

Miscommunication

Chapter 1

story by an anonymous commissioner
written by Ubersalamander

Leaned against a remote control taller than he was, David absorbed the aspect of his owner. She had been his world for five years, and he had been her closest companion. But, if the reflection shining across her glasses was anything to go by, he wouldn't hold that title for long. She smiled at her phone as words appeared in the reflection, and her thumbs couldn't tap out a response any faster.

Her name was Emily, and honestly, David was surprised this hadn't happened sooner. She was no prom queen, but her slim body boasted plenty of curves at both ends, and her freckles, brown eyes, and frizzy, brown hair stood in a kind of cute contrast to her pale skin. Were he not one-fifth of one inch tall, perhaps David would be the one texting her. Alas, he could only watch as someone else received the attention that had formerly been all his.

Her toes curled idly, flashing David a hint of her black nail polish from high above. She'd propped her feet on the table like always, but the appendages loomed over him so much that he may as well have been an ant staring up at a skyscraper. He gazed up at wrinkles on her sole that could rival the waves of a gentle surf, ridges he could lie within and take a nap. There was a fluttering in his gut. It always happened when he was this close to her feet. He watched the wrinkles grow and shrink as her toes flexed far above; the prior thoughts vanished from his mind, and he rose off the remote and stepped toward her sole. It was almost calling to him. Arm outstretched, fingers spread, he approached with a hardening in his groin. The waves in her sole receded as her toes unfurled and lifted back to their standing positions. Still, he took another step forward, his eyes glued to the flat plane stretched taut by little more than her idle thoughts... until the whole wall of flesh collapsed in front of him. It was like a mountain falling into a gorge, but David knew from experience that his owner had merely placed her feet on the floor. She looked down on him, her face beaming with excitement far further away than even her toes had been.

"Nick says he's on his way!" Emily called down, her voice almost buzzing with joyful energy. David sighed; Nick again. He folded his arms as he looked back at her. She seemed not to notice at first. "Are you ready to meet him?" she asked, but then her brow furrowed and she leaned in closer to her pet. "What's wrong, David?"

He was too annoyed to gaze into the chasm beyond the neckline of her tank top. David was going to be abandoned in his little house while the couple had their date. It had happened before, only now that date was in Emily's house... within earshot of the tiny man. Well, that was the plan anyway. "I want to stick around after I meet him," he called up at her, finally, his arms still crossed firmly over his chest.

Her lips pressed together as she thought. "I don't know..." she mumbled. "He might not..." her voice trailed off as she let a finger curl beneath her lip, the arm it was connected to pushing her cleavage even tighter as it performed the motion.

The petulant child act rarely worked on her. David breathed another sigh; he was too small for her to notice such a slight shift in his body language. So, he let his arms flop and his shoulders droop in a dramatic show. "It's just..." he started, layering his voice with the soggiess of someone on the verge of tears. "You've been spending so much time with him... leaving me alone so much..." he sniffled here for good measure. "I just want to be involved when you're having fun." His hands clasped together in front of his pelvis; the full-on praying motion was too cliché, but this pose would be reminiscent enough to implant the same idea. "Please?"

Emily looked down at him, quizzically. Had he laid it on too thick? He was getting nervous, threatening to break beneath her gaze. But then, her face bloomed into a loving smile. *That* was what nearly broke him in the end; the butterflies in David's stomach were always elated when she trained that smile on him. "Ok, if Nick's ok with it, you can watch the movie with us." she cooed down.

"Oh! Thank you!" David called to her. He walked across the table toward her, his arms

outstretched. Knowing the signal, she brought her finger down and gently poked it into the little man's chest. She rubbed him softly while he hugged her fingertip, but guilt sat like a pit in his gut. His reflection looked back at him from her dark nail polish. He hated manipulating her. However, he hated more the thought of being left alone during the date.

There was a knock at the door that made David flinch. "He's here!" Emily whispered to him excitedly. Her finger was ripped from the tiny man's grasp. She rose to her full height, so much larger than she'd been sitting down, staggering to anyone not used to such a vast size difference. But not to David; this had been his whole life, and such the sight was as normal as a tree to a squirrel or water to a duck. Still, his eyes couldn't help but be drawn to the curves of her body, even after all the time she'd owned him. In fact, the urge seemed to be getting worse since she'd re-entered the dating pool. He watched her ass quiver within her gray shorts as she glided to the door with overflowing excitement. The only thing that stole away his attention was when the door parted and golden, late-afternoon sunlight flowed into the darkened room. And then there was Nick.

"Hey!" Emily said, nearly squealing. From his position on the table, David saw the two silhouettes kiss. He grimaced as his owner's smaller form seemed to melt into the man's for a moment.

"Hey," the man said, his deeper voice chuckling a bit. The pair shut the door behind them, sealing away the outside light. Emily tapped at her phone, and the smart bulbs in the room lit up with a warm, ambient glow, giving David his first real look at Nick. Grasping the woman around her hip stood a man on the shorter side of average height, but still nearly six inches taller than Emily. His hair was straight and dark, complimenting a tanned body. He was not thin, but slim, like an avid runner, and the cut of his jeans and tee suited him well.

"Nick, this is David," Emily said, gesturing toward the couch and coffee table. "David, this is Nick."

"Where is he?" Nick was scanning the indicated area, but his eyes never met David's the way Emily's had.

