

A Birthday Wish Gone Wrong? Part 1

The shrink ray hummed with a dying whine, leaving a static charge in the air that made Erica's pale skin prickle. On the blanket, where Brian had been a moment ago, sat a minuscule figure. He was barely half an inch tall, a naked speck of tan skin amidst the vast, woven canyons of the bedsheets.

"Can you hear me, babe?" Erica's voice boomed through the tiny headset strapped to Brian's head.

"Loud and clear!" He called out, his voice reaching her through her matching headset. "Very loud." He joked.

He looked up, his neck straining. Above him, Erica loomed like a celestial entity. Her alt aesthetic with dark eyeliner smudged around wide, playful eyes and a silver septum ring seemed magnified a thousandfold. Her hair was black with green and blue highlights. As she leaned closer, the sheer scale of her was dizzying; her breasts, soft and heavy, swayed like pendulous moons above his position.

He looks so delicious like that... just a little morsel. The thought was very tempting... he was usually so much bigger than her. So strong, commanding. Dominating. This was her rare chance to be the dominant, powerful one. She had wanted this so badly, and her sweet Brian was willing to give it to her. He was so precious down there. So... small.

Erica reached down, her manicured fingers descending upon him. She pinched him gently around his waist, the sensation of her skin feeling like warm, supple leather against his entire body. She lifted him toward her face, the movement making his stomach lurch with vertigo.

“Look at you,” she cooed, her breath a hot, summer wind that smelled of mint and weed. “So small. So helpless.”

She brought him level with her lips. Her tongue darted out to tease and taste him. It swiped slowly from his toes to his chest, the viscous saliva coating him in a thick, translucent sheen that made his skin glisten under the bedroom lights.

Erica’s eyes darkened as she watched the saliva pool around his tiny, shivering frame. Without warning, she parted her lips, revealing a cavernous, pink abyss and drew him inward. Brian gasped as he was engulfed by the humid heat of her mouth. Her tongue surged around him, a massive, slick muscle that rolled him over and over, tasting every inch of his miniature skin. The suction was intense, a rhythmic pull that threatened to swallow him whole as she hummed deeply, the vibrations rattling his very bones.

After a moment of delicious torment, she withdrew him, leaving him dripping and gasping for air. She set him on the expanse of the duvet and reached for the hem of her top. In one fluid motion, she stripped, her dark lace panties following. Her breasts spilled free, pert and pale, the nipples dark and tensed. She scooped him up again, pressing him deep into the cleavage. The sensation was overwhelming; the valley between her breasts was a crushing, fragrant canyon of soft tissue.

“Mm, you fit perfectly right here,” she whispered, her voice a low rumble that vibrated through his entire being. She squeezed her mounds together, pinning him in the tight, sweaty crevice. “I’m just so glad that shrink ray made you extra durable, babe. Otherwise, you might have popped!”

She chuckled, a melodic sound that felt like thunder in his ears. She leaned down, nuzzling her chin and cheek just above the space where he was trapped. “Thank you for doing this for me. This is the best birthday present ever.”

Erica plucked him from the damp warmth of her cleavage, her thumb and forefinger engulfing his torso with effortless ease. She moved him downward, the descent feeling like a slow fall from a great height, until he was positioned atop the pulsing, velvet pillar of her cock.

To Brian, the organ was a gargantuan, throbbing monolith of flesh. It rose from her pelvis like a mountain of sun-warmed marble, etched with thick, branching veins that looked like ancient, subterranean rivers winding under the skin. The texture was hyper sensory, a smooth, taut surface that radiated a feverish, driving heat.

“There you go,” Erica purred, her voice a sultry vibration that seemed to emanate from the very ground he stood on. She leaned back, bracing herself on her elbows so he could see the sheer scale of her anatomy.

Brian stood trembling on the broad, rounded head of her cock. The glans was a massive, glistening dome of sensitive tissue, weeping a tiny, translucent bead of pre cum that pooled around his feet like a tidal wave of viscous nectar. The scent of her musk was intoxicating, cloying, and primal in the close proximity.

