

Davis found himself unceremoniously dumped onto the smooth, slick surface of Grace's left ass cheek, the pliant flesh jiggling slightly from the impact. Though he had a hunch it would not remain pliant for long. From his new vantage point, he had to crane his neck to take in the sheer immensity of her backside, the globe of her ass cheek stretching out before him like a vast, fleshy plain.

The skin was slick with a sheen of sweat from their recent exertions, the moisture making the surface glisten in the soft light of the hotel room. Davis could feel the heat radiating off of Grace's skin, the warmth seeping into his own body and making him feel even smaller and more insignificant in comparison.

As he took a few tentative steps forward, Davis marveled at the texture of Grace's skin, the smooth, supple surface giving way to the occasional stretch mark or freckle, each one a tiny imperfection in an otherwise flawless canvas. The flesh was incredibly soft and pliant, yet firm beneath his touch, a testament to the strength and power that lay beneath the exterior.

Grace's laughter rang out above him, her voice a booming, thunderous sound that seemed to shake the very air around him. "Look at you, tiny, trying to make your way up the side of a mountain of ass. I bet you feel so small and insignificant down there, don't you?"

She rolled her hips slightly, the motion sending shockwaves through the vast expanse of her ass cheek and nearly knocking Davis off his feet. He staggered and stumbled, his arms pinwheeling as he fought to maintain his balance on the slick, undulating surface.

"Come on, little man, you can do it," Grace taunted, her voice dripping with mock encouragement. "Climb higher, tiny, before I accidentally sit on you and make you nothing more than a smear on my ass."

Davis gulped, the thought of being crushed beneath Grace's considerable weight sending a shiver of fear down his spine. He redoubled his efforts, his hands gripping the taunt flesh as he hauled himself upward, his fingers not even sinking into the soft skin.

Grace's laughter rang out once more, even louder and more booming than before. "Not so fast, tiny. I can feel you squirming around down there. Does my ass intimidate you, little man? It should, considering how small and helpless you are compared to it."

She reached back with her hand, her fingers splaying across the expansive landscape of her left cheek. From Davis's perspective, her hand was like a giant, looming above him like a fleshy storm cloud. He could see the individual lines and creases of her palm, the valleys and peaks of her fingerprints etched into the skin.

Grace's fingers sank into the flesh around him, the skin dimpling and wrinkling around the intrusion. She began to knead and squeeze her own ass, the motion sending shockwaves through the landscape and nearly knocking Davis off his feet once again.

"You know, I could just reach back and grab you, tiny. I could crush you between my fingers like an insignificant little bug. Or I could just roll over and crush you. Wouldn't that be funny, to be squashed beneath my ass?"

Davis gulped, his heart pounding wildly in his heaving chest. He knew that Grace had the power to do just that, to end his life with a single, careless movement. The thought sent a thrill of fear and unwanted excitement through him, his tiny body trembling as he hauled himself up the seemingly endless expanse of her ass cheek.

Grace's fingers suddenly clamped down, gripping the flesh tightly and causing it to bulge outward. Davis found himself face to face with a fleshy wall, the skin stretching taut and shiny before him. He could feel the heat and pressure building, the air growing thin and hot as Grace's fingers squeezed tighter and tighter. Her middle finger reached out and scooped him up, grinding him against her warm flesh. Once again he was amazed that he wasn't destroyed instantly from the pressure. The intense pressure. More than he could imagine bearing.

Just as quickly as it had begun, the pressure eased, and Grace's fingers released their grip. The skin relaxed, the hand retreated back towards the heavens, and Davis was once again treated to the vast expanse of her ass cheek stretching out before him. It was then that he realized two things. That pressure put enough fear in him for him to shrink down to about half an inch tall. She'd also slid him to the base of her thigh and her ass now towered over him like a true mountain.

"Climb, or die, little guy. Tell you what. If you make it to the top and worship me, I mean really put your all into it, I may move you somewhere nice and safe and stop messing with you. How's that sound?"