"Oh, I forget you're not used to looking out for a tiny. He's on the table, between the remote and the edge. Come on, we'll go over."

The pair uncoupled, and Emily pulled Nick to the table by his hand. "Oh, there he is!" Nick smiled, and David glared up at the two giants. He stifled his disdain, however, when Emily knelt down to put her enormous face even with the tiny man.

"Yeah, he's not easy to see; he was the smallest at the shop. I lost him a lot at first, but it's amazing how quickly you can learn to spot something so small if you care about it." At this, Emily flashed David another of her heart-stopping smiles.

Nick lowered himself to their level. "Hi, David," he whispered, and held his hand up in an awkward wave.

"You don't have to whisper," Emily said. "I don't know how, but he hears just like you or me. And if you concentrate, you can hear him. See?" She gave David an expectant look.

The tiny man considered only mouthing the words as a prank, but thought better of it. "Hey, Nick." He returned the larger man's awkward wave.

"Nick, would you mind if David watched the movie with us?"

Nick rose away from the table as he sat back on his legs. Emily followed suite, leaving David with the familiar sight of two giants talking about him without his input.

"I don't know," Nick said. "I mean, I don't think I mind, but do you think it's a good idea? I don't want to accidentally hurt him."

"Oh, you'll be fine! I know how gentle you can be." David detected a bit of a double meaning when she said this. Emily continued, "I just wanted to make sure you would be comfortable with it." She paused. "I don't think he's worried about being hurt; it was his idea."

"Well... ok then," Nick replied, flashing them both an accepting smile.

"Great!" Emily leapt to her feet, towering over both men in that moment. "I'll make us some popcorn!" She exited the room with the same excited skipping she'd used when answering the door, leaving the two boys to catch each other drooling over the two globes within her shorts. They were

now alone but for each other.

The men tried small talk, but there was little in common between the everyday twenty-something and the tiny guy who'd known nothing except being a literal pet. So, it was unsurprising when their conversation died off almost as soon as it began, and the dead air was taken up by the popping echoing in from the kitchen. They twiddled their thumbs until finally, after the fourth awkward glance at his phone, Nick stood from where he knelt beside David.

As the man took a seat on the couch, Emily strode back into the room with a large bowl, steam and a buttery scent trailing behind her. She gave Nick the popcorn and retrieved David with practiced fingers. "I think you two should sit together so you'll be more comfortable with each other. I'll hold the popcorn," Emily said. She placed David between Nick's legs, took the bowl back from her boyfriend, and then shook David's world as she landed on the couch on the other side of Nick's left thigh. She gave David a crumb of popcorn to munch on, and then grabbed the remote. The TV was turned on, the lights darkened, the movie selected, and opening credits played...

Most of David's entertainment came from movies; a specially-tuned listening device in the remote let him control it with his voice when Emily wasn't around. He'd seen this one before. It was a rom-com that was ineffective on the "com" part, and so his mind wandered. He imagined Emily was the protagonist and he was the guy she lusted after. Or, better still, he was the best friend with unrequited love for her. After he was stolen away by a more attractive but unpleasant woman, Emily would realize it was him she wanted, and the two of them would end up together and live happily ever after. The thought excited his emotions, especially as the moans of a sex scene excited his body.

However, David wasn't the only one excited. The rustling behind him began so quietly that he didn't notice it at first, but in only a few seconds, the sound was too much to ignore. Tearing his attention from the movie and the thoughts it had wrought, David turned to find the denim wall behind him growing. He spun around, and as his mind grasped the connection, he backpedaled on his palms away from the expanding beast. But, the thing kept growing. Larger and larger the bulge grew, running along Nick's pants leg so that it was right beside David, even as he pulled himself away from it.

Embarrassment, annoyance, incredulity... the little man felt all three, but they were all so strong as to overpower each other. He sat there with no reaction except to simply stare at the monster straining against its fabric confinement. That is, until a massive, nail-polished hand curled over Nick's thigh and laid its fingers over the girthy bulge. The appendages merely explored at first; gently touching the outlines of the organ, tracing the edges of its giant head, palming the shaft to take in its size. Then, as Emily became friskier, the hand traveled up and down its length, her fingers teasing the bell-shaped tip with every pass. For all that, Nick kept remarkably calm, but David could feel the tension building; as Emily's strokes sped up, the couch seat warped, first one way, then the other from the larger man's flexing thigh muscles.

The hand eventually left Nick's leg, but it wasn't finished with him. Before David could breathe a sigh of relief, Emily's fingers grasped the zipper of the giant's pants. She carefully pulled it down, as if the tiny man wouldn't be able to hear the work of a mechanism as big as he was. Then she snapped apart the clasp, and her hand disappeared within the fabric. There was tugging, pulling, and a bit of fondling, but after some help from Nick's hand, the painted nails reappeared as barely-visible dots within two overflowing mounds of flesh.

David was stunned. The largest pair of testicles he'd ever seen spilled from the parted zipper. Their mass reverberated through the couch cushion as Emily released them. Looming over the set, as well as David, was a cock to match. It had it all: a shapely form, above-average length, and girth to rival a freight train. The little man's mind could barely comprehend it all. He'd seen sets of tackle on adult-rated films, but his first sight of a live specimen being so close and so big... it really put his own set in perspective- even if the two men had been born equal in height.

