

A Small Vacation

"I can hardly breathe!" I squeak, holding my chest and panting heavily. The air around me is thick with a pungent musk that I'm sad to say I'm not unfamiliar with-- but it's particularly strong; stronger than I'd ever... felt it before. I say *felt* because I -can- feel it. It isn't just a smell, it's a heat, a moisture, a *force* that presses down on my knees and squeezes my lungs to the point that I have to gasp for air. Even with Arnavon helping me through the panicked streets of the city around us I can hardly stand and I'm sure it's the same for him.

"We're almost there! We just have to reach the portals a-and we can get out of here!" Arnavon cries but I know better. The portals are at least a mile off for us.

"W-what is with this heat and rain?" Gale asks, panting with exhaustion as he and Noxy help one another keep pace.

"It's those-- those... toes..." Noxy gasps, stumbling a little but managing to recover.

Rain. It is rain-- or like rain, at least. It splashes heavily against the ground and our bodies, spreading the powerful, musky scent drowning our senses and covering everything around us. The only object more pungent and smelly than the rain are the structures surrounding the city themselves, encasing us in a darkness that seems almost as heavy as the heat, moisture, and scent bearing down on our will to continue living. I see others fleeing around us, attempting to get into cars mired in the oils; windshield wipers struggling to smear it off of the glass while more try to make it by foot like we are. Many slip and fall, splashing into collections of the oil, grit, and toe-grime that seems more like glue when enough is collected in one place. Some don't get up, others have friends to drag them back to their feet.

"Dammit!" Arnavon shouts as the ground beneath us trembles. We stop moving to try and avoid falling over, grabbing at whatever structures we can. I dare to stare up at the toe settled on the right side of the city, shielding my eyes from the 'rain' and watching as it shifts -very- subtly. That shifting, however small it is to this... raichu, is tearing our world apart.

An hour ago we were just enjoying the cool, fresh air that permeated the area and helped us relax from our normally stressful lives. You see, we're all micros. As micros, we've become... accustomed to certain realities of our situation. Some of us even have mates that are 'normal' sized, so we are not new to being... used.

We'd decided to go out on a little vacation for ourselves-- visit a new place. We'd even gotten advice from Noxy's boyfriend, Arky, of a place he heard was popular for micros to visit. It was fine at first... we almost enjoyed an entire day without being menaced by those above us before the trembling came. It was light at first and we weren't entirely unprepared; it'd crossed our minds that we might have to deal with a norm or something so we braced ourselves for the worst and had a plan for escaping but even with that we were entirely under-prepared for what

we got. The thing that approached us was massive; bigger than any norm I'd ever seen. I know the smell of toes when I breathe it but this was ridiculous. Despite it, we'd all heard rumors of beings even larger than the normals though I never thought we'd run into one.

The trembling was just a warning, of course. It became worse and worse, throwing us from our feet and tearing buildings up until the toes of the titan appeared in the sky above; filling it with their brownish color and showing off numerous collections of dirt and gravel built up along the sole and between the toes. The gravel was the first thing to hit us; crashing into buildings and pelting our little bodies. Some were unlucky; bashed across the head and thrown to the ground or pinned beneath collections of it. Those of us who managed to avoid being pummelled were hit only moments later by the thick scent. Us four had seen our fair share of toes. Arnavon and Gale were no strangers to being clasped between them on a daily basis and I know Noxy and I had a number of experiences on our own. This was different, though. The strength of the scent was terrifying, energy-draining even; strong enough that all four of us stumbled and had to take a moment to regain composure and breath.

"Oh my -god-," Noxy cringed. "That is... what is that?"

"Definitely feet," Gale said dryly, struggling to stand and walk out of the cover we'd taken to look up. "W-we're beneath something's feet. Looks like a raichu. A really enormous raichu."

"You know you're a pawslut when you can identify something just by looking at its soles," Arnie jabs, winning a glare from Gale.

"At least I'm helpful!"

In all honesty I wasn't sure if I was more afraid of the giant not knowing that we were beneath his foot... or it being entirely aware of the thousands of micros it was about to snuff out with a single paw. In retrospect, I'm certain the raichu knows we're down here as moments after the foot appeared, a slit tore in the sky as his toes spread and those digits came down to surround us on three sides. That's when the rainclouds came. They formed from the same heat and moisture choking us and making it hard to run, liquid soon pouring down on us to add insult to injury, marking us for months upon months to come with the musky scent of raichu toes. If we survive, at least.

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"Run bugs!" Arky states with a snicker, holding his foot over a small patch of landscape filled with fleeing micros.

"Heheh, where'd you find this? I thought the other guys were small but this is ridiculous," Breaker states, the raichu merely holding his toes apart and keeping an eye on the small town settled between where his pads had undoubtedly created craters these micros could never

imagine. His sheath is already bulging as he chokes them by mere proximity to his foot.

“Ohhhh, someone tipped me off,” Arky says. “I know a guy.” He brings his foot down, allowing the black pads to hover nearby and fill the sky of the tinies below. “Pathetic,” the umbreon states with a smirk. “I gave you all five minutes to run but I’m pretty sure if I stomp down right now I’d get all of you~”

“Do it,” Breaker states. “I’ll do this one.”

