

A Small Expedition Part 10: The Climax and Afterglow

Back in the realm of the titans, the atmosphere was thick with a heavy, primal heat that had nothing to do with the microscopic catastrophe unfolding beneath them. To Andrew and Nikki, the world was only the touch of each other's skin, the scent of sweat, and the intoxication of their own desire. Nikki, her eyes clouded with a sultry, half-lidded haze, reached down with a hand that felt like a warm, soft mountain to the tiny souls caught in the crossfire. She wrapped her fingers around the base of Andrew's shaft, her grip gentle yet firm, squeezing with a rhythmic pressure that sent waves of pleasure coursing through his entire body. Andrew let out a low, guttural growl, his head leaning back from pleasure as he felt the sensation of her touch.

Driven by a sudden, intense lustful craving, Nikki leaned down, her long hair cascading like a silken curtain around her face as she looked upon his hard cock. She pressed her lips against the pulsing, engorged head of his cock, her breath hot and moist against the sensitive skin. With a slow, deliberate motion, she extended her tongue a massive, muscular slab of ridged doom to the researchers and dragged it from the very base of the glans all the way to the tip in one long, sweeping lick.

The sheer force of her tongue left a tidal wave of warm, wet thick saliva passing over the landscape. The tinies stood no chance and were mired in her spit, crushed or drowned from the sheer pressure. She took another lick at the tip as she fondled his balls with her smooth soft hands. To the people trapped in the urethra and the testicles, this simple playful tease was a horrific event, a colossal shifting of the very world they inhabited. But to Andrew and Nikki, it was merely a moment of intimacy. Nikki let out a soft, satisfied moan as she tasted the salty, musky pre cum, her eyes fluttering shut in bliss. She had no idea that her tongue had just acted as a sweeping celestial force, her breath displacing the very air the tiny people breathed, or that her saliva was the very thing currently drowning her friend's colleagues in a viscous,

overwhelming flood. She only knew the heat, the taste, and the overwhelming urge to sink herself onto him and finish what they had started.

So she would.

—

For the unfortunate team that had landed on Nikki's clitoris and the surrounding labia, the situation was a nightmare of sensory overload and mortal peril. They were standing on a landscape that was not only alive but actively reacting to the passion unfolding above them. The surface beneath their feet was a deep, vivid pink, pulsing with a heavy, rhythmic thrum that vibrated through their entire bodies, rattling their bones and making it nearly impossible to keep their balance. The heat was stifling, a humid, oppressive warmth that smelled of that unique feminine musk of a woman aroused. It was the air they breathed and it was thick enough to taste.

They were currently clinging to the towering, sensitive monolith of Nikki's clitoris, a fleshy, engorged mountain that throbbed with a rhythmic, violent intensity that felt like living earthquakes. To the researchers, the clitoris wasn't just an organ; it was a heaving, crimson landscape of ridged, sensitive tissue that seemed to swell and contract with every breath Nikki took. Every time Nikki shifted her weight or let out a moan, the massive structure beneath them would shudder, threatening to toss them into the dark, terrifying abyss of the vaginal opening below.

The true horror, however, was the moisture. In their struggle to stay safe, several researchers had already been swept away by the rising tide of Nikki's arousal. For them, it wasn't like falling into water; it was like being plunged into a sea of thick, warm syrup. The viscous fluids clung to their bodies, filling their mouths and noses, dragging them down into the dark, churning depths of the vaginal canal. Rachel's colleagues screamed for help, their voices

drowned out by the thunderous sounds of Andrew and Nikki's lovemaking, until they were pulled under by the sheer, sticky weight of the fluids. The few who remained on the surface watched in frozen terror as their teammates vanished beneath the churning waves of translucent slime, unable to do anything but cling to the undulating flesh to avoid the same fate.

The carelessly misplaced explorers stood on a landscape of deep, crimson ridges that rose like the walls of a canyon, so vast and imposing that the researchers felt like ants traversing the flank of a living god. The texture of the seemingly smooth skin was a labyrinth of microscopic grooves and swellings at this scale, each one a treacherous obstacle that could swallow a person whole. Looking up, the glans of the clitoris loomed above some of them like a massive, rounded dome of pulsing velvet, a terrifyingly beautiful monument of flesh that seemed to expand and contract with a power that could shatter worlds.