Emily seemed intrigued by it all as well. While her palm gently brushed the surface of Nick's sack, her fingers explored every detail. They ran along the wrinkled skin as though her

fingertips were surfing the folds, and pushed beneath the surface to feel the circumference of each testis. She gripped a little strand of hair and gave it a light, teasing tug as she followed it to its end. Once more her black nails disappeared beneath the heavy orbs, and Emily palmed as much of Nick as she could. Feeling their weight one last time, her thumb rubbed the top of the bunched mass, just like she rubbed David's head when he sat in her hand. The little man watched the wavy skin be pushed aside with each loving stroke.

Then her fingers moved northward, releasing the testicles to rest again on the couch cushion. They seemed to expand toward David as they took on their own weight, but he was more concerned with what was going on above his head. His owner's fingertips traced the veins of Nick's erect cock until she reached his tip. Her thumb stroked the top of it like his balls before, while the rest of her fingers wrapped around beneath. Moving down, her thumb joined its brethren as much as it could; the girth of his shaft kept it from touching the opposing fingers, even as she tightened her grip.

David could only watch in horror as her hand moved down Nick's length, and then after reaching its base, returned in the opposite direction. Quakes in the couch made him feel the larger man tensing from the stimulation, but Emily stroked again, and again. One pass moved the cock aside a bit. David looked up at the giant couple, his mouth hanging open dumbfounded, demanding some kind of answer for what they were doing. But, no answer came. Their eyes were glued to the television as if nothing was happening down below, the only evidence being a naughty smile at the corner of Emily's lips.

Finally, the stroking stopped. Her hand retreated, and David sighed with relief. Her face descended until it hung overhead like a storm cloud. He expected his mistress to address him then, but his brow furrowed when he noticed her eyes were closed. Her mouth opened. The tongue it held slithered out... and David nearly jumped out of his skin when it lapped at the pulsating tip of Nick's cock.

"Emily, wha...!" But she wasn't listening for him. Consumed with lust, she wrapped her lips around the giant dick and took it up in her mouth. Inches of the shaft disappeared as she descended on it. David stared at the movements of her chin, only able to imagine what her tongue was doing as drool rolled down the cock and dripped around him. Her head bobbed up and down, and again the little man felt Nick tensing in preparation for release.

The larger man gasped, far above. Emily's eyes pried apart, but her pupils were rolled back in her skull. Drops of white, sticky fluid trickled from the edges of her lips. Nick's gasps subsided until they became a tired panting, and David heard the distinct sound of his owner slurping up and swallowing the fruits of her labor. Finally relieved, the cock in her mouth began to lose its rigidity. With a final kiss, Emily let it slip from her mouth, and the deflating member slammed onto the couch cushion. David had just enough of his wits to jump backward from its path, but it wasn't enough to avoid being showered in spittle from the impact.

The couch shook as Emily sunk along its length until her head came to rest on Nick's thigh, with the man laying his arm over her hip. There the couple remained and resumed their movie watching as though nothing had happened. But down below, David sat face-to-face with Nick's penis. It sat as an exhausted beast, running down from over the mountainous balls like an ailing serpent. Not a single drop of cum leaked from its eye; Emily had sucked it clean.

David needed as much recovery as the couple. What he'd just witnessed was unprecedented for him. He'd seen approximations on TV. He'd seen vulgar advertisements while Emily browsed the net. He's even watched Emily pleasuring herself. But, this was different. This was a new level. The little man stood; still the tip of Nick's cock dwarfed him, even as limp as it was.

He jumped, waved his arms, even called her name; Emily didn't notice him for several minutes. When her eyes finally landed on him, her head rose from Nick's thigh. She let David crawl into her palm, and then entombed him with her fingers protectively.

"We'll be right back," he heard her say, and then he felt the familiar shaking and shifts in gravity as she rose and carried him away.

"Is something wrong, David?" her voice was filled with genuine concern.

“Whatever this is- that was- it needs to end,” he said, his crossed arms now no longer and act.

She looked at him, concern in her eyes. “What do you mean? You don't like the movie?” Now that he had her attention, she could hear him with no problem.

“What? No! I mean, the movie's fine. I'm talking about what happened with you and Nick.”

“Oh... we tried not to disturb you.”

“That's not what I meant. It's just... I mean... I want...” What did he want? He wanted Emily. He wanted Nick gone, so he could have her to himself. Yet, he also wanted to *be* Nick: to have the girl he loved see him as a desirable sexual partner. But he couldn't tell her that. Not only because of the embarrassing, complex, metaphorical nature of the idea, but because none of the words would come to him. In his frustration, he could only gesture and splutter. Finally, he managed to string together enough words to say, “... be involved, not left alone.”

Through all this, Emily's expression transformed from one of concern to an amused grin. When the little man finished his tantrum, she was wearing one of her heart-melting smiles, but he was too incensed for it to have any effect. “Oh, David, I've never seen you act like this,” she used a finger to gently ruffle his hair. “It's cute!”

David tried to pull away, but her finger was too powerful. He nearly fell over trying to flee from its oppression. His owner chuckled, and then smiled down at him. “Yeah, ok,” she said after some time to digest his words. “I'm sorry you felt left out. You can be more involved.” David noted that her smile shifted away from the 'Adoring Pet Owner' and back to the 'Naughty Girlfriend,' complete with a bite of her lower lip.

