

The Morning After a Small Orgy

Sarah groaned as she slowly regained consciousness, her head throbbing slightly from the remnants of the previous night's drinking. She blinked a few times, trying to get her bearings as she sat up on the couch where she had apparently passed out. The room was a mess, empty cups and bottles littered the coffee table, and the air still hung heavy with the scent of sweat, perfume, and various fluids from the impromptu orgy that had taken place.

As Sarah's vision cleared, she looked around and furrowed her brow in confusion. "Where is everyone?" she muttered to herself, noticing that the other girls who had been there when she blacked out were nowhere to be seen. She stood up on wobbly legs, her naked body glistening slightly from the sweat of the previous night's activities. Her long black hair cascaded down her back in a tangled mess. Perhaps they had gone to get breakfast. She hoped they'd get coffee if so.

Sarah stretched her arms above her head, feeling the ache in her muscles from the intense lovemaking that had gone on for hours. She couldn't remember much after the first few rounds of shots, but she had vague memories of her girlfriend Lucy's skilled hands and mouth all over her body. A shiver ran through her as she thought about it, feeling a renewed surge of arousal despite her hangover.

She made her way to the bathroom, stepping over discarded clothing and accessories strewn across the floor. As she passed the full-length mirror, Sarah paused to admire her fit figure, running her hands over her toned stomach and cupping her breasts. She gave them a squeeze, feeling her nipples stiffen at her touch. She sat down on the toilet, relieved herself and looked over to the shower. A shower sounded quite nice this morning. Unbeknownst to Sarah,

as she went about her morning routine, six tiny figures were stuck to her skin, completely invisible to her.

On her left breast, three of her shrunken friends clung to her stiff nipple, now the size of a small mountain to them. They tried their best to stay upright as Sarah moved around the apartment, their tiny hands gripping her nipple flesh for dear life. Each of them was smaller than a grain of sand compared to a mote of dust on Sarah's skin. The three friends, Tina, Mia, and Lisa, were trapped in the deep valley of her areola, the warm, slick flesh engulfing them like a fleshy cavern. They could feel the blood pulsing beneath the surface, the heat radiating off Sarah's skin as she moved about her morning routine. Each time Sarah's hand brushed past her breast, they were jostled and tossed like tiny ragdolls, their miniature bodies bouncing and swaying with the motion. They tried to call out to her, to alert Sarah to their predicament, but their voices were lost in the vast expanse of her breast, absorbed by the thick, slick skin.

Down below, nestled in the dense thicket of Sarah's pubic hair, the remaining three friends found themselves in a tangled wilderness of wiry black curls. The hairs were like towering trees to them, blocking out the light and disorienting them as they tried to navigate the tangled undergrowth. Sarah's pubic hair was so thick and unkempt that it was like a miniature forest, with some strands as thick as tree trunks to the tiny women. They struggled to find footing amidst the wiry curls as the hairs and skin were slick with a greasy sheen of natural oils..

Amongst the tangled curls, Sarah's girlfriend Lucy, along with her friends Priya and Natasha, tried to make their way towards what they thought might be a clearer path. But with each step, the hairs seemed to shift and move on their own, as if controlled by some unseen force. They soon realized they were lost in the dense jungle of Sarah's pubes, the curls obscuring their view of anything beyond a few inches in front of them. It had been Lucy's idea to

shrink everyone for some extra fun atop her girlfriend's sleeping body. They had thought it would be fun, and it was. They shrunk the other trio down for fun atop Sarah's nipple. It took multiple bursts. They shrunk themselves, crawled to her bush and shrunk themselves again. Unfortunately, as they did, Sarah shifted and Lucy lost the shrunken shrink ray, mid blast. It fell off of Sarah's hip as the rest dwindled in size. For them it was basically unobtainable now.

Sarah continued about her morning, oblivious to the tiny passengers on her body, though she couldn't shake the feeling that something was different. She felt a strange tingle and prickling sensation on her skin, as if a million tiny insects were crawling all over her. But she brushed it off as a lingering effect of her hangover and the alcohol still coursing through her system. Then she turned on the shower.

When Sarah stepped into the shower, the six tiny women on her body were suddenly engulfed in a torrential downpour, unlike anything they had ever experienced. The spray from the showerhead was like a hurricane-force deluge to their miniature forms, the water droplets each as massive as boulders crashing down around them.

Sarah's three friends clinging to her nipple were pounded by the relentless assault of water, the force of each droplet threatening to tear them from their precarious perch. Tina, Mia, and Lisa huddled together, gripping Sarah's nipple flesh with white knuckle intensity as they tried to ride out the storm. The warm, slick skin of Sarah's areola was like a tiny island in a raging sea, and they struggled to keep their footing as the shower pounded down upon them. With each throb of Sarah's heartbeat, they could feel the flesh beneath them quivering and shifting, making it even harder to maintain their grip. They gasped and sputtered as the water

filled their mouths and noses, the taste of Sarah's sweat and natural oils mixing with the clean shower water in a dizzying, overwhelming rush.