The sheer scale of Nikki's anatomy rendered the researchers' technology utterly insignificant. Their high-powered floodlights, meant to illuminate entire caverns, were nothing compared to the dark expanse of her labial folds. The shadows cast by the towering mounds of her flesh were deep and impenetrable, creating valleys of darkness that felt like endless voids. Every time Nikki's muscles tensed in pleasure, the very ground they stood on would heave upward with a violent, immense force, a display of raw, biological power that made the researchers feel utterly fragile. They were less than motes of dust caught in the wake of a celestial event, living in the shadow of a being whose every involuntary twitch was a cataclysm.

Fear was a constant, suffocating presence. It wasn't just the fear of drowning or falling; it was the existential terror of being completely, utterly inconsequential. They were witnessing the most intimate, primal expressions of a goddess, and to her, their entire existence was less than a sensation. The only way they could have given the gigantic blonde a mote of pleasure was if she knew they were struggling to survive on one of the smallest and most sensitive parts of her body. So sensitive, yet she would never even notice them.

They could see the titanic, translucent waves of arousal cresting in the folds of her skin, and they knew that if a single drop of her nectar fell upon them, it would be like a tidal wave of warm, viscous sludge, burying them in a sticky tomb. They were parasites on a titan, terrified of the moment her pleasure would peak, for they knew that the sheer, unbridled energy of her climax would be a force of nature so violent it would likely pulverize them into nothingness before she even realized they were there. To Nikki, this was a moment of simple ecstasy; to the researchers, it was a struggle to survive the actions of a goddess who didn't even know she was a god.

As Nikki's excitement mounted, the clitoris beneath them began to swell and harden, rising like a living mountain. The ridges and grooves they had noticed earlier were now stretching away. The researchers were thrown violently about, sliding and tumbling across the glistening, engorged surface. The texture was rubbery and slick with a sheen of arousal thicker than they were tall in some parts, offering no purchase as they desperately tried to claw their way up the rising pillar of flesh. Every time the clit twitched or pulsed, the ground beneath them bucked and heaved, sending them hurtling into the deepening pools of arousal that surrounded them. The air was saturated with a heavy, sweet scent, a pheromonal fog that made their heads swim and some of their own bodies ache with a sympathetic, misplaced arousal.

But the most terrifying aspect was the proximity to the abyss. The vaginal opening loomed beneath them like a dark, wet cavern, an insatiable maw that threatened to swallow them whole at any moment. With every thrust of Andrew's massive member, the entire area shifted and warped, as if it were creating a gravitational pull that threatened to drag them down into the darkness. They could see the folds of the labia rippling like tidal waves of skin from each impact of Andrew and each pleasurable pulse of Nikki, the moisture cascading down in torrential waterfalls that washed away anyone unlucky enough to be caught in the flow. They were trapped on the most sensitive part of a woman who was currently lost in a hurricane of

pleasure, and to her, they were nothing more than invisible specks, completely unnoticed as they fought for their lives amidst the flood of her desire.

Lynn, a brilliant but currently trembling intern, wiped a smear of warm, viscous nectar from her goggles, her breath coming in ragged, terrified gasps. As an aspiring microbiologist, she was trained to look for the minute, the infinitesimal, the hidden structures of life. But as she squinted upward, her scientific mind buckled under the weight of a reality that defied every law of scale she had ever studied. She wasn't looking at a cell or a bacterium. She was looking at a horizon. She wondered if the bacteria she had experimented on saw her as a god too.

Rising from the hazy, pheromone-rich atmosphere above her was a colossal, cylindrical landmass of deep, pulsing crimson and tan. It was Andrew's cock, but to Lynn, it was a continent of throbbing flesh that stretched endlessly into the stratosphere, its sheer girth so immense that the curvature of its surface seemed to bend the very light around it. The veins running along its underside were like gargantuan, mountain-sized ridges of living cordage, pulsing with a rhythmic, subterranean thrum that Lynn felt in her very marrow. It was a monolithic pillar of pure, unadulterated virility, looming over her like a celestial body descending to claim the earth.

Then, the heavens themselves began to move.

