll letcha out, no problem.”

I couldn’t stop my heart from racing, on all fours, as my joints bent down, and, with a mix of fright and arousal, kissed the flesh. His incessant teasing doting and laughter egged me on more, and I kissed more, and more, until the floor, the ceiling, the walls around my spot became slick and sticky, and I surely began getting sloshed around, swimming more than standing or climbing. And I fell deeper, deeper into his towering dick.

Cyan had a way with micros.

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Aoi

Exceptional circumstances had led to this moment, though it wasn’t really the sort of miracle one might hope for.

"I don't...like...nanos." Aoi murmured with his methodical, growling low tone. The Vaporeon, skin darkened from lack of sunlight and body covered in plantlife of all sorts like a blanket of flora, was not nice to speck-sized intelligence like the one who had befriended them.

Normally, Aoi would scatter, lose, push away, or scare off any nano that attempted to get close. Under certain conditions, the brackish swamp-dwelling Vaporeon would make some exceptions, usually for their own hunger. The enboy was rather vicious with persistent individuals, and voraciously cruel. Or, maybe cruelly voracious? Either way, to have gotten Aoi to want to keep oneself was a bizarrely abnormal circumstance, and the nano hoped this would lead to renewed relations with his kind. That, however, was not what Aoi had in mind.

"I...will keep you, though. Just you. I hate...the other nanos. But I'll keep you..." Harsh and quiet, Aoi's breath was scary for one of that diminished stature to listen to – like a planet was verbally threatening the listener.

In the private spot where Aoi had taken his new 'friend', the Vap sat and dragged a leg to the side, with no elegance. Appeal was not the purpose.

Aoi's tail curled and entrapped the aquatic monster's prey, and the next moment a clawtip thudded down on the tiny body to pull the speck-sized person up into their grip.

Between Aoi's thighs, usually hidden by curtains of flora and a deeply private disposition, Aoi's crotch was, well, a vagina. Aoi wasn't bothered by it. More than that, though, Aoi didn't want to have to talk to anyone. The tiny pinched in the tight, hard grip of the melancholic Vaporeon viewed the immense organ with equal parts fear and suspense.

Rather than being dropped, Aoi gracelessly pressed their foredigits into the labia, imprecisely losing and then re-finding the minuscule body against the folds. Rather than push the speck into the lower depths, the speck stayed against the labia minora. There's a vestibular surface to the sex, where top-to-bottom the clitoral hood, the urethra, and the vaginal canal are all accessed separately. In between, the soft, dark, squishy flesh held the infinitesimal person's body like flypaper. Only Aoi's immense, continentally powerful digits controlled movement here, and with slow, imprecise pushes and tugging, the tiny was eventually pulled north.

Used to looking ahead, the tiny shouted up to their owner with uncertainty, looking past their immediate surroundings, to the horizon, where a mountain of clit lay. However, the question was shot down.

Aoi was unusually authoritative. "No. Closer to you. That spot. That opening..." The vaporeon was indicating the urethra, which to anyone else would be a barely detectable hole, but to this germ-like being was a grand canyon. All thoughts within their head shouted 'wait, hang on, ask to slow down, talk about this', but it was too late, since Aoi had already decided. The body below shook, shuffled, and the paw above pressed down. With a heavy crash, every last aspect of the outside world was replaced by Aoi's internals as far as the eye could see. His voice was much more earthshaking and godlike from within. "I want...I wanted...you in there. Deep. DEEP within there, near the back. That is where I am going to keep you, since I like you, dust-sized..." Aoi didn't finish the name-calling.

It was impossible to sense anything else other than the sheer, raw, unfilterable essence of the space. Aoi's vulva pinched and closed as the immense being stopped spreading their lower legs, and pulled their upper paws away, but even that didn't stop the space from being massively open and distant. It did make it unbearably dark, though, and the nanoscopic critter within found themselves off their two legs in no time at all. Tripping was inevitable. Standing up without a sense of gravity was impossible. Aoi kept shifting slightly, so sticking to one side of the round orifice as the "floor" was also impossible.

And, of course, there was the sensory overload. The sound, the feel of the entire space was disorienting, especially when coupled with Aoi's rumbling murmurs to himself. The other two senses were too immediately spiked and overwhelmed from being inside Aoi out of anyone to be useful for anything other than gauging how deep inside their position was. Despite the sheer distance from the nano's perspective, it was undeniable from the way the feel of everything got harder to grip, the way every sensation became more intense and piercing, that they were slowly moving deeper. Moments seemed to stretch on into hours. The few minutes Aoi spent sitting in that one spot after dropping their beyond microscopic possession inside felt like a whole week, every second new and unignorable intense.

That it couldn't even be described as unpleasant was what drove the nano the wildest of all. Despite everything, being stuck up inside Aoi's...depths, this side-route of the pussy – it couldn't be described as bad. It was acrid, it was harsh, but it was...stimulating. Like sour candy.

"I'm going...swimming." Aoi said it louder than anything so far, as if satisfied with the day's events. "Behave...I'm...taking you home with me."