

Part 6: This is the Pits

Drew clutched at the coarse, bristling hairs surrounding him, his fingers sinking into the thick forest of golden filaments that stretched out in every direction. At his normal human scale, these would have been invisible. Just mere stubble left behind after a recent shave. But down here, at a fraction of a millimeter in height, each hair was as thick as a redwood, and as tall as a single-story building, and just as unyielding.

"This is insane," he muttered, his voice barely a whisper in the humid, warmth-soaked environment. "I left Pittsburgh. I left my family, my friends, everything I knew, just to attend this university and pursue my doctorate. And now I'm... I'm trapped in someone's armpit."

He turned to look at the research team scattered around him in the fleshy cavern. Dr. Sarah Chen was examining the pH levels of the sweat that pooled in the crevices between hair follicles. Across from them, Dr. Rodriguez was trying to establish a base camp near what he thought was a sebaceous gland, but kept getting knocked over by the swaying skin and shifting hairs. This was usually followed by some swears and curses about how Connie was being paid to keep still, not do whatever she was. This did make Drew pause and do a double-take on where they were.

"Did we get the assignment wrong? Or some wrong info?" Drew asked, his voice cracking slightly. "Because Connie's supposed to have dark brown hair, right? I checked the files, like a lot. We were supposed to be studying the environment around dark brown hair, not," He gestured wildly at the golden landscape surrounding them, "this. This is blonde. This is completely wrong."

Dr. Chen looked up from her readings, her expression grim. "I know. I've been checking the logs. We were supposed to be on the inside of Connie's inner arm. I too was expecting dark

brown hair. But we're clearly on blonde stubble. Granted, some people's hair does change based on location."

"Maybe it's a mistake," Dr. Rodriguez suggested, though his voice lacked conviction. He was trying to anchor their equipment to a particularly sturdy-looking hair follicle, but it kept swaying. "Maybe she is actually a blonde or something."

Drew shook his head, running a hand through his own disheveled hair. "No. No, this is wrong. All wrong." He felt a surge of frustration and fear. "I should have stayed in Pittsburgh. I could be working at my father's shoe store. I hate feet, but this is literally the pits." He grumbled before getting lightly popped on the back of the head by his friend Kaylee.

"Knock it off. At least it's clean... kinda. It could be worse. You could be in my pits. Like, after I was at the gym or something. I am a lot more active than our lovely model." The cute, sprightly, and energetic blonde said with her light Australian accent, gesturing around as if to indicate the lack of a noxious smell. Drew pondered that. Kaylee was very fit and active, but she usually smelled pretty nice, Drew thought. Granted, he'd never smelled her at the gym or at microscopic size. The ground around them shuddered, and the light was cut off as the underside of the giantess's bicep blocked out the light as she moved. "I just wish they'd get her to sit still... This is getting annoying!"

The researchers scrambled to secure their equipment as the ground beneath them began to tremble with increasing regularity. The rumbling started subtly—a low, rhythmic vibration that seemed to emanate from somewhere far above their heads. But it was growing stronger, more insistent, and the timing was unmistakable.

“That’s her heartbeat,” Dr. Chen said, her voice tight with concern. She pressed a sensor against the flesh of the armpit wall and watched the readings spike. “Look at this. The pulse is accelerating. The blood vessels are dilating.”

The temperature was rising noticeably now. What had been a comfortable warmth turned oppressive, and the researchers could see the sweat that had been pooling in the crevices between hair follicles beginning to bead up and coalesce into larger droplets. The golden stubble around them glistened with moisture, each hair becoming slick and slippery.

“Everyone, stay close to the base camp!” Dr. Rodriguez shouted over the growing ambient noise. He was gesturing frantically at the equipment they’d managed to anchor to a particularly thick follicle cluster. “If we get washed away in this-”

His warning was cut short by a sudden surge of warmth and a sharp jolt of movement. The entire landscape of the armpit shifted as the woman’s arm tensed, her bicep flexing. The hair stubble swayed and bent dramatically, the hairs pressing against the researchers like a forest of gilded trees in a violent wind.

