

Panty Raid

By Supernova

A commissioned work

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Emily hated the color pink. Still, she understood the necessity of keeping the pink band within eyesight given the fact that it was an immensely powerful weapon that had the ability to literally shrink people at her will. As she laid down on her stained, bare mattress, she twirled the ring between her fingers, scrutinizing the intricate circuitry that lined the inside surface. It was just so gaudy!

Sitting up, her greasy, black hair hung low over her pale face, illuminated only by the faint blue glow of her laptop. After figuring out exactly how the ring functioned, she was excited to use it for the first time in earnest, having only shrunken some of the fast food wrappers that littered her bedroom floor. Having received it just three days prior from her Internet-friend Maggie, who seemed to be uncharacteristically edgy and rude when it came to this device, she treasured it not only as an expensive toy, but as an important token of friendship. However hollow that relationship may be.

“Can’t it be black?” Emily remembered asking.

“It’s bright pink so you won’t fucking lose it, dumbass...” Maggie responded in a terse message over text.

Though her brain forced her to ruminate on negative interactions, Emily couldn’t help but think that her friend, whom she had never seen a picture of, had grown weirdly aggressive these past few months. In spite of this, she still appreciated being able to talk to her. Her “Friends” list was always sparse, given that she had a compulsive aversion to any sort of communication. Even online, pleasant, minor interactions still caused her to breathe heavily and her heart to palpitate. Each conversation contained an element of her wishing to hide her “True self” from the world.

Having dropped out of college, Emily lived alone in her small studio apartment. Surviving almost purely off of government assistance, helped through her diagnoses of “Extreme social anxiety and depression,” Emily maintained a sparse lifestyle with minimal expenses. Stealing the next-door neighbor’s WiFi and having a small wardrobe that consisted mostly of oversized tee shirts, underwear, and sweatpants, Emily maintained a very thin figure. Her skin pallid given that she barely walked outside. On the rare occasions in which she did, it was mostly to toss a bag of garbage into the dumpster.

It had been a while since the last time she had done that. Wearing a large pair of glasses with big, thick frames and round, scratched lenses, Emily squinted her eyes over the sea of crumpled clothes, bloodied tampons, and half-empty cans of old, warm diet soda, spotting something she found revolting. Beams of sunlight peeking through her blinds, scattering a few rays of bright illumination over what would otherwise be darkness. Sighing, she got up, peeling a few strands of sticky hair away from her forehead, and harshly shut the drapes, almost pulling them off their runners. Even the suggestion of sunlight caused a slight tinge of nausea.

Shuffling back to her mattress, which was a discount twin-size that was placed in the corner of the small room with no bed frame, she practically tossed herself against the wall, causing her small shelf of figurines to clatter. Having almost no spending money of her own, Emily truly felt alive whenever she purchased a new "Nendoroid" figure. Though they were simply small, expensive pieces of plastic, she felt as though they were an outer reflection of what she enjoyed internally. As her small figure of the anime character "Madoka" landed on top of her head, she deftly caught it between two pale hands, breathing a sigh of relief as she cradled it in her long, spindly fingers. Looking at the little anime girl's pink, plastic hair cover her comically oversized bobble head, she smiled, scanning the pink, tutu-like dress she wore. Maybe the ring made her slightly more like Madoka. Magical, powerful, and pink.

Emily sighed deeply, the sense of anxiety still pulsing in her chest. She bit her lower lip, knowing that tomorrow was "The day." The convention. She knew she had to prepare in some way, but all she could do was gather a draw-string bag, find some flats she could wear, and find a tee shirt long enough that it could double as a "dress."

After putting Madoka back in her spot, next to the figure of Homura of course, Emily began digging through the piles of dirty clothes to find something to wear. Peeling away several layers in the biggest pile, she found a suitable piece, a long, white tee that only had a few white stains near the armpits from where she applied deodorant. Despite the fact that she knew it had been months since she had even worn deodorant, and thus this shirt, she still pressed it against her face, giving it a long sniff. Though she knew she had long gone noseblind to her own scent, she figured it was good enough.

Upon tossing the shirt back on the mattress, she felt a spark of joy. A pair of panties that seemed to be satisfactory enough for her to wear! Eggshell white and not a speck of blood on them. Perfect!

Now relieved that her outfit had been picked, she sat back on the mattress, careful not to slam her back into the wall this time, and leaned forward to scan a few websites on her 11-inch laptop. Relieved over the fact that she didn't have to speak on a phone to schedule a taxi, she typed in the time for her pickup, which was shortly before the convention started. She didn't want to be stuck on a crowded line, or really any crowds at all, but she knew that it was healthy to "face the music" sometimes, especially to get her hands on an exclusive Nendoroid figure.

