

Goddess Krista Gets Off
By Joyce Julep

My most recent batch of little men seem lazier than in times past. I can barely feel them at all. My eyes are tightly shut, and I've thrown my head back as I press my oiled, naked body backward into my favorite chair. It always helps to rub the sandalwood-scented oil all over my smooth skin before I fetch a fresh batch of tinies from the wooden chest I keep them in. Of course, I could make my skin shimmery and slippery with a snap of my fingers, but it's the process that brings me such pleasure...the process of deliberately rubbing myself down, head to toe, in preparation to receive the little tickles of their hands and feet. The oil increases the sensation — I can usually feel their tiny fingers and toes eagerly rubbing and pressing into me as they gather together in clusters around my clit...my areola...my nipples, which are all aching for the tidal wave of their combined touch. If I focus hard enough with my eyes closed, I can even sometimes feel their little tongues lapping eagerly at the nub of my clit. I wonder how many it will take to get me off this time?

Oooohhhh, that's more like it! I can feel a few of them swinging from my clitoral hood. They must have been so overtaken with lust at my size and power — and the heavenly scent of my snatch — that they were seized with a sudden inspiration. Oh yes, I can feel more joining them...dozens of tiny men, now swinging from the fleshy, folding drapes of my hood.

"Mmmmm, yessss tiny ones...that's the idea!" I moan out into my bedroom, still with my eyes closed. I'll definitely open them up in due time, but right now I want to just keep them closed as I descend further and further into this slow, searing ecstasy. Behind the darkness of my eyelids, I can feel them respond to the easy rumbling purr of my voice. The twenty little humans on each nipple are moving faster now — they're throwing themselves up against the mound of flesh with renewed vigor and energy. My voice will have that effect — to them, they can barely understand the words. It sounds like rumbling thunder.

Yes, I can feel them moving quicker now. They're slipping and sliding over one another, fighting to get at the prime erogenous bits at the very tip of my nipples. This is another good thing about the oil; it makes it harder for the tinies to gain stable footing, so that, in their eagerness to pleasure me, they slip and slide and tumble over each other, forming a delightful little human river of miniature bodies, all squirming desperately to stimulate me.

I shift my body slightly and I hear a few tiny little squeaks, barely audible. This usually happens whenever I change position, even very slightly. I feel a couple of them lose their footing and fall off my nipple entirely, clutching desperately and fruitlessly at my smooth boob flesh before they slide off my breast to their deaths below me. I can't help but smile a little as a soft laugh rumbles deeply through my flesh. Such tiny little things, clawing for their lives against my giant boob. Yet another good thing about the scented oil: it keeps my little men honest. They have to stay focused and fastened onto me, or else they might just lose their teeny lives.

The twenty little ones on my clit are getting tired. It hasn't even been that long! I don't know why I always expect more from them. I open my eyes and reach over to the crowd of a hundred little naked men who are all gathered together, heads bowed and on their knees, on the nightstand beside me. The soft candlelight flickers a bit as the wind from my hand makes the flames in my scented candles dance. To the men, each flame must seem like a bonfire.

“Faster...harder...deeeeeper, little ones,” I moan back towards my pussy as I reach for the front twenty-or-so men on the nightstand. My voice spurs them to greater activity, and I can feel them fornicating all around my clit with greater speed and energy. I feel my nub swell in response as my heartbeat begins to increase. Oh the joys of inhabiting a perpetually young body! The tinies are doing better down there, but I know they’ll need some help. I close my hand around the first twenty or twenty five little men and swiftly bring the handful down towards my snatch, which has begun to drool and exhale hot, perfumed air as my arousal builds. A few of them fall from my hand and tumble down with tiny shrieks to their demise. I’ll clean them up with the others.

I open my palm up onto my clit, my lips, my hood, everywhere down there, and I can feel the little things scurrying eagerly off my hand towards my thick vaginal lips and the still-engorging clitoral nub of hard pink flesh.

“Yes, my little thingssss,” I groan out loud, and I bring two of my fingers down and insert them into my pussy. I hear the squelch of my fingers pushing themselves through the lubricated, glutted lips...a sound I love to hear. I’m not far off now.

I start to move my fingers in and out quickly, infusing my bedroom air with a sweet symphony of lewd, slurpy noises. It’s amusing that 80 little men working feverishly to stimulate me make no noise at all, but all it takes is a couple of my fingers to make those pre-cum squelches I love so much. I can feel a few of them trapped by my fingers, forcibly shoved deep into my pussy. When I cum, their bodies will get washed out on the tidal wave the I can feel building deep within the foundations of my vaginal walls.

It’s almost here now. My flesh starts to shake. In a flash, every nerve in my body is tingling and standing to attention under my skin. I can feel them all rubbing with their little feet and toes, and licking and biting with their lips, teeth, and tongues. So many at once...all fixated on serving *me*...their little brains burning with fervent desire to help me achieve release...I dwarf them...tower over them...rule over them all. They are worshipping on the alter of their goddess, who holds the power of their life and death on the tip of her finger. My pussy seizes, and I can feel my clit tingling so much that it feels like it’s on fire.

“OOooooooooOOOOhhhhhhhhoOOOOhhhhhhhh!” I cry, tumbling over the edge into a sea of bliss as I thrust my fingers violently in and out. Wave after wave of orgasm washes over me, and after the first few waves, a harder one comes, and I begin squirting. Over and over the fluids spray and gush from my steaming snatch, and along with the torrents of my fragrant juices, all the tinies in my crotch get washed away, all down to the floor, instantly drowned. My eyes roll back in my head as I savor each wave as it comes.

A minute later I open my eyes. The little men on my boobs have all fallen off due to the sudden, jolting violence of my orgasm. The tinies who had been hard at work are all gone now. I feel a cool post-orgasmic glow start to calm my body down, and I glance down at the stone floor. Little black specks lie motionless amidst many splashes of cum. I lean back and sigh in pleasure. I’ll sweep it all up in the morning, after my cum dries.