

The Worst She Can Do Is Say No Part 3: That Ass

The dive bar's air hung thick with cigarette smoke and cheap beer fumes as Joey's band finished their final set. The small crowd, mostly blue-collar types and a few college students, thundered their approval and shuffled toward the exit. Joey grabbed his guitar case and nodded to his bandmates, who were already packing up.

That's when he noticed her again.

Amber was behind the bar, wiping down glasses with methodical precision. Even in the dim lighting, Joey could make out her tall, athletic frame, all lean muscle and curves in her tight jeans and fitted band t-shirt. Her dark hair, black as midnight, hanging straight with two long, thin braids on either side, swayed as she worked. She was about 5'10, a good few inches taller than Joey, with that kind of effortless beauty that came from being comfortable in her own skin. He'd been flirting with her all night. Not overtly, at first, but enough that she'd definitely noticed. Little comments about how good she looked working that bar. Compliments about her smile. She'd either smirked or rolled her eyes each time, but she never shut him down completely. If anything, she'd give him a knowing look that suggested she was sizing him up. She eventually caught him gazing at her ass and joked that she knew he just wanted to get in it. She didn't seem opposed to the idea.

Now, as the last customer stumbled out and Amber flipped the sign to "CLOSED," Joey sauntered over to the bar with his guitar case slung over his shoulder.

"Nice set tonight," she said without looking up, continuing to stack glasses. Her voice had that slight accent that Joey had noticed before. There was something about the rhythm of her speech, the specific vowels she emphasized that he loved. One of the patrons had mentioned she was Muscogee. He always had a thing for native girls.

“You know what would make it nicer?” Joey leaned against the bar, flashing his best smile. “Getting to know you better. Outside of work.”

Amber finally looked at him, her dark eyes assessing. She set down the glass she’d been holding and crossed her arms under her chest, her breasts swelling the Iron Maiden logo slightly. “You’ve been saying that all night, Joey.”

“Because it’s true all night,” he countered, his grin widening. “I’m serious, Amber. You’re gorgeous. And I think we’d have a really good time.”

She snorted softly and turned back to wiping down the bar. “I’m sure you say that to every pretty girl at every bar.”

“Well, you’re not a pretty girl,” he said, smugly, causing her to cock her head his way with a raised brow. “You’re a gorgeous woman.”

Amber’s eyes narrowed as she studied Joey, her dark gaze seeming to penetrate right through his cocky exterior. She set down her rag with deliberate slowness and leaned forward on the bar, her weight making the wood creak slightly.

“You’re really persistent, aren’t you?” she said, her voice carrying a mixture of amusement and exasperation.

Joey shrugged, that self-satisfied smirk still playing on his lips. “I know what I want. And I’m not afraid to go for it.”

Amber sighed dramatically, then straightened up and walked around the bar. The sound of her boots on the worn floor echoed in the empty space. She was close now. Close enough that Joey could smell her perfume, something earthy and vanilla, mixed with the faint scent of beer and cigarettes that clung to everything in a dive bar.

“Fine,” she said, her voice dropping lower. “You’re insufferable, but I’ll give you that.”

She moved past him toward the back room where she kept her coat and purse. She grabbed something from behind the bar and dropped it into her purse. Joey’s grin widened as he followed, his guitar case bumping slightly against his leg.

“And before you get any ideas,” she called back over her shoulder, her hips swaying as she walked, “I’m not some easy conquest. I’m just... curious.”

When she turned to face him, leaning against the doorframe to the back room, there was something different in her expression. A softening around the edges, though her eyes still held that challenging glint.

“Come upstairs,” she said simply, pulling her purse from a hook. “My apartment is above the bar. But if you’re annoying, or a pain, I’m kicking you out.”

Joey set down his guitar case and followed her through a narrow hallway that led to a staircase he hadn’t noticed before. Amber’s apartment was clearly modest but comfortable. Exposed brick walls, a small kitchen area, and a couch that looked well-loved, a doorway lined with beads leading to a darkened bedroom. She tossed her purse on the coffee table and turned to face him, arms crossed again. The height difference between them was more apparent now, with her at 5’10” and him 6’2. She looked up at him with an expression that was equal parts amused, annoyed, and interested.