“You look so tiny sitting there, my little love,” she teased, her pupils blown wide with lust. She reached down, her fingertip grazing the side of the shaft, sending a tremor through the entire structure. “Does it feel scary? Knowing how huge this is compared to you? It feels like it’s hungry, Brian... like it’s just waiting to open up and swallow you whole.”

She gave a sharp, playful squeeze to the base, making the massive length lurch upward beneath him. God, he looks so fucking precious perched on me like that, she thought.

Erica gripped the sides of her shaft, her thumbs spreading the delicate, pink opening of her slit wide. To Brian, the opening revealed itself as a steaming, moist cavern, the mucosal lining glistening with a heady, musky moisture. The interior was a tunnel of deep crimson ridges, pulsing rhythmically with her heartbeat.

“Don’t just stand there staring, tiny man,” she commanded, her voice dropping into a sultry, authoritative register. A smirk played on her lips, her dark eyeliner framing eyes that burned with pure, unadulterated dominance. “Climb inside. Go on. Into the warmth.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Brian replied through the headset, his voice shaky but eager.

Normally, Brian was the one looking down at her, his frame casting a shadow over her lithe body. Now, the power dynamic had inverted so violently that it sent a jolt of pure pleasure and power straight to her core. She loved the feeling of being the mountain, the goddess, the consumer.

She watched, mesmerized, as he began his descent. His tiny hands gripped the edges of the slit, pulling himself over the threshold. As he slid deeper into the narrow, tight passage, the walls of her urethra seemed to embrace him. The friction of his miniature body against her internal membranes sent waves of exquisite, sharp sensations racing up her spine.

Erica let out a ragged moan, her hips twitching involuntarily. Seeing him vanish into her, swallowed by the very thing she’d long dreamt would consume him, was the ultimate aphrodisiac. She felt a strong, thumping ache of anticipation in her pelvis, her breath coming in shallow, heated gasps as she watched her boyfriend disappear into the depths of her pleasure.

The sensation was unlike anything Erica had ever experienced. Sort of a localized, hyper-intense tickle that bloomed into a deep, dragging pressure. As Brian navigated the narrow, pulsing tunnel of her urethra, it felt as though a live wire of pure nerves was threading its way through her core. Every movement of his tiny limbs against the delicate internal lining triggered a frantic, electric shudder that radiated from her groin to the tips of her toes.

Oh god, he’s going so deep... It’s like a tiny, living toy inside me. No, a worshiper. The thought kept penetrating her mind over and over.

As he pushed further, the sensation shifted from a slick tightness to a strange, sliding fulfilment. She felt the distinct, pleasurable undulations of his progress, a micro massage that bypassed her usual nerve endings and struck a chord of primitive, visceral pleasure. She guided him down her shaft with a thumb, hoping to help him through the narrow tunnel. Maybe she should have shrunk him smaller, but he felt so good filling her at this size. The tightness was exquisite, a constant moving thrill that made her toes curl into the blankets from sheer pleasure.

For Brian, the transition was a terrifying, claustrophobic odyssey through a living, breathing tunnel of wet, silky flesh. Entering the slit felt like stepping into a pressurized, heated canyon of slick, pulsating meat. The walls were impossibly tight, constricting his body with every inch he gained, the texture of Erica's internal lining slicked against his skin like a warm, wet, pulsing grip. The fresh air was gone, replaced by a thick, intoxicating musk that filled his lungs and made his head spin.

It's so tight... It's like the world is trying to squeeze the life out of me. The tightness consumed his thoughts.

Every time Erica gasped or shifted her hips, the entire tunnel groaned and buckled around him, threatening to crush him in a rhythmic, hydraulic grip. He had to dig his tiny fingers into the slick walls inside the cock just to keep from being swept away by the surging fluids that flowed like warm rivers around his limbs. He hit a blockage, a narrow area he couldn't pass through. Before he could panic, he felt a great pressure on him from the outside as she did something to press him further. And it worked.

The path widened. With a final, muffled sensation of sliding through a tight membrane, the pressure suddenly expanded. Brian breached the internal partition, spilling out of the urethral canal and into the spacious, warm reservoir of her scrotum.