“Wait! Err, let me switch with you. There something I wanna do with that one... you can have this one. It’s bigger anyway,” Arky states.

Breaker gives the umbreon a look but shrugs and lifts his toes away, moving towards Arky who lifts his paw and leaves his city alone for now. “Alright, whatever you say. I’d think you’d want the bigger one buuuut more fun for me.”

“Yea, I just... I like the smaller one,” Arky says with a smirk, stroking at his erection and bringing his toes over to the tiny grey patch.

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The air suddenly freshens. Well not entirely, but as the shadows of those toes leave the land around us the rain lightens and the air, though still pungent, leaves us strong enough to run.

“Let’s get out of here before he comes back,” I say, working up some energy to start fleeing towards the portals.

“Yea, I don’t wanna know why he suddenly left...” Arnavon frowns, keeping up with me while Noxy and Gale stumble into their own sprint.

“Maybe he didn’t see us!” Noxy shouts.

“So he just splayed his toes out around us for all that time for nothing?” Gale asks.

“Shutup, Gale,” Noxy mutters. “I’m trying to stay positive!”

The thumping of the giant walking away is soon replaced by another thumping. At first I think the raichu has returned but a shadow approaches us from the *other* side of the city now. This shadow is just as big but the scent that bears down on us is much different.

“Arky?” Noxy says, nose twitching and body twisting just in time for the bat to slip and fall on the oily rain that’d collected before. The bat splashes right into a grimey mixture of sweat and grime from the raichu’s toes, groaning as he drags his soaked form out with our help. We all get

a good look at the god-like umbreon standing above us before the heat, pressure, and musky miasma leaves us coughing and wheezing again. I have to admit that above and beyond all of the indignance I've been put through in the past, choking and being helpless against the *smell* of another being's feet is a completely different level. He isn't even stepping on us-- just holding his toes near. He *knows* what he's doing. He's purposefully just holding those toes there, letting us struggle for our lives, watching us cough and wheeze and fall unconscious and laughing at how easy it is to overpower us.

"T-that's Arky..." Noxy groans, standing up and holding his hands over his nose. "W-what's he..."

"Come on, Nox!" I shout, turning to try and keep moving.

"Yea, it doesn't matter. We gotta go!" Arnavon says but just as we turn around the city before us explodes in a mixture of creamy-white, shattered wood, and broken bodies. We're all washed backwards by a thick, sticky collection of...

"It's precum!" I hear Nox shout. He's right but I have no time to comment as I'm tugged beneath the surface and forced to hold my breath. Along with thousands of other micros, we're washed all the way back to where we began, some micros bashed against the side of buildings while others try to take a breath and instead get a lungful of spunk and togrime.

In the end we're left sputtering and coughing; stuck to the ground by the sticky mixture of precum and sweat-rain, bruised from head to toe.

"Uughh..." Arnavon groans, coughing some of it up next to Gale who's having trouble even freeing his arms from the mixture. Noxy has his chest free and is staring up at the god-like umbreon above.

"He tricked us," the bat mutters. "I can't believe-- okay, I can," he sighs, falling flat on his chest and groaning in exhaustion. All around us are other micros in a similar situation; defeated. I can barely move-- everything hurts and I can't even work up enough strength to tug myself out of the liquid. Even if I manage it then where am I going to go? We can't make it to the portals and we can't get out of the city on time...

A shadow falls over us as the umbreon brings a toe up, replacing our sky once again. There's nothing we can do... we'll be crushed and smeared as we always are.

"Some vacation," I mutter.

"Well we enjoyed a bit of it, at least," Arnavon reasons. "And this... is pretty hot, honestly."

"And I'm the pawslut?" Gale asks. "Hypocrite!"

"I'm gonna give him such a bite!" Noxy shouts. "Sorry guys..."

My phone suddenly buzzes and I hear the others' buzzing as well. It's a struggle but I do manage to get it out of my pocket enough to stare at the message. There, on the phone is a picture of a little grey patch between a pair of toes and above the picture I see:

Hap-Bree New Year! @ArkyBrightside

@Noxybat @TealMonsterAD @Arnavon @Wotterott I know you bugs are down there! Time to go squish~

"Jerk," Noxy spits before the air around us shifts sharply and whips into a frenzy. We cling to what we can but it's not needed for more than a few seconds as the city crashes down around us. I feel a heavy, skin-burning touch and then more pressure that I could ever believe before the umbreon's toe comes down firmly, mashing us and the rest of the city into the ground.

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"What'd you take a picture of? You can hardly see them," Breaker says with a chuckle as he grinds his own foot down over the larger patch of grey; crushing thousands and smearing them to his pads.

Arky shrugs a little, pressing his toe down firmly before he lifts his foot up and holds his phone near to it, taking another picture of the remains of the city he'd crushed before posting that as well. "Just a keepsake, I guess. Hey! You wanna go get something to eat?"

"Hmm, yea, alright. Then we can find more of those super-tiny things," Breaker says, flicking his toes and sending pieces of city flying all across the landscape. "Gonna have to wash my feet tonight, though. I think some of them got stuck between my toes."