“Well?” she said. “You going to stand there grinning like an idiot, or are you going to say something?”

Joey's eyes traveled slowly up Amber's frame, taking in every detail in the better light. She was stunning in a natural, unpretentious way that most women could only envy. Her long, straight black hair fell past her shoulders in a glossy curtain, catching the dim light from the lamp in her apartment. It was the kind of hair that made men think of running their fingers through it, of tangling it in calloused hands. Her skin was warm-toned, a natural tan that spoke of spending time outdoors, soft and smooth-looking even from a distance. No freckles, no blemishes. Just clean, healthy skin that seemed to glow with good health.

Her eyes were a deep brown, nearly black in the low light, framed by long lashes and shaped in a way that suggested her Muscogee heritage. They held a sharp intelligence that Joey found more attractive than any amount of makeup could create. There was wit there, and maybe a touch of mischief. Her body was exactly what he'd suspected from seeing her behind the bar, fit and curvy in all the right places. Her jeans hugged her hips and ass in a way that made his mouth water. Her fitted band t-shirt was simple but clung to the swell of her breasts and the flatness of her stomach. She wasn't ridiculously muscular, but there was a lean definition to her arms and legs that spoke of someone who stayed active.

But it was her face that really caught him. High cheekbones, a straight nose, full lips that were currently pressed into a slight smirk as she waited for him to finish his perusal. She had the kind of face that could be sweet or stern depending on her mood, and right now she seemed caught between the two.

"Well?" she prompted again, one dark brow raised. "Are you going to say something, or are you going to keep staring like I'm a museum exhibit?"

Joey's grin turned sheepish but unrepentant. "Hey, I'm just appreciating the view," he said, stepping closer to her. "Can't blame a guy for looking, right?"

Amber rolled her eyes and turned back to him, her smirk widening. "Yeah, yeah. You know, I had you pegged the moment you opened your mouth. Another white boy who wants to 'experience' a Native woman. Get yourself some Indian ass." She made air quotes with her fingers, her tone dripping with playful mockery.

She turned around and bent over slightly, deliberately presenting her ass to him as she pretended to adjust something on the coffee table. Her jeans stretched taut across her curves, the fabric hugging every contour.

"You're probably one of those guys who watched too many bad westerns as a kid and thinks you're going to sweep me off my feet or some shit," she continued, glancing back at him over her shoulder with a knowing look.

Joey laughed and moved closer, his hand reaching out to gently grab her hip. "I don't need movies to know what I want," he said, his voice dropping lower. "And I think you want something I have."

Amber straightened up and turned to face him fully, her brown eyes gleaming with mischief. "Oh, I know exactly what you're talking about," she said, her voice dropping to a near whisper. "You're thinking about that ass, aren't you? How you're going to get in it?"

She reached back and gave her own ass a playful smack, the sound sharp in the quiet apartment. "Well, lucky for you, boy..." She stepped closer until they were nearly chest-to-chest, close enough that he could feel the warmth radiating from her skin. "...tonight you're going to get more ass than you know what to do with."

Her hand slid up to rest on his chest, fingers splayed across his shirt. "The question is, can you handle it?"

Amber led him through the doorway lined with beads, which clicked softly as they passed through. The bedroom was dimly lit, with a large bed dominating the space, a king-sized affair with dark sheets and an abundance of pillows. Posters decorated the walls, a mix of indie bands and odd artwork. The scent of sage and something floral hung in the air. She still had whatever she'd grabbed from the coffee table clutched in one hand. Joey hadn't quite seen what it was yet in the low light. Maybe a vape or something.

"Come here," she said, her voice taking on a different tone now, more commanding. She sat on the edge of the bed and looked up at him expectantly.

Joey moved forward, his eyes adjusting to the dimmer light. When he was close enough, Amber held out her foot, her dark eyes watching him with amusement. "Take them off," she said simply.