Her eyes darted up and down the convention's website. Taking place in a massive hall, she gulped at seeing the pictures of last year's gathering. So many people. So little space. So many people in costume!

She licked her lips as she admired the body of someone dressed as the character Widowmaker from the video game Overwatch. The young woman had purple makeup covering her entire body and a skin-tight jumpsuit that made a long V down below her shoulder blades, exposing her back and flattering her beautiful, round ass. "This will be so, so worth it" she thought, growing aroused at the several pages of pictures, all of which had several photographs of women dressed in similar, revealing costumes.

The next morning, Alex admired her figure in the standing mirror. Giggling nervously, she swung her tennis racket through the air, preparing to pose for the inevitably photographers. Proud of her cosplay as Princess Peach, she spent weeks perfecting her exact outfit as it appeared in the game "Mario Tennis Aces" for the Nintendo Switch.

Given that this was an incredibly closeted hobby for her, she didn't tell her friends, nor her family of her attendance to the convention. Knowing that going to any crowded place was a risk as a young woman, especially in secret, she figured that she could smack any freak that got too close pretty hard with the racket. Part costume, part weapon.

A tennis player for her university's team, Alex knew she already had the body type, hair color, and sneakers, to make the entire outfit work. Dolling herself up using extra makeup and spray, she felt giddy in her secrecy, considering perhaps even expanding this silly little hobby into an actual side hustle. After putting in her bright blue contact lenses and cocking her hips, she stared at her big, pink, puffy lips, her long, black lashes, and her poofy blonde hair, she knew she was pretty enough to be a model. Perhaps she'd catch an agent's attention at the convention! After all, she had spent hours hand-sewing her bright pink dress, including an expertly-embroidered hem lining the bottom.

As she stepped out of the taxi after the credit card payment went through, Emily was shivering, despite it being a warm, Summer day. Not knowing what to say to the driver as he tried to make conversation, she couldn't help but focus on her own awkwardness. Wearing the long, white tee shirt with the black flats she picked out yesterday, she couldn't help but feel how naked she felt. Not only because of the exposure to both sunlight and other human beings, but also because her shirt only passed a few inches below her crotch, exposing her long, skinny, pale legs that she had just recently given a once-over with an epilator.

After showing her identification at the front desk, she was given a holographic ID card that read "ONE DAY" which hung from a colorful lanyard, which she promptly placed around her neck.

Stepping into the hall itself, Emily turned nearly numb. As she craned her neck upwards to look at the immense signs overhead, she felt her hair part from her face. An expansive ocean of booths from a vast array of companies catering to pop culture interests, as well as hundreds of artists ready to draw their own commissions for you on the spot. This event seemed almost tailor-made for Emily, minus the fact that there are so many people there that it constitutes a fire hazard.

Trying not to give in to absolute sensory overload, Emily hesitated after every step towards the main crowd. Hating being in contact with people, she couldn't help but feel powerless and exposed. What if one of them talked to her? She wouldn't know what to say!

Pursing her lips, she figured she may as well head for her goal for the day: the Nendoroid booth. Once she managed to buy the convention exclusive figurine, she could have the rest of the day to explore on her own. Her ears began whooshing and her heart pounded out of her chest as she felt people bump into her as she walked down the main hall heading for the booth. As people passed her by, she could feel beads of sweat begin to build on her forehead. She grit her teeth. She squinted. She twiddled the pink ring she was wearing.

Upon finally setting her feet upon the blue carpeting of the booth, she felt her jaw quiver and tears build up in her eyes. Reading the sign, she felt an explosion of regret burst within her. She should have braved the line this morning!

CONVENTION EXCLUSIVE NENDOROID: SOLD OUT
PLEASE ENJOY OUR AVAILABLE STOCK. THANK YOU!

Emily put her palms over her face and breathed heavily a few times. Trying not to let an anxiety attack take over, she curled her toes and slightly scratched down her pale cheeks.

"Fuck," she whispered to herself. A frenzy of thoughts entered through her mind, the cacophony it caused couldn't help but cause an extreme amount of confusion. Breathing in slowly, then breathing out slowly. That was the key to avoiding an attack. Breathing. The entire world around her seemed to phase out of existence. As if nothing mattered but to avoid having a "Freak-out" in such a public place. She squeezed her eyes shut, attempting to drown out the near-overwhelming sensory stimulus.

"Hey, who are you supposed to be, the girl from 'The Ring'?" asked a voice from about three feet away.

Opening her eyes quickly and darting her head, all she could see was a moving crowd. Knowing it was a glib comment, she couldn't help but channel that anxiety into rage, especially

given the fact that she couldn't see who it was that said it. She was so distracted, she couldn't even tell the gender of the anonymous bully.

