

This is a commission from Axcilla Hollow over on Twitter featuring two of their OCs have some unaware fun with a bunch of millimeter tall tinies. This has a foot focus, sweat, crushing, and eventually vore and butt stuff. Enjoy!

Chloe walked to her mother's shop, her cheeks puffed a bit with annoyance as she wiped the long hair over her eyes with the back of a hand, knocking some of the sweat loose. Her friend Mandy had told her that a friend of theirs was looking for her out on the beach, so Chloe went to check it out, leaving Mandy to watch the store. It was mostly knick knacks and such to attract tourists who came to the beach, but it was her mom's livelihood. She scowled at how perky and excited Mandy seemed when she approached.

"Did you find him?" Mandy chirped.

"No. Now my feet are covered with sand," Chloe said, leaning against the opening of the open-aired store. She undid her sandals and beat the sand off of them and walked into the store barefoot, sitting the sandals behind the counter where Chloe was. "Now, if you excuse me, I'm going to have to get a towel out of the back to get the sand off my feet."

"You do that! I'll wait right here!" Mandy called as her friend disappeared behind the curtain of the backroom. A wide grin spread across Mandy's face as she bent over her friend's recently cleaned sandals, the soles still a bit moist from her perspiration. Mandy pulled a vial out of her pocket and tilted it over the sandals, letting dozens of tiny things, each no larger than a speck of pepper, fall to each sandal. "Have fun, lil ones. I know I will."

Mandy moved to the other side of the counter and admired her handiwork. She had gotten a bit carried away recently, shrinking nearly a hundred tourists at a conference that came to town earlier in the week. So she decided to dispose of them in a unique way. She'd scattered them all over her friend's shop on the day that she knew Chloe would be doing inventory and cleaning. She was excited to see what ways the tiny people would perish. If Chloe missed any, Mandy would just finish them off herself.

Speaking of, Chloe returned from the back and walked to her sandals. Mandy watched, almost drooling with anticipation as Chloe slid her feet into her sandals and strapped them on. The game was about to begin. She averted her gaze to not seem obvious and saw a wet stain on the wooden floor in the shape of one of Chloe's feet. The shapely outline was glistening and evaporating in the warm air. Mandy idly wondered if Chloe had already stepped on the tinies that Mandy had intended for her to sweep away into oblivion.

As Chloe slid her bare feet into her sandals, dozens of tiny, unseen horrors unfolded beneath her soles. The unfortunate people trapped on her footwear, each shrunk down to a mere millimeter in height by Mandy's secret machinations, found themselves abruptly crushed or trapped as Chloe's sweat-slicked feet pressed down upon them. For the unlucky few trapped directly under her heels, it was a swift and merciful end. The supple, glistening skin of Chloe's soles, still damp from her beach excursion, acted like a vice as she shifted her weight. The delicate bones and tissues of the tinies crunched like dry leaves beneath the unyielding

pressure. Their bodies, smaller than the grit and sand she just wiped off, were flattened into unrecognizable, barely noticeable smears, melding with the sweat and sand on Chloe's feet, an unnoticed sacrifice to the monotony of her afternoon at work. Those not killed instantly by the initial pressure of feet the size of city blocks sliding against harsh, worn soles, found themselves in a humid hell as Chloe walked about the store, oblivious to the tiny lives she was extinguishing and those she was torturing.

The perspiration dripping from her feet when she originally walked in created shallow puddles on the wooden floor, one of which trapped a group of terrified tinies. Those who were unfortunate enough to be caught in these miniature floodplains found themselves drowning in the salty deluge. Their lungs filled with the liquid as they thrashed and struggled, the disgusting moisture invading their nostrils, mouths, and ears. They gasped and sputtered, trying desperately to keep their heads above the tiny waves, but it was a losing battle. One by one, their struggles ceased as the simple condensation overwhelmed them, pulling them down into the depths of the salty puddles.

Mandy observed all of this with a sense of awe as she absentmindedly twiddled some of her long greenish-blue hair through two fingers. She found the sheer power that her friend's mere sweat had over the shrunken victims to be intoxicating. Who knows how many people drowned in the runoff from a shopgirl's feet. Speaking of, Mandy turned her gaze back to her friend's freshly re-sanded feet. She wondered how they were fairing.

For the "fortunate" who survived Chloe putting her shoes on, they avoided the immediate dangers of the sweat and pressure. But as Chloe began to check her inventory, she carried them with her, trapped against the hot, damp skin of her feet. They clung to her toes and arches, their specklike bodies mired in the bog of secretions.

Some unfortunate souls found themselves trapped in the folds and crevices of Chloe's toes. These tiny prisoners of her feet could not decide if they were in hell or a waking nightmare of unimaginable proportions. The thick, cloying fluids that had gathered on the leathery skin of her toes created a humid, suffocating microclimate of its own that the miniscule captives could not escape.

