

“Nicky and Minnie say their humans think signing up for the Hyperterran caretaker program is kind of like signing up to be a Hyper’s ‘puny stink-sniffer’ as a permanent career.” Luna looms over you with expectant, wide eyes larger than entire lakes. “Not every human thinks that way, do you, Pussyspeck?” The 2100-kilometer alien continues leaning down with her snout close to the floor, looking at you precisely, but gently.

I cough, partially taken aback. “Uh, I don’t think that’s the best question to ask. I mean, you’re asking me a question like that while calling me a nickname like that?”

“HUH?” her voice vibrated the floor. I lost my balance, blown backwards. As gentle as they tried to be, with the size difference sometimes Hypers were simply unfathomably powerful just by existing. “I thought you said I could call you Pussyspeck and you wouldn’t mind!”

“I mean, I guess even though you provide for our food, shelter, and healthcare and stuff like that, sometimes this arrangement feels like you’re just using us humans as tiny sexual gratification, that’s why I bring it up-!”

“WHAT! PUSSYGERM, WE WOULD NEVER!” Luna lifts her head up from the floor, now towering a lot more than merely hundreds of miles, now an entire nation of body unto herself. Even at this distance, the tiny pink line on her hind paw was astronomically higher than my head. “OUR INTEREST IN HUMANITY IS SOLELY SCIENTIFIC AND AFFECTIONATE!”

“What about the new issue uniforms, then?” I gestured to the skimpy, form-fitting pink microbikini she had on her thighs. Or maybe it would be more accurate to call it a thong? Either way, it left basically nothing to the imagination.

“What do you mean, what’s wrong with the uniforms for caretakers?” She looked down, using a front paw to pad at the waistband, if you could even call it that.

“There’s been a new uniform order every month for six months, and each one has been skimpier than the last! If the strings around your thighs WEREN’T thicker than entire neighborhoods, they’d be as thin as atoms! This new one basically doesn’t even hide barely any of your labia or butt at all!!”

“That’s not true! The director has especially formulated this new model for our mission of keeping you relatively micrometer-tall people safe! For starters, it’s more breathable, and the inside is lined with a soft insulating and microfoamed comfort-cotton to be super-comfortable for humans to lie on!

“Ergh...a-also, I’ve been meaning to ask, all of these ‘suits’ have that gem and vial of liquid installed at your thigh?” I tried to change the subject as Luna scooted closer. My atmospheric surroundings got infinitely warmer. Now with her paws on either side of me and her crotch more or less directly ahead and above, I had to look straight up in order to meet Luna’s gigantic eyes. My entire horizon was taken up by pink...panties, basically. Her official designation, Lambda-1-1, was tightly print on the ‘front’ of the uniform, not that there was that much room for it, even with the literal thousands and thousands of feet of space to write it on. Then there was the fact that my entire olfactory environment was now her paws, which, uh...was a more sour, ripe taste in the air than an entire Grand Canyon full of limes. Every breath was like taking a billion steamy sweatlogged gym sneakers and mixing

them up in a blender and replacing oxygen with that...It was hard to focus on the conversation when breathing something like that every day--!

"Oh, the ESP stuff?" She blinked, almost surprised that I was asking about it. She leaned back, giving me some more room to breathe, even if it wasn't much. I resisted the urge to joke about that acronym, barely. It was hard not to.

"What's that stand for, Extra Stinky Pussy--!?" Dammit! I really had such bad self control.

"No no! And you call me a pervert! We Hyperterrans have a pretty helpful telepathic and hypnotic ability! It's tanked up in the gem and we need to regulate it with the vial." She thundered to the floor, crushing the entire space in front of me and causing a rush of air as she lay down on her belly so her eyes were once more as close to the floor as she could manage. She whispered now, though her breath still pushed past me with force enough to strip all the leaves off a tree. "So like, we don't usually use it on humans, because we mostly use it for long-distance communication, but for instance..."

Her eyes flashed with a bright aurora of hundreds of colors at once. I could barely turn away. I still felt in control of my own body at least, even though it would probably take me days to walk out of the shadow or her towering, for what that's worth. "Ah, what are you doing?"

