

Last Request
by Ubersalamander
commissioned by Max

The air was cold, the weather gray, and the door ahead as locked as his prospects in life. Max reached into his pocket for the keys to his apartment. His fingers gripped the chaotic mass of metal. But, as if the tentacle of a mechanical squid, one of the keys reached out and caught hold of the fabric interior of the pocket. Annoyed, Max released a pent-up sigh and gave the ring a tug. The caught key came loose at once— but not before shearing a hole all the way up the pocket liner. So hard was his frustrated pull, and so weak was the thin fabric that Max's hand flew out of his pocket, released the keys, and then fell back to his side in defeat as the mass of metal smashed onto the concrete floor.

Another sigh; then, with all the grace of an eighty-year old, his thirty-three year old body sank to collect the troublesome keys. It was then that he heard footsteps. He knew who it was even before they stopped at the door opposite his, and that knowledge kept him stooped even as he plucked his keys into his hand. There was only one other person that lived at this end of the apartment block, and the click of a lock confirmed what Max already knew. It was Amy. His heart raced. Sweat seeped from his palms, despite the chilled air. He heard her door open, and chanced a glance.

Liquid gold flowed over a baggy black hoodie as though poured from a tap. Dark tights hugged her provocatively, showing Max the perfectly toned outline of her thighs, glutes, and calves. Her feet were covered by a pair of over-engineered white sneakers, accented in pink. One of the shock-absorbing heels rose, and then slammed back down as she shifted her weight before stepping inside. In that instant, a harsh crunch rang out from beneath the tread. Max pretended to be adjusting his own laces while Amy's shoe rose up out of his sight.

"Ew," was all she said. The shoe descended until he saw what had offended her; splattered across the bottom of the heel were the crushed remains of a beetle. The poor creature was nigh-unrecognizable with its exoskeleton pulverized and its guts smeared through the deep trenches in the tread. The few legs that remained intact twitched dumbly within the sticky clumps of its own fluids. But all this was shown to Max for only a brief instant; in the next, Amy's shoe was positioned over the metal threshold separating her apartment from the outside world.

Her foot slammed onto the strip with a *crack* that echoed around the walls, as though she were punishing the bug for daring to sully the bottom of her shoes. Then, she dragged her heel across the metal with such force that the poorly-fastened device creaked against the screws struggling to hold it. Still, it served her well; again and again she scraped her shoe over the threshold, peeling away bits of the crushed insect with every pass. Amy examined her shoe again and— apparently satisfied— stepped into her home and shut the door, leaving Max staring at the clump of bug and grime now festering where she'd been standing.

He gulped, and shot upright. Shaking hands fumbled for the right key. He found it, darted inside, and slammed the door behind him. In that moment, he was glad he lived alone. He would've dreaded having to explain the raging erection plainly visible through his sweatpants.

Amy had been his neighbor for almost a year, and in that time they'd spoken precisely zero times. She'd never even looked at him. Who could blame her? Max was a balding man in his thirties with too much girth on his stomach and not enough below. She had an appearance every other girl at the local college envied. He only knew her name from peeking it on a package she'd had delivered, and yet, she made his heart flutter. He craved her attention, but the thought of calling out or waving to her made his stomach contort and his hands shake. So, he dealt with his emotions in the only way he knew how.

The desk chair croaked as Max collapsed onto it. His fingers moved the mouse and blazed across the keyboard on muscle memory alone, navigating to the site autofilled even before a single

letter had been typed. The banner was a pair of feet with scarlet nails, one of which was poised above a man standing no taller than one of the toes. Emblazoned across the image in a jagged, vicious font were the words, “Lost Soles.” Below, there was a tagline: “Lose yourself in all things giantess!” While one hand worked his erection free of its fabric confines, the other scrolled the mousewheel and clicked on any title that caught his interest. Images, stories, videos; all were opened and evaluated until he settled on a wall of text describing a young woman prowling around her home for a shrunken intruder to squish.