Now experiencing a pulse of pure anger, Emily wanted nothing more than to just escape from these people. Still not convinced she should sacrifice her whole day, she quickly shuffled into the absolute furthest, most isolated lady's restroom she could find. Not wanting to stand on a line just to sulk in a toilet stall, she left the crowd, went up an escalator, and turned a corner to find one that, to her surprise, was completely empty. Walking into the stall itself, she slammed the door behind her and slammed her ass on the toilet, putting her hands on her face. "This is like high school all over again" she muttered under her breath, her heart rate finally beginning to slow.

Upon finding her way to the convention, Alex reveled in how many people were taking her picture. Strangers with phones, photographers with fancy DSLRs, even someone who gave a business card! With her expertly hemmed dress, her natural turquoise earrings, and hyper-accurate Tennis racket, she looked almost exactly like the character she was pretending to be, minus the cumbersome lanyard.

Laughing, she spent most of her time near the entrance of the convention hall, where there was more space for people to see her from a distance, as well as take pictures.

"Oh my God! You look just like her!" one young woman said. "Can I take a selfie with you, please? I hope this isn't weird!"

"Not at all!" Alex exclaimed as she put her arm around the shorter woman and winked, while giving the "peace" sign.

Though she knew her friends on the tennis team wouldn't understand this relatively "nerdy" obsession, she mused upon how to explain it to them if she ever struck popularity. Perhaps she could say a "specialty model"? Or a special effects artist? She quashed the thought, instead choosing to revel in all the attention she was receiving. The fact that she was alone added to her glee, feeling as though she was the sole audience for an inside joke.

After a short while, Alex felt the need to use the facilities and perhaps fix some makeup. If she were to network here, she'd want to maintain a sense of perfection. Staring down the hall itself, she saw how crowded the main area was, so she scanned for an alternate route. Aha! If she could just walk around the crowd, she could simply walk up some stairs and use the second floor bathroom.

Turning some corners, she found the relatively obscure bathroom and pressed open the door. Feeling an odd resistance, she heard someone yell "Ow!"

She gasped. It was another cosplayer who was right on the other side of the door!

“Hey, fucking watch it! Don’t just tackle doors open!” Alex heard from within the bathroom. Feeling a pang of offense, she immediately furrowed her brows at the squeaky voice of the shorter woman. Leering at her, she saw she was dressed as a “slutty” version of the meme character Bowsette. Not even something from a real game!

The fact that it wasn’t hyper-accurate, even to the Internet comic the character was based on, somewhat irked Alex. Seeing the black skin-tight leotard where a big, beautiful black dress should be just struck her with a thought that it was a missed opportunity. The wig looked obviously fake, too, and the horns she was wearing weren’t even big. She must have had a hard time sticking them on.

“Yeah, well don’t hang around open doors then.” Alex walked past her, pretending to brush off dust from her shoulder. Leaning forward into the mirror, she checked her eyeliner. In a moment of weakness, Alex let a word slip by her internal filter. “Slut.”

“What did you just call me, *puta*?” The Bowsette cosplayer stormed right up next to her. Alex paid her no mind as she pulled out some eyeliner from a secret pocket under her dress. After ignoring her for several seconds, Alex took the tip of the eyeliner and began refining the lines in her cosmetics.

The Bowsette cosplayer pressed her elbow mid-application, causing an unsightly streak across her eyelid. She screeched “What the fu-”

They both jumped as the nearest toilet stall burst open a split-second before they were blinded with a flash of blinding, pink light.

Emily twirled the pink ring in her finger. She figured she may as well go to the bathroom as long as she’s hiding away. No one can hear her piss here.

As she almost let loose, she could hear a door opening as the sound of obviously clicking heels came barging in, stopping right past the door. A few seconds later, a second opening, preceding an obvious argument between two bitchy girls.

As she leaned forward, trying to peek under the stall, she saw a pair of pale legs with bright pink sneakers and a pair of darker, tan legs with black, shiny stilettos. As she began urinating, she looked at her ring.

It was almost an impulse. If she couldn’t buy her Nendoroid, she could at least bring something back. Maybe two of the awful people here.

Still letting loose, her panties around her ankles, she unlocked the door of the bathroom stall, pointed her ring at the two arguing women, and fired. From decision to action took less than five seconds.

As the last few sprinkles of piss landed in the toilet bowl, she looked in awe at the two people. Cosplayers, even! Smaller than even a Nendoroid. The two of them were sitting on the cold, white bathroom floor, completely still, seemingly in shock.

