

MIDNIGHT

“So, uh... man... how did you two get so small?”

Sol and Coolest - a fox and a wolf, both male, both just a couple of inches tall - looked at each other. With wide eyes and quivering lips, they stared at each other fretfully as they both thought over the *best* way of replying to the question that the massive Midnight Lycanroc had just posed to them.

The Lycanroc - who stood on two paws, back bowed, head forward like most of her species - let out a very quiet grumble. Despite her mean-looking appearance, despite her manic-looking glowing pink eyes and that she was a *monolith* to the two trainers, the rock-type was gawkish and overwhelmed-looking as she towered over the two specks in front of her. In fact, looking between the huge her and the tiny trainers, it was hard to say *who* looked the most uncomfortable. “C’mon guys, it’s... really not that difficult of a question,” the punkish Pokémon pointed out awkwardly. “Unless... it is difficult? Is it like, embarrassing or something?”

Yes, it was quite embarrassing. A Pokémon Battle. Their cocky opponent had insisted that she could beat both of their teams by herself and, well, she *had*. Then, rather than taking their money, she’d just gone and *shrank* them so they’d ran and ran and ran and... well, here they were. Middle of the woods, without their clothes or their Pokémon, naked and defenseless.

“Would it help if I told you my name? It’s Verna.”

But they weren’t silent because of that embarrassment. They were silent because they didn’t know what to *do*, as in, they weren’t sure whether to run from this Lycanroc or trust her... because they definitely needed to trust *someone* until they were back to their regular size. On one hand, she didn’t seem like a hungry predator who’d destroy them without a second thought. On the other hand, she was the size of a mountain... or a skyscraper... or a very large thing. This was a huge problem by itself, but add in the fact that she was clumsy, awkward looking, and just kinda weird... well, none of it combined into the sort of person that you’d *want* rescuing you, much less giant.

“Or at least that’s what my owner calls me, anyways.”

So did they run? Or stay? The pair had no clue. Really they just wanted to be

back at their regular size in their clothes. They were exhausted, panting, and sweaty after running for so long already, and they definitely didn't want to do it anymore, so... but could they really...

Several seconds of silence passed as the two dumbfounded micros tried to process their situation. Meanwhile, the huge Midnight Lycanroc delicately scratched across the side of her muzzle. "Okay, seriously," Verna eventually grunted. "What's the deal here? It's been like... a solid minute and you guys are just *looking* at each other. Like, I figure you'd have at least *ran* by now or whatever."

"Sorry!" Sol suddenly squeaked. The brown fox shook himself off and timidly turned around to face the Lycanroc... or, more appropriately, the Lycanroc's mansion hind paws... or really just the plump fluffy toes the size of small bungalows. His little eyes *really* weren't capable of taking a lot of her in at once. "It's just," he panted awkwardly as his tail wrapped around his ankles, "we... uh... we got beat by this really powerful trainer... and now we're looking for help."

Coollest nodded his head. Unlike Sol, his eyes had wandered over to one of the giantess' plump and furry thighs. The inside of it, specifically - where the fur was thickest and softest. To try and calm himself, he was imagining himself wandering over the expanse of it... how he'd be waist deep in soft fur, how his paws resting on even softer flesh, how he'd be just a small journey away from his glistening sex. In the end, such thoughts didn't exactly calm him... his heart was simply beating fast for another reason... but he was distracted from the thought of being utterly destroyed by her, at least. "Uh, yeah," he said after Sol finished.

The Lycanroc blinked as she barely processed what she'd just been told. Sol's explanation was just kind of a drone, really... especially when she was more focused on Coolest's beady little eyes staring at her thigh. "What are you looking at that for?"

Coollest's jaw dropped. He *really* hadn't expected her to notice, and... he had no idea how to reply. He also had no idea how to tear his eyes away from it. He'd found himself quite transfixed.

"Huh?" Sol squeaked.

Verna shook her shaggy head. "Not you. Your buddy. He's staring at my thigh."