Meanwhile, in the tangled jungle of Sarah's pubic hair, Lucy, Priya, and Natasha found themselves in a completely different kind of hell. As the shower water crashed down upon the dense thicket of curls, it was like a monsoon flooding a rainforest, the deluge of water turning the wiry hairs into a churning, frothing mess. They struggled to keep their heads above the torrent, their hands grasping desperately at the slick, waterlogged strands as they were whipped and lashed by the force of the downpour. The once springy, soft curls were now as hard and rigid as steel cables, whipping and snapping with each pulse of water.

Lucy, being Sarah's girlfriend, had a particularly intimate knowledge of her lover's anatomy, and she used this to her advantage as they tried to survive the shower onslaught. She shouted to Priya and Natasha, her tiny voice barely audible over the pounding of the water, "We need to get to her clit! We can hide under the hood! If we get there, we might stand a chance!"

Together, they battled their way through the churning undergrowth, fighting against the current of water and the whipping, stinging curls. It was like navigating a flooding swamp as water and sweat rushed through the tree-like hairs. The water was aiding the tiny trio in a way as it washed them towards the precipice of Sarah's pubic mound. They could see the ridge of her clit ahead and leapt down onto it as water rushed past. They crawled along her humid, pulsing skin until they reached the little wrinkle of flesh that was the clitoral hood. They barely were able to crawl under it when Sarah's hand brought a soapy rag down to roughly scrub her pubes.

As Sarah stepped out of the shower, she could feel a lingering heat between her legs that had nothing to do with the warm water. She was still incredibly aroused from the memories of the previous night's activities and the sensations of her morning shower. She grabbed a towel and roughly dried herself off, her hands lingering on her breasts.

As Sarah ran the towel over her breasts, Tina, Mia, and Lisa were jostled and nearly knocked off by the sudden movement. They clung to her stiff nipple for dear life, their tiny bodies aching from the abuse they had taken in the shower. The rough terry cloth of the towel was like sandpaper to their delicate skin, scraping and chafing them as Sarah dried herself.

Down below, Lucy, Priya, and Natasha huddled together under the meager shelter of Sarah's clitoral hood, their bodies pressed against the damp, hot skin. They could feel the heat radiating off of Sarah's most sensitive area, the warmth seeping into their bones. The air under the hood was thick and humid, filled with the musky scent of Sarah's arousal. They knew that their girlfriend and best friend was still incredibly turned on, and they could only imagine the things she had planned for herself.

Sarah hung the towel up and looked at herself in the mirror, her eyes roaming over her fit, naked body. She could see the desire burning in her own gaze, the hunger for release. She knew that she needed to take care of herself, to satisfy the ache that had been building since she woke up.

"I guess I'll need to fuck myself," Sarah muttered to herself, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "I'm still so fucking horny, I can't stand it. A shower and some good fucking is

exactly what I need to wake up properly.” Sarah was not the most ladylike of people. She was more rough and tumble and her diction reflected it.

With that thought in mind, Sarah made her way to her bedroom, her mind already filled with dirty thoughts of what she was going to do to herself. She had a few favorite toys stashed away, and she knew that she would need to use them all to fully satisfy her needs. Her girlfriend had left her unsatisfied, as had the five other women. She’d just have to take care of things herself. She reached over to her nightstand and pulled out a large golden bullet vibrator that she called Thanos, for when she decides “fine, I’ll do it myself.”

As Sarah grabbed the massive vibrator and turned it on, the six tiny women on her body suddenly found themselves in a rippling world of chaos and overwhelming sensation. The buzzing of the vibrator was like a thunderous roar to their miniature ears, the deep, rumbling vibrations shaking them to their cores as it reverberated through the massive body. She was their world and their world was about to quake with pleasure.

Lucy, Priya, and Natasha were still huddled under the shelter of Sarah’s clitoral hood when the vibrator made contact. The sudden, intense stimulation was unlike anything they had ever experienced. It was as if a tiny earthquake had struck, the skin beneath them quaking and undulating with each pulse of the vibrator.

Lucy, being trapped on the very tip of Sarah’s clit, felt the most intense effects of the buzzing toy. She was jolted and bounced with each throb of the vibrator, her tiny body jerking like a ragdoll. The sensation was overwhelming, the vibrations shooting through her like electric shocks. She could feel the blood rushing to Sarah’s clit, the flesh engorging and hardening

beneath her. It was like being trapped on a tiny, fleshy landmass as it was ripped apart by a tidal wave of arousal.