Her eyes transfixed on the two tiny women, she groped around for the toilet paper before dabbing under her crotch, dropping the piss-soaked paper into the bowl. Her panties still between her ankles, she jolted forwards, knees on the floor, and grabbed both of them, one in each hand.

The two screamed loudly, starting at the exact same time, in complete unison. They sounded less as if they were screaming and more like they were beeping. It was adorable!

Squinting her eyes behind her large glasses, she saw that her luck couldn't have been better.

“Princess Peach? Bowsette? Oh my fucking God! I ship you two so hard!” She whispered loudly at the two of them, inches away from her mouth, wafting disgusting, heavy air at them, remembering that she hasn't brushed her teeth in several days.

The two of them couldn't stop their panicked screaming, but one of them broke into “No! No! No! Not there!” as Emily began lowering them into the white hammock of her panties. Standing up at the same time she was pulling up her underwear, she couldn't help but smile widely, hearing their screams abruptly muffled as the waistband hugged her hips tightly. She pulled back the elastic part and snapped it back with a “pop.”

Pushing herself up off of the bathroom floor with her bare hands, she squeezed her thighs together, sensing the two of them squirm and struggle hard against her large, curtain-like pussy lips and her never-shaven pubic hairs. She couldn't help but moan as she left the bathroom, ready to spend the rest of the day at the convention feeling powerful.

As she walked down the hallway, she noticed a clock hanging near the top of one of the walls. It was only 11:15! She could spend another seven hours there if she wanted!

Ringng blasted within Alex's ears. The entire world looked white. Blinking, feeling herself lean backwards, she felt her hands in contact with the cold, gross bathroom floor. She coughed several times, as if the “texture” of the air was different somehow. Heavier.

Craning her neck, scanning the room rapidly, she jumped as she experienced a tight pressure in her chest before a quick sensation of ascent that filled her entire body with terror. Looking to her left, she saw the Bowsette cosplayer in front of a spinning, blurry background. What was happening? She looked as though she were being gripped in an immense hand with dirty fingernails. Looking down, she saw a leathery, ribbed surface that appeared to pinch her entire body softly.

She blinked again as she looked upwards. A tremendous, disgusting face of a gross-looking, pale nerd! Her heart exploded with terror. She looked back at the Bowsette cosplayer, who stared back at her, making long, deep eye contact.

At the same exact time they shouted the exact same thing: "AIIIEEEEEEEEE!"

Alex's eyes widened extensively as she attempted, in reflex, to push against what she now realized was an immense fingertip. Not comprehending how far she was from the ground, the panicked realization of a loss of power overwhelmed her sense of rationality. Her throat started burning, as did her ears, as her incessant screaming scratched both.

Her vision now blurry with tears, she could still see herself reflected in the immense woman's old, scratched-up glasses.

Still screaming, Alex couldn't even hear what the woman was saying as she was blasted with wave after wave of rancid, humid breath. It smelled like the pure essence of rotten garbage. The enormity of this woman's scale was difficult for Alex to wrap her mind around. She had truly never seen anything this large and this alive. Her greasy, black hair glinted under the fluorescent light, as did her nasty, oily skin. At this scale, she could see every pore and every tiny blemish in this woman's face, as well as the crusted boogers hanging in her nostrils.

Descent gripped her. She pursed her lips and squeezed her thighs together, trying not to piss herself in fear. As she saw the woman's eggshell-white, stained underwear fast approaching, Alex coughed twice before screaming "No! No! No! Not there!" before her face was blasted with a strong, musty odor of sweat.

"Unf!" she shouted as the Bowsette cosplayer was dumped right on top of her, one of her horns falling off of her forehead. Staring upwards, both women gagged as they saw the unshaven crotch hovering above them.

Alex couldn't help but grab the crusty cotton fabric below as she saw this stranger's long, wrinkly pussy lips grow closer. Screaming, she was forcefully elevated as she put her arms in front of her face, trying to avoid the coiled hairs and fleshy lips, both still slightly moist with piss.

Emily quite enjoyed the rest of her day at the convention. Over the course of five hours, she visited different booths and gathered a lot of free merchandise, filling her drawstring backpack with colorful cards and a few free toys. Going through the artist booths was her favorite part. Though she didn't have much money to spare, she enjoyed seeing actual comic book artists draw quick, skillful sketches of her favorite characters.

Feeling the two women continue to struggle within her panties helped her anxiety melt away. How could she feel powerless in the face of anyone else when she was the entire world for two people right at that very moment?