“She’s moving!” Kaylee cried out, her voice barely audible over the rumbling that had become a constant drone. “Everyone, grab onto something!”

The movement lasted only a few seconds, but it was enough to send smaller equipment tumbling and nearly dislodge several researchers from their precarious positions. When the arm relaxed, the researchers found themselves in a new configuration—closer to the edge of the armpit cavity, where the skin curved upward toward the shoulder.

“Did you see?” Drew asked, his voice shaking. “Did you see what was causing that?”

Dr. Chen pulled up her readings again, her expression grim. "Her core temperature is climbing. Blood pressure is up. Breath rate is increasing." She looked up at the darkness above them, where the woman's skin barrier was just visible as a pale, glistening ceiling. "She's getting excited about something. And if she's getting excited, that means--"

"Sweat," Dr. Rodriguez said with a grim nod. "It is to be expected here, but different when a subject is at rest. We don't know what Connie is doing."

"Guys!" Drew called out, now attaching his cable to the bark of one of the hair follicles. "Seriously, look at this. I don't think we're on Connie! She's not blonde."

The two head researchers looked at each other, considering what he was saying. If they were not on Connie, then something had gone horribly wrong. They were now trapped under the arm of a complete stranger. With how oddly things were going, this was beginning to look like the only possible answer. The researchers clutched at the coarse blonde stubble as the world around them transformed into a chaotic landscape of motion and sensation. From their vantage point in the armpit, they could see the woman's skin begin to glisten with a sheen of moisture. Sweat was pooling in the crevices between the golden hairs, creating small puddles that reflected the dim light filtering through the pale ceiling of flesh above.

The rhythmic rumbling intensified, now clearly identifiable as the woman's heartbeat: strong, steady, and accelerating. Each pulse sent vibrations through the fleshy ground beneath them, causing the hair stubble to sway like a forest in an earthquake. The temperature climbed steadily, and the researchers could feel the heat radiating from the woman's body, baking down into their microscopic world.

"Everyone! Secure yourselves!" Dr. Chen shouted, her voice barely audible over the ambient sounds of the woman's breathing, which had become deeper and more pronounced.

The air itself seemed to vibrate with each exhale, carrying with it the scent of exertion and arousal.

Suddenly, the entire landscape lurched violently. The woman had shifted position, and her arm had pressed more firmly against her body. The researchers tumbled and slid down the slope of flesh, their equipment scattering like toys in a wave. Drew managed to grab hold of a thick follicle, anchoring himself against the current of sweat that was now beginning to trickle down the armpit in steady streams.

“She’s embracing someone!” Kaylee gasped, her eyes wide with realization. “I can see the ceiling moving. There’s another body pressed against her!”

Through the gap where the woman’s arm had bent around her partner, the researchers could catch glimpses of the scene above. The woman’s skin pressed against another person, her husband, presumably, creating a tight embrace. The friction of their bodies generated heat and motion that rippled down through every layer of flesh, transmitted to the microscopic world below.

The sweat flow increased dramatically. What had been a steady trickle became a torrent, the liquid coursing down the channels between hair follicles in rivulets as thick as rivers at the researchers’ scale. Each droplet that splashed down created miniature tsunamis in the puddles below, threatening to sweep the researchers away.

“We need to move!” Dr. Rodriguez demanded, his voice cracking with urgency. “If we don’t get to higher ground, we’ll be washed away!”

The transformation was swift and overwhelming. Within minutes, the landscape of the armpit had undergone a dramatic metamorphosis from a merely humid environment into something resembling a swamp. They were trapped in a deadly bog that threatened to consume

everything. The heat, moisture, and sharp smell continued to increase by the second. The sweat that had been pooling in scattered puddles now connected into a continuous layer of liquid that covered the entire floor of the armpit cavity. The researchers found themselves standing on a surface that was no longer solid ground but a viscous, yielding membrane of sweat and oils that pressed against their bodies with each movement.