As Nikki began to shift, the sky itself seemed to groan. Lynn looked up in horror as a shadow, vast and absolute, swept across her tiny world. A horrifically huge hand, Nikki's hand, descended from the heavens. To Lynn, the fingers were like titanic, fleshy pillars, smooth and terrifyingly vast, moving with a slow, tectonic grace. The hand reached down, its colossal digits wrapping around the base of the approaching continent, guiding the massive rod toward the

gaping, dark abyss of the vaginal opening just below Lynn's position as the world she was on moved.

Lynn stood paralyzed, pinned in the narrow, slick valley between the throbbing monolith of the clitoris and the terrifying, yawning canyon of the vagina. She was trapped in a literal "no man's land" of arousal, her boots sinking into the thick, translucent juices that pooled in the crevice. The sheer scale was immeasurable; she felt like a grain of sand caught in the path of a descending moon. The air pressure shifted violently as the massive cock moved closer, a gust of hot wind rich with a masculine scent sweeping over her, nearly knocking her off her feet.

Lynn was trapped in a nightmare. She was perched in a shallow, slick valley of arousal, caught in the treacherous terrain between the thrumming, mountainous clitoris and the gaping, dark abyss of the vaginal opening. The abyss below her was a yawning canyon of wet, pink shadows, a mouth of infinite depth that seemed to pulse with a hungry, rhythmic suction. She could feel the vibrations of the giantess's movements traveling through the very ground she stood on, a deep, sub-bass rumble that made her teeth chatter.

She looked up again at the impossibly large approaching shaft, seeing the glistening, wet surface of the glans as it descended like a fleshy planet. The sheer power of the woman she was stranded on was overwhelming; this stranger was a force of nature, a deity whose casual movements were cataclysms. Lynn realized with a sickening jolt of adrenaline that if that continental cock made contact with the ground she stood on, she wouldn't just be crushed; she would be erased, absorbed into the titanic friction of a goddess's pleasure, a microscopic witness to a collision of gods.

Then the cock descended.

Or rather Nikki descended, slowly sliding down onto Andrew's throbbing erection. To the people on Nikki, it looked like the sky was falling. For those on Andrew, it was the same in reverse. Perspective grows difficult at such scales.

While Rachel and the others had been swallowed by the dark, pulsing tunnel of the urethra, Joel found himself in a much more exposed, albeit equally terrifying, predicament. He was one of the few survivors clinging to the very apex of the monolith, the glans of Andrew's cock. To Joel, the tip of the penis wasn't just a part of anatomy; it was a vast, glistening plateau of hypersensitized, crimson-hued terrain. The surface was slick with a constant, torrential downpour of pre cum, a viscous, warm deluge that made every step a desperate struggle for traction. It had mixed with the woman's saliva to form a thick mire that he was now trapped in. He felt like a man trying to climb a mountain made of wet silk while covered in sludge, with the constant rhythmic thrum of Andrew's blood pumping beneath him like a series of massive, subterranean explosions. Of course, he did not know the name of this man. Though he had a suspicion that Rachel had figured it out before he lost her.

He stood near the very edge of the corona, the "rim" of the glans, which loomed to him like a gargantuan, fleshy cliffside. Looking back toward the shaft, he saw the dark, cavernous entrance where Rachel and the rest of the team had vanished, a terrifying, yawning maw that had swallowed his colleagues whole. But he couldn't dwell on their fate because the sky above him was literally falling.

Joel looked up, his neck straining, his eyes widening in pure, unadulterated terror. The horizon was being eclipsed. The massive, pink, and terrifyingly vast expanse of Nikki's vaginal opening was descending upon him like a celestial event. To Joel, the labia were two colossal, undulating curtains of fleshy velvet, stretching miles into the atmosphere, parting to reveal the

dark, wet, and infinite abyss of the vaginal canal. It was a canyon of unimaginable scale, a moist, cavernous void that seemed to swallow all light and sound.

The scale was so immense that the concept of “size” had lost all meaning. He was a speck on a plateau, watching as a planetoid-sized goddess lowered herself to engulf the very world he stood upon. The air was thick and heavy, saturated with the overwhelming, musky scent of Nikki’s arousal, a scent so potent it felt like a physical weight pressing down on his lungs.