Despite the hall being air conditioned, the thick crowds caused Emily to feel hot, leading her to sweat profusely. If she stood still for too long, she could sense her thighs sticking together. The women between her legs were making matters somewhat worse, as their ticklish struggles began arousing her, leading to obvious leakage. If she felt anything begin to drip down the side of her thigh, she'd just walk strangely for a few steps to smear it out, avoiding an embarrassing drop.

She even managed to catch a panel, though it was difficult to pay attention to what was being said given the activity between her legs greatly increased when she sat down. The biggest challenge was attempting to suppress any moans, especially now that she felt one of them slide between her lower lips, struggling in vain to get away. "Ungh" she whispered, hoping no one nearby heard it.

As she stood up, she reached around the oversized tee shirt, behind her back, and, to her embarrassment, touched a wet spot. She pursed her lips and, after climbing a long set of stairs, waddled into the very bathroom she found the two women in.

Holding the wet spot of her shirt under the hand dryer, she saw the circular stain disappear. Feeling a limb slip out from her panties below, she rolled her eyes and used her pointer finger to press it back in.

Now satisfied with her day, she realized she didn't need the Nendoroid after all. After using the taxi app to hail a ride early, she made lively conversation with the driver, still glowing from both her experience and the wriggling over her crotch.

Alex had never felt such a purity of emotion as when she first made contact with the stranger's pussy lips. Horror. The warmth of the uncanny, intimate touch against her bare arms and face, with a stickiness to them that almost forced Alex to vomit.

The word "Disgust" did not encompass the magnitude of what Alex was experiencing at that moment. Questions flooded her mind. How was it possible that she was so small? Who was this person? Why was she doing this? Would she ever see her family again?

Was she going to die?

Tears spilled from Alex's eyes like a fountain as she was sandwiched between the putrid stench of this woman's fishy snatch and the cotton surface below, once encrusted with dried bodily fluids, now soaked with the stranger's wetness. Pressing against the other cosplayer in the dark prison, she could sense that she was just as panicked, their limbs sliding together, lubricated by the sweat and fluids leaking from above.

Tickled by the near-endless coils of urine-scented pubic hair, Alex spit and coughed, as they seemed determined to get in her mouth. "P'too! P'thleh!" she screamed, tasting a distinct urinary flavor mixed with the obvious saltiness of sweat. Any attempt to push back against the lips themselves was immediately and obviously futile.

Already shattered beyond rationality, she tried to wipe this woman's warm fluids off of her body, succeeding only in spreading the ooze and dragging pubic hairs along her skin. Tasting nothing but the warm, fishy taste of dirty cunt, Alex wished she could scream as it soaked into her hair, but her throat was so sore at this point she could only cough.

The other prisoner was still screaming, though her voice was severely gravelly. "Hey!" she shouted "Let me go! Please!" She could sense she was using her limbs to press against the canopy of flesh as well, to the same effect.

Losing all track of direction and time, she could only wince as she felt the immense thighs press together, forcing her against her fellow captive. A sticky layer of fluids adhered them together, as they both were forced to press against each other to detach, still connected by cords of this stranger's relentless slime.

Smelling nothing but this woman's cunt, Alex tried, in vain, to hold her nose, but the aroma itself had already infected her sinuses. She was forced to experience this, no sense was freed from the relentless torment.

"Guck! G'lick!" shouted Alex as an immense pressure exploded against her from below. A hard surface lined just below the cotton barrier as she felt the right side of her body slip between her pussy lips, her right leg literally entering this woman's vagina. Kicking hard, trying to get some kind of attention, she only succeeded in having more of the hot goo flush from the hole above, traveling up the vulva like a sieve and covering her even further.

The pressure above lasted for what felt like an eternity. With no ability to see, she could only feel her environment, which consisted of the sticky skin, harsh pubic hairs, and the thrashing of the other woman she was shrunk with. Jabbing at each other several times accidentally, one of the woman's writhes even caused Alex to be kicked in the stomach, knocking the wind out of her and forcing her to breathe in a glob of the stranger's thick pussy fluid, forcing her to choke even more.

The pressure suddenly relieved, causing Alex and her fellow captor to sink back into the panties, which were now so wet there was almost a layer of sweaty scum built on the inside lining. The familiar motions of the tremendous legs continued. Now able to breathe fuller breaths, she tore away at her costume, which was made of fabric that constricted uncomfortably when soaked. Despite the fact that she knew she worked hard on it, and hoped to re-use it, she was in an unbelievably dire emergency and such thoughts didn't even enter her mind. She intentionally tore at the lining down her side, splitting the dress down her torso, allowing her to breathe more freely.

As she peeled away from the woman's vagina, she heard the wet, oozing sounds as the cords of slime began to snip away.

