

Part 8: Things Get Cocked Up

Rachel's breath caught in her throat as she turned to see the massive, shadowy figure of Andrew rising above them. The ground beneath their feet suddenly lurched and tilted as Nikki shifted position, leaning up on the bed with her arms outstretched to embrace her husband. The motion was catastrophic for the tiny researchers. They felt the ground beneath them lurch violently, and then... the impact.

A wave of humid, musky air washed over them as Andrew's enormous cock swept across the landscape of Nikki like a fleshy avalanche. The researchers were scooped up by the massive shaft, lifted clean off Nikki's belly, and deposited on the glistening, pecker-head. They landed with a soft plop on the sensitive, rubbery flesh of the cockhead, their entire team combined would only take up a space no larger than a pinprick. Rachel found herself pressed against her colleagues, all of them tangled together on the vast, alien landscape of Andrew's tip. The surface was slick with moisture, warm and pulsing with life. Around them, the world had become a blur of pink and brown flesh, the massive shaft was a never ending landscape.

"This... this is it," her assistant Joel gasped, his voice barely a whisper. "We're on his cock. We're on his cock."

The reality of their situation was almost too much to comprehend. They were now completely invisible to any human observer, trapped on the most intimate part of a man who stood over them like a living continent. The heat was oppressive, the scent of sweat and musk overwhelming their senses. Rachel could feel the massive member throbbing beneath them, pulsing with each beat of Andrew's heart. Every movement sent tremors through their tiny bodies, like being caught in the aftershocks of an earthquake.

“Stay together!” she commanded, fighting to keep her voice steady despite the terror coursing through her. “Don’t let anyone wander off. We need to find the rest wherever they-”

Her words were cut off as Andrew’s cock twitched, the movement almost gentle but still enough to send them sliding across the sensitive flesh. They were at the mercy of forces beyond their comprehension, caught in a world where they were less than dust, less than an afterthought. Above them, muffled and distant, they heard the sounds of passionate kissing. Andrew and Nikki were making out as their bodies pressed together, eclipsing the tiny people below in their passion.

Rachel’s mind raced as she struggled to keep her team together on the slick surface. The researchers were scattered across the cockhead like grains of sand, some clinging desperately to each other, others separated by what felt like impossible distances.

“Joel! Casey! Can you hear me?” she called out into the short-range radio, her voice barely carrying across the fleshy expanse.

“I’m here!” Joel’s voice crackled, and she could see him running along the surface towards her. He was a speck far away, and his voice over the comm was tinny and distorted by the massive surface between them.

“Spread out and search for the others!” Rachel ordered, trying to sound more confident than she felt. “Stay low and avoid the urethra. Everything is too slippery! Don’t fall in!”

She saw the researchers shifting around her, some sliding down toward the base of the cockhead, others trying to climb toward the corona. The surface was treacherous, with ridges and pocks, yet too slimy and smooth to get purchase. A sudden jolt sent them all sliding in the sheen of precum. Rachel’s stomach lurched as they tumbled down the length of the shaft, only

to catch themselves on a ridge, one of the natural contours of Andrew's anatomy. They'd landed in what appeared to be a shallow groove, providing some stability.

"Okay, everyone, hold position," Rachel said, breathing heavily. "Let's count heads. One, two, three..."

The count went on, but they were missing people. Some had clearly fallen off during the slide, tumbling down the massive shaft and into... wherever they'd landed.

Casey's voice crackled roughly through the comm. She sounded panicked. If Rachel had to guess, Casey was somewhere below them, sounding muffled and strange. "Rachel? I think some of us... we're in the bush. The hair. It's everywhere. Some of us are hurt pretty badly from the fall. I don't think we can climb the... uh... the tower."

The description sent a chill down Rachel's spine. Being caught in someone's pubic hair was bad enough, but at their scale, it would be like being trapped in a dense forest of thick, monstrous strands. And she'd seen how thick Andrew's bush was, where each hair was broader than trees or buildings to them.

"Stay calm, Casey," Rachel replied, trying to keep her voice steady. "We need to prioritize survival. Don't try to move yet. Someone grab a scanner if they aren't busted so we can locate the others."

A moment later, Casey's voice cracked back on. "Ma'am, we have one working scanner and are picking up a signal. It's not our group, but looks to be survivors from the foot teams. They are..."

“Are what? Out with it!” Rachel demanded as the ground beneath her pulsed and trembled. She looked up and saw Nikki’s pendulous breasts crash against Andrew’s own firm chest.

“They’re inside and below the... phallus. Ma’am.”

“Good god...” someone muttered behind Rachel.

The reality of their situation was becoming increasingly clear with each passing moment. Rachel and her scattered team of researchers found themselves trapped on the most sensitive and dangerous part of a man. They were on a cock the size of a mountain, attached to a man who may as well have been a continent to them. The surface beneath their feet, Andrew’s cockhead, was a landscape of impossible proportions, slick with moisture that made every movement treacherous. The flesh was warm, almost hot to the touch, and it pulsed rhythmically with the beat of a heart that was larger than their entire research facility.

Rachel could feel every subtle movement, every twitch and throb of the massive shaft beneath them. The sensation was overwhelming. It was like standing on the surface of a living wave that could crash at any moment. She had to keep her weight perfectly balanced to avoid sliding, her feet pressed against the rubbery, sensitive flesh that was constantly twitching and pulsing. Around her, the landscape curved away in both directions. For those below, the shaft itself rose like a fleshy tower that stretched on for what felt like miles. She was amazed that her team survived the fall. She needed to calm down. She was a scientist. Time to take stock of what she knew so she could plan.