He read the words, but no matter how the woman was described, his mind filtered in the appearance of Amy. He saw her now: she stalked around the furniture in her living room, each tip-toe step making her ass quiver around a thong buried deep within its crevasse. Movement at the base of her couch drew her eye. Tiny Max; even in his own fantasies, he was the same slovenly, overweight, overworked wretch he saw in the mirror everyday. But his imaginary doppelganger was unaware of the stalking beauty looking down on him. Like a tigress on the hunt, she crept behind the shrunken man on feet so nimble he never even felt a tremor.

“Hey, little guy,” her sultry voice flowed as thick as honey. “Come here often?” Tiny Max leapt up and spun around, his flimsy comb-over seeming to stand on end. He shivered, cowered, and fell backward under the weight of the goddess’ towering, statuesque form. He tried to spit out some kind of apology, but all that sounded was a terrified squeak.

“Oh, Max...” she cooed. “What gives you the right to lust after a woman as perfect as me?” Max—the real one—was off-script now; with his eyes closed, his imagination took charge, and neither his lustful penis nor his lubricated hand cared either way. In his mind’s eye he saw her towering over him, perfectly manicured hands gripping her lean-yet-womanly hips. She peered down at him with a smirk of smug superiority.

“Nothing,” she continued. “Nothing gives you that right. And that’s what you are... nothing!” Her foot swung overhead, the sole flawless but for a cute little mole right at the knuckle of her big toe. He could almost picture that little dot of melanin as a previous victim trodden underfoot, but it disappeared as wrinkles formed with a flex of her toes. She curled and spread her toes as though waving at him, and every motion released a cracking sound as the joints awoke for the job they knew was coming. Detritus from the floor rained down on Tiny Max, but he was too terrified to shield himself from the falling grit.

“You’re just a bug, Max; a tiny, dirty, fat, pathetic bug beneath the shadow of my perfect foot. You don’t deserve to even look at it... but you’re going to get so much more. Consider it a parting gift from your benevolent goddess.” Imaginary Amy laughed, a vicious, evil giggle. “Remember that bug at my door? Give him my regards.”

With that, the sole descended. Smooth, soft, lavender-scented skin enveloped Tiny Max. He whimpered as the skin tightened and the weight increased. He kissed her, took dirt into his mouth as he lapped at his goddess in a desperate attempt to belay the inevitable. But the pressure refused to relent. Amy pressed down, not even bothering to use her full weight... And then it was over; Tiny Max exploded like a grape, and Real Max exploded across his keyboard.

When Max came to from his lustful stupor, he found himself feeling even worse than before. He blinked away tears, and gazed down at the pitiful fruits of his labor. He truly was pathetic. What woman would want *this*? What man would let himself become *this*? He didn’t bother to clean up; what was the point? With his pants still around his ankles, he waddled away from his desk, away from the messy keyboard and the embarrassing pornography; away from the stacks of overdue bills and the lone paycheck that didn’t come close to covering them; away from the empty spaces where photos of friends and lovers ought to go; away from a life lived too pitiable to even lament. The contemptible zombie once known as Max collapsed onto the stained cot that served as his bed, and then cried himself into a sleep he wished he’d never return from.

A dreamless slumber cradled Max, but little by little, his subconscious became aware of his surroundings. Instead of the fabric of his cot, he was laid upon a smooth, hard surface. The ambient hum of the room's electronics was different to his own. He felt a chill, as he was uncovered and nude. His inner mind finally forced him awake. Groggily, he sat up and rubbed his eyes open.

Was he dreaming? Unlike the protagonists in the online stories, Max had imagined this scene enough to recognize it instantly. A door that rose toward a starless sky that looked like a ceiling: a couch that dwarfed most buildings: an enormous coat rack adorned with yards upon yards of fabric; he was shrunk. How was this possible? It had to be a dream, but there was no haze, or visual noise, or inconsistencies as his mind constructed the scene in real-time. He seemed wide-awake. A simulation, then? Max remembered, to his dismay, everything that had happened until he fell asleep. Had he been kidnapped and dumped into the Matrix? Though he couldn't refute the idea, he had to doubt it.

The room was nearly identical to the living room of his apartment. Except, the furniture was all wrong; where his was old, stained, and neutral-toned, most of the articles here were clean and white, accented with dark wood trim and pink pillows. The coats above him seemed to be of a feminine cut. They were vaguely familiar, as though he'd seen them in passing a time or two. His feet plodded atop the cheap tile that made up the entryway as he spun around, until his eyes fell upon something that made him stop in his tracks. Recognition struck him as a bolt of lightning, though he could scarcely believe what he was seeing.