The scent was overwhelming, a pungent mix of salt, skin, and something uniquely Chloe. It filled their nanoscopic nostrils, invading their lungs with each tiny breath they took. The aroma was so strong that it was like being trapped in a room filled with nothing but Chloe's scent, amplified a thousand times over. It was dizzying and nauseating, making it difficult for them to think straight.

The heat emanating from Chloe's toes was also stifling, even more intense than the sweat itself. It was like being trapped in a tiny, fleshy sauna, with no way to escape the oppressive warmth. The shrunken people could feel the heat from her toes radiating through and overpowering their own bodies, making them feel like they were being cooked alive. They screamed and begged for a release from the heat, but there was no relief to be found.

As they squirmed and struggled in the thick, muggy dampness, their speck-sized bodies became coated in the sticky substance. It seeped into their clothes, their hair, their skin, leaving them dripping with the salty liquid. They felt heavy, weighed down by the excess moisture clinging to their bodies, making it even harder for them to move. Many were trapped, plastered to toes the size of buildings, be they trapped in the cloying canyons between toes, or the dark, moist crevasses beneath.

The more they struggled, the more the sweat seemed to envelop them, like a living, breathing thing. It crept into their ears, their mouths, their noses, filling their orifices and making it hard for them to breathe. They choked and sputtered, gasping for air that wasn't there, their lungs burning with the need for fresh clean oxygen, untainted by the heat, humidity, and scent of Chloe.

Some of the tinies tried to claw their way out of the damp prison, their imperceptible fingernails trying to dig into the leathery skin of Chloe's toes. But the more they scratched and clawed, the more the deluge seemed to push back, like a thick, viscous wall that they could not penetrate. They were trapped, at the mercy of Chloe's sweaty toes and the cruel whims of her unknowing and uncaring feet.

Others simply lay there, exhausted and defeated, their miniscule bodies slick with a mix of their own perspiration and Chloe's. They just lay there, coated in sweat and foot gunk, gasping for breath in the oppressive, stifling prison. The heat and scent were overwhelming, a suffocating blanket of Chloe's essence that they could not escape. They felt like they were being baked alive in a tiny, fleshy oven, with no hope of respite.

The sweat pooled in the leathery crevices of Chloe's toes, creating tiny puddles and ponds of the salty liquid that the near-imperceptible people found themselves submerged in. They thrashed and struggled, their weakening limbs fighting for freedom but there was no escape from the humid confines of Chloe's feet.

As Chloe walked, her toes clenched and unclenched, squeezing the tiny people like building-sized hydraulic presses. Squeeze. Release. Squeeze. Release.. Bones cracked and organs burst under the immense pressure, the miniscule bodies unable to withstand the crushing force. The sweat acted as a lubricant, allowing Chloe's toes to grind and twist the fragile forms into unrecognizable paste. All this, completely unnoticed by her, yet imagined and fantasized about by Mandy.

The few survivors, those who managed to escape being crushed directly by Chloe's toes, found themselves coated in a thick layer of the pungent sheen. It matted their hair, plugged their nostrils, and coated their tongues, choking them with the overwhelming scent and taste of their unwilling captor. Their poor bodies ached and burned, their skin reddening and feeling raw from the unrelenting heat and blistering salt of her sweat. They felt like they were being boiled alive, their insides cooking in the oppressive warmth radiating from Chloe's feet. The sweat practically steamed as it evaporated around them, only adding to the already stifling, humid environment.

For these poor tinies trapped between Chloe's toes, each step she took was a journey into a personal hell, a nightmare of heat, scent, and inescapable torment. They were at the mercy of her feet, doomed to suffer an unimaginable fate, all while their unwilling goddess remained blissfully unaware of their plight. The sweat, the heat, and the scent of Chloe's toes were their world now, and it was a world that would surely end in nothing but agony and death.

As Chloe began her cleaning, the unsuspecting but desperate shrunken people scattered among the tourist trinkets and knickknacks on the shelves faced their own unique trials and tribulations. The moment she picked up her spray bottle and began dusting, a fine mist of chemicals and water rained down upon the shelves, drenching the tiny captives in a deluge they were powerless to avoid. For Chloe it was a tedious chore. For the tinies, it was a life and death exercise.

For those on the lower shelves, the experience was akin to being caught in a storm of acid rain, the droplets of water towering over them like storm clouds, threatening to swamp their miniscule world at any moment. They scrambled to higher ground, clawing at the tiny figurines and souvenirs in a desperate bid to avoid being washed away. Some were not quick enough, and found themselves swept off the shelves entirely, tumbling through the air in a dizzying freefall before splattering onto the floor below. Those who managed to stay put still suffered the ordeal of being soaked to the bone, their tiny clothes and belongings drenched and heavy with the stinging mist. They huddled together for warmth, shivering in the sudden chill of the chemical-lined water, their teeth chattering uncontrollably.