He knelt down, his fingers working at the heels of her worn cowboy boots. The leather was soft and supple under his fingertips, and he could feel the warmth of her foot through the material. He slipped the boots off one by one and set them aside, revealing her bare feet. Amber shifted her position on the bed, kicking her legs out straight in front of her. Her slender toes brushed from his chest down to his belt buckle.

She unbuckled her own jeans and shimmied her wide hips out of them and kicked them off at him. She was wearing simple black cotton panties, and the sight of her long, tanned legs stretched out before him made Joey's mouth go dry for a moment. Amber reached up and flicked the light switch, plunging the room into darkness for just a moment before a different light came on, dim and warm, casting everything in a soft glow that was somehow more intimate than the overhead light had been.

She shifted back on the bed, propping herself up on her elbows, her bare feet kicking slightly in the air. In the warm glow, Joey could see her more clearly. Every curve, every detail of her tan skin, the way her dark hair fell around her face.

“Well?” she said, her smirk returning. “Are you going to get undressed?”

Joey’s fingers fumbled with his jeans, his movements slightly clumsy with anticipation. As he stepped out of them and pulled off his shirt, Amber’s eyes flicked downward and stayed there.

Her eyebrows raised slowly, a smirk playing at the corners of her lips. “Well, well,” she drawled, her voice carrying a mixture of amusement and genuine appreciation. “Someone’s been thinking about this all night, haven’t they?”

She rolled onto her stomach with practiced ease, her bare ass rising up in the air as she positioned herself. The curve of her hips and ass was even more pronounced from this angle, her tight black panties hugging her curves. She reached back and gave her own ass a playful smack with her hand, the sound echoing in the quiet room.

“Come here, cowboy,” she said, her tone teasing. “You’re going to get real familiar with this tonight.”

Joey hesitated for just a moment, his expression shifting from confident to uncertain. He cleared his throat. “Uh... Amber?” His voice had lost some of its earlier swagger. “I mean, I’m all for this, but... are you sure about, you know...” He gestured vaguely at her backside. “Because I’m pretty big, and I don’t want to-”

“Hurt me?” Amber interrupted, rolling her head to look back at him with those dark, amused eyes. “Oh, baby, the only thing that’s getting hurt here is probably going to be your ego.

Or maybe you, if I'm not careful." She laughed, the sound rich and genuine. "Relax. I know what I'm doing."

She wiggled her hips slightly, her ass jiggling enticingly. "Unless you're chicken now? After all that talk about wanting to 'get in that ass'? Afraid you can't perform?"

Joey's confidence returned in a rush. "I'm not chicken," he said, his voice regaining its earlier cockiness. "I just want to make sure you're okay with it."

"I'm okay with it," she confirmed, her tone leaving no room for argument. "Now come crawl up here and show me what you've got, big boy."

He crawled onto the bed, his large frame making the mattress dip as he positioned himself behind her. The scent of her, again earthy and feminine, filled his senses as he moved closer. Amber rolled smoothly onto her back, her naked body on full display now. The warm glow from the bedside lamp illuminated her tan skin, the soft curve of her breasts rising and falling with her breathing. She reached up and pulled her shirt over her head, tossing it aside, followed by her simple black bra. Her breasts were full and soft, with dusky nipples that hardened slightly in the cool air of the room. She looked up at Joey with those knowing brown eyes, her dark hair splayed across the pillow.

"Come here," she said softly, guiding his head down with her hands. She positioned herself so that his face was directly over her left breast, his lips hovering just above her nipple. "You wanted to get in my ass, but first..." She guided him down, her nipple brushing against his lips. "You can start here."

The skin was warm and soft, with a slightly salty taste that made him lick out instinctively. Her breath hitched slightly, a small sound of pleasure that encouraged him.

“Mmm, yeah,” she murmured, her fingers tangling in his hair, not pulling but holding him there. “Like that.”