The sudden change in sensation was jarringly pleasurable. Instead of the sharp, directional friction in her cock, she felt a dull, little movement flutter in her sack. It was a strange sensation, as if a small, warm stone or toy had been tucked into her most sensitive parts. As he moved within the sac, she squirmed from the sensation, causing her scrotum to sway and tug, creating a deep, pulling ache that made her breath hitch. She felt the subtle, muffled thuds of his movements against the thin, stretchy skin of her testicles, a secret, internal dance that drove her to the brink of ecstasy.

He had breached the final painfully tight barrier and tumbled into a vast, dark chamber that felt like an underwater cavern. The environment changed instantly; the crushing pressure eased into an odd, buoyant warmth. He landed on a soft, undulating floor that felt like a sea of gelatinous sticky slurry. The temperature was warm here, a stifling, primordial heat that would have made his skin soak with sweat were he not soaking in her seminal fluids.

Above him, the ceiling of the scrotal sac was dark, a stretching cave of skin. There was no real light source, save for a headlamp attached to his headset, which he switched on to reveal the fleshy chasm of her testes. The sounds were strange and organic. It was a constant aural landscape of wet flesh scraping and rustling with a continuous dripping.

The only sound that interrupted it was the thunderous, rhythmic thump thump thumping of Erica's pulse and heartbeat echoing through the walls like a war drum. Timed in perfect rhythm with the pulsing of her cock. Every time she moved, the entire world tilted and swayed, a sloshing earthquake that forced him to scramble for purchase in the slippery, pulsing lake of her inner workings. She was moving a lot, too. He imagined she was repositioning herself on the bed to get more comfortable.

Erica stared down at her lap, her breath hitching in her throat. The realization was staggering. Her giant of a boyfriend, the man who usually commanded the room, was currently

tucked away within her own body. Practically trapped within her 5'3 frame. No, not even all of her, just a tiny part. Well, it wasn't so tiny to him now. Nor was she. She reached down, her slender fingers wrapping around her scrotum. To her, it felt like holding a warm, slightly shifting fruit, very soft, but there was something off about it, something that shouldn't be there but was undeniably real.

"Brian?" she whispered, her voice trembling with awe. "You're actually in there. You're inside my balls. It feels... so surreal. Like you're a little secret tucked away in my skin."

She began to stroke her shaft with her other hand, her palm gliding over the heated, slick column. Each stroke sent a jolt of excitement through her, intensified by the knowledge of him nestled below.

"I can feel you," she groaned, closing her eyes. "Every time I move, you shift. It's like a tiny, living tingle inside my sack."

Inside the dark, viscous warmth of the scrotum, Brian was reeling. The sound of her voice was a divine, earth-shaking roar that vibrated through the very liquid he floated in. At the same time, it was echoing through the headset he was wearing.

"It's incredible, Erica!" he shouted into the mic, his voice sounding tiny even to himself. "It's like being in a warm, fleshy ocean! Your heartbeat... it sounds like a massive drum. Thump. Thump. It's deafening!"

She wanted him to help get her off for her birthday. This was her greatest fantasy. He wasn't sure she had thought the logistics through. He was so small and she so big. He pushed himself upward, his hands sinking into the soft, yielding walls of the sack. Through the headset, he heard her sharp intake of breath. At least he knew she could feel him. He could work with that.

“Everything is so... rhythmic,” Brian continued, his voice strained with excitement and concern. “When you stroke yourself, the whole world shakes! It feels like a colossal earthquake is rolling through the floor. I can feel the tension building in the walls around me. Like they’re drawing tighter. Are you... Are you getting close?”

“Yes!” Erica cried out, her hips arching off the bed. “The movement... hearing you talk while you’re in there... It’s too much!”

Erica’s eyes glazed with a predatory hunger. The novelty of his location had morphed into a raw, commanding lust. She wasn’t just a girlfriend anymore; she was a landscape, a goddess, the very universe in which he existed. She tightened her grip, kneading playfully on her scrotum, while her other hand accelerated into a fierce, blurring motion along her shaft.