“We need to get higher!” Dr. Chen shouted, her voice echoing in the confined space as she struggled to maintain her footing on the slippery surface. The golden stubble that had once provided anchor points was now slick with moisture, each follicle drooping under the weight of accumulated sweat. The hairs had lost their rigidity, becoming soft and pliable, like reeds bending in a heavy rain.

The researchers could feel the liquid rising around their ankles. At their scale, it was like being stranded on a sandbar amidst a rapidly rising tide. They had nowhere to go. The pheromones and oils mixed with the sweat, creating a thick, heady atmosphere that made breathing difficult. The air itself felt heavy, almost liquid, pressing down on their tiny forms.

“Look at the readings!” Dr. Rodriguez called out, his voice strained as he held his equipment above his head to keep it from being submerged. “The pH is dropping. The salinity is skyrocketing. The only reason she should be perspiring this much is if she were doing some sort of strenuous activity. Like exercise.”

“Or sex!” Kaylee called out as she clung to a line affixed to one of the massive hair stubs.

A particularly large droplet of sweat splashed down from above, creating a wave that swept across the landscape and nearly knocked several researchers off their feet. The sound

was deafening at their scale, a thunderclap that drowned out even the massive woman's breathing for a moment.

"Everyone, grab onto something!" Drew commanded, his voice taking on a tone of desperate leadership. He held onto his own cable attached to the same strand as Kaylee.

The researchers struggled against the current of liquid, their movements slow and labored in the thick, viscous environment. The heat was becoming unbearable, the air itself seeming to cook them from the inside out. They could feel the woman's body temperature rising, her passion driving her metabolism into overdrive, and everything that heat produced was being funneled down through her body to the simple secretion of sweat. They doubted the massive woman even noticed that she was sweating this much. Afterall, who paid attention to what happened in their underarms?

The researchers' desperate struggle was interrupted by a sudden, catastrophic event. A massive droplet of sweat, easily the size of a small lake at their scale, detached from the ceiling of the armpit, creating a wave that swept across the landscape like a tsunami. Dr. Chen was caught in the initial rush. Her equipment tumbled away, her anchor point severed, and she was swept into the churning current. The liquid was thick and powerful, carrying her along as it cascaded down the slope of flesh. She could feel herself being pulled away from her team, her voice rising in a scream that was immediately swallowed by the roar of the liquid.

"Chen! Hold on!" Rodriguez shouted, but his voice seemed distant, muffled by the sound of rushing sweat.

The droplet carried Dr. Chen down through the valley of the armpit, past the struggling forms of her colleagues, and over the edge. She felt herself being lifted up, suspended in the viscous liquid as it continued its descent down the woman's body. The droplet was so large that

it created a bubble around her, a translucent prison of sweat that trapped her inside. As this was happening, their host, Nikki, leaned forward to embrace her husband in a deep kiss, allowing the sweat droplet that Dr. Chen was trapped in to slide down her continentally large body.

The journey down Nikki's back was a chaotic ride. Dr. Chen could see nothing but the pale, glistening expanse of skin stretching and shifting beneath her. The massive woman's movements—her embrace of her husband, her grinding against him—created ripples and waves that buffeted the droplet like a ship in a storm. The sweat clung to every curve and fold, and Dr. Chen felt herself being pressed against the flesh as the droplet bulged and stretched.

Then, suddenly, the droplet reached its destination. It had traveled down the length of Nikki's back, over the curve of her buttocks, and finally into the cleft between them. The massive woman shifted position, and the droplet, with Dr. Chen trapped inside, slid into the crevice and settled there. The impact was immediate and devastating. The droplet was compressed by the pressure of the flesh on either side, squeezing the liquid and everything in it. Dr. Chen felt herself being crushed, the bubble around her collapsing as the massive woman's body weight pressed down from above. The pheromones and oils in this region were even more concentrated, creating a sickly-sweet, almost intoxicating atmosphere that made her head swim.

She found herself on a strange, rubbery firm surface, surrounded by beads of sweat that could easily fill a reservoir. She was on the giant woman's anus. A single spasm of pleasure racked the body of their host, causing the fleshy ring to spasm and the microscopic doctor was cast into the depths of Nikki's ass, never to see the light of day again.