Joey’s tongue darted out to swirl around the sensitive peak, and Amber’s back arched slightly, her breasts rising to meet his mouth. He sucked gently at first, then harder, his tongue circling the nipple as it stiffened further under his ministrations. The taste of her skin, the soft sound of her breathing, the way her hips shifted beneath him, it all combined to make him feel more confident.

“Fuck,” she breathed, her fingers tightening in his hair. “You’re actually good at this.”

There almost seemed to be regret in her voice, Joey noted as his free hand roamed over her body, exploring the soft curves of her waist and hips, his calloused fingers creating delicious friction against her smooth skin. Amber shifted, spreading her legs slightly, giving him better access. Her other hand reached down to grip his thick shaft, stroking him slowly as he continued to tend to her breast. The dual sensation, her hand on him and his mouth on her, sent shivers down her spine. She squeezed him a little tighter, her thumb brushing over the sensitive head of his cock.

“You like that?” she asked, her voice husky with arousal. “Because I’m getting really wet right now, Joey. And I want you inside me.”

She released his hair and sat up slightly, straddling his waist. Her dark eyes met his, pupils dilated with desire. She reached between her legs and spread herself open for him, showing him exactly how ready she was.

“See how wet I am?” she whispered, her voice thick. “All for you. But you’re not going in there, big boy. I’ve got another hole you’re going in.”

Amber's hand disappeared under the pillow, and she emerged with a small, sleek device that looked kinda familiar. She held it up so he could see it. It was smooth metal, had a trigger, and a small aperture at the top.

"What's that?" Joey started to ask, but before he could finish the question, a brilliant white light flashed from the device.

The world lurched. Joey felt a strange sensation wash over him, like being pulled apart and falling all at once. His body felt strange, wrong, until-

He was tiny.

The room around him was gone, replaced by a vast expanse of tan skin and heat. He was standing, no, kneeling, between Amber's thighs, staring up at her pussy like it was a landscape. The smooth, glistening lips rose above him like cliffs, the cleft of her ass visible further back, rising and falling as she shifted to look down at him.

"Oh my god," he breathed, his voice barely a whisper even to his own ears.

Amber looked down at him with a satisfied smirk, her dark eyes gleaming with mischief and something darker. "Like it?" she asked, her voice booming from this new perspective. "I bought it for self-defense, but sometimes I use it for special occasions."

She shifted her weight, and the movement sent him stumbling. Her pussy lips spread wider, revealing the pink interior, the glistening moisture that made his mouth water. The scent was overwhelming now, musky and feminine and intoxicating.

"See something you like, tiny?" she teased, her tone playful but with an undercurrent of something more primal. "You're staring again. I see you looking up at me. That's my pussy. It's happy to see you, but that's not where you're going, lil guy."

Amber reached down and plucked Joey up with one hand, holding him by the leg with surprising gentleness despite his new size. Her grip definitely implied experience in handling tiny people. She turned over onto her hands and knees, raising her ass into the air and giving him a birds-eye view of her magnificent mountains. Each cheek was easily the size of a building from his perspective, the soft flesh jiggling slightly with her movements. Her asshole was barely visible between them, a tight brown circle that seemed to wink at him.

“See?” she said, her voice echoing around him. “You were worried you were too big, but now look at you. You’re the perfect size.” She wiggled her hips, making her ass jiggle. “You’re going to fit so perfectly in here.”

She positioned him so he was dangling just above her asshole, close enough to see the delicate folds, far enough that he couldn’t touch. The scent was overwhelming, her natural musk mixed with sweat from a long shift and something else, something that made his head spin.

“Mmm,” she purred, her voice dripping with satisfaction. “What do you think? You still want it, don’t you? You want to put that tiny cock in my ass? Not that I’d feel it.”

She reached back with her free hand and spread her ass cheeks wider, exposing herself even more. The hole clenched and unclenched in a slow, deliberate rhythm that made it clear she was enjoying herself.

“Go on,” she said, her tone a mix of command and invitation. “Why don’t you crawl up there and show me what you’ve got, little man?”