He didn't have a moment to consider this change, however, as he found himself sliding into Emily's cleavage. Her chest seemed to swallow him up, but the tight grip of her bra kept him from slipping down into its depths. Still, the mounds were large enough to rise up around him so that he was safely and firmly held in their tight embrace. He let his prior anger leave him with a sigh, and allowed his owner's flesh to caress him as each step caused his world to jiggle. This was David's favorite way to be carried. Aside from the sexual element, the spot was warm, safe, and he could look out to the world without it being allowed to look back. Emily's heartbeat was a relaxing, omnipresent pulse that he could feel in his core, as though their bodies had merged into one. This was something Nick could never experience; being completely absorbed within Emily was David's gift alone.

“Where's David?” Nick asked as Emily sat back down beside him.

The woman giggled, and parted her breasts just enough for the two men to see each other. “He said he wants to be more... involved.”

The larger man looked back to her, confused. “Oh... ok?”

She let her cleavage fall back to its place over David. Then, the little man's sanctuary quaked as Emily climbed atop her partner's lap. The flesh around him bulged tighter, compressed against Nick's chest. “I have something in mind,” she whispered into the man's ear.

David heard lips smacking, and two mouths sucking as if their survival depended on how much of the other's lips they could pull in. As quickly as it had returned, David's confidence left him again. Space was quickly becoming a luxury he couldn't afford; the longer they made out, the closer the giant bodies came to each other, until the tightness David had once enjoyed was made into a compression he struggled against. Nick's heartbeat reverberated through the flesh just like Emily's did. The little man noted that the pace of both was increasing as though they were bouncing off each other. At the same time, the two bodies moved in together in a rhythm almost equally as fast.

With a final smack, Emily pulled away from her lover, her breasts dropping back to their natural place. David's view shifted rapidly from Nick's chest to his knees. Emily's arms rose above him, her hands fiddling with the larger man's crotch. Nick shifted his weight a few times, and David saw Emily pulling the man's pants and underwear until they were out of sight. The giant penis now hovered over him once again, made erect from the motions Emily's pelvis had performed on it during their makeout.

Then, it was beneath him, below even the breasts snuggling him. His owner's arms shifted,

but the maneuvers they performed were hidden below her chest. However, the little man felt something approaching. Something, and a large something at that, was pushing up through the cleavage, like a sea monster parting water as it rocketed to the surface. He had an idea of what it could be- and he was too right.

Nick's cock erupted from the depths of Emily's chest, shoving David aside as it sprouted higher and higher into the air. The little man fell against it, the slope of the mound he found himself against too steep to hold him by itself.

"This isn't what I meant!" he screeched as much in fear as in anger, but as before, the two giants were too preoccupied with each other to notice.

Then, the dick began sliding back down from whence it had sprung. Its clammy skin gripped David, and snatched him down beneath the surface of the breast waves. He was squished between two types of flesh, one the soft, giving, gentle mass he knew and loved, the other an iron-hard rod he was regrettably so recently acquainted with. He could barely breathe within the depths of Emily's cleavage; even as he hated the situation, he didn't want to be left stranded there if the cock decided to descend so far as to leave the breasts completely. So, when the meaty column started to rise again with David still squeezed against it, the little man was thankful, at least just a bit. However, the pressure between the two giants caused his body to roll. Both sides of him took in both forms of flesh, his destination and orientation both completely out of his control. While Emily gave Nick the titfuck of his life, David was rolled and mashed between them like nothing more than a piece of lint.

Then the pressure released all at once. Emily's breasts plummeted away, leaving David suspended in the air while she tossed away her bra and rubbed her bare boobs. For a moment, he thought was going to fall, but then he realized there was still hot skin clinging to his back. With another screech, he desperately scrambled to turn around, digging his fingers into the spongy surface keeping him so far up. When David regained the courage to look down, he saw Nick's hand far below, resting atop his balls and wrapped around his hard rod. Then, the hand released, and David's stomach churned as both he and the organ fell onto the couch.

His legs were pinned under the tip. Still, the curve of the massive object made it loom over him. He was eye-level with its crest.. and could only look up in horror as a giant, thick, bulging glob seeped from its hole. The drop grew until it began to hang from its own weight. David gulped, preparing for impact as it rolled down the bellend and fell closer, and closer, and closer...

The cock lifted off him just in time for the precum to fall just short of his feet, but the little man had no time to give a thankful prayer. Fingertips scooped him up- he knew from their tenderness that they belonged to Emily- and he was dropped onto the spongy surface of the cock tip after a bit of shuffling. He stood, but quickly fell back to his knees when he saw the dizzying height between him and the floor. No amount of shrunken durability could save him from a drop like that, and the swaying dick was a more precarious position than he'd ever been in. Even so, the sound of compressing couch cushions snatched his attention from thoughts of his own mortality.

Emily was sitting on the couch, her legs pulled up in a kind of crunch as she slipped her shorts and panties around her ankles. She let her legs down with a tantalizing slowness, spreading them and allowing the clothes to fall away from from one of her feet. Lust was in her eyes as she lay there fully bare, breasts lolling in their freedom, her shaven pussy on full display for the two gentlemen before her.