Those shoes... *her* shoes... white sides; pink laces, tongues, and covered shock absorbers beneath the heel... flecks of beetle intermixed with dirt splattered across the thick band of white rubber around the bottoms. Max's heart skipped a beat. One of the shoes was overturned, its cavernous mouth fully open to him. The interior had once been pink as well, but was now worn and dark from continuous abuse. The cloth had frayed beneath her heel, leaving a hole through which shown the black rubber of the sole. The aroma of stale vinegar wafted toward him like the ghost of workouts past, compelling him closer until his own feet sunk into the webbed cushion of the side and his hand was trailing along the inside of the tongue. His mind was empty of all thoughts as he drank in her foot's scents through his gaping mouth. Looking further in, the impressions left by the pounding of her toes were as blackened divots in the wall of a cave.

Dream, simulation, realty, afterlife... Max no longer cared how he came to be here. Lust called to him, and he answered by rushing to the heel and showing his face into the worn strands. If it was a test in purgatory, he'd already failed; but he didn't care. The crusted remains of dried sweat met his lips, and he kissed them as passionately as he would a lover. With his cheek pressed into the fabric, he came without so much as touching himself. Only, he was no less hard than he had been before. Wallowing in Amy's grime, he lapped at the sole, thirsty for anything that her foot had deposited into it. His cock humped against the stained cloth. This could not possibly be a dream; Max felt more alive than he had in years! Sexual energy welled inside him with every thrust, until finally, he doubled over in release. He came, again, and again. His legs collapsed from beneath him, and he fell into the crevice where the sole met the wall, panting, reveling in the scent and remains of Amy's sweat and detritus. Max could've died happily then. But he wanted— needed— more. He longed to remain there in her shoe, basking in her sweat, but he knew there was more to explore. So, he tore himself from her sole and exited the cave.

The air outside was cold to his nude body, but he persisted. He knew the way; the design of her apartment was the same as his, only flipped for the other side of the building. He rounded the countertop that separated the kitchen from the living room, and then his heart leaped as he saw that the bedroom light was on. Like a pilgrim treading toward holy ground, he paced tentatively through the doorway.

There she was: to his right, just inside the bedroom, the goddess Amy sat at her monolithic desk. Books and notes poked over the edges of the desk top, and her beautiful face was pulled into an expression of concentration. With one hand she tapped a pencil against her plush lips, while the fingers

of the other were lost within the waves of her golden hair as she twirled the strands. Around her top was nothing but a sports bra, and her luscious thighs and long, toned legs overpowered the black shorts at her waist. And then there were her feet: one was propped over the other, leaving both their heels and soles exposed. Wrinkles formed and disappeared with every minute shift she made. The toes of the suspended foot flashed pedicured, white-tipped nails as they flexed and squirmed with her thoughts. The skin looked so soft, so inviting, even after being cooped inside her shoes for so long. Max had to have them.

He approached like a skittish beast, his heartbeat ringing in his ears as every step drew him the closest he'd ever been to her. Her chair loomed overhead, and then the tiny man was beneath his goddess. Amy's sheer presence was enough to make his heart drum, but her enormous size compared to his shrunken body aroused him before he'd even come close to her feet. He was rock-hard as he finally drew near to the objects of his worship. The floor was warm from such proximity to her body, and suddenly Max felt unworthy to come any closer. He dropped down into a kneel, prostrate beneath the ball of her foot. This truly was holy ground. It was where the goddess rested her divine feet while studying. He kissed it in supplication, and didn't dare to brush away the dust that stuck to his face—any one of those grains could've fallen from the wondrous soles rising over him.