Priya, who had been riding out the storm on the surface of Sarah's clit, suddenly found herself launched into the air as the vibrator's intensity increased. She sailed through the humid, musky air beneath the clitoral hood, her arms and legs flailing as she was tossed about by the wind of Sarah's arousal. She crashed onto the hardening flesh of Sarah's clit, the skin stretching and pulling taut beneath her. It was like being on a trampoline that was quickly losing its bounce, the surface growing harder and more unyielding with each passing second.

Natasha, unfortunately, was not so lucky. As Sarah rubbed the vibrator more firmly against her clit, the flesh began to harden and pull upwards, forming a tight, unyielding peak. Natasha, who had been sheltering in a small crease of skin near the base of Sarah's clit, was suddenly engulfed by the moving flesh as the clit grew to its zenith. The skin folded in on itself, crushing Natasha between the thick, rubbery walls of Sarah's most sensitive area. She struggled and fought, but it was no use. The unyielding flesh crushed her like a tiny insect beneath a steamroller. Lucy and Priya could only watch in horror as their friend was utterly obliterated.

Lucy clung to the tip of Sarah's throbbing clit for dear life as the flesh beneath her pulsed and quaked. She could feel the blood rushing to the sensitive nub, making it swell and harden like a tiny, fleshy mountain. The vibrator's relentless buzzing sent shockwaves through her miniscule body, making her teeth chatter and her bones ache. She knew that at any moment, Sarah could lose control and plunge the massive toy deep inside herself, ending Lucy's miniature life in an instant.

As if on cue, Sarah gripped the vibrator tighter and began to rub it more insistently against her clit. The tip of the toy pressed harder and harder against the engorged, pulsing flesh

until finally, Lucy felt herself being pushed forward. She tried to dig her tiny nails into the slick skin to stop her momentum, but it was no use. She was swept up onto the tip of the golden rocket, its massive vibrations shaking her to her core. She could barely see straight as the device was lowered between her massive lover's legs. She could barely see the vulva she so loved to play with and tease before with a final, hard thrust, the tip of the toy plunged into Sarah's dripping entrance.

Lucy let out a tiny scream as she was shoved inside, the walls of Sarah's pussy clamping down around her like a fleshy vice. The wet, hot, and incredibly tight space enveloped her completely as Sarah plunged the vibrator deeper and deeper into herself. Lucy could feel the thick, pulsing walls of Sarah's vagina squeezing and rippling around her, the muscles clenching and unclenching as Sarah's arousal grew. She was trapped in a dark, humid, and incredibly tight tunnel of slick flesh, the vibrator's buzzing now muffled but still intensely felt through the thick barrier of Sarah's body.

Meanwhile, Priya found herself suddenly swept up by the currents of Sarah's movements. As Sarah rubbed the vibrator against her clit with increasing fervor, a stray hand brushed against Priya's location on the hardening, twitching flesh. Sarah's fingers, each one as massive as a skyscraper to Priya, swiped across the surface of her clit, inadvertently scooping up the tiny woman on a fingernail. Priya tumbled and flipped through the air, her miniature body rolling and tumbling in a glob of cum as Sarah's finger lifted her up and away from the throbbing, buzzing nub.

Priya's heart raced as she realized what was happening - Sarah's finger was bringing her closer and closer to her back entrance. She could feel the heat radiating from between Sarah's cheeks and saw the dark twitching orifice growing closer as the light grew dimmer.

Priya's heart raced as she realized where Sarah's finger was taking her. "No, no, not there!" she tried to scream, but her voice was too tiny to be heard. The only sounds Sarah heard were the buzzing of the vibrator and the pounding of Sarah's own heartbeat. The fleshy walls of Sarah's asshole loomed before her like a dark, gaping cavern as the finger approached the puckered entrance.

With a sudden, forceful push, Sarah's finger plunged into her own anus, the tight ring of muscle stretching and yielding to the invasive digit. Priya tumbled and bounced as the finger sank deeper and deeper into the hot, humid depths of Sarah's back passage. The walls of Sarah's rectum clenched and rippled around the invading finger, the sensation of the vibrator's buzzing now muffled but still intensely felt through the thick, muscular barrier.

As Sarah's pleasure built, so did the intensity of her movements. Her hips bucked and rolled, grinding the vibrator against her clit with each thrust of her finger up her own ass. The sensation of the toy buzzing against her most sensitive area, combined with the feeling of her own finger plunging in and out of her back passage, quickly pushed Sarah towards the edge of a massive orgasm.

Priya found herself trapped in a dark, fleshy tunnel that seemed to go on forever. The air was thick and heavy with the musky scent of Sarah's arousal, the humidity making it difficult for the tiny woman to breathe. She could feel the vibrations of the vibrator pulsing through her as Sarah began to fuck herself with increasing fervor, the finger plunging in and out of her tight asshole with reckless abandon. It withdrew and left Priya laying in a disgusting heap on the wall

near the puckered orifice. She crawled in the dreadful dark to try and find a wrinkle to hopefully crawl through to freedom.

