

Nalin Part 2: Not Worthy Enough to Smell My Seat

Nalin took a drag from her vape and exhaled the fruit-flavored thc in the opposite direction from her work station. She stood in a fairly small room at the back of her magnificent old townhouse. The rest of the place was decorated in a manner to convey a sense of class and dominance. She wanted it to make anyone who entered feel as though they were entering the lair of a greater being. This back room did not give off that vibe. It was a quiet space where she could experiment and develop new concoctions to accentuate her lustful desires and to hopefully fulfill the desires of those who sought her out. Glass vials, beakers, and stacks of herbs were scattered across tables, making the space feel a mix between an alchemist laboratory and a kitchen. This was her workspace and she felt comfortable as herself. So much so, that she stood only in a sheer light-blue negligee that hung open, exposing her skin and curves to the night air. She looked down and saw that her nipples were hard. She wondered about all of the people who had ended up lost there forever through her work. She also wondered how many still enjoyed it. Certainly her work had ended as many lives as it had pleased, but all were extensions of what her clients asked. Others just ended up being at the wrong place at the wrong time, doing or saying the wrong things. She looked down at the plush cushion on the stool behind her. She wanted to sit on it but thought of the young man that was lost somewhere on the threads of that plush seat.

Nalin lounged on a plush, velvet chaise, her dark eyes glinting with mischief as she watched the nervous young man pace before her. Her ass rested on a soft, plush cushion. The boy was a handsome thing, she noted, with his chiseled jaw and boyish good looks. But he was just another toy for her to play with. She could see the way his eyes roamed her body, lingering on her ample curves barely concealed by the thin, silk robe.

“You wanted to worship me, is that it?” Nalin asked, her voice a low, sensual purr. She stood and sauntered over to him, her hips swaying hypnotically. “I have just the thing for an eager little worshipper like you.”

She retrieved a bottle of shimmering, golden lotion from a nearby table and poured some into her palm. The scent was intoxicating, a musky, heady aroma that made the young man's head swim. Nalin smiled, seeing the effect it had on him.

“Strip,” she commanded, handing him the bottle. “I want you to rub this all over my ass. Worship it, like you wanted to.”

The young man hesitated for a moment before eagerly complying, he stripped his clothes and slid the hem of her negligee up, revealing her bare rear. He rubbed the lotion between his hands to warm it and then pressed against her rump. His fingers sinking into the plush flesh of Nalin's rear as he massaged the lotion in. With each squeeze and caress, he could feel a tingling sensation spreading through his fingertips, up his arms, and into his body.

Nalin let out a low moan, feeling his desperate touches. “Good boy,” she praised, though her tone was laced with mocking amusement. “Now, kiss it. Press your lips against my ass and show me how much you worship me.”

He leaned in, his lips brushing against her soft skin. As he did, he inhaled deeply, pulling the intoxicating scent into his lungs. Instantly, he felt a rush of dizziness, his body beginning to compress and shrink.

Nalin noticed his sudden stillness and looked back over her shoulder with a wicked grin. “What's wrong, little one? Feeling a bit... small?” She could see him already shrinking, his form dwindling before her very eyes.

The young man tried to pull away, but Nalin grabbed him, holding him firmly against her ass. “No, no, don't stop now. You haven't finished worshipping me yet.” She wiggled her hips, grinding his face against her. She saw his formerly 6'2 form dwindle to around 5'8 before releasing him.

Nalin watched with sadistic amusement as the young man stumbled back, his eyes wide with shock and growing fear. She could see the realization dawning on his handsome face as he looked down at his rapidly shrinking body.

“W-what's happening to me?” he stammered, his voice pitching up an octave as he shrank before her eyes. He was down to around 5'4 now, his clothes hanging loosely on his diminishing frame.

Nalin smirked, turning to face him with a wicked gleam in her dark eyes. “Oh, you're just reacting to my scent, sweetie. The more of it you inhale, the smaller you'll get. Isn't that a delicious little side effect?” She walked towards him, her hips swaying hypnotically, the intoxicating aroma growing stronger with each step.

The young man tried to back away, but found himself mesmerized by her, drawn to her like a moth to a flame. He took a few stumbling steps towards the door, but paused, his resolve wavering. The allure of her scent, the memory of the way her skin had felt beneath his fingertips, it was all so tantalizing. Nalin watched him with a smug, knowing smile as he hesitated, torn between fear and desire. She could see the hunger in his eyes, the longing to submit to her completely. She took another step closer, her perfumed lotion scent reaching him, making his head spin and his heart race.

“Going so soon?” she cooed, her voice dripping with mocking disappointment. “But we were just getting started. I thought you wanted to worship me?”

The young man swallowed hard, his mouth dry as the desert. He knew he should leave, should run as far away from this witch and her intoxicating scent as he could. But he was frozen in place, unable to tear himself away from her magnetic presence.

"Please..." he whispered, his voice barely audible, "let me worship you. I need to... I need to..." He trailed off, unable to find the words.

Nalin threw her head back and laughed, a low, throaty sound that sent shivers down his spine. "Oh, you do, do you? Very well. But you must kiss my ass as penance for even thinking about running away from me." She turned and bent over, presenting her plush rear to him once more.

Nalin stood with her back to him, her round, firm ass mere inches from his face. She looked back over her shoulder, her eyes glinting with cruel amusement as she watched him struggle with his desire and growing fear.

"Well, go on then," she purred, giving her ass a teasing squeeze. "Kiss it. Worship me like you so desperately wanted to."