Desire compelled Max to drag himself forward. Lust finally overcame his reverence. With her toes bent to take the weight of her leg, the ball behind her big toe was stretched to him on full display. He laid a hand on the tight ridges; at half an inch tall, the pad stood taller than he did. He pressed his face into the skin. It was just as soft as he'd imagined, free of callouses and kept healthy by her skincare regimen. Muscles twitched beneath the plush skin, but they didn't disturb him; the movements reminded him that she was alive and not just his imagination or pillow. He inhaled the dusty scent she'd accumulated walking barefoot. Beneath that, his nose detected the distinct notes of the same sweat that had been left in her shoes. His hand found his cock, and a sexual jolt ran through him. His lips and tongue worshiped with all the fervor of a zealot, his hand running along himself faster and faster as his passion increased. More twitches ran through the foot, but he couldn't stop. He had to feel her fully. He thrust his pelvis forward, and a grunt of pleasure escaped his lips as his tip met her flesh. He rubbed himself along the ridges, and still his mouth lapped at the taut skin. The pressure built. He couldn't last much longer... almost there...

The entire foot was snatched away from him. It shot above his head, swung backward, and then slammed down behind him. Max was stunned; he'd never seen anything so big move so fast, and never before had he been disturbed at such high passions. The foot shot forward without warning. Her toe was on him in an instant. It slammed into him like a train, and nearly crushed him right there. But, the force kicked him forward, and he tumbled to a stop.

"Fucking bugs." There was a horrible screech as the chair shot backward. Max wrenched his eyes upward. There, poised above his head, was a sight he'd only ever imagined; the sole he had just been worshiping loomed menacingly, ready to snuff him out. It rotated a fraction of an inch, but it was enough for the eyes of his goddess to pierce directly into his heart. Righteous anger glared down at him, demanding to know what kind of insect would dare to touch her. But a moment later, her countenance softened into confusion. The massive foot crashed down beside Max, and her face descended from the heavens to examine him.

"What the fuck? Are you a person?"

Max said nothing. He could only shiver beneath her stare.

"How did you get so small?"

Again, a lump in his chest kept him from responding.

"Are you... are you *hard*? Is that a little boner, you creep?" Her hand reached toward her desk. "I'm going to call the cops, or... paramedics? Somebody needs to come get you! I can't believe this! Am I going crazy?"

"Wait!" Max finally found his voice. He yelled "Please... please don't! I... uh... I..."

Amy merely looked down at him expectantly.

"I'm your neighbor, across the hall. I don't know how I shrunk, or how I got in your apartment! I just... kinda woke up here."

She took a moment to process his words. "Alright. What about *that*? What were you doing at my feet?"

Max considered lying, but her fiery gaze seemed to burn away the barricades in his psyche.

"I... was... worshiping... them."

"*Worshiping them?*"

"I... uh... I have a foot fetish." The words spilled from his mouth before he could think to stop them. "And a giantess fetish. And I've had a crush on you since the first time I saw you." Tears formed at the corner of his eyes. His emotions needed more outlets than just words. "I couldn't help myself. This was a dream come true. I've fantasized about this for years. I'm sorry... I'm pathetic..." The final words were muffled as he buried his head in his hands.

Amy seemed to consider him for a moment. Her expression softened. "Look, I'm sorry for you... but I can't just let you get away with this. I'm going to call the police. I don't know yet what I'll tell them... but they can at least take you to a hospital or something until then."

"W-Wait! I... just... just step on me."

"What?"

"Just step on me! Crush me!" Tears streamed down the tiny man's face. "I'm horrible! Worthless... I shouldn't be alive!"

"... Really?"

"Please... I have nothing to live for except this. Do me a favor... and kill me. I want to die beneath your beautiful feet." Max crawled over to where her big toe rested beside him and fell upon it with pathetic kisses.

Amy jerked her foot away from him. "Fine! Ok! Only because I still think this isn't real. This is a dream; it has to be. I fell asleep studying, or something. Do you, uh... have a last request besides that?"

"Could you let me cum to you one last time?"

"Gross!" It was an instinctual response. "But, uh, I guess... Lie down."