Lucy was not fairing much better as she was trapped in a world of pure, overwhelming sensation as Sarah's orgasm built to a crescendo. The walls of her lover's pussy clamped down around the toy like a velvet vice, the slick, rippling flesh squeezing and massaging it from all sides. Juices washed over Lucy as the occasional wrinkle and ripple of her lover's insides crashed over her. The vibrator's buzzing was now a constant, thrumming roar, the intense vibrations shaking Lucy to her core and setting her tiny nerves on fire with waves of overwhelming pleasure. She swore she could feel the blood rushing through Sarah's veins, the heat of her lover's arousal radiating out from the center of her being like the heart of a tiny sun.

As Sarah's climax approached, her breathing grew heavier and more ragged. Her chest heaved and rose with each gasping breath, the movement causing her breasts to bounce and jiggle. Unbeknownst to Lucy, trapped as she was in the dark, humid depths of Sarah's pussy, the intense sensations overwhelming her girlfriend's body also had a deadly effect on her three friends still clinging to Sarah's nipple.

When getting fucked, Sarah loved to have her nipples played with, and she was chesty enough that she could do the job herself, as this instance called for. Tina, Mia, and Lisa were pinned to the nipple by Sarah's tongue as it licked and probed the nipple before her lips sealed around it and she began to suck with increasing fervor. Tina, Mia, and Lisa were crushed and ground beneath the relentless assault of Sarah's suckling and biting. They were batted about by

her tongue and barely dodged massive clamping teeth. The tender bud of flesh hardened and stretched taut beneath the intense suction, the skin pulling taut and unyielding.

The three friends struggled and fought, their tiny hands scrabbling against the unyielding flesh of Sarah's nipple as they tried to maintain their grip. But it was no use. With each hard suck, Sarah's lips and tongue worked the tender bud, kneading and massaging it until the skin was pulled so taut that it was like a fleshy drumhead. Tina, Mia, and Lisa were trapped in a tiny, dark space as Sarah's saliva coated their miniscule bodies, the hot, thick fluid filling their mouths and noses as they gasped for air.

Sarah's climax hit her like a freight train, and she let out a guttural moan around her nipple as the pleasure crashed through her. Her back arched, pressing her breasts forward, causing the nipple to slip from her mouth after one last powerful suck. The vibrations of her scream echoed through her friends as they slid back along her tongue. She sucked in air greedily as she panted from her orgasm. The intense pressure of her simple panting carried them down her throat to their doom.

Inside her rectum, Priya was tossed and jostled by the force of Sarah's movements, her tiny body slamming against the rippling walls of the fleshy tunnel with each thrust. Priya found herself gripped in a wrinkle of her friend's anus, on the inside. She could feel the heat and pressure building, the muscles clenching and unclenching around her as Sarah's climax approached. It was like being trapped in a miniature volcano that was about to erupt, the air growing hotter and more oppressive with each passing second. She was squeezed and kneaded by the tight muscle with each throb of pleasure that Sarah experienced. As the force of Sarah's climax approached, her lower body clenched tightly in anticipation. This simple action that Sarah couldn't even control caused her anus to briefly open and then instantly tighten, crushing Priya instantly.

As Sarah came down from her intense, earth-shattering orgasm, she collapsed back onto her bed, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of her pleasure. She was lost in a haze of post-coital bliss, a satisfied grin on her face as she caught her breath. The vibrator slipped from her hand, falling to the bed with a soft thud, its buzzing now a distant, muted sound. Sarah's chest heaved as she panted, her skin slick with sweat and arousal. Her chest rose and fell with each sated breath as her hands traced her curves while said curves squirmed atop her sheets. She really needed that, she thought. Her eyes looked towards the open door to the living room. Once again, she wondered where everyone went.

Five of her friends were still on or in her body, but no longer with her. Only one remained, though lost. Lucy was gone from Sarah's sight forever, but closer to her than any living being had ever been. Deep within the humid, churning depths of Sarah's pussy, Lucy remained trapped, her miniscule body battered and bruised from the force of Sarah's climax. She was smaller than a mite now, a microscopic speck of life amidst the vast, undulating expanse of her girlfriend's most intimate area. The vibrator's buzzing had grown silent as it was removed, but the pulsing of Sarah's walls around her never ceased, squeezing and massaging her with each ragged breath her lover took. Lucy was utterly unaware of the tragedy that had befallen her friends, blissfully ignorant as she drifted in the dark, slick tunnel. Some part of her knew that she would be trapped within the perfect woman whom she loved for the rest of her days.

Sarah stood and threw on a robe before walking into the living room to clean up. She hated being the only one left after the orgy. There was always so much to clean up. She decided

that she was going to give the girls hell the next time she saw them. They'd regret the day they stood her bored and unfulfilled!