He had no choice but this did give a glimmer of hope, so he began his climb. As he climbed higher, Davis could see the landscape of Grace's ass in minute detail, the valleys and peaks of her skin stretching out before him like a fleshy terrain. He marveled at the way her skin dimpled and wrinkled ahead of him as he approached the crevasse of her gluteal cleft which loomed above him, a yawning chasm that seemed to stretch on for miles in either direction. Davis could feel the warm, humid air wafting out of the depths, carrying with it the heady, musky scent of Grace's arousal. It was like being at the bottom of a vast, fleshy canyon, the walls rising up on either side of him like a valley of ass. It couldn't have been miles. Not yet anyway. Everything just seemed so odd, so off at this point. He was losing all sense of scale.

As Davis began his arduous ascent up the sheer expanse of Grace's left ass cheek, the immensity of her backside hit him like a physical force. At likely under half an inch tall, the globe of her buttocks towered over him like a vast, fleshy mountain, its peak shrouded in a layer of sweat that made the surface treacherously slick.

The skin stretched out before him was incredibly taut and firm, a testament to Grace's athletic physique. Yet despite its firmness, the flesh still had a mesmerizing give to it, jiggling and rippling with every minor movement she made. To Davis, each shift she made in position was like a mini-earthquake, the ground quaking and trembling beneath his feet as he climbed.

The landscape of her ass was pockmarked with tiny imperfections at his minute size - a mole here, a tiny scratch there, if he didn't hurry each could soon become a minute crater or hill that required Davis to navigate around or over. Though to a normal-size person these were likely unnoticeable. The pores of her skin were becoming noticeable. He feared that as he shrunk further they'd eventually look like cavernous tunnels, ready to swallow him up if he strayed too close. The occasional stretch mark, a thin pale line etched into the flesh, could soon appear as a jagged canyon, a treacherous fissure that he had to traverse with great care. He was getting smaller. How small? On the desert of her ass, there were no real landmarks by which to gauge his size.

As he climbed higher, the sheer scale of Grace's ass became even more apparent. Her gluteal cleft, that narrow valley of flesh where her ass cheeks met, yawned above him like a vast, shadowy chasm. At his diminutive height, he could have easily walked the length of her crack and not touched either side, so deep and expansive it was. The humid, musky air that wafted out of her ass crack was thick and heady, nearly knocking Davis off balance as he hauled himself up the slick, undulating surface.

With each inch he climbed, Davis could feel the heat of Grace's skin intensifying, the warmth radiating off of her in waves. It was like being next to a furnace, the air growing hotter and more stifling the higher he ascended. Sweat poured off of his body, mixing with the slick sheen of moisture that coated Grace's skin and making the climb even more perilous.

Grace's laughter echoed down from above, her voice booming and thunderous at this height. "Come on, little guy, you're not even halfway there yet. Pick up the pace before I get impatient and decide to give this tiny little butt you're climbing a nice, hard spank. Wouldn't want to damage the merchandise before you've had a chance to properly worship me, now would we?"

The threat of her spanking him sent a shiver down Davis's spine, his imagination conjuring up images of his tiny, broken, body bouncing off her expansive ass like a tiny, broken rag doll. He redoubled his efforts, desperately clinging to the warm flesh as he hauled himself up the last few inches of her ass cheek.

Finally, after what felt like hours of arduous climbing, Davis reached the summit of Grace's left ass cheek. He stood atop a peak of sweat-slick skin, panting and exhausted from his journey.

From this vantage point, he could see the truly staggering size of Grace's backside. Her ass stretched out in every direction like a vast, undulating plain of firm, succulent flesh, broken up only by the deep crevasse of her gluteal cleft and the smooth, unblemished expanse of her other buttock.

Grace's voice rang out above him, her tone dripping with mocking amusement. "Well, well, well. Looks like the tiny little man made it to the top. I suppose that deserves some sort of reward, doesn't it?"

She reached back, her hand looming above Davis like a fleshy storm cloud. He had to crane his neck to take in the sheer size of her palm, each finger as thick as a tree trunk compared to his diminutive height. Grace's fingers sank into the pliant flesh of her ass cheek, the skin dimpling and wrinkling around the intrusion.

"Alright, tiny, here's your chance to prove yourself. I want you to worship me with every fiber of your being. Kiss, lick, grope, do whatever it takes to show me the proper respect and devotion that a goddess like me deserves. If you do a good enough job, I might just move you somewhere nice and safe... for a while at least."

