

Miscommunication

Chapter 2

story by an anonymous commissioner
written by Ubersalamander

The swaying never ceased. Even during the cab ride, David's vessel was never still. His head swam, and he clung to a crinkling gum wrapper for stability. All the while, the world around him pitched and churned and tilted like a ship caught in a hurricane. He felt drunk, but all he'd had was a drop of soda released from his mistress' straw. He was completely sober. However, his giant companions were not. Their slurred conversation and raucous laughter were the wind gusts and thunder that completed the cyclone.

A seal broke above David's head, and porch light poured into his world. It bounced off the makeup implements, old receipts, and other litter scattered around the vessel. The black-tipped hand of Emily squeezed through the rift overhead and hooked a mass of jingling metal. Then, it disappeared back up to the land of giants. David heard the keys clanging together, and there were several seconds of silence. His companions giggled with each other, and then the keys were jingled again, and again. More silence. Then, the click of a lock, and the groan of an opening door. His world swayed once more.

By the count of their footsteps, David knew when they'd entered Emily's bedroom. A jolt went through the purse, and then his world was still for the first time since they'd left the restaurant. While he let his head settle, he heard the sounds of kissing and moaning floating down from beyond the faux-leather walls of his transport.

"C'mon b'by... le's do it," Nick struggled to mumble. Then, the sound of a body falling into bed shook the room.

Emily laughed. "You can't even stand up!"

"Don't nee' to," the man replied with a chuckle.

"No... I have an idea."

Emily's hand returned to her purse, but not to deposit the keys. Instead, she placed her fingertip near the tiny man for him to climb aboard. A second later, he was standing in her palm, looking up at the wide smile spread across her face.

"Did you have fun, David?" Her alcohol-laden breath singed his nose.

The tiny man thought for a moment. Despite the ride back in her purse, he *had* had fun. He sat on the table and was given free choice from the two giants' plates. He joined their conversations, and they paid enough attention to hear him over the general din of the dining area. They all three had listened, spoke, and laughed, as if David were no shorter than either of them.

"I did!" he said. "I had a blast."

"I'm glad," Emily replied, and her features melted into the genuine, loving smile that made David weak. Her hand descended like a cloud, and she let the tiny man disembark onto her nightstand, between her purse and his house. She slumped to her knees as gracefully as her drunkenness would allow, and brought her face level with the surface of the furniture. David noted her expression was now a-light with mischief. "I'm going to give Nick a footjob," the woman whispered. A girlish chuckle escaped her. "Would you like to join in?"

Flashes of the last date night tore into David's mind. Fear, humiliation, anger... cum. He shuddered, but strange emotions wrestled in his gut. He remembered the acceptance he'd felt while lying in bed, and the camaraderie in the restaurant was still foremost in his mind. But still...

The conflict must've been evident on his face. "I ask because, well... I know you like my feet." Her smile shifted toward apologetic.

Emily may as well have flicked the little man across the room. All conflict disappeared from his thoughts in an instant, and at the same time his cheeks burned a brilliant red. "I... What.... You... No I don't!" he shouted.

"I see you looking at them all the time!" she giggled.

Had she really? Was he so obvious? "That's because I'm so small. I have to know where they

are for my own safety.”

“David... really?” her mouth contorted into a wry grin. “I keep them nice for you. Or haven't you noticed?”

His brain pulled up unbidden memories of her soft soles propped up beside him, smelling clean from a recent shower. Her pedicured and painted nails twitched overhead. They rolled in delight at something on her laptop. She wasn't looking at him; he was supposedly watching TV, but those soles were much, much more interesting... The too-familiar tightening in his shorts was evidence of that.

Then, her laughter snatched him back to present reality. “You can't lie about *that*,” she giggled again, her eyes aimed at the tent in his pants.

David sighed. He wanted to deny it, but there was no point. “What did you have in mind?”

“Nothing rough. Nick's close to passing out.” She allowed David a glance over to the full-sized man struggling to read memes on his smartphone. “I'll handle everything. Trust me.”

“... Ok.” His tent pole had won out.