David was forced to hold on as Nick approached her. Emily's legs rested on her lover's shoulders, and the tiny man was instantly face-to-face with the lips of his owner's womanhood. Its lips contorted to the shape of the hardened rod as Nick teased her exterior, smearing precum wherever his cock explored. David knew what came next. Leaping to his feet, he made a dash toward Nick's body, running down the shaft as fast as he could without losing his balance. Veins seemed to reach out for his feet as they pulsed, finally tripping him and throwing him down as Nick lined up for his initial push. The tiny man crawled back to his feet, pausing just long enough to look back. Emily's pussy was parting as her lover's girth entered it. David ran again, but he was losing ground against Nick's forward momentum. Finally, he reached the base of the giant's shaft. The

precipice of Emily's lips loomed closer and closer as Nick's cock disappeared within her. David searched frantically for somewhere to go, but his only option was to splatter himself across the top of the man's foot.

Fortunately, Nick chose that moment to pull back. The lips receded, but only a bit, and only for a moment. A second later, the giant cock reversed direction, thrusting back in. When it again retreated, David saw that it hadn't come out as much as it had before. Each push and pull left more of the shaft inserted into the giant pussy. His owner's labia grew closer and closer. He held his breath as a final thrust forced him inside.

Nick's girth was overwhelming. It filled Emily up so that David again found himself flattened between the two giants' flesh. Every thrust mashed him between them and sent him further inside his owner until he was at the epicenter of the couple's lovemaking. As the speed of their sex increased, so too did the chaos it wrought upon the tiny man. Nick's cock barreled into the place like a drilling a tunnel, smashing all in its way, David included. Every vein struck him like a limb on a passing tree, and the lip of the organ's bellend scooped him up and shoved him around until he lost all sense of direction. Sticky liquid seeped around him, a combination of both giants' fluids that coated him as it coated everything else inside the vagina. While it lessened the impact of Nick's thrusts, it did so by making David slide around easier, and also adhered him to whatever flesh he happened to be on when the enormous rod retreated. Sometimes he was carried along with the beast, though he never went as far as to break out into fresh air. Other times, he was stuck to the walls of Emily's interior until the cock forced its way back over him. Either way, he was squeezed between the two giants as their bodies rocked with passion, and he felt Emily's orgasm when her powerful muscles mashed him even more into the iron shaft.

A final, forceful push sent David sliding across the pussy's walls until he came to a rest just below Nick's tip. He allowed his eyes to open for a second, but that second was all it took for a cry of shock escaped him. The dick throbbed menacingly. The tiny man only just managed to wrench his eyes closed before a stream of thick, white, heavy semen erupted out. It struck him like a firehose, coating him with a mass that clung to him and dragged him down the wall until he was at the bottom of the tip. He struggled to stand, but still the cum kept shooting. Any progress he made in digging himself out of the pile was reversed in an instant.

As Nick's size lessened from his release, the pool of semen found its way down the sides of the shaft and flowed out into the world. David was carried along with the stream; tired, defeated, and humiliated, he allowed the current to take him where it would. He landed on the couch with a splat.

The next minutes were a blur for David. He never passed out, at least not fully, but the experience had numbed him to the point of apathetic insobriety. He saw Nick dismount, and the lovers kiss far above him. He felt himself being picked up and examined, then carried somewhere. Finally, he regained lucidity when he felt himself being gently rinsed with warm water.

He was in Emily's palm. Both giants were there, and they were both looking down at him with tender expressions. Regardless, a fire ignited in David's gut. He stood, about to give them a piece of his mind, but something in their eyes made him pause.

As if sensing the moment, Emily's smile grew into the one he loved so much. "That was so good, David!"

"Yeah," Nick added, his voice low, but sweet. "I'm glad you decided to join us."

"We felt you the whole time! It was amazing, David, the best we've ever had! Thank you," Emily said, and then her lips overwhelmed him with a loving kiss.

"I think he should be there next time, too. He can even come to dinner if you're ok with it."

"I think that'll be wonderful! The three of us together!"

Emotions whirled within David. He hadn't liked the experience on bit, but this attention, this love... could that make it worth it all?

Nick left a little while later. David watched the couple kiss, but this time he felt... well, nothing. It was as if he'd been reborn. When Emily went to bed, she placed him in the little house on her nightstand. She gave him his customary good-night peck, but somehow this one felt more

meaningful. David climbed into bed himself, but he couldn't sleep. He stared at the plastic ceiling, contemplating just how he felt about the day.

"Maybe... maybe I didn't like this because I didn't *want* to like it," he whispered to himself. He felt himself gradually coming to terms with the situation. Emily still loved him, and Nick was a fine guy; she could do much, much worse for herself and David. Once he accepted that, the rest didn't seem like much at all. "Maybe this isn't so bad; maybe I can learn to enjoy this, too." After that final thought, he allowed sleep to carry him away in its warm, gentle bosom.

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-hmmh..." 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 iiii?" 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 yoouu 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 sooore 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... three..." 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 joob, 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.

Miscommunication

Chapter 3

story by an anonymous commissioner
written by Ubersalamander

It had been a few weeks since that fateful footjob. Since then, the couple had included David whenever they had sex. He'd been on or in every part of Emily, and many parts of Nick. The tiny man joined in how he could, snatched some pleasure whenever possible, and allowed himself to be used how the giants saw fit. The couple still showered him with praise and treated him gently whenever he sat panting, covered in their saliva and sexual fluids. Emily even gave him special rewards he'd only dreamed of before: stripteases, rides in her panties, even some "alone" time with her feet. However, something about the relationship had changed. The more the giants saw him as a sexual being, the less they asked for his permission. To David, it seemed that he'd gone from beloved pet, to valued friend, to living sex toy, all in less than three months.