She cooed with a gentleness and ladylike serenity that was supremely unusual compared to her usual immaturity. "My little adorable human buddy...could you cum for me?"

"Ack---! HAah!?" Instantaneously, my already stiff member suddenly felt a surge of stimulation. I winced and closed my eyes from how intense the sudden burst of pleasure was, but no matter how I moved or twitched in that moment, there was nothing that could be done. I lifted a leg as though to cross it over my cock, but I felt my muscles turn to jelly before I could. I was on my knees feeling the most intense orgasm I'd ever felt in my entire life within just a couple seconds of her finishing her sentence.

Her eyes went back to their normal dark sclera with the gigantic pie-eyed bright pupils the next moment. She grinned like a kid in a candy store. Her laugh was as infectiously cheerful and friendly as it was earth-shatteringly forceful. With each giggle and cheerful snicker, I was blown backwards onto my back. Not that I could get up with my whole body so immediately rocked as it was. Her next words took a while for me to register and understand, but I felt my heart skip a beat as she said them. "GOOD BOY!"

Her titanic city-smashingly huge front paw slowly pulled forward until it was a whole cloud cover of steamy front alien pawfoot. With a precision and delicacy that was always astonishing, no matter how well every single Hyperterranean could do it, her toes lowered over my body and gently pressed on my body, first poking at my shaft, making me gasp and shiver, before pressing down a little more to wedge me between a couple of her plateau-sized pawpads.

"Here, I'll show you how practical the new uniforms are! I'll let you rest on the little cozy fabric-hammock!" her words echoed around, bouncing off the floor to reach me given how her paw was ahead of me. I could feel her body and blood pump through her. The scale difference really was irresistibly insane... even if I wanted to protest, I couldn't. Not only was I too exhausted to make a sound, but if I tried to take a whole breath in to start talking, I'd undoubtedly be struggling with arousal all over again from sniffing this close to her front paw. Why did we always feel so completely helpless around them? It

was this sort of thing that made us rely on them for caretakers in the first place, and it just led to more absolute humiliation.

True to prediction, when I was finally lowered onto the surface of the inner lining of the new 'uniform', it was like a memory foam mattress and the comfort of a silky hammock rolled into one. It was almost easy to forget about the looming cataclysmic mountain-swallowing soaked chasm of Hyperterran clitoris and cavernous crotch directly over my head. Almost. At least I'd probably only have to deal with a little bit of soft rubbing and huge sticky rain for a little bit, right-?

"There! Just lay there for a few minutes, my delightful little Pantydot, and I—" Thoughtlessly, Luna lifted her paw away quickly, and the tight little elastic strings of the pink microkini snapped back up against her labia minora with the force of a catapult. I hadn't even thought to hold on to the fabric below me with my hands, so the gentle *SNAP* of tight uniform heard from the outside was, from my point of view, a sound more like...

*KSHLURK!*

Luna let out a soprano moan. "Squeeeaa...S-sorry, Pusssygerm-! What I, hah, meant to say was... You'll be fine if I let you stay in there for a few days, right?"

The interior was a flushed purplish pink, and even the parts of her internals that weren't drenched in her juices tasted like liquid. T-the taste of the air was unbearably musky, so I couldn't answer the question while swimming in that. The only bright side was that my mental perception of it as unbearably sickly-sweet and salty scented was thankfully incorrect. Which was good, because it seemed like I would be breathing nothing but this vaginally drenched stench for the whole weekend. I'd have to remember what normal fresh air tastes like some other time, I suppose. N-no, I needed to speak up, this was too much...! I put all my effort into lifting up with my elbows, pulling my face off of the sticky surface of her surprisingly tight pink purse's spongy squishy slick surfaces... I opened my mouth to exclaim, and ---!

"YOU'RE REALLY SUCH A GOOD BOY, YOU KNOW THAT? LOVE YOU!! I HOPE YOU L-LIKE IT IN THERE! I-IT'S NOT TOO PUNGENT, IS IT?"

I let my face splat back into the puddles of precum. Nah, I was ok. Maybe some other time.