“Great!” Emily whispered the squeal as much as she could. “Go ahead and take your clothes off, and I'll see about Nick.” With that, she rose to her feet and turned to the bed, clutching it for balance. “Let's get those clothes off, Nick.”

“Oh, yeah!” the man cried drunkenly, dropping his phone as he did. The bed quaked as he tore at his fabric confines, but little progress was made. Emily did much of the job for him, guiding him with a maternal voice as she removed his shirt and trousers.

When Nick was finished, Emily stood before the nightstand and peeled away her own clothing. David couldn't tell if she was trying to give him a show or not; it was nothing he hadn't seen before. In fact, he'd seen it pretty much every day for five years. Still, he couldn't help but look every time; maybe he *was* that obvious. He watched her scarlet dress peel away from her body like a second skin. Her breasts hung over him, bulging around her bra as she bent to release her lower curves from the dress' grasp. The article fell around her ankles, and stepping free of it, she unlatched her bra and let it land beside the dress. Again she bent, this time stepping out of her panties while her liberated tits swung freely. When she again stood, David was face-to-face with her womanhood, but it was only for a moment before she sat on the edge of the bed. She first crossed one leg, then the other, rolling her nylons around her ankles. The little man could've sworn she looked at him from the corner of her eye when her toes wiggled free of the clingy material and the little bundles fell to the floor.

For David's part, he removed his shirt, pants, and other effects and tossed them in the direction of his house. His fingers hooked the band of his boxers, but moved no further. He'd seen Emily nude countless times; however, *she* had never seen *him* without something covering his lower half. Even during the last date, he'd been fully clothed for the whole affair, which left him with a set of clothes that would never be the same. He looked up to his owner to gauge her reaction. However, the naughty grin she wore was talking to Nick. David saw that her hand rested on the monster between the giant man's legs; a beast more than thirty times his height and countless times the width of his own organ. He pulled his boxers into a more secure position.

Emily's attention returned to David a moment later. She looked down at him with an excited, but expectant smile, her lips barely visible over the cusp of her chest. Looking up at his owner, the little man felt smaller than ever. Embarrassment and arousal wrestled each other in his gut as her gaze bore into his very soul. He shivered, suddenly feeling cold without his shirt and pants. Emily's expression drooped a bit; was he disappointing her? Would she force him to strip? David didn't know which was worse.

“Are you ready?” she finally asked after a moment of awkward silence.

“Y-yeah,” David replied.

“Excellent!” Before any more could be said, David found himself mashed between her fingers while they soared through the air. He recognized the quakes and sounds of Emily climbing onto the bed. Finally released from her grasp, a rippled hill caught him after a slight drop. Though the sight was new to him, his nose knew exactly where he was. The scent was worn and faded from

the night out, but David recognized the honey-mint combination that was the result of Emily's soap and the lotion she used on her feet every day. His boxers tightened, even more so when his eyes caught up to his brain. The edge of a black-painted nail peeked over the curve he was splayed on. To his right, four likewise-painted toes stood in a neat row. His owner sat with one knee bent upward so that it held her right breast while she smiled down at him. Behind her was the wall and dresser that sat opposite the bed.

"I can feel you!" she giggled. David's view of her rose and fell as he clung to the ridges of her toe. Its neighbors seemed to move back and forth, and inertia forced the ever-stiffening front of his boxers into her skin. "Naughty boy..." Emily whispered, giving him a wry smirk that made her tipsy head loll.

Her knee lowered, releasing her jiggling boob from its hold while extending her leg. David watched his owner grow further and further away. His ride carried him along two legs that sat below and on his right like a pair of parked trains; one pale and smooth, the other darker and hairy. He assumed the other half of the hairy set was somewhere to his left, but Emily's toes blocked it from view. Based on her words and his experience thus far, David had a good idea of where he was being taken. Glancing back at his owner's face, he saw she was almost bubbling with glee as he approached his destination.

A warmth at his back confirmed his suspicions. Single hairs, longer than he was tall, poked him in the back before bending and allowing his passage. An enormous mass of flesh rested to his right, though he was aware its base lay somewhere far over his head. The tiny man tried not to think about what it was, but the fact became undeniable when he felt himself sinking into hot, malleable, wrinkled skin that seemed to swallow him up. His only point of contact with the outside world was the firm ridges of Emily's toe-tip; he clung to her as a baby chimp to its mother. But, a moment later, the toe moved and carried him back out. Her foot shifted, and although David was still pressed into the giant scrotum, he was pulled along with the toe to a different part of the genitals.