It was little surprise that he felt a sense of nostalgia as he basked in the warmth and breeze atop a fallen leaf from one of Emily's most cherished houseplants. The midday sun pouring through the opened window reminded him of when Emily was still in college. It was enough to block out his anger and envy for now, and would be worth the scolding his owner was likely to give him when she found out. But, he refused to think of that now, and his thoughts returned to the past. It was just the two of them then. He'd lay on her chest while she studied before this very window, letting the motions of her breathing carry him away into a lazy catnap. He could almost feel it now. Up, down... up, down... why was she breathing so hard?

Tearing his eyes open brought him back to reality. The wind was picking up, and the leaf beneath him was beginning to rise and fall as if it were a ship at sea. A strong gust ripped by, and he had to grip the stem of the leaf to stay aboard as the object skidded across the windowsill. Experiencing all the inertia of a hydroplaning car, David felt terror clawing its way into his chest. He remembered Emily telling him to never go to the window while it was open, and in his jealousy-induced spite, he'd done just that. There was no saving him as another gust finally tossed his leaf off the sill entirely.

He clung to the leaf with white knuckles and fingertips, his arms wrapped around a stem that was as large to him as a tree trunk. Farther and farther it spiraled, back and forth, David's world a blur until the leaf struck something solid. He fell from the stem onto a surface of glass, and watched as, not even a second later, the wind picked up once again and tossed the leaf out to the wide, wide world.

His heart pounded in his ears. What had he done? He'd never been outside alone! Spinning around, instincts demanding he take in his surroundings, he saw he was in some kind of outdoor lounge. An awning and privacy fencing boxed in the area, hiding the other houses and apartments from his view. He appeared to be standing on a phone, and it was placed on some kind of bar, judging from the wine glasses towering over him.

"At least I'm not between yards," he sighed, and shivered at the thought of that wilderness.

In fact, he recognized the place as belonging to Emily's neighbors. He just wished he could remember what they looked like, and he had no idea what kind of people they were...

As if to answer, someone rose into view. She'd been crouching beside the bar, but now her enormous form was ascending to the heavens. First the field of raven-black that was her hair sailed passed him, her gorgeous face followed it up, and then finally, her gigantic breasts came to hang tantalizingly close to the edge of the bar. Had she been standing just an inch closer to the bar, he wouldn't have been able to see her face over those mountains. As it were, he could see every minuscule mole and every tiny hair; she seemed to be completely nude. His throat went dry as he took in her beauty.

The earth quaked as a massive beer bottle slammed down at the edge of the phone. David felt the cold air dissipating from it, and saw condensation tripping down its length and coating the label. His parched throat yearned for that moisture, the magnitude of the woman's beauty such that a

dry knot had blockaded his airway. When he looked back to her, his heart joined his list of non-functioning body parts; her piercing green eyes were focused directly on him. For a moment, her brow furrowed. Then, her shapely lips curled into a smile.

“Well, well! What have we here?” her eyebrow cocked in interest. Her massive body dropped a bit, looming over the tiny man, her breasts growing ever closer.

“I'm David!” he blurted out, trying to keep his mind away from those jiggling mounds floating overhead.

“*David...*” she savored his name as if it were a fine wine on her tongue. “And what brings you here, *David?*”

Every word brought her closer to the top of the bar. Her enormous breasts took up nearly all his sight. He could've sworn her nipples were growing by the second. “I was in the window... on a leaf... the wind blew me here...” he was having trouble concentrating. She seemed to have absolute control of her body; the bottom of her tits hung less than his height from the bar. She shifted ever so slightly, allowing her left teat to swing over his head. It *was* growing. He could see every wrinkle in the nipple's surface tensing as it tripled in length. Its shadow, wrought by a hanging light, cast him in darkness. Where his mouth was dry before, now it watered with lust. He'd never felt this way before; not even Emily had such a concentrated effect on him. He wanted nothing more than to run forward and bury himself in her flesh. His body shook as he just barely resisted the temptation.

“The wind *blew you?* That's unfortunate...” At the emphasized words, she pursed her lips and extended the syllables so that her breath exited in imitation of the wind. The warm breeze whirled around David, filling his lungs with the sweet scent of her. It didn't really smell like anything; she hadn't brushed her teeth recently, nor had she eaten anything foul. Even so, the moist gust formed an intoxicating miasma of pheromones that the tiny man couldn't help but gulp down. “Whatever shall we do?” she finished, and bit her bottom lip before it slid into a playful pout.

“I... we... you...” David tried to speak, but his voice shook as much as his body. The giant woman giggled coquettishly at his attempts at speech, making her breasts quiver. The tiny man couldn't help but stare as the supple mounds squeezed together when she moved her arms ever-so-slightly. Eventually, with mental fortitude that would put a monk to shame, David finally said, “I need to get back to my owner!”

“Your owner?” She giggled again. She looked at him strangely for a moment, as if making a decision. Then, her face contorted into a dramatic expression of pain. “Agh! I'm sorry, little one. It's just... these things get so heavy...” Her fingers glided over the smooth skin of her breasts. “My back really aches after a long week of carrying them. I hope you won't mind if I rest them.”