Sol looked at Coolest and raised his eyebrows sharply as he saw that his friend was, indeed, staring somewhere quite intimate. "Hey, quit it," he hissed in his friend's direction. "You'll..."

"Don't stop him from doing it, it's like... the most interesting thing you guys have done so far," Verna half-chuckled half-sighed. "Make him tell me."

Cooler relaxed ever so slightly as the Lycanroc made it reasonably clear that she was more interested than disgusted by his perverted gaze. Without taking his eyes away, he held up his hands toward Sol. "Uh, that's okay, he doesn't have to make me," the wolf said in a hurry. "It's just, y'know... it's... it's a *really* big thigh."

The Midnight Lycanroc huffed, her shaggy hair and pronounced back fluff bristling irritably. "You calling me fat?" she said, her tone half-annoyed and half-dejected.

"No! No, not at all! I mean, it wouldn't be a problem if you were, but uh..." Cooler swallowed nervously. "M-more talking on a *scale* level, you know?"

"No, I don't know. Don't have a *clue*, in fact," growled the giant beast with genuine confusion. Verna wasn't playing it up... she just *really* wasn't used to communicating with tiny little specks that were smaller than her claws. The people that she usually spoke to - particularly her owner - were a fair bit more assertive. "I wanna talk to the other one now."

Sol looked up from the ground sharply and tilted his head *all* the way up past the Lycanroc's lanky body to see a red-eyed gaze that was as baffled as it was inquisitive. "M-me?" he squeaked up toward her very distant snout.

"Yeah, *you*. Tell me what you think about my thigh."

Sol's bushy fox tail wrapped around his lower ankle anxiously. "Well, uh... you know, out of respect and everything, I haven't... really looked?"

Verna shrugged her shoulders lazily. "Then take a look," she grumbled. "Obviously you have permission."

Sol gave himself *just* a few seconds to lick the back of his teeth and prepare himself before he quickly lowered his light brown eyes down toward Verna's thigh. It was... it was, well... a thigh big enough to build a house on. No, a whole *street*. Such an enormous example of an upper leg should have been scary, it should have been *terrifying*, it should have made him grab Cooler's arm and tear off, and yet...

... just looking at it made the brown fox's anxiety melt away. His once-dry mouth began to salivate. His tail unfurled from his ankle and began to wag behind him softly and absentmindedly. His heart rate rose and his mind whirled as he pictured the very same that his friend had, which was just... existing on top of it. Buried in fluff, surrounded by warmth, close to her most sensitive place

and...

... suddenly he wasn't looking at a huge terrifying beast, but an enormous and soft *woman*. Helplessly, his eyes were beginning to drift between her legs, toward where her fluffy seam would be, toward where it would be *most* warm and *most* wet and...

"Well?" asked Verna after she had let Sol's eyes roam her upper thigh for a while.

Right, Sol remembered. *You're looking at it for a reason*. The brown fox figured that he should probably look the Pokémon in the face while replying, but at the same time... just couldn't take his eyes off the 'prize'. "I, uh... I think what my friend was trying to say is that we're very, very small and you're very, very big and..."

"Quit being weird. Do you like my thigh or not?"

"Yes," Sol gasped helplessly and honestly. "It's beautiful. You're beautiful."

Verna raised her fluffy brow in disbelief. "Really?" she said. "Because you were shivering and trying not to even *look* at me a few minutes ago."

"That's... that's because I wasn't looking at you the right way."

"Really now?"

"Yes," Sol asserted as honestly as possible. Straight from the heart, really. "Really, truly, yes."

Verna made a *very* amused rumble. "Suppose that makes sense of why your eyes were starting to look *between* my thighs instead of *at* my thigh."

Sol whimpered. His mouth opened as he rushed to deny the giant Pokémon's claim, but... it quickly snapped closed. Verna was right. There was no point denying it. "How did you know?" he squeaked.

"Oh, you're tiny, but I got good eyes," Verna murmured with something *finally* resembling confidence as she tapped the tip of her snout with a couple of fingers. "Don't be shy. You can look. I kinda like you... or at least, I like you more than your stupid buddy who called me *fat*."