The remaining researchers clung desperately to whatever anchor points they could find as the armpit transformed into an increasingly hostile environment. The sweat that had been pooling in scattered puddles now formed a continuous, rising tide that threatened to engulf them completely. The sensation was overwhelming. The liquid was thick and viscous, almost like

syrup at their scale, clinging to their bodies and equipment with a stubborn tenacity. Each wave that crashed over them carried them off their feet, forcing them to struggle against the current to return to their precarious positions on the few remaining dry spots: the broad tips of some of the hair follicles that still protruded above the rising tide.

The smell was even more oppressive than before. The pheromones secreted by the woman's body had been concentrated by the heat and trapped in this confined space, creating an almost visible haze of scent. Now, mixed with the sweat and oils, it became an intoxicating cocktail that filled their nostrils and made their heads swim. At their scale, the chemical compounds were overwhelming, each one a distinct note in a symphony of smell that would have been unbearable even to the most hardened researcher. Some of them were donning facemasks and rebreathers, but others were unable to secure theirs before the rising tide lapped at them.

"I can't hold on much longer!" Drew shouted, his voice hoarse from shouting over the sound of the liquid lapping at their feet. His equipment was already half-submerged, the readings on his sensors showing that the liquid was rising at an alarming rate. "We need to move to higher ground now!"

Kaylee and Dr. Rodriguez exchanged desperate glances. They could see Dr. Chen's equipment floating somewhere in the distance, abandoned and useless. Their team leader was gone, likely crushed somewhere along the woman's body. Now they had to make a choice: try to reach the few remaining anchor points, or attempt to climb up the hair stubble that still protruded from the flesh.

The ground beneath them shifted again as the woman above them shifted her position. Her body tensed, her muscles flexing in a way that sent ripples through the entire landscape of the armpit. The researchers were swept in a new wave, and this time, several of them lost their

grip entirely, tumbling down into the dark, viscous sea of sweat that surrounded them. The sweat swelled and moved over them, as uncaring of their existence as the woman who secreted it.

The smell intensified as they were submerged. What was a thin sheen of sweat to Nikki was a massive tidal wave that flooded their valley. They tried desperately to stay afloat. Ironically, the cables that lashed them securely to her body were not preventing their escape as the water level rose. They were drowning in an ocean of sweat. Some managed to lose their tethers and breach the surface, remaining afloat. There, they faced a new sensation that overwhelmed them in the dark recess of her closed arm. Her scent.

It was the smell of exertion, of passion, of bodies pressed together in the heat of the moment. It was the smell of intimacy and sweat, of bodies pressed together in the heat of passion. It was the smell of Nikki and her husband, of their lovemaking, reduced to its most primal chemical components. At this scale, it was intoxicating and nauseating in equal measure, a reminder that they were trapped in the most intimate, vulnerable, and dangerous place on the entire body of their host.

The surviving researchers struggled in the thick liquid, fighting against the current that pulled them toward the center of the valley. The smell was stronger here, almost suffocating, mixed with the sharp tang of oils and the musk of skin. They could see the tips of the hair stubble above them, distant now, unreachable. The shadowy world under the stranger's arm had become a churning sea of sweat, punctuated by the occasional droplet that fell from above like rain.

They were being carried now, swept along by the current toward the far edge of the valley, toward the fold of flesh where the woman's arm pressed against her body. The smell intensified as they approached, becoming almost unbearable. They could see nothing but the

pale, glistening expanse of skin around them, the landscape shifting and rippling with each movement of the woman above.

And then, without warning, they were caught in a fold of flesh as the woman shifted her position again, her arm pressing down more firmly against her body. The researchers were trapped, squeezed between two layers of skin, the liquid around them compressed into nothingness. Drew's last thoughts as he and Kaylee clung together were that Pittsburgh wasn't so bad in comparison. Even Kaylee's pits probably weren't this bad. He laughed a little and opened his mouth to joke to his terrified friend before the wrinkle of skin where her arm met her side crushed them into oblivion, leaving no trace.