Amber released her grip, letting Joey tumble down to the soft, yielding flesh of her ass cheek. He bounced slightly on impact, the surface barely giving under his weight as he rolled into the crevasse between her cheeks. From his new perspective, the landscape was even more dramatic. Dark folds of skin that seemed to go on forever, the crease where her thigh met

her ass, and the target zone above it all. Her smooth tan cheeks curved up around him like the walls of a pit. They were everywhere.

“Climb,” she commanded, her voice a low rumble. “Get up there and kiss it.”

When Joey hesitated, Amber reached back with her finger. The digit was thicker than his entire body now. He was smaller than the length of her unpainted thumbnail. She prodded him gently but firmly, and he toppled sideways, his body rolling across the warm skin.

“Oops,” Amber giggled, the sound vibrating through him. “Careful, little guy. You don’t want to fall off. If you do, I’ll just have to crush you beneath my pussy and then where will we be? Well, I guess you’d be dead and I’d be fine, honey but fine. But...whatever. Heh, butt. Like the one you’re trapped in!” Her giggles rippled through her body. He hated how pleased she sounded at that bit.

Joey steadied himself and began the arduous climb. The skin was slick with sweat and oil, his fingers and toes finding purchase in the soft folds and crevices. It was like climbing a mountain made of warm, yielding flesh. Every step was an effort, his muscles burning from the exertion.

Above him, Amber’s breathing grew heavier, her hips shifting restlessly. “Faster,” she urged, her voice thick with anticipation. “I can feel you moving back there. Don’t make me wait.”

Joey pushed himself harder, his tiny body straining. Finally, he reached the heart of this canyon, and there it was: the dark, puckered ring of her asshole. It was so much bigger than he expected, easily larger than his body. He watched it for a moment, the muscle clenching and relaxing in a slow, hypnotic rhythm. He gently kicked it with his foot. It was rubbery.

Amber let out a soft gasp as she felt him reach his destination. "There you are," she whispered. "Now kiss it. Show it some love."

Joey pressed his lips against the sensitive flesh, and Amber's entire body shuddered. "Fuck," she breathed, her voice breaking. "Yes, that's it. Kiss it."

Amber's voice came out as a husky command, her breath hitching. "Yes, exactly like that. But don't just kiss it. Rub your whole tiny body against it. Make love to it."

She shifted her hips, grinding subtly her free hand against her wet lips, giving him more access to her ass. The movement made her ass cheeks shift around him, the landscape rippling and undulating beneath his feet. The scent was almost overwhelming now, it was all around him and uniquely Amber.

"Do it," she urged, her voice trembling slightly. "I want to feel you fuck my ass. Every millimeter of your little body on my asshole. Struggling to please it."

Joey pressed himself against the puckered ring, his entire body making contact with the soft, sticky and unyielding flesh. He could feel the heat radiating from it, the subtle pulse of blood beneath the surface. He began to move, rubbing himself slowly against the sensitive area, his tiny form sliding across the dark skin.

Amber let out a soft moan, her fingers gripping the sheets beneath her. "Yes," she panted. "Like that. Fuck, that feels so good. You're so small, and I can feel every bit of you. Make it feel good or it'll fucking eat you!"

As if to emphasize her point, her hole clenched around and below him as he rubbed against it, the muscle contracting and relaxing in response to his touch. The sensation was

intoxicating, like nothing she'd ever felt. It was just right, the size, the touch, the way he was worshiping this most intimate part of her.

"Don't stop," she whispered, her voice thick with desire. "Make love to my asshole while you can, little man. Show it how much you appreciate it. Show me how much you want to be inside."

The sensation was overwhelming. It was as if every nerve ending in Joey's shrunken body was tensed by a mix of fear of his situation and arousal from contact with Amber's most intimate flesh. The skin was impossibly rubbery yet firm, not yielding beneath his weight while still maintaining a certain taut resilience. It was like touching warm silk stretched over iron, the texture shifting and rippling with each subtle movement of her body.