As Chloe worked her way up the shelves, she inadvertently dislodged some of her tiny onlookers, sending them tumbling and bouncing across the wooden surface. They collided with the backs of their neighbors, a cacophony of tiny thuds and crashes that went unheard by their unwitting tormentor. Injuries abounded, with broken limbs and bruises suffered in the chaos of being knocked about like pinballs. The more Chloe sprayed and dusted, the thicker the layer of grime and debris grew, pressing down upon them with a smothering weight. They gasped and choked, their miniscule lungs fighting for air in the thick, dusty atmosphere, all until a massive rag wiped away both the grime and their existence.

Some were buried alive as Chloe carelessly swept the shelves, the bristles of her duster scything through the tiny world like a merciless reaper. Their struggles and cries for help went unheard, and they were doomed to be swept away with the dust and debris, tumbling and spinning in a dizzying vortex. Some were lucky enough to land on the floor, battered and bruised, but alive. Others were not so fortunate, and found themselves swept up into Chloe's hair as she dusted the shelves above her head..

These tinies careened through the air into the deep, dark forest of Chloe's brownish-red hair. It was a terrifying and disorienting experience. They were whipped about in the breeze generated by her movements, the wind whistling through her hair like a tiny hurricane. Strands of hair wrapped around them like ropes, binding their limbs and constricting their movements. They gasped and choked as they inhaled the dust and scent of her body that filled the air, their lungs burning and aching.

Some were trapped in the roots of her hair, smothered by the oily buildup and dead skin that accumulated there. They clawed and scratched, trying desperately to break free from the stifling, suffocating prison, but the oils along the roots held fast, as unyielding as cement. Others found themselves caught in the tangled web of hair at the back of her head, where the strands were thickest and most matted from her sweat and movement of the day. They stumbled and fell as they tried to navigate the tangled terrain, the hair rising up around them like a twisted dark burnt-orange forest. Some even appeared to be swallowed whole by the greedy locks, vanishing into the follicular abyss of Chloe's scalp to the horrors of their companions. In reality, they merely slid further down her scalp and disappeared into the collar of her shirt, dropping into the dark void of the back of her shirt and into the depths of her green overalls, never to be seen again.

A few brave souls managed to climb their way to the ends of her hair, only to find themselves staring out at a world that had grown incredibly large and terrifying. The ground below was a dizzying distance away, the shelves and knickknacks looking like towering skyscrapers from their height. They clung to the strands of hair like tiny, terrified trapeze artists, their hearts pounding in their chests as they tried to muster the courage to leap down to the relative safety of the floor. Every movement she made caused her hair to have a little bounce to it, occasionally shaking some of them off.

For those who survived the ordeal of being caught in Chloe's hair, the respite was short-lived. As she finished dusting a shelf and moved on to the next one, she inadvertently shook her head, sending her hair flying and her tiny passengers tumbling. They sailed through the air like minuscule skydivers, the wind whipping past their ears and the ground rushing up to meet them like a runaway freight train. They had only a split second to brace for impact before they slammed into the shelves below, bones shattering and flesh tearing as they crumpled against the hard, unyielding surfaces of the knickknacks and souvenirs.

The swipes of her rag or duster sent some of the tiny people tumbling off the shelves, plunging down into the abyss of the world below. They fell through the air like leaves in a hurricane or, helpless skydivers, the wind rushing past their ears before they splattered onto the hard wooden floor. Those who survived the impact found themselves trapped in the deep grooves and crevices between the floorboards, drowning in the puddles of cleaning solution that pooled there. Some barely managed to eke out a survival, only to finally be drowned by the accumulated sweat as she later stood barefoot over them.

The lucky ones, if they could be called that, were the ones who landed on the softer, plush items scattered about - the plush teddy bears, the foam keychains, the velvety coasters. They bounced and rolled across the soft surfaces, knocking the wind out of their tiny lungs but otherwise unharmed. At least, until Chloe's hand swooped down to adjust an item or straighten a row, and sent them tumbling once again into the air.

And then there were the poor souls who were swept off the shelves and directly onto Chloe's arms as she worked. They clung for dear life to her skin, their tiny nails digging into her flesh but not even irritating her in the slightest. A simple movement easily launches some of the tinies into

the air. Those who managed to stay on her arms fared no better than those who landed on the floor. They were crushed beneath her fingers as she adjusted her arm or idly scratched an itch or brushed dust off her arm, their bones pulverized into dust beneath her unknowing touch. Others were simply flicked off her arms, sailing through the air like tiny, fleshy projectiles before smashing against the shelves or the floor. Even more were mired and trapped in the sheen of sweat and dust that accumulated on her arms, forced to drown in the nearly imperceptible veneer of salty liquid.