With that, Grace lifted her hand away, leaving Davis alone atop the mighty peak of her ass. He knew that his life depended on his ability to please her, to stoke her ego and desires until she was satisfied. It was a daunting task, considering the sheer size of her compared to him. The immensity of the task ahead of him hit Davis like a physical blow. How was he supposed to worship a woman who could crush him with a single, careless movement? And yet, the thought of failing and facing Grace's wrath filled him with a primal, bone-deep terror that drove him to action and drained more height.

Davis took a deep breath, steeling himself for what he had to do. He leaned forward, pressing his lips against the sweat-slick surface of Grace's ass cheek. The skin was hot and slick, the salt of her sweat tingling on his tongue as he began to kiss and lick at the seemingly never-ending flesh.

He started at the peak where he stood and worked his way down, his tiny hands kneading and massaging the firm, yet pliant skin. He kissed and licked every inch of her left ass cheek he could, his tongue tracing the curves and contours of her muscle. He even dipped his head into the humid depths of her gluteal cleft, the air thick with her heady, musky scent.

As he worshipped Grace's ass, Davis felt a strange mix of emotions. Fear, because he knew that his life hung in the balance. Awe, because the sheer scale of her backside was breathtaking. And to his shock, a growing arousal, because there was something undeniably erotic about being so small and insignificant before a woman of such power and beauty.

He could feel Grace's skin trembling beneath his kisses and caresses, and could hear her breathing growing heavier above him. Emboldened, he redoubled his efforts, gripping and

kneading into the plush flesh as he groped and squeezed, his mouth working feverishly to lick, kiss, even taste, and worship every inch of her.

"Mmm, not bad, tiny," Grace purred from above, her voice a deep, rumbling sound that Davis could feel vibrating through her skin. "Keep this up, and you might just earn that reward after all. But don't you dare stop until I tell you to. I want to feel those little lips and hands all over me until I'm fully satisfied."

Davis knew that he would have to push himself to the absolute limit, to pour every ounce of his devotion and desire into worshipping Grace's incredible body. It was a daunting task, but one he was determined to complete, no matter what it took. His life depended on it.

Grace's laughter rang out above Davis, the sound echoing and booming in his ears like thunder. "Alright, tiny, I suppose you've earned a little break. You worshipped me with such fervor and devotion, I couldn't ask for more from a little speck like you. Though to be honest...I can't really feel much from you."

That made his heart sink a little. All that work, and she couldn't really tell what he was doing? He realized nothing he did was giving her pleasure. It was the power she held over him that was getting her off. She reached back, her hand looming above him like a fleshy storm cloud. Davis had to crane his neck to take in the sheer size of her palm, each finger now as thick as buildings compared to him. He could see the sweat glistening on her skin, the moisture beginning to cool and evaporate in the air. Grace's fingers hovered over him for a moment, and for a heart-stopping instant, Davis thought she might scoop him up and crush him against her palm. But instead, she opened her fingers, revealing the space between her thumb and index finger. She curled her fingers until the underside of her index fingernail was presented to him. He climbed aboard and she moved him across her body as she sat up. She held him up to her eye, it widening in surprise and then narrowing to focus on him.

"Fuck, you're so tiny. Well, time for your reward, little man. I'm going to give you a place to rest, a safe haven where you can shrink down and forget about all your troubles. But I'm not sure where yet..."

Her fingers drifted closer to her chest, and Davis could see the mountainous twin expanse of her breasts stretching out above him, the skin shimmering and slick with sweat. Grace's nipples were like twin peaks, hard and erect from arousal and the cool air.

"Hmm, maybe here would be nice," she mused, her fingers hovering near the underside of her left breast. "Nice and warm, and you could shrink down until you're nothing more than a tiny speck lost in the softness of my nipple. You'd be safe there, but you might never find your way out again. Then again..."

Her hand drifted lower, moving down the plain of her taut stomach, passing around her hips and coming to rest near the deep crevasse of her gluteal cleft. Davis's heart raced as he realized her intention.

"...maybe a place like this would be more fitting for a little mite like you. Down in the depths of my ass crack, where the air is thick and hot, and you could shrink away to nothing until you cease to exist at all. Or maybe you just live there as a parasite."

Davis's blood ran cold at the thought of being flicked down into the humid, musky depths of Grace's ass crack. To be trapped in that dark, fleshy cavern, breathing in the thick, heady air, until he shrank down to absolutely nothing...