As Nikki descended, the sheer atmospheric pressure changed. A massive, warm gust of air displaced by her massive thighs moving closer nearly blew Joel off the edge of the glans; he was only saved due to the cloying saliva from Nikki’s earlier assault. If you could call this being saved. He threw himself flat against the slick, throbbing skin, his fingers digging into the microscopic ridges of the urethral opening, praying that the impact wouldn’t shatter him.

He could see the walls of the vagina approaching from above, a looming, fleshy ceiling that was rapidly becoming a floor. The sheer, terrifying power of the woman was palpable; he could feel the vibrations of her breathing, a deep, tectonic rumble that shook the very foundation of the cock beneath him. He was caught in the epicenter of a collision between two titans, a tiny, insignificant witness to a moment of divine, carnal fusion. He knew that in a matter of seconds, the sky above would crash into the “earth” on which he stood, and he would be caught in the most violent, erotic earthquake in the history of the world.

For Joel, the descent of the goddess was not a movement; it was a cosmic catastrophe. As Nikki began to lower her hips, the sky didn’t just darken. It collapsed. The massive, pink curtains of her labia, which had previously been distant, towering landmarks, suddenly surged toward him with the grace of a falling mountain range. The sheer scale of the approach was

nauseating; the fleshy folds were so vast that he couldn't even see the "top" of them, only the endless, undulating walls of wet, rose colored tissue rushing down to meet the horizon.

The light was swallowed whole. The warm, golden glow of the room was replaced by a heavy, oppressive twilight as the massive, moist walls of Nikki's vulva closed in around the plateau of the glans. Joel scrambled, his hands slipping in the deluge of pre cum, his heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird. He felt the air grow impossibly thick, the humidity spiking until every breath felt like inhaling warm, scented steam. The sound was the worst part, not a sound, but a vibration. A deep, low-frequency groan of shifting flesh that resonated through the very "ground" beneath him, a thunderous thrum thrum thrum that signaled the impending impact.

Then, the collision happened.

It wasn't a single strike but a series of seismic shifts. As the glans of Andrew's cock breached the entrance of the vaginal canal, the world exploded in a chaos of pressure and friction. The sheer force of the penetration sent shockwaves through the shaft, a rhythmic, violent shuddering that nearly launched him into the abyss. He managed to wedge himself into a shallow groove near the corona, his fingers hooked into a fleshy ridge, gasping for air as the massive walls of the vagina squeezed inward, attempting to envelop the invading continent.

He thought, for a fleeting, delusional second, that he might survive. He watched, wide-eyed, as the massive, wet ceiling of the vaginal canal descended, a vast expanse of glistening, ribbed tissue that looked like the underside of a fleshy, pulsing sky.

As the cock drove deep into her, Nikki's body reacted with a sudden, involuntary spasm of pure, unbridled ecstasy. A massive fold of her internal vaginal wall, a muscle of titanic proportions, twitched with the force of a tectonic plate shifting. To Joel and any other tiny

unlucky enough to survive this far, it was as if a mountain had suddenly decided to fold itself in half.

The fleshy ridge, a colossal, wet slab of muscle, slammed into him with the speed and weight of a collapsing skyscraper. There was no time to scream, no time to even register the pain. The sheer, overwhelming mass of the twitching tissue caught him mid-struggle, pinning him against the unyielding surface of the glans. Then darkness.

There were ten others atop the tip of the penis, soon to perish inside her. As Nikki let out a soul-shaking moan, the very spot where they fought for their lives was nothing more than a silent, unnoticed casualty of her bliss, swallowed by the thundering, rhythmic pulse of her pleasure.

The desperate fight for life in her loins was not the only struggle for survival occurring on her body. A few scattered groups of researchers remained. Though they had no concept of how long or how little time they had left.

High above the fray, near the summit of her face, a group of researchers who had been exploring the ridge of her nostril found themselves caught in a literal hurricane. As Nikki's breathing deepened into heavy, lustful gasps, the air didn't just move; it became a vacuum. A sudden, violent inhalation created a localized cyclone, a roaring gale of warm, musky air that snatched the tiny men from their feet. They were pulled into the dark, cavernous maw of her nostril, tumbling head over heels into a humid, dark tunnel where the walls were lined with colossal, swaying hairs that acted like swaying, wet trees in a storm. Some smacked against the hairs and the walls, becoming trapped and drowning in the mucus lining the cave. The others... well, they were swept deep into the nasal passage, lost forever inside of her.