"I... I didn't call you fat!" Coolest exclaimed frightfully. "I just..."

Verna rolled her large red eyes... and then, with a huff, she extended an even

larger forepaw toward Coolest's direction. The little wolf had no time to react. Within a blink of an eye he was in the crane-like shadow of her hand. One blink later he was betwixt her fingers. Then he was up the air, screaming, flailing, and begging for mercy...

... at least until Verna *flung* him directly underneath where her massive furry rear end was hovering. The wolf barely had the time to hit the mud before one of her cheeks - her left, specifically - came toppling down into him like an upside-down hillside as the Midnight Lycanroc flopped down onto her ass. For her, it was nothing more than a casual movement... but for *him*, it was a hard and heavy compress of fur and flesh squishing him face-down into the dirty forest floor. He was alive, intact, in one piece - *somehow*, perhaps because that ass was as soft as it was heavy - but he was utterly overwhelmed.

As for little Sol, down on the ground, his eyes and jaw wide open in shock... well, he didn't know *what* to think. His survival instinct was telling him to run, his empathy was telling him to be concerned for his friend, but, most significantly, his *loins* were also screaming at him. His pulse was racing, his cock was hard, and while he might have been a speck the *heat* boiling inside of him right now was *fit* for the giant woman who'd just oh-so-casually crushed his friend. In fact, if it weren't for the fact that her legs were crossed and the view of her sex was hidden, he'd likely be *staring* at that instead of thinking of his friend's or his own survival at all.

"Don't worry about him, he's alright... I can feel him squirming." Verna frowned ever so slightly and wiggled her hip *just* a little. "Or... I *think* I can feel him squirming. Anyway, all you need to worry about is looking at this."

The Midnight Lycanroc opened her huge thighs and slowly but surely spread her legs out across the ground at either side of tiny Sol. There was a hint of nervousness in her movements, a little sag in her tail, a slight wilt in her ears, her bottom lip wobbling as she fought back against her insecurity...

... but Verna had no need to be worried. As predicted, Sol's mind was completely and utterly blown. Gone was the survival instinct and gone was his empathy because *all* of his focus was on the huge pair of folds *almost* directly in front of him. Her plump lips and the fat buds of arousal clinging to their outer edges, the deeper pink that lay between them, the visual hump of her hooded clitoris at the very top, and at the very bottom... well, to a speck like Solace, the snug little hole there was quite difficult to describe. *Tight* and capable of swallowing him whole all at the same time.

The little brown fox could see every single pleasant detail, all the way down to how her sex visibly *throbbed* in tune with her heartbeat. It was... perfect.

“Like it?” Verna suddenly asked.

Unable to speak, Sol nodded his head furiously instead.

“Do you wanna go inside of it?”

Sol gasped. He barely felt *worthy* of such an offer. How difficult it would be to survive in there didn't even cross his mind... instead, he was thinking about how it would feel to be surrounded by it, to feel her *clench* around him every time her pulse pounded, to be able to hear her distant moans through her flesh as he pleased her. “Yes,” he pleaded. “Please!”

“Then we're going to have to clean you up first. You're all sweaty and dirty and gross.”

Before little Sol could process what *cleaning him up* might mean, Verna's thumb and forefinger were wrapping around his shoulders and whipping him up into the air. He should have screamed, he should have *wailed*, the velocity of his ascent alone should have awoken his senses, and yet... as he was carried away from the ground and up toward the beast's muzzle, all he fought for was to continue to stare at her pussy. Like a horny hound, he wriggled against her fingertips, attempting to look over them and crane his head down so that he could get the perfect aerial view...

... but alas, he barely caught a glimpse of it before he was in front of her muzzle, close enough to her lips that he could smell and *feel* her warm berry-scented breath blowing over him and billowing through his fur. Such a sensation should have been a wake-up call, but the lust-struck little fox and his dick were just thinking about how they were nice and close to yet another *soft* and *warm* hole that could consume him entirely.