As he rubbed himself against her asshole, the heat radiating from it was almost suffocating. He could feel the subtle pulse of her heartbeat deep within that sensitive ring of muscle, the rhythm like a primal drumbeat that was nearly synchronized with his own racing pulse. The scent was intoxicating, musky and feminine, with an underlying sharpness that made his head swim. The taste, when he licked his lips, was salty and dark, a complex mixture of sweat and her natural oils. It was Amber, distilled into a single flavor that was pungent and overpowering.

Joey's movements became more urgent, more purposeful. He pressed his chest against the tight ring, feeling it pulse against him, and began to move in slow, deliberate circles. His small hands gripped the flesh of her rim, using them for leverage as he ground his entire body against her entrance.

"Fuck," Amber breathed above him, her voice a husky whisper. "You're doing so good, little man. I can feel you everywhere. You're making me so fucking wet."

Her words sent a thrill through Joey's diminished form. He could feel her arousal through the flesh beneath him, the way her body responded to his attention. It was almost empowering, this new size, this new perspective. He was small, insignificant, yet he could still make her feel this way. He leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to the sensitive flesh, then another, working his way around the perimeter of her asshole in reverent worship. Each touch made her squirm, her hips shifting and her breath coming in short, sharp gasps.

"You're mine now," she murmured, her voice a low purr. "Every bit of you belongs to me. And I'm going to enjoy every second of having you at my mercy."

Amber shifted her position, hiking her ass up into the air and letting the cheeks slam shut above Joey. This sealed the valley that Joey was now nestled in into dim murky darkness. He knew he could never budge those cheeks. He was suddenly reminded of how truly weak and small he was.. He was trapped between the soft, yielding flesh, the world around him nothing but Amber's body.

"Stay right there," she commanded, her voice thick with need. "I'm going to take care of something while you keep making my asshole feel good."

She reached between her thighs with one hand, her fingers finding her swollen clit while fumbling with her favorite toy. The other hand gripped the bedsheets, knuckles paling with tension. Joey couldn't see this from his position, trapped between her cheeks, but he could feel her body quake with pleasure as her fingers began to move in slow, deliberate circles.

"Fuck," she breathed, her hips rocking back and forth, grinding her ass against his tiny body. The movement made her asshole clench and unclench around him, the tight ring of muscle pulsing with her heartbeat. "You're so fucking small, and I love it. I love that I have a whole ass man in my ass!"

Her fingers worked the toy faster, the wet sounds of her self-pleasure filling the room. Her breathing grew heavier, her body tensing with each stroke. Joey could feel the vibrations running through her flesh, the way her muscles tightened and released in waves. Her cheeks clenched and unclenched pushing against him, nearly smothering him with the warm, thick flesh. Joey gasped, his face pressed deep between her buttocks. He could feel her arousal building, the way her body was tensing, preparing for release.

But she held back, her movements slowing, her breath coming in short, controlled gasps. "Not yet," she whispered, her voice strained. "Not until I'm ready. Keep worshiping my asshole, little man. Show me how much you appreciate it. I want it to be your whole fucking world!"

Then she paused and a wicked idea crossed her mind. Panting, she got to her knees and used one hand to spread her cheeks, while the other, slick with her juices, scooped him out between two fingers. She held him up to her face and smirked.

"You look like shit, little guy. Well, you are definitely going to the right place for that then!" Her laugh nearly deafened him. "You're little alright, but I think you can go smaller."

With that, she pulled the shrink ray up again and fired on the little man mired on the index finger of her right hand. In an instant, he was gone. Shrunken so small that she couldn't see him. But she knew he was there. With an evil grin, she slowly reached back and wiped that finger along her taunt anus, knowing she was likely trapping the tiny man there.

The world around Joey erupted into a blinding white light, and in an instant, everything changed. He felt a rush of wind, a sensation of falling and being lifted all at once, before the light faded and he found himself in a whole new realm. Now, from his microscopic perspective, the landscape was beyond comprehension. The pad of Amber's finger was a vast, curving plain that stretched out in all directions, as far as his eyes could see. The whorls and ridges of her

fingerprint loomed above him like hills or ridges, their peaks shrouded in a fine mist of sweat and oils. The skin of her fingertip was a patchwork of valleys and hills that snaked into the distance. The only thing keeping him from becoming lost was the thick wall of her juices he was trapped in.