Nick's left testicle offered more resistance against the little guy's body than the center of his sack had. However, Emily was gentle enough that David felt no worse off than if he was being pressed into a firm mattress. She rested him there for a moment. Meanwhile, Nick's massive cock bulged and began to rise. Like an ancient starship or the tentacle of some giant, eldritch monster, it ascended from the valley between his legs, but it wasn't alone. David saw a set of black-tipped toes clustered around its tip, and a bright, perfect sole pushing it from below. They rose so high that the organ disappeared from view completely, and the only thing left visible to the little man was Emily's heel hovering overhead.

Then the toe he was on started moving again. Fortunately, David moved with it, pushed tightly against the testicle as Emily massaged her lover. He let himself be dragged along; he was already in this situation, so he may as well do his best to enjoy it. Sure, he was pressed into a giant ballsack, but it was his owner's beautiful toe doing the pressing. His already-stiffened dick throbbed at the thought. Every motion of the toe seemed doubled for him thanks to his boxers, and the rhythmic pressure became something akin to a thrust for him. As his passion rose, his self-control shrank, and David kissed the ridges in front of him without any regard for the embarrassing display.

"You like that, baby?" Emily asked. The tiny guy could just barely see her face beyond the ankle of her opposite leg.

"Mmmh-hmmmh..." Nick moaned a reply somewhere far away, but she wasn't looking at him. Her eyes were glued to David.

Her heel fell until the toes on that foot came to rest beside David, but Nick's cock remained standing. Vibrations rushed through the scrotum as the toes drummed against the other testis. Then the toe holding David lifted, just a bit. Gravity pulled him beneath it until his feet stood on the fleshy pad at the toe's base. The digit returned to its prior position, leaving David encased in its strong embrace with the wrinkled skin at his back. The entire foot rose, and he was carried along within the pocket of flesh. While the texture behind him changed from a soft sagginess to hot, bumpy iron, the little man hugged his owner's toe. Every bump made his own iron rod grind against its ridges, and still he worshiped the appendage with all the pent intensity of the passed five years.

All the while, the ride never ceased. Her foot carried him up and down, over and over. Every throbbing vein shoved him closer to Emily's toe than he thought possible. Every rise brought his head beneath the enormous bellend. While his mistress caressed her lover's throbbing tip with the rest of her toes, David was used to tickle its underside. The only time his lips left her was when his head was shoved into the steaming confines between glans and shaft. But, the little man was too enraptured to care. The smell of her foot, the friction in his pants, his passions finally freed... though the thought never crossed his conscious mind, he was glad to have accepted her offer.

He didn't even notice the moment he went airborne. At the cusp of an upward stroke, his mistress had pulled away from his embrace. The tiny man flew into the air, ascending high enough that the precum-laden slit of Nick's cock appeared like an oozing spring below him. A glance at the height of his arch showed the giant woman as a distant mountain looming over the landscape of the couple's legs. Her eyes followed him with predatory intensity, and her lips were curled into a hungry, devilish smile that both scared and aroused. Even so, the earlier drinks were taking their toll; her head shifted from shoulder to shoulder, and her starving gaze was dulled somewhat by drunken glassiness.

Then, he was falling. A crash on the spongy surface of the cock head slowed his descent, but momentum rolled him down its slope and over its edge. The rock-hard column grew above him as he fell, higher and higher, until a field of hairs caught him in a wiry cradle. He slipped from their grasp and fell onto Nick's skin, and then waded through the coarse strands in a direction further up the man's body. Scared and shaken, but still sporting a full erection, he had no plan or purpose except to escape the pubic scrubland.