The young man hesitantly leaned in, his lips brushing against the silky fabric of her robe. He could feel the heat radiating off her skin, could smell the intoxicating scent of her pheromones growing stronger. He pressed his lips more firmly against her ass, feeling the plush flesh yield beneath his mouth.

Nalin let out a low moan, a sound of mocking pleasure. "Is that all you've got?" she taunted, reaching back to grab a handful of his hair. She pulled him harder against her, grinding his face into the curve of her ass. "Kiss it like you mean it. Show me how much you adore me."

The young man had no choice but to comply. He pressed his lips against her ass, kissing and licking at the fabric covering her skin. With each press of his mouth, he inhaled deeply, pulling her scent into his lungs. The aroma was addictive, heady, and with each breath, he could feel his body beginning to compress. 4'6... 4'5... 4'4... His height shrank with each passing second, with each desperate kiss and lick. Nalin could feel him growing smaller, could see his form dwindling as she held him in place.

"That's it," she purred, still grinding his face into her ass. "Keep going. Worship your goddess properly."

She could feel his struggles growing weaker, his licks and kisses growing more fervent as he became more addicted to her scent. The young man was now a mere 4'4, his clothes little more than rags on his tiny frame.

"Mmm, I can feel you shrinking," Nalin teased, reaching down to grab a fistful of his hair. She lifted his head up, forcing him to look at her. She could see the glazed look of lust and desperation in his eyes, the way his chest heaved with each shallow breath.

"Such a good little worshipper, aren't you? You just love my ass," she cooed before pushing the dwindling man back.

Nalin smirked down at the smaller man, her eyes glinting with cruel amusement as she watched him struggle to catch his breath. She could see the desperation in his gaze, the way his chest heaved with each tiny gasp. He was so small now, so pathetically eager for her attention.

"You tried to run from me," she said, her voice dripping with mocking disappointment. "You thought you could disobey your goddess and still have the privilege of breathing in my divine scent?" She tsked, shaking her head.

The young man, now a mere 4'4, looked up at her with pleading eyes. "Please, mistress," he begged, his voice barely above a whisper. "I need... I need to smell you. I can't... I can't control it..."

Nalin threw her head back and laughed, a sound of pure, wicked delight. "Oh, you need it, do you? Very well. But you're not worthy of smelling me directly, not after your little stunt."

She reached over to the plush chaise where she had been sitting and snatched up the cushion. With a smirk, she tossed it down in front of the tiny man, watching as it landed with a soft thud, dwarfing his diminutive form.

"Here," she said, her tone laced with mocking generosity. "Smell that if you're so desperate for my scent. Perhaps that will be enough for a disobedient little worm like you. You should be lucky. You are not even worthy enough to smell my seat."

The young man hesitated for a moment, looking up at her with a mix of fear and longing. Then, unable to resist the allure of even the faintest trace of her aroma, he scrambled towards the cushion. He pressed his tiny nose against the fabric, inhaling deeply, pulling the lingering scent of Nalin into his lungs. Instantly, he felt a rush of dizziness, a sensation of compression that made his head spin. He inhaled again, and again, each breath pulling him smaller, tighter, until...

Nalin's eyes widened in surprise as she watched the young man shrink before her eyes. She had expected him to resist, to struggle against the effects of her pheromones. But he seemed helpless to fight the addiction, to resist the siren call of her scent.

Down to an inch... down to a centimeter... and then, with a final desperate sniff, he seemed to disappear entirely. Nalin stood there a moment, blinking down at the cushion in an almost comical manner. She slowly moved towards the cushion and picked it up. She walked

into her private room and sat it atop a waist-high stool. She leaned in and squinted heavily until she saw him. She almost gasped as she saw a tiny man, smaller than an ant and continuing to shrink.

“Greed is a bottomless pit indeed,” she muttered.

As the tiny man shrank down to a mere millimeter in size, his world expanded into a vast, textured landscape. The fibers of Nalin's velvet cushion loomed before him like colossal trees in a forest of deep, rich purple. He could feel himself tumbling down, down, the plush surface rising up to engulf him.

Nalin's amused voice drifted down to him, echoing as if from a great distance. “You know, you never even thought to use the safe word,” she teased, her tone laced with cruel amusement. “I suppose this must be what you truly wanted, to be so small, so insignificant.”

She sighed, a sound that rumbled through the tiny man like a distant thunderclap. “Very well then. If this is your desire, so be it.”

As he watched in awe and terror, he saw Nalin's negligee lift, the sheer fabric parting like a curtain to reveal her bare bottom. It was a sight that would have once filled him with lust and desire, but now it was a terrifying expanse of soft, pale skin that seemed to stretch out to the horizon before him.

With a soft, mocking laugh, Nalin sat down on the cushion, her plush rear sinking into the plush fibers. The tiny man felt the world shift and tremble around him as her weight settled on the cushion. He tumbled and bounced with the motion, the fibers parting and closing around him like waves in a vast, velvet sea.

From his new perspective, Nalin's bare bottom was a vast, fleshy landscape, the curves and valleys of her ass stretching out in all directions. He could see the faint sheen of her skin, the way it seemed to glow with a soft, warm light. The scent of her, her pheromones, filled his tiny lungs, making his head spin and his heart race.

As he struggled to process this new reality, Nalin's voice drifted down to him once more, a low, teasing purr. "Welcome to your new life, little one. I do hope you enjoy it."

With that, she settled back, her immense weight pressing down on the cushion, and the tiny man was lost to a world of soft, warm darkness and the overwhelming scent of his goddess.