Max sat back and lowered himself into a starfish pose. His cock, still starving for release through all this, stuck up like a flag pole. His heart skipped a beat as Amy's foot rose up and her sole swung over him: a familiar mole marred the knuckle beneath her big toe. Before he could dwell on it, Amy lowered her foot without another word. A moment later, Max was consumed by her sole. The flesh seemed to form around his body like a vinegar-scented sarcophagus, but Amy didn't press down like in his fantasy. Slowly, almost gently, the enormous mass of flesh and bone swished up and down the length of his body. Pleasure erupted from his tip. Lust gripped him again, and he thrust up into the sole, and let the ridges drag across his face. His tongue shot out, lapping for her dusty taste whenever it met flesh. His own saliva was smeared down his body with the foot's motion; it acted as lubrication while Amy increased the speed of her strokes. This was what he'd dreamed of. This was all he wanted from his life.

It wasn't long before he erupted in the biggest orgasm of his life. Hot cum shot across Amy's sole, and her movements slathered it up and down his body. Every instinctual pump of his pelvis shot more and more semen until Max was covered in his own slime. He felt like a pathetic slug ready to be squished.

"Ugh, I felt that." Amy mumbled. Her foot raised just enough so she could see him beneath it. The patch of cum he'd left on it still dripped around him.

Max nodded. It was time.

"Alright. Goodbye, little man. See you when I wake up, I guess."

Her foot descended again, only this time it seemed to carry with it an air of finality. The

ball of her foot met him. He felt her toes wriggle, as though preparing for the task at hand. This was it; with his dream fulfilled, Max could die happily. No more bills. No more shitty job. No more nights alone, lusting for a girl he could never hope to have. In a moment, all that would be gone, replaced with... nothing. Nonexistence.

His resolve faltered. Eternal nonexistence. Gone forever and never to return. The words frightened him. But what was the alternative? Return to his hopeless, loathsome life, only to one day die anyway?

Amy began to push down on him. He felt like he was beneath a mass of couch cushions with Amy's weight sitting on top. *Amy...* even now he was amazed to be in her presence, touching her... *she'd just given him a footjob!* Something that had once been a hope beyond hope, a dream divorced from reality... and yet here he was, that very thing having happened.

The weight on him increased. Her sole molded around him, and he felt his bones creak in response. Grit dug into his cheek as he turned his head to the side, trying to breathe easier, but there was still little room for his lungs to fill. And why should he breathe? Logically, he was going to die anyway. But even now, his body compelled him to survive for just a bit longer. His arms begged him to push against the immovable weight, and his legs demanded to be allowed to kick him out from beneath her sole. Did he truly want this? To never experience anything again, when he'd so recently experienced something only dreamed of? Could he willingly go to his death when the world offered so much more than a mere footjob? *No!*

"Wait!" he cried with as much air as his lungs could muster. "I've changed my mind!"

As though in response, the foot came down even more. Her muscles were taut; she was beginning to press, not merely place her sole on him. Unthinkable pressure consumed him. His muscles spasmed as he tried to worm himself free, but he was powerless to stop the oncoming weight.

"No! Please, I want to live!" he gasped, barely audible to even himself. Pain shot through him as, one-by-one, his bones began to bend and snap. Shards pierced him internally. The pressure on his skull was beyond anything he could've imagined...

And then he could imagine no more. Amy's foot met the floor with all the force of her exercise-honed leg. Disgusting fluids and chunks of flesh splattered across her arch as Max's body finally caved. He'd popped like a grape, just like in his fantasy.

"Eeeww!" Amy grabbed a tissue and wiped her foot clean of the congealed mixture of cum and blood and guts. She used it to collect his broken body from the floor, as though Max was now no better than a smushed roach. Without a word, she tossed him and the napkin into the garbage with her snotty tissues and toenail clippings.

"What a fucked up dream," she thought aloud. "I'm gonna be pissed if I remember it when I wake up."

Amy returned to her studying as though the whole affair had only been a momentary distraction; as though she'd only taken a moment to squash an annoying bug. When the woman eventually crawled into bed, she fully expected to awaken back into a reality where shrunken perverts were only a figment of her imagination.

Months later, citing several missed payments, the building manager entered Max's apartment. Seeing an apparent abandonment, his disappearance was reported to the police. A cursory investigation was conducted. Amy was interviewed, but she never connected her strange, now half-forgotten dream to Max's disappearance. With no evidence of foul play— and no family or friends pushing the issue— the investigators shrugged their shoulders and moved on to more important cases.

Max was gone. Vanished. A worthless life soon forgotten— as though he'd never existed at all.