He saw the giant man's face in the distance. Propped against a pillow, Nick seemed nearly asleep. A trail of drool leaked from the side of his mouth, and his eyes rarely cracked themselves to see how his girlfriend was servicing him. A dumb smile was stretched across his features, and the only indicator of his consciousness were breathy moans that vibrated his chest when Emily performed a particularly pleasing technique. The man's body shook with the motions of the footjob, but David was adept at standing on giant-shaken surfaces. The shrunken guy soon found himself on the solid, sturdy tile that was one of Nick's abs. He took this as a sign he had traveled far enough for the moment, and turned around.

Emily's feet stroked her lover better than any pair of hands could. Her arches traveled up and down his length, while her toes gripped his tip and wrapped around his girth. One foot ascended so that its sole could massage the pulsating bellend, the other wrapped around the shaft for support, holding the dick with its top side. At once, David was struck by the perfection of the sole displayed over him like a billboard. Those delicate black-tipped toes curling with delight, the creamy waves of her instep flexing to hold the giant pillar behind it, the scrubbed, soft-yet-firm egg that was her heel... and the sheer size of the whole thing- even when compared to Nick's beast- looming over the landscape while its twin worked to please her lover: David's lust surpassed even that day on the coffee table. Before he knew what was happening, his hand was already in his boxers. Fingers wrapped around his cock, and he tugged to the extent his shorts would allow. Once, twice, three times... a frustrated growl leapt up his throat. The underwear restricted him too much; therefore, they had to go.

He kicked away his final piece of clothing and now, free of restrictions and inhibitions, he stroked as though he were invisible to the world. His eyes drank from the scene occurring before him, taking in every minute motion of Emily's feet like they were drops of water that would save him from death by dehydration. He felt every tug, every twitch, every touch as though it were happening to his own cock. He stooped with ecstasy, but still his eyes followed the motions of his owner's feet until a chance parting brought Emily's eyes to him. Though his penis cried for attention, David's hand stopped suddenly at his owner's sight. Embarrassment had finally won a small victory.

"Oh, theere you are!" she purred, too low for Nick to hear in his drunken state. "This thing is so big I lost you after you fell." With that, her toes clutched the tip of the giant cock, eliciting a grunt of pleasure from both men. "So, what do you think? Glad you joined iiiiin?" she giggled,

breathless, and David caught a hint of her arm flexing in front of her crotch. Even so, her feet were still moving, and David's embarrassment was losing its hold on the him. But then, a shudder arose from the ground below him. Emily giggled again. "I think big boy is aalmost finished. Better take cover!" Both of her feet stroked hard and fast, her arches formed into a makeshift vagina that pounded the giant man's cock with all the force of her riding cowgirl. A moment later, Nick moaned.

The geyser erupted. Gallons of viscous cream shot even higher than David had when Emily released him. The white globs fell like meteors, exploding onto everything below with a spray that itself was like shrapnel flying in every direction. Emily's feet were drenched instantly. Pale syrup flowed down them in rivulets that seeped between her toes and filled every wrinkle on her sole. But still the cum came, filling the air, running down Nick's cock like a volcanic lava flow, and pooling within the field of his pubes. At this, Emily let loose a squeal of delight. "There we go!" she cried.

David, however, was less thrilled. He dove to the ground while globs of cum slammed into the ground around him like mortar rounds shelling his position. He felt the splatter from danger-close artillery hit his nude body, heard the bursting of globs further away, adding to rabidly-forming marsh on Nick's stomach. More, and more, and still more cum exploded around him. Then, it was over, and a moment of silence filled the bedroom. David stood and chanced a look around- just in time to see Emily's toes release the cum-covered, rapidly deflating cock.

It was a tower falling upon the earth. Striking the ground that was Nick's abdomen, the column of meat shook the world with a slap-thud that tossed David on his back. Displaced semen sprayed the tiny man in creamy drops. Sitting up, he saw that he was face-face with the enormous tip. Even now, goo leaked from the throbbing slit large enough to swallow the tiny man whole.

"So how was it, Nick? Enjoy yourself?" Emily asked from far away, laughing a bit at her own joke. The bed quaked as the giant woman changed her position to look upon her works. However, the only response from the man was a moan, and then a snore. The woman smiled to herself as she rolled her eyes. "At least someone here- holy shit! That's a looot of cum! David? Where are you?" Her glassy eyes flew down upon the scene, her face hovering above the swampy landscape as she surveyed the puddles for her pet.