Meanwhile, on the vast, sloping plains of her chest, a different kind of catastrophe was unfolding. As the heat of her passion rose, Nikki began to perspire, and to the tiny people clinging to her skin, it was a deluge of biblical proportions. Great, shimmering rivers of warm, salty sweat began to cascade down the slopes of her breasts.

A small group of survivors, who had been attempting to traverse the vast expanse of her sternum, were suddenly caught in a flash flood. A single, massive bead of sweat was to them a translucent, wobbling wall of water washing down the curve of her chest between her breasts, sweeping them away in its path. They were tumbled and tossed in the warm, salty torrent, unable to find purchase on the slick, perspiring skin.

The most terrifying destination for these drowning souls was the dark, sweltering valleys at the end of her cleavage. Her underboobs. As the sweat flowed downward, it gathered in the deep crevices beneath her breasts, creating a churning, tidal pool of moisture. Those caught in the flow were swept into the tight, pressurized canyon of her underboob. There, the world became a claustrophobic, suffocating nightmare. The massive, heaving mounds of her breasts pressed together with the force of collapsing mountains, trapping the tiny people in a dark, humid danger.

The pressure was immense, a constant, crushing weight that made every breath a struggle. Some were unable to find their breath. They were submerged in a thick, viscous soup of sweat and pheromones, the liquid filling their lungs and pinning them against the hot, pulsing walls of her flesh. Every time Nikki arched her back or thrust against Andrew, the canyons would squeeze even tighter, a rhythmic, crushing embrace that threatened to flatten them into nothingness. They were trapped in a sweltering, liquid tomb, dying in the shadow of her massive, heaving anatomy, mere casualties of a goddess's mounting heat. One extra enthusiastic expression of ecstasy caused her breasts to heave up and slam back down with a

wet, audible slap. That was all it took to extinguish the lives of the remaining researchers under her chest.

Back in the depths of the lover's passion, Rachel and her team were trying to find some stable point, but due to the shifting and swaying nature of the organic hell they were in, it was not to be. Then a massive change happened for the few surviving souls remaining on Nikki's body. Andrew flipped her onto her back, grabbed her feet (crushing the remaining people atop them, and placed her calves on his shoulders as he prepared to take her from above. As Nikki flipped onto her back, her massive, pale calves, each a mountain range of smooth, creamy skin, were hoisted upward, straddling Andrew's shoulders. To the world above, it was a change in posture; to the microscopic inhabitants of Nikki and Andrew's anatomy, it was a worldwide realignment of gravity and force. The tiny people clinging to her thighs now tumbled to the bed below, instantly crushed by the weight of her ass landing atop and grinding them as she settled in.

Deep within the dark, sweltering interior of Andrew's scrotum, Rachel and her remaining team were experiencing a reality that defied the very concept of biology. They were reminded that they were more than just small; they had descended into a realm of microscopic existence. They were trapped within the sac, a pressurized, fleshy vault that felt like being inside a living, pulsing planet.

The environment was unlike anything Rachel had ever theorized in her lab or her fantasies about Andrew. The environment was a thick, heavy, and claustrophobic soup. They weren't just standing on a surface; they were struggling to float through a viscous, translucent sea of seminal fluid. To the team, the sperm cells were not mere microscopic organisms; they were gargantuan, serpentine leviathans. These massive, lashing, white-tailed beasts thrashed

through the fluid around them, their undulating bodies slamming into the researchers like colossal, fleshy eels as their excitement grew. Each sperm was as long as the average researcher's leg or torso. The thrashing movements of the churning pool of sperm sent waves of warm, protein-rich liquid crashing over the team, threatening to sweep them into the dark recesses of the testes.

Rachel, finding a rare moment of luck, clung to a microscopic ridge of tissue, her eyes wide with a mixture of scientific awe and primal terror. She could feel the sheer, overwhelming heat of Andrew's virility. It was a constant, radiating warmth that felt like being submerged in a heated thermal spring. But it was the increasing rhythm that was truly terrifying.

To be Concluded...