Verna's lips quirked into a grin. She'd expected Sol to scream, she *really* had, but the little thing in her grasp had only been a *little* squirmy on the way up here, which could only mean that he must *really* like her. This was a strange and potent boost to the giant Pokémon's ego. Most people just thought that she was weird and kinda odd, but someone was *finally* seeing her charm, and that felt *good*. She considered saying something. flirting maybe, but she didn't want to spoil the mood, so...

... intending to 'bathe' her little speck, she opened her maw and dropped little Sol right onto the center of her tongue. He was not big in her mouth, indeed, if it weren't for the fact that he was dark brown and her tongue bright pink, you *might've* mistaken the little fluff for something that she'd recently picked out of her teeth. Regardless of his size, though, she could feel him flailing upon her tongue. She could feel his limbs stroking her buds madly, his fingers and toes both

struggling to find their grip upon a slippery surface. And, despite the hint of panic from his other movements... she also felt his hips *humping* into her tongue helplessly, madly, with such force that she could *just about* feel his sensitive little dick *humping* against that huge hot wet muscle that was blatantly overwhelming his tiny mind.

Was this what it felt like to be *wanted*? To be *worshipped*, perhaps? It felt good, real *good*. No wonder her owner was always playing with these little guys.

Feeling much, *much* better about herself than she ever had, Verna wriggled her hip and ground her asscheek down a little into the still-wriggling Coolest before closing her mouth around Sol. Being a predator - with something at least *resembling* prey in her maw - the Lycanroc couldn't help but feel the temptation to swallow. How nice it would have felt to gulp him down, to feel him wriggling against the opening of her throat before squeezing down to become a part of her forever...

... but, wanting to keep the worship going - for now, at least - Verna instead wrapped her tongue around Sol tight, taking the shrunken fox into a vice-like compress of tongue. It was a sudden and intense experience for him. First, he'd been thrust into the dark, *really* cast into the humidity and heat of her maw, and now the biggest, wettest, and *hottest* tongue that he'd ever fucking felt was wrapping around his body in a tight and tantric *squeeze*. To say that he was overwhelmed was an understatement... albeit, in the best way possible. Not even his bones lightly whining inside of him could spoil the intense pleasure of being so surrounded by her. Of being her oral plaything.

Even if he *did* feel like he was almost drowning in her saliva.

For the fox, the moment felt like a lifetime, one where he was dangling upon a precipice between pure pleasure and absolute danger, a throat nearby but bliss even closer. The danger, the *thrill*, and the unreal nature of it all lead to a messy and blissful release. For the Pokémon? It was a mere couple of seconds, the feeling of the fox thrashing and writhing in her tongue's grasp before something hot, salty, and *satisfying* splashed onto her buds. Such a sweet taste.

Verna wanted more of it.

The huge beast's tongue unraveled just a *little* around its 'prey', giving Sol a little room to recover and get his bearings, or... get his bearings as best as he *could*, anyway. Sure, he had room to breathe, but he was still in a beast's maw. The 'air' he was gulping in was hot and humid, drawn in through teeth and *huffed* out around him, and the tongue coiled around his lower body was *still* probing at a length that refused to go down despite his release.

Verna not-so-patiently gave him some time. Just a little. Underneath her rear, she counted *one, two, three* squirms from Coolest before she let her tongue wrap around Sol again. As his hot little squirms recommenced against her buds, the beast lidded her eyes and let out a truly contented purr. Helpless but to relax, she lowered herself down into the ground and laid across it, crossing her legs and grinding her ass *down* into the wolf underneath her ass, purposefully *smooshing* him across her cheek and guiding his wriggling little body toward her tail hole.

As the giantess made herself comfortable, Sol predictably tensed in her mouth and made yet *another* release straight into her tongue. Twice! So quickly! Such excellent results and Verna was *absolutely* delighted with herself. As she felt Coolest's shrunken body start to wriggle against her sensitive little wrinkle of an asshole, she was tempted to go for a *third*, but...