As he tried to get his bearings, Joey felt himself being lifted and moved, the world tilting and spinning around him. He glimpsed the massive, cavernous opening of Amber's nostril, the warm, damp air rushing in and out like a primal wind. The sensation was overwhelming. She could inhale him and not even know. Then, as suddenly as he had been plucked from between her cheeks, Joey found himself moving back towards them. A hand held cheeks the size of continents apart as he was deposited on an even more monumental landscape. Amber's anus, now, was a mountain range that stretched out to infinity.

He was scraped off of the juice-covered finger onto the inner circle of the anus, trapped on one of the ridges. The puckered ring was a yawning chasm, the dark, furrowed flesh rising up into a jagged, almost cliff-like edge. From this perspective, the sensitive wrinkles of the anus were a labyrinth of crevices and canyons, each one deeper and more daunting than the last. He could easily lose himself here. The thought alone made him shudder. How small was he?

Joey could see nothing but the vast expanse of this new world, a landscape of warm, textured flesh that seemed to go on forever. The heat was intense, the air thick and heavy with the raw power of Amber's scent. The smell in her crack was bad enough, now being on the anus itself... he shuddered to think what was on the other side. He was utterly alone, utterly insignificant, a mote of dust on a bartender the size of a planet.

As he struggled to comprehend his new reality, Joey felt a sudden, sharp pang of fear. In this form, he was smaller than a mote of dust. You could see dust. He was invisible to the naked eye. If Amber decided to wipe, to scratch, to do anything at all, she could easily erase him

without even knowing it. He was at the mercy of her every move, her every whim. He was even at the mercy of her every inaction. In this realm, he was less than a speck. He saw lint and specks of white scattered around. No matter how clean someone like Amber was, and she seemed fairly clean, at his size there would also be debris and that detritus loomed over him in the distance. How would she find and regrow him? A shadow loomed overhead. A large pink moon was crashing towards him. It was about when the planetoid of a dildo made contact with her anus that Joey realized Amber had no intention of saving him.

For Amber, the sensation was indescribable. The massive pink dildo, easily as large as her hook up's cock, stretched and filled her in a way she had never experienced before. Each thrust sent shockwaves through her body, making her entire being vibrate with pleasure. She could feel every ridge, every curve of the toy as it pushed deeper into her, claiming her most intimate depths. Her moans grew louder, more desperate, as she fucked herself with increasing fervor. The obscene sound of wet flesh slapping against flesh filled the room, punctuated by Amber's wanton cries. She could feel the pressure building inside her, a coil of tension winding tighter and tighter in her core. The source of it all was knowing that there was a man trapped in the midst of her pleasure.

For Joey, the experience was beyond terrifying description. Each thrust of the dildo sent him careening through the vast, undulating landscape of Amber's anus. He clung to the rough, textured surface for dear life, his microscopic body bouncing and jostling with every movement. The force of Amber's thrusts created mini-earthquakes, the flesh quaking and rippling around him. He could feel the heat intensifying, the air growing thicker and more humid with each passing second. The scent of Amber's arousal was overwhelming, a pungent musk that threatened to suffocate him. He was drenched in her juices, coated in the thickening evidence of her desire.

As Amber fucked herself harder and faster, chasing her release, Joey found himself pinned beneath the relentless onslaught. The dildo's head, a planet-sized orb of silicone, loomed over him like a pink moon, and he was the unfortunate astronaut, trapped for every thrust. He was glad she hadn't thought of calling him an astronaut, he didn't want to give her the pleasure of what he thought was a good joke. He could feel the suction of Amber's body trying to pull him in, to drag him deeper into her cavernous depths. It was the vacuum the frantic pumping of the toy made, and he was trapped in it. Trapped in her. She'd warned him that it would be more than he could handle, and she was right.