“Worship me, Brian!” she commanded, her voice a velvet whip that lashed through the headset. “Tell me who owns you! Tell me how small you are compared to the power of my body!”

She increased the tempo, her palm slapping against her skin with a rhythmic, wet thwack. The friction was generating a searing heat that seemed to radiate deep into her core.

“Tell me!” she growled, her hips bucking. “Tell me how tiny you are, trapped in my inner space, a mere mite in me!”

Inside the sack, the world had descended into a chaotic, liquid nightmare. The rapid stroking of Erica’s hand translated into violent, seismic upheavals. Brian was no longer wading through a calm sea; he was caught in the heart of a tempestuous hurricane.

“You’re... you’re a titan!” Brian screamed, his voice nearly drowned out by the roaring cacophony of her blood rushing through her veins. He scrambled desperately, but there was no purchase to be found. The viscous fluid, a mixture of seminal essence, sloshed violently, tossing him about as her fingers groped at the fleshy confines of his prison.

A massive swell of liquid slammed into his chest, throwing him backwards against the spongy, pulsating wall of the testis. “Erica! You’re so powerful! You’re everything!” He gasped, struggling to keep his head above the rising tide of her juices. He figured he should tell her what she wanted to hear to end this sooner. “The way you move... It’s like the heavens are collapsing! You’re a god! An absolute, beautiful goddess!”

Each of his proclamations was punctuated by a fresh surge of kinetic energy as Erica’s hand whipped faster, or her hips thrust in agreement with his praise. The torrential turbulence tossed him about inside her, forcing him to fight just to stay upright in the swirling, fleshy abyss. Erica’s breath came in jagged, ragged bursts.

“That’s it... yes!” she screamed, her head lashing back against the pillows. “Tell me more! Tell me how much you belong to me! Worship me!”

“I-” He began before her entire body stiffened, a profound, agonizing tension gripping her core. Then, the dam broke. For Brian, the apocalypse arrived in a sudden volcanic eruption.

The walls of the sack didn’t just shake; they convulsed with a tectonic tremor. A colossal, pressurized surge of hot, thick fluid erupted from somewhere near Brian, flooding the chamber like a tsunami of molten silver. The force was staggering, slamming into him with enough momentum to pin him against the pulsing ceiling of the scrotum.

“Erica! Oh god!” he yelled, though the sound was muffled by the overwhelming roar of her release. He was buffeted by the torrent, spinning helplessly in the churning, viscous sea.

He felt a desperate instinct to follow the flow to be swept back up the channel and expelled into the world. He lunged toward the narrowing opening of the internal conduit, pushing his head and shoulders into the tightening throat of the junction. But as he tried to wedge himself through, he hit a wall.

The passage was tapering, cinching shut at random intervals with the immense pressure of her contractions. He was a bit too large, his tiny shoulders jamming against the incredibly tight, muscular rim of the opening. He'd barely made it through the opening earlier, but now it won't let him out! He fought, kicking and shoving, as the fluids surged past him, but it was too narrow for him to fit through! The aperture was sealing shut like a massive vault door. He was stuck, wedged precariously in the throat of the gateway, unable to pass back into the shaft. He fell back into the chamber of her testes with a splash.

Erica slumped back onto the bed, her chest heaving, her skin slick with a fine sheen of perspiration. Her stomach coated in her sticky splattered seed. A blissful, heavy lethargy washed over her, the afterglow of her climax radiating through her with warm bliss. She let out a long, shaky exhale, a dazed smile touching her lips. She felt a strange, lingering flutter in her groin, a subtle tingle in her scrotum that she attributed to the intensity of the orgasm.

"Wow, I love you so much," she whispered into the quiet room, her voice thick with satisfaction. "That was... incredible. You okay, babe?"

She idly stroked her cock, with one hand while her other picked through the cum on her belly, looking for her love. A faint, frantic scratching sound crackled through the headset, followed by a voice that sounded breathless and utterly overwhelmed.

"Erica... Erica, listen to me!" Brian's voice was strained, panicked. "The surge... it was so much! I tried to follow the flow, but the opening is too tight! I think... I'm stuck in your... in your balls!"