A loud, mechanical sound filled Alex's eardrums, leading to confusion. What's that? A deep "Wshhhhh" noise. Writhing over the slippery, scum-coated panties, perhaps she could peel away the cotton just enough to let some light in. Some air. Some semblance of the outside world.

Lunging forward, she felt a pang of regret as she felt herself kick the other captive with both feet. "Hey! Fuck you!" she shouted, as her wet socks squished against her.

Nearly every muscle in her body in severe pain from hours of constant struggling, Alex managed to squeeze her arm out from the tight grip of the fluid-soaked panties. Gasping as she felt the cold air brush against her arm, she quickly shouted "No!" as a tremendous finger pushed her back in, trapping her even further than when she first started.

Alex broke. She started weeping loudly, through the pain of her burning throat. The walking started and both women sank, limp. Alex understood how useless any escape attempt would be. She may as well save her energy.

Upon entering her apartment, the humid stench became apparent to Emily's nose for the first time. Having not left the house for an incalculable period, the level at which she had become noseblind to the odors was staggering, even to her. Even more surprising was how fast she got used to it. She sighed, "I guess I'll have to clean up soon," thinking to herself.

Letting out a long, relaxed breath, she dove face-first on the mattress. "This smells, too," she thought, as the lingering odor of her own sweat filled her nostrils.

As she was experiencing a form of euphoria from her anxiety being relieved in a familiar place, Emily looked up at her shelf of small, plastic figurines. Oh, right. The two women in her panties.

Somewhat concerned that she hadn't felt them squirm in some time, she flipped off her tee shirt and tossed it on one of the scattered piles of dirty clothes. Fuck it.

Hooking her thumbs over the waistband of her underwear, she lowered her panties away from her crotch. Smiling as she saw one of the women, motionless but breathing, in the cotton hammock. Bowsette.

Raising her eyebrow, she wondered where Princess Peach went. Reaching down between her thighs, she quickly found her wrapped in a forest of her pubes. Grasping her leg, she gently peeled her away from her sticky, sweaty skin and placed her soaked body in her palm. Bowsette was fished from the cloth and placed next to her.

Disappointed that their costumes didn't last, she saw that Bowsette lost her horns and decorations on her leotard; the whole side of Peach's dress was split in half. Emily smiled, thinking that she kind of looked like a slut that way.

Walking over to her shelf, she dumped both of them next to her plastic figures. They left round stains on the wood below as their limp, but conscious bodies dripped vaginal fluid.

"I... I don't think you look good there, you two." She pondered keeping them forever, but with their costumes damaged, they weren't quite Peach and Bowsette. They were just some random "normie" girls.

"GGggrrrrRRRRrrrrRRnnnnn"

Emily looked down at her nude stomach. She hasn't eaten all day, having refused to pay the exorbitant prices for the food at the convention hall. She sighed as she crawled over to her laptop to enter in her typical value meal order from the delivery service. Just a cheeseburger, some small fries, and a can of diet soda. Click.

In the middle of her mouse press, a perfect solution to her problem came to her mind just one second too late. After reading "ORDER PROCESSED," she turned her head towards the two women waiting on her shelf, grinning.

Using her knees to scooch over her mattress, she loomed over the two women, who were now slowly crawling backwards against the wall.

Emily smiled widely, exposing her perfectly straight, but slightly yellow teeth. Completely naked, she picked up little Bowsette by the ankle, her stilettos long since drifted away, and held her upside-down. Her red wig falling off into the mess of blankets below, Emily could see her long, curly black hair was still soaked.

Sliding her tongue out from between her lips, she dragged the tip of it along the tiny woman's body, leading the small woman to shake, putting her palms over her face. Emily

thought, despite the fact that she tasted of her own fluid, that her fear alone was enough to delight her.

Just to scare “Bowsette,” Emily gave her a series of light kisses all along her body, covering her with her saliva. Without giving her any warning at all, she pressed the little woman into her incisors, clipping them together just enough to bite on her leotard before tearing it right off of her in one motion.

A wire of spit connected the woman's hair to her lip. Seeing her makeup smeared, her body quivering, and her pathetic attempt to cover her breasts and crotch, she didn't see Bowsette. She didn't see a cosplayer, she didn't even see a tiny, weeping woman. She saw a snack.

As Emily lifted the tiny woman over her head and opened her mouth wide, a shiver ran up and down her spine. The gravely scream of the shrunken woman filled her with such a sense of power that she wondered if all those years spent socially anxious were even worth it. Why fear talking to others if you have the ability to do this? To not only completely dominate someone, but to force them to become one with you.