Some researchers who had fallen off during the slide were in even worse positions. Those who had landed in Andrew’s bush continued to report being lost in a forest of impossibly thick strands that were nearly impossible to navigate at their scale. The hairs were strong and

wet enough to trap them, to hold them in place even as they struggled. Crush them if they fell. Some of the researchers were pinned beneath the weight of their colleagues who had fallen after them, creating a tangled mess of bodies and equipment that would take time to untangle. The muffled voices coming through Rachel's radio painted a grim picture. Broken equipment, injured researchers who couldn't stand, and the constant threat of being crushed by the shifting mass of the giants above.

Meanwhile, those who had tumbled all the way down into the base of the shaft and beyond were in even more dire circumstances. Casey's team had located survivors from the foot teams, but the news was worse than Rachel had feared. The reports they relayed from the researchers that had apparently fallen into the urethral opening, the gateway to Andrew's internal anatomy, were horrifying. They were now trapped inside the phallus itself, navigating a dark, warm tunnel that was both claustrophobic and impossible to navigate. The voices from within were distorted, echoing strangely, as if they were trapped in a confined space with walls that pressed in from all sides. They were trapped in what was perhaps the most dangerous place in the world at that point.

Rachel knew how stimulated her friend Nikki could get with her husband, and now several of her peers were trapped within Andrew's cock, soon to be crushed or launched from it. They likely would survive neither. Rachel was not much better off. She and her core team of researchers were atop the tip of the cock itself. She knew it was only a matter of time before Nikki slid over the pulsing member, enveloping and eventually crushing or drowning them all.

Rachel gripped the slick, fleshy surface beneath her with all her strength, but it was nearly impossible as the flesh around her pulsed and throbbed erratically. The cockhead was warm and slick, slick with sweat and other fluids that made it nearly impossible to find any kind

of stable footing. It was as if the very flesh beneath her was laughing at her attempts to gain control, to find a way to safety.

She could feel every minute twitch and movement of the colossal organ, every throb and pulse that seemed to grow stronger and more insistent by the second. It was like being trapped on a living, breathing drumhead, the rhythm of which was increasing in tempo and intensity. The sounds of the coupling above them were growing louder, more urgent, and the vibrations of their lovemaking shook the entire surface like an earthquake.

Rachel's fingers gripped into the spongy flesh as she tried desperately to find some kind of handhold, some way to anchor herself against the slick, undulating landscape. But the more she dug her fingers in, the more the surface seemed to shift and change beneath her touch, as if it was determined to buck her off into the abyss. She could feel the blood flowing beneath the skin, through its constant throbbing, the heat of it radiating outwards like the sun on a summer's day.

Despite her best efforts, Rachel and her team found themselves slipping and sliding with every movement, her feet losing purchase on the slick, glistening surface. The cockhead seemed to be oozing more and more fluid by the second in bursts, the sweat and other secretions of Andrew's arousal making it increasingly difficult for Rachel and her team to stay upright. It was like being trapped in a fleshy, undulating swamp, the ground beneath them constantly shifting and changing.

The researchers were clinging to each other for dear life, trying to gain a purchase with climbing gear ill-suited to this unique situation. They could only rely on one another as their bodies pressed close together as they tried to brace against the constant motion and the slick, unstable surface. But even this tenuous grip was slipping away, their hands slick with sweat and

other fluids as they struggled to maintain their hold. It was only a matter of time before they lost their footing completely and tumbled into the abyss below.

The entire cock was violently shaken. Nikki's hand, itself large enough to hold cities, had gripped the cock and given it a good squeeze. This was catastrophic for the tiny team. Rachel screamed aloud as she and a few others slid towards the twitching maw of Andrew's urethra. She scrambled to try to avoid being gobbled up by the beast. Even if she managed to stay outside of his shaft, she knew, to her horror, that she was only minutes away from her best friend in the world snuffing out her life. And Nikki wouldn't even be aware of it. She will simply slide her cunt down over the throbbing dick of her husband, or lick them off as she sampled his cock, not knowing that she was killing a few dozen people in the process. The thought that chilled Rachel to her core as she and a few others slipped into Andrew's slit was that even if Nikki did know what was happening, would she even stop? Or would she go even further? Rachel ran out of time for such ponderings as she slipped into the hungry tunnel of Andrew's cock and screamed a scream that was choked out by the precum that clogged the tunnel.

Meanwhile, blissfully unaware of the microscopic drama unfolding on his intimate anatomy, Andrew groaned in pleasure as he and Nikki made out with passionate intensity. Their bodies moved in synchronized rhythm, a dance of lust and longing that had been honed by years of intimate knowledge of each other's desires. Andrew's hands roamed the curves of Nikki's lush figure, caressing and squeezing as he lost himself in the sensation of her soft skin and the scent of her arousal. Nikki arched her back, pressing herself against him as she gasped and moaned, lost in the heat of their coupling. She gently stroked and pumped his cock with one hand as the other ran through his hair. Neither of them had any idea of the tiny lives hanging in the balance, so small that they were oblivious to any disturbances their lovemaking might

cause. To them, it was just another intimate moment, made all the more exciting by the knowledge that tiny camera drones were likely capturing their passion for some future viewing pleasure. They poured all of their love and desire into each thrust, each caress, oblivious to the tiny world beneath them.