She didn't wait for him to answer. A pale valley formed around David in a mere second, and then the ground shook with ten times the force of the bottle being set down. The walls of flesh bulged under the unthinkable tons of their mass, distorting out until the tiny man could almost touch both of them with his arms. He was in her cleavage now, trapped on all sides by mammary cliffs and the bar below. The only opening was above, where the woman's radiant face peered down at him like he was the last cookie in the jar, all for her.

“That's better,” she sighed, allowing more of her exhilarating breath to overtake him. “My name's Lauren. It's nice to meet you, David. I would love to get you back home, but...” she flashed him an exaggerated pout. “Today was my day to relax... hmm... I know! If you help me relax, I can get you to you owner faster. What do you say?” she smiled at him sweetly once more.

In the deep, deep recesses of David's brain, a sober voice called out to him. Something was off about this woman. Something in her eyes had the same predatory gleam he'd seen overcome Emily... except this was much worse. But, what else could he do? He was trapped in her cleavage at that very moment, and beyond that she was his best chance of getting out. His sober mind reluctant, but his horny mind ecstatic, he somberly looked up at her and agreed.

No sooner had the words left his mouth than the walls on either side of him slammed together. A loud *slap* echoed through the lounge, and David was consumed by her tits. He could think of nothing else besides the softness of the oceans of mammary around him, and the pheromones radiating from her pores, and the flirty expressions she'd flashed while they spoke. Had

he died and gone to heaven? In that moment, he desired to live in her cleavage for an eternity, squeezed by every shake of the wobbling breasts, and basking in the smooth vibrations of her lusty voice. But again, the functioning part of his brain raised its killjoy concerns. He quieted it by reminding himself that this was the only real way they could safely reach Emily. He was only doing what he needed to in order to survive and get home.

As quickly as they'd clapped together, the mammaries released him, their owner giggling as her body stood back to its full, terrible height. She turned around and strutted over to a plastic lounge chair.

"I don't have to be the only one naked, y'know..." Lauren called, her voice laden with suggestion. Now that she was away from the bar, David could see the rest of her: an ass every bit as glorious as her tits, each cheek a pale moon quaking with every step of her luxurious legs and dainty feet. Surely, the woman was a goddess carved from marble, the model from which all other women were but amateur attempts to imitate. David stood entranced, his mind stricken of all thought as his eyes watched her bend. Her body rocked gently while she fussed with some pillows, every one of her curves jiggling and swaying hypnotically in response. The shapely muscles in her legs flexed, spreading her cheeks slightly as she worked. Through the gap in her thighs, the tiny man caught a glimpse of thick, beautiful lips, and a puckered ring peeking above them.

David was enchanted. A month ago, even Emily hadn't seen him nude. Ten minutes ago, only she could've made him undress. Now, the little pet was tearing off his clothes for a complete stranger. By the time Lauren had readied her seat and come to collect him, he was naked, erect, and salivating.

The woman said not a word. She merely wore a self-satisfied grin as her hand smothered David in its grasp. With her bare flesh touching his, and the friction from her quaking steps, the little man's dick was already approaching release. Fortunately, his ride was over before he could embarrass himself. The flesh of her grip parted, and warm, smooth plastic caught him after a short fall. The great goddess Lauren loomed over him, peering down over her breasts. David was no stranger to looking up at people, but in that moment she seemed an absolute titan, more so than Emily, or Nick, or any other stranger ever had. She was in control of the situation and she knew it, relished it even. And the little man placed at knee-height below her knew it too.

One of her colossal legs flew over the foot rest of the lounge seat, swinging her body over so that she straddled it. With a naughty half-moan-half-giggle, she bent and placed her hands on the seat to either side of David, the plastic groaning as it took on her weight. Arching like a cat, she refused to look at the tiny man while she crawled forward, every movement done with a nonchalant grace that both of them knew was merely for show. Her raven hair hung like enormous curtains around him, and then her body blocked out the sun. Her swinging tits were so dangerously close that David's instincts forced him to duck. A perfect belly flew overhead, then her hips, and finally the mesmerizing sight of her womanhood. She prepared the cushions to accept her body, and then used the arch of her back as a spring to push herself into them. Without warning, she fell fully onto the chair.

The force knocked David over. His shrunken instincts reacted instantly, forcing him back up and alert for danger. Wheeling his head around, he found himself in a canyon formed by the bulging, jiggling flesh of Lauren's thighs. At its culmination laid a cave encapsulated by lush lips thicker than his standing height. Butterflies swam in his stomach, but even so, he took a step forward. As if in answer, the thighs on either side of him spread apart. It was only an inch or so, but the effect was multiplied upon the gigantic pussy; the lips parted wider, inviting David to explore the cavernous depths of the hungry maw. As he approached the glistening cave, his own organ responded in kind, recovering from its fear-induced flaccidity. His hand reached out for the bulging labia with a reverence that was once reserved for Emily. But, experience had now cheapened his owner, and Lauren... well, she was something exotic to the little pet.

"David..." It was the voice of a goddess, cooing down to him from some far off heaven. "My back hurts *so much*... won't you climb up and massage it for me?"

He obeyed. With microscopic ridges and shaved hairs for hand and footholds, he pulled

himself up the side of her womanhood and toward the overhanging slope of her ass. With every motion his cock slid over her skin, sending shudders through his body. The curves of her perfect form swayed in his memory: how her breasts had melted over everything they touched... how her ass, the one so gargantuan above him, had quivered with every shift of her weight... how the pussy he was now climbing had peeked out at him from beneath those luscious cheeks...