... later, perhaps. Ego-stroking was good, but the Pokémon needed something *other* than her ego-stroked right now. So, into her mouth she reached, plucking a shivering and sodden Sol from her tongue. "You know what?" she murmured coyly, quietly, not wanting to overwhelm him more than she already had... *yet*, at least. "That was pretty fucking great. Ten outta ten, actually."

Sol had *no idea* what he had done right - the entire experience had been like a *rollercoaster* for him, really, one that he was still gulping down air to recover from - but he was extremely happy to receive such high praise regardless.

"Are you ready to move onto the next part?"

That, though, *that* Sol wasn't sure about. The brown fox was *more* than a little tired, quite a bit sore, and given the day that he'd had it was *kind* of hard to blame him for being that way. First, he'd had his ass handed to him, then he'd run through the woods for who knows how long, and then he'd just cum *twice* inside of the maw of a building-sized Lycanroc. On top of all that, he was *very small*, *very wet*, and not exactly 'clean' despite the bath that he'd just taken.

"Because I am."

But of course, Sol had no choice in the matter. The predator he was in the grasp of was hungry for him, and he was in no position at all to resist. Before he could squeak out a protest, he was being taken off down Verna's body, over her soft chest, over her lean tummy, and down between her thighs.

There, somehow, the little fox found his second wind. Or perhaps his third. Or his fourth? Regardless of what *wind* he was on, the fox found himself perky again... perhaps because he was reminded of what had *enticed* him so to Verna in the first place.

Closer to her perfect pussy than ever before. Close enough that he could feel its intense heat and *taste* its musky pheromones, close enough that he could see clearly just how juicy and *eager* her hole was for him, close enough that its blushed shade of pink would be *seared* into his brain forever. He knew full well how excited she was, how excited he'd made her and nothing short of him being absolutely *destroyed* was going to stop him from fulfilling his purpose here.

The little fox didn't get to take it all in for long, though. With an eager *push* from her huge shaking fingers, Verna *shoved* Sol inside of her in one swift pump of the knuckles.

Verna gasped as a surprisingly incredible jolt of pleasure shot up her spine. Her thighs tightened, her body squirmed upon the ground, and she released a short and delighted *squeak* of a moan as she felt her slick silken walls *tighten* around her plaything. "Oh, wow, that felt better than I thought it would," she gasped as she spasmed against the ground a little, toes curling and body tensing in joy. "*No idea* what you're doing down there, but keep it up."

What *was* Sol doing down there? Nothing particularly impressive. Nothing that any other small thing wouldn't do in his situation. Once again in a tight hold of flesh, he *struggled* against it as best he could, pushing with his shoulders and knees against the folded walls *clenching* around him. There was a fair bit of humping, too - helpless, fervent - but far less than when he'd been in the grasp of her tongue. Sure, the situation might have been similar, but it was far more deadly and far less controlled. The juices were more viscous, the temperature somehow higher, and the walls tight and *throbbing* around him constantly. It took all of his effort to survive, which meant that there was very little time for indulgence.

Not that Verna knew about all that or cared in the least. Now that she was starting to settle into the feeling of something small and *alive* wriggling away inside of her, the Pokémon was feeling hungry for more, and... well, *more* was currently wriggling against her buttocks. So, now that she'd managed to control the shivers - for the most part, anyway - she reached around to her backside and shoved Coolest inside with her thumb both awkwardly and forcefully. "*Ah*," she grunted as the little wolf regrettably squirmed his way inside of her ass, "that's what you get for calling me *fat*."

Sol had no idea what had just happened to his friend... or his fellow plaything... but he did feel her arousal as a result of it, the walls *clamping* down on him. By now he was struggling to fight them off. One little fox could only push so much, and the walls were only getting firmer, more insistent in their press. On top of that, breathing room hardly mattered in the first place when there was no air, only juices, only *heat*.

Despite that, Sol had orgasmed. Twice, actually. Once after being inserted, and... another right now, despite the stress, the juices, the squish of folds, and the heat-induced suffocation. It was just too good to resist.