Emily lowered the woman on to her tongue, feeling her try to bounce off of it in complete futility. She exhaled through her nose as she let go, experiencing the sensation of the woman slide down the center crevice of her tongue, almost like a water slide. Closing her mouth, she could taste the subtle flavor of the tiny woman's sweat, distinctly different from her own juice. Rolling her left and right, she could sense her pound against the inside of her cheek, literally causing little depressions through the flesh.

Now coating her in earnest, she could feel her writhing against her tongue as a thick layer of her own saliva covered the tiny woman. Sandwiching her between her palate and her tongue, she suckled on her body very gently, enough to wash away any residual vaginal fluid, leaving only her saliva and the tiny woman's sweat.

“MmmmmMMMMMmmmm” It wasn't a tease, she was honestly moaning from how beautiful the woman tasted.

Emily, in an effort to channel all the stress she felt from the day, the anger from the nasty comment she heard, and the pent-up excitement from pure physical stimulation, winced, and swallowed hard.

The woman's screaming vibration pulsing down her throat was the most powerful sensation she'd ever experienced. As she felt her slide down into her empty stomach, Emily took a long, deep breath after closing her eyes. She felt like an entirely different person. She ran her fingers through her greasy hair as she looked up, trying to feel if she could sense any kicking or struggling from within.

She couldn't. It was as if the woman became so diminished and irrelevant that even her own brain stopped sending her body signals about her.

Thinking about what must be happening to her at that moment, to be deposited in her stomach. In her body. Was it scary? Was it gross? Emily had a realization as she placed a hand over her belly button, rubbing her skin gently.

She didn't care.

Blinking, Emily turned her head to the second one. Princess Peach.

Alex rolled up in a ball, her back to the cracked, white wall as a bunch of plastic figures towered over her. Scanning her environment, it quickly became clear that any escape attempt would be a death sentence. No fall from that height would be survivable.

Squinting, watching her tear the leotard off the other woman's body, Emily's heart sank. Emotionally shattered, Alex just stared, letting her tears mercifully blur her vision as the wet smacking sounds of the immense stranger's mouth slicked around the woman she was shrunk with.

Her voice quivering, a fiery bolt shot up and down her spine when she watched the immense woman close her eyes and swallow a human being whole and alive. Her mind, now so overwhelmed she could only hear an incessant buzzing between her ears, could only register the tickling sensation of her tears running down her face.

Alex's heart was beating so hard that the veins within her wrists pounded with pain, as did the area under her tongue. So overwhelmed with stress, the buzzing in her ears turned to a loud ringing that drowned out every other sound.

As she watched the immense, blurry figure before her move, she continued blinking. Despite fewer tears in her eyes, her vision itself did not become any less blurry. Now feeling panic begin to burst through the numbness, she brought her hands up to her now-bloodshot eyes, rubbing them in an attempt to see. Blinking, she could sense blackness, no, a nothingness begin to overtake the light once entering her retinas. Every time she opened her eyes, she could see less and less.

After squeezing her eyelids shut, she found no difference in her vision after she opened them widely. She was blind.

Now widening her eyes, she darted her head around, almost like a bird, as she held herself as firmly against the wall as she could. Seeing nothing and hearing only a loud, bell-like

sound, Alex's senses had involuntarily retreated due to stress and trauma. She could only feel the cold wall and smell the rancid odor of the room she was now trapped in.

Emily stared at the little blonde on her shelf, pinning her little body up against the wall between her Madoka and Homura figurines. She looked so sweet there, her dress folding away, exposing a white sports bra.

Rubbing her belly, Emily leaned forward and whispered at the tiny woman. "I can feel your little friend struggling in my stomach," she lied, not feeling anything at all.

The tiny woman just looked in random directions with a horrified, wide-eyed expression, as if she had no idea what was going on or where to even look.

Waving her immense hand in front of her, Emily stated, in a questioning tone "Hello? Can you even see me?" No response.

After clapping her hands with a loud "Pop" just inches away from her tiny body, to no reaction. Emily couldn't help but feel a sense of disappointment. How the fuck did she go blind? Is this even possible?

Alex screeched as she felt immense, sticky fingers grope around her body. Now feeling an invasive nakedness, she choked in horror as she felt her dress completely torn away by the stranger's disgusting hands. Her sense of smell now enhanced, she tried thrashing in random directions, surrounded by self-imposed darkness, as she felt a killer's fingernails grip her panties with deft fingernails, tearing them away with a forceful ripping sound.

Her waist now chafed from the harsh pressure of the fabric, she covered the bruised soreness, as well as per privates, not knowing what direction the woman's leathery fingertips would grope her from next.

Curled up in a ball, Alex felt her eyes leaking tears, but had no vision left to blur. It was as if she had never had any sense of sight at all, as if "Darkness" and "Light" were irrelevant.