He imagined Lauren feeling herself with tantalizing tenderness, her fingers gliding over to accentuate every alluring detail of her flesh. Plump areas bulged around them, while her other hand traced the strategic leanness and musculature of other regions. She was looking at him, biting her lip... and they were the same size! He pounced on her without a thought, thrusting, pushing... but his dick felt only her skin.

“Are you still climbing?” Her voice was farther away than he expected. The surprise reminded him of where he was. Opening his eyes, he saw a rectangular object hovering in the sky. Its beady eye trained on him, and then- *click!* It flew away at breakneck speed, disappearing over the ass above his head. Then, the cheeks shook as Lauren laughed. “That's so cute! You're down there trying so hard and I didn't even feel a thing.”

David's cheeks flashed red. Didn't feel a thing? So what? He wasn't trying *that* hard. He'll show her... Clutching her skin as hard as he had the tumbling leaf, the little man thrust his cock against her labia with all the force he could muster. He humped and humped, the pressure building within him with every motion. He pushed his rod inside a wrinkle in her skin and fucked the microscopic imperfection with the same passion as he would her entire pussy. Release finally overcame him, and he whipped his cock from the wrinkle while it exploded toward the opening of her vagina. The force of his release knocked him off balance. While he rolled down the labia and crashed onto the seat, his ejaculate flew within the maw of her pussy. Even so, she was so large, and his spray so small, that not a single drop touched her. They all landed on the seat below, no where near close enough to have entered her.

He lay there panting when she again called out to him. “Are you still there, David? I told you I can't feel you, dear. Don't even waste your time. You're far too small for me.” Something began to change in her voice. Rather than the playfully naughty tone she'd been using, a sinister tinge wormed its way in with every fresh syllable. “I'm used to something much, much bigger. Something that fills me up and stretches me to my limits. Something that dives deeper than you'd even think possible. You can't even imagine how good it feels to have something so big inside you! A cock so big it feels like it will come out your mouth if you bounce on it too hard. A cock that will stuff you with so much cum that it could spray from your nose! The cock of a real man!”

The world changed around David as she spoke. The enormous womanhood in front of him expanded wider, its cavern drooling more and more with every word. The heat of it reached out for him, and its lips puffed out even more than they had been before. As he climbed to his feet, the tiny man couldn't help but feel like he was staring into the terrifying, drooling mouth of a starving dragon. Could he really hope to ever satisfy such a beast? He'd satisfied Emily many times at this point.

“With Nick's help,” he mumbled to himself. And, this wasn't Emily. For all the sex she'd had since entering her relationship, his owner was still largely vestal to the world at large. Lauren was a woman who'd been around, who'd seen it all, and had her pick of the best of everything. What had just occurred was evidence of that; she couldn't even feel David, and he'd pounded her with all his might until he'd came. Meanwhile, merely thinking about a large cock had gotten her so aroused that puddles were forming on the seat beneath her. There was no way that he could compete with what she wanted.

“I'm... sorry about that, dear. I can get carried away sometimes,” Lauren said after a few moments, her voice now tinged with awkwardness. “Let me help you up.”

David watched her fingers snake from below her body and weasel their way around her labia. They were immediately slick with her fluids, but still Lauren searched for him, feeling her way around her lips. “I'm even wetter than I thought,” she said, and she let her fingertips slip inside herself. “Did you fall in?”

Even with the humiliation a minute earlier, David's libido rose back as if nothing had happened. He couldn't help but watch her manicured, graceful fingers slip in and out of her enormous pussy, even finding their way around her clitoris. The masses of flesh on either side of him tensed; Lauren was enjoying this even more than he was. The little guy swore he felt a moan rattle the lounge chair. But, it had to come to an end. Her sticky, dripping fingertips left the cave and gingerly felt around the seat for him. They scooped him up when they found him and, enclosed in their grasp, he was rocketed up her body. Gravity turned for him, and when the fingers opened he was plopped upon an expanse of skin. "Why don't you enjoy yourself here for a bit?" Her characteristic flirty voice was back.

David was on a mound that rose up over the landscape that was Lauren. He instantly recognized her long, toned legs in one direction, while the opposite bore her gentle back with her silky, noire locks falling over it like a waterfall of ink. Even as small as he was, his feet dipped into the soft skin he was standing on. The little man knew exactly where he was.

He was awkward at first. Her harsh words still rang in his ears. But, as he fell to his knees and laid upon the giant mound, they quickly began to fade. Her warmth helped drive away those thoughts as if they'd never even been there, and the little man spread himself out as much as he could to take full advantage of her heat's rejuvenation. He buried his face in her soft skin and kissed until he needed to breathe, and then he went back for more. His lust returned, and his pelvis squirmed to rub his growing member against her. He heard another *click*, but he didn't care- at this point she could take as many pictures as she wanted. He'd accepted his place, and even her giggling couldn't deflate him now.

But, that sinister voice of hers came back with her laughter. "You have no idea what you're in for, little man."

David didn't think much of her words until he heard a door slide open behind the bar where Lauren had found him. Then, a deep, rolling voice like distant thunder called out, "Be out in a sec, honey. Do you remember where you left our toys?"

"They're out here with me, Adam," Lauren replied without even a thought. The door closed, and David heard heavy footsteps thump over to him. He looked up, and fear welled within him as a giant, masculine silhouette peered down like God himself.