Amber's cries reached a fever pitch, her body convulsing as her orgasm crashed over her. Her anus clenched and fluttered around Joey, the muscle contracting erratically as waves of pleasure radiated through her. The dildo was buried as deeply as it could go inside her, the head pressing against Joey like a fleshy wall, trapping him between it and the spasming walls of her rectum. Joey was pinned to the tapered tip of the massive dildo as Amber fucked herself with wild abandon. The toy's head was smooth and unyielding, yet thankfully covered with lube and her juices. He clung to it for dear life, his microscopic body pressed flat against the unrelenting surface as Amber's hips bucked and jerked.

With each powerful thrust, Joey was forced to endure a cataclysmic range of movement along with rushes of indescribable sensations and terror. The dildo's head plunged into the scorching, clenching depths of Amber's ass. The pressure around him was immense, the walls of her rectum squeezing and massaging the toy, and by extension, him. He could feel every thrust, every minute texture was gigantic to him, as it was dragged through Amber's tight, rippling flesh.

The heat was unbearable, the air growing hotter and thicker with each passing second. Joey felt like he was being baked alive, the juices coating slick silicone of the dildo the only thing

keeping him from being crushed by Amber's incredible tightness. It coated him, a thick, sticky film that clung to his body and threatened to smother him. Waves of oil and bodily fluids washed over him in waves with each thrust. As Amber's climax approached, her thrusts became more erratic and forceful. The dildo pounded into her, the head slamming against Joey with each powerful stroke. He could feel the vibrations of her cries, the way her entire body shuddered and quaked with impending release.

When Amber finally came, her ass clenched like a vice around the dildo...and Joey. Her walls rippled and pulsed, the muscle clenching and unclenching as a tidal wave of pleasure crashed over her. Joey was trapped, sandwiched between the unyielding silicone and the hot, grasping flesh of Amber's asshole. He swore he could feel the dildo throbbing, pulsing in time with Amber's racing heartbeat as she rode out her intense orgasm.

As Amber's climax subsided, her body went slack, and the dildo slipped out of her with a wet squelch. Joey found himself tumbling out with it, his microscopic body coated in her slick juices. He landed on the outer edge of her anus, the rugged, textured skin stretching out around him like a vast, undulating plain. The puckered ring of muscle twitched and fluttered as Amber came down from her orgasmic high. She dropped the dildo to the bed and fell forward, and collapsed on her chest. She left her sore ass in the air, twitching as the afterglow arced through her.

Joey could feel Amber's pulse slow through the throbbing flesh. As Amber's breathing slowed and deepened, the realization of his predicament crashed over Joey like a cold shower. He was trapped, not just for tonight, but for the foreseeable future. No matter how long Amber lived, he would be stuck here, a microscopic prisoner on her anus, for the rest of his days. However long or short those may be. The thought filled him with a deep, gnawing dread. He was utterly at the mercy of her every move, her every whim. If she sat, if she stood, if she so

much as shifted in her sleep, he would be tossed and jostled, at risk of being crushed or dislodged and lost forever.

While Amber drifted off, Joey found himself trapped in the deep wrinkles and folds of her anus. The skin was still slick with her juices, the air thick and humid with the musky scent of her arousal. He could feel the heat radiating from her body, the subtle rise and fall of her breathing. The night passed in a blur of fear and despair for Joey. He jumped at every twitch and shudder of Amber's body, dreading each movement. He watched as her anus clenched and unclenched in her sleep, the muscle relaxing and tightening like a fleshy vice.

Sometime after dawn broke, Amber stirred, stretching languidly. She rolled over and sat up at the edge of the bed, her body tensing, her ass sore. She smiled when memories of the night before crossed her groggy brain. She looked down at her ample hips and spared one last thought for the man trapped within. She wondered if he was still alive. She wondered if he'd survive the day, or even the morning. She yawned and stood, ready to start the day, the tiny many already an afterthought. She figured she would only think of him occasionally when she played with herself. That is, until she found something else to occupy her mind. Such as the guitar case she stubbed her toe on. She later sat down on her couch and began strumming on the guitar, amused that its owner was lost somewhere inside of her or on her. For a while at least.