She choked as she felt her sports bra stretch backwards. The air in her lungs immediately forced from her chest, she screeched as she felt her ribs compress as the fingernails behind her twisted and tore away at the elastic fabric. "Kkkkkrrrrpppppp" the bra tore away and she was left completely nude except for her partly damp white socks, which were now stuck to her feet, adhered with dried vaginal fluid.

Not knowing if she faced away from the immense woman or towards her, Alex continued bawling through the grating soreness of her throat.

“Please stop!” As she covered her breasts and her crotch, curled up in the fetal position, feeling the slime on her begin to dry into a caking of cracked, dried fluid. “Please! Let me go!” She couldn’t even hear her own voice, only feeling the vocal cords vibrate within her throat.

Lifting her hand up off her crotch, she put her palm up, grasping at the air around her in an attempt to figure out where the woman was going to grasp her from next. Nothing. The stillness in the fetid air was palpable. Though she couldn’t see, nor hear, she could sense the giant woman wasn’t close.

“Ding! Ding! Ding!” Emily jumped, still with the tiny woman’s sports bra between her fingertips. Dropping it into the mess below, she picked up one of the scattered tee shirts, this one a heavily-stained black tee, and tossed it over herself. She couldn’t pick up her food order nude.

“Good. They got the instructions right this time” she said as she opened the door a crack, letting a few rays of pre-sunset light leak into her private space. Sticking a log, slender arm through the smallest crack she could make, she grasped the bag of fast food left on the mat and pulled it inside.

The scent of fast food filled the air as she tossed the plastic bag away, leaving only a paper one filled with a single, unadorned cheeseburger, a small paper bag of fries, and a can of Diet Coke. Her usual order.

Her stomach now growling, she, as she usually did, picked up the entire order of fries in one fist and shoved them all in her mouth. One bite. That’s all. Wiping her mouth with her hand and gulping down the salty potatoes, she then tossed the crinkled-up container behind her back. After she cracked open the can of soda and gulped down the first cold swigs of the bubbly drink, that little Bowsette crossed her mind. She smiled, looking down, suddenly realizing that she must be raining this down upon her.

Lightly bouncing up and down, feeling her breasts jiggle, Emily giggled out loud. It must be so horrifying for her! If she were still alive, at least. Feeling the bloat from the soda foaming in her stomach, she couldn’t help but belch. “Euuuurrrr’p’p’pt.”

Now taking the burger from the bag, she unwrapped it halfway and stared at the lukewarm sandwich. She sighed. No lettuce or tomato or pickles.

She darted her eyes towards her shelf, finding a special, fresh topping waiting for her.

Alex didn't want to crawl, as she feared falling, but at the same time she sensed the "presence" of the immense woman again. Growing closer, Alex scooped gently on her knees and buttocks, using her hand and forearm to feel the shelf in front of her before she made any sudden movements.

A burst of shock exploded within her chest. She was flying through the air in the opposite way she was expecting: upward. She could recognize the familiar scent of the giant woman by this point, smelling strangely of onions, body odor, and a fishy, dirty snatch. The familiar sensation of being pinched between her belly and back, she elected to flail her arms wildly in the air as opposed to pressing downwards upon the oddly rough surfaces of the stranger's fingertips.

Her throat burned with searing agony as she felt, but didn't hear, herself scream as she sensed a hot, slimy tongue slither its way over the front of her torso and between her breasts. Now crossing her arms and kicking her legs, she could feel the trail of saliva squish in her cleavage, sticking them together slightly, smelling of rotten eggs.

Due to her lack of sight, she instinctively widened her eyes as far as they could go, still unable to use her sense of sight whatsoever.

The sensation of descent was gripping, as was the abrupt stop into a flat, soft, somewhat warm surface. Inhaling as deeply as she could for her next scream, she couldn't help but notice that it smelled like... cheese? And fast food grease?

She dove forward as soon as the immense finger left her skin. The front of her body sinking into the sticky surface like quicksand, she continued to tread, feeling the cheese itself wrap its way up to her elbows. Her muscles in electric pain, Alex continued to wade through the thick substance, feeling disgusted as her palms touched the rough surface of what she knew, in her heart, to be a hamburger.

"No! Neh! N-n-n-n-no!" She screamed, still unable to hear her own cries, her ears still pounding as if her head was the mallet within a bell.

Having reached the end of the burger itself, she reached her hand over the edge. The warm cheese clinging to her bare arms, making them heavy, Alex knew it was time to jump. Unable to see or hear, she knew this would be the end for her anyway, she may as well not end up like her fellow captive.

Bracing her feet on the burger itself, she bent her knees and prepared to jump into the dark