The tiny man was on his back, hands clasped over his own genitals while the enormous cock of Nick lay in front of him like a monstrous, sleeping worm. Something about the scene was humorous to the giant woman above him. She could barely contain her laughter as she whispered, "I'm sorry, I didn't know... I didn't realize... I've never seen Nick cum sooo much!" She caught her breath from a stifled giggle. Then, she noticed David's returning modesty. "Don't think I didn't see you enjoying it as weell! I could actually feeel that little thing poking my toe! Come on, you don't have to be shy. I'm always naked around you. It's been five years- time for yooou to return the favor!"

Conflict churned within him, but the whirlwind of emotions was topped by the massive, looming face of his owner. Against his better judgment, David let his hands meekly fall away from his crotch. Still aching for release, his cock twitched and pulsed as it pointed up at the woman.

"Awwww! It's sooo cute! Look how haaard it is!" she breathed a squeal and then giggled, as if she was looking at a newborn kitten. Then, her eyes narrowed, and her face dropped even closer until David could feel the heat of her breath and smell the lingering alcohol. "It looks pretty dry... and still throbbing." A change came over her face then. She was as happy as before, but her smile transformed into something smug, predatory, and almost sinister. Even the grin she wore when she'd let him fly was more playful than this. Perhaps it was the drunkenness, or maybe purely the proximity, but something in that smile made David gulp down a nervous knot.

Still, Emily continued; "You muuust be absolutely soooore for a release," she breathed, her voice low, sweet, and seductive. "I can handle that." Without another word, her face rocketed back from whence it had descended. She spun again so that her feet replaced it, the pair of extremities hovering overhead like clouds, cum still dripping off them like rain. The woman's head reappeared behind the feet. "Stroke." Her voice carried all the weight of a goddess. David obeyed. "One," she called down.

He remembered being near her feet on the table, and all the times before that.

“Two... threee...,” Emily continued, watching the little man intently.

Her toes wiggled overhead, and globs of Nick's cum dripped from them and onto the world below. Still David stroked, entranced by the wiggling digits and unfazed by the exploding drops.

“Foouur... five...”

He remembered the friction from being on her toe, and the loss of inhibition as he'd kissed it for the first time.

“Six... Seveeen...”

He remembered how he'd given her everything. He'd worshiped her toe as he would worship her. She was his world. She was everything.

“Eiiiiight... Niiiiine...”

Was she slowing down? Or was she slurring her words? It didn't matter. David's mind was filled with the memory of her working over Nick's cock, stroking it, petting it, toying with it. He felt the sympathetic sensations now just as he'd felt them then, as though it was his dick she was manipulating. How he wished it was his...

He was so close to release, closer now that he'd been at the height of his prior ecstasy. All he needed was her permission. Any second now... any second...

“Teeeeen.”

He exploded with an orgasm that doubled him over. His cum burst from him in the largest shot he'd ever had, dousing his dick, his hand, and the patch of skin he stood over. However, it only added a microscopic amount to the monstrous pools around him.

“Good jooob, David!” Emily cried over him. She laughed. And laughed. “m proud of yoouu!” Then her feet dropped.

Still recovering from his orgasm, David had no chance of escape. The same toe he'd ridden around Nick's cock crashed on top of him, dousing him with the sticky fluids it had created from its work. He heard Emily giggle, and the toe lifted a bit before falling back onto him. It pressed him into Nick's skin, as though giving him a hug, and then it fell still. The bed quaked once more. A few minutes later, he heard Emily's snoring join the giant man's.

Whether it took minutes or hours, David couldn't say. He only remembered that he'd managed to eventually find the strength to wrench himself from imprisonment beneath Emily's foot and make his way across Nick's body. His owner was slumped over the foot board of the bed, sleeping off the drinks that had finally caught up to her. Luckily, Nick's head was positioned close to the bed table that David's house was on. Climbing up and over the living landscape, the little man made it home in time to wash away the fluids that covered him before they could harden. When he finally crawled into his own bed, David refused to think much about the events of the night. Emily had given him an orgasm; for now at least, that was enough to consider it a success.