Again, though, Verna didn't know, didn't care. With Coolest taken care of and Sol deep inside of her, she lifted her hand from her rear and pushed it between her clenched thighs instead, her thumb extended and its destination her utterly aching clitoris. Micros were good, but they'd never be good enough to get her off by themselves. Too small, too weak, too *thrashy*, no expertise, and all panic.

So. Over her clit her thumb frigged, plucking it almost like a guitar string and sending an absolute melody of pleasure arching through her body like electricity that once again sent her into a moaning fit...

... and her insides into a wild spasm. Clutch, clench, *squeeze*, poor Sol felt it all, and yet somehow, he still didn't mind. If he was going to go out this way - sandwiched between madly undulating walls, squeezed until he was flat as a pancake - then as fucked up as it was to admit it he was fine with that, that it wouldn't be Verna's fault, it'd be *his* failure, and at least he'd contributed to an orgasm that she'd deserved.

Another strum of her clitoris. Another set of moans, another set of spasms, external in that her body shook and that her insides clenched. Her thighs were sticky, oh-so-sticky, and her core was throbbing, she just needed a *little* more.

Another flick. Her head went back, pushing into the dirt mindlessly as her body *thrashed* against the ground, singing her moans so loud that *someone* in the forest or even the village nearby was bound to hear them. She didn't care though, she didn't care, just a little more...

... another hammer, her paws kicked out, her body straightening out like a plank...

... insides *clenching*, no fighting back now, Sol's vision going white as his body finally started to truly give in...

... a final stroke. Toes clenched. In fact, every muscle in her body clenched. The cry of orgasm that came from her mouth was operatic. The squeeze of her insides were so intense around Sol that...

... well, he finally passed out.

Only to wake up *just* a few minutes later.

The cream-sodden little fox had absolutely *no* idea how he'd even survived. Heck, he wasn't even sure where he *was*. He could feel a breeze around him, cool because of how wet he was... but he could also feel another breeze, or, perhaps, a *gale*, a much warmer one. Also, his paws weren't on the ground, he was dangling, he was in the air, and...

... as his eyes and mind began to clear, he realized that he was back to dangling in front of the Midnight Lycanroc's muzzle. This *should* have been startling, but... with how spent and beaten he was he had no energy to even be *slightly* startled. Instead - alongside the ache - he just felt a pleasant sort of afterglow. The feeling of a job well done. He'd survived, and she'd cum, so... that was good, right?

"Oh, you're awake," Verna cooed. Her voice - even if it *was* a little loud - sounded sweet to Sol's ears. Even if he couldn't manage to make any words, the little brown fox *did* manage a vague sort of smile. At least, until...

"That means you're ready to go again, right?"

Sol's little body stiffened between Verna's fingers. Ready to go again? Absolutely not! There was no more energy left in him, he needed to rest somewhere *other* than inside of this tremendous beast. But before he could communicate that... heck, before he could even *shake* his head...

... well, one eager Verna tossed Sol back into maw, to clean, to toy, to wrap her tongue around him once more. That way she could feel him squirm, make his body sing, make him *stroke* her ego oh-so-wonderfully like he had before.

Or at least, that was the Lycanroc's intention. Her instincts wanted to do something *different*, than her lust, though. That predatory desire - that urge to swallow him that she'd felt before - it was even stronger now, all thanks to Sol being completely and utterly *limp* on her tongue. He was beaten, he was *done*, she'd reduced him to a whimpering wreck, and now...

... well, her head was tilting back. Sol was slipping down her tongue without even the energy to *squirm*, much less crawl up it. Soon his feet were being slurped into his throat... then his ankles... then his hips, and then...

... the rest of him. He made a small bulge in her throat, a vague one, one that the Lycanroc pressed her fingers against until it hit her collar bone and any trace of him disappeared from the outside world.

"Shit," Verna sighed irritably. That was annoying. Now she'd have to try and find someone *else* to shove inside of her. Though...

... perhaps later. For now, the Midnight Lycanroc just wanted to put her head down and soak in her newly inflated ego. Maybe this was for the best, really. Now, perhaps, the little fox would be able to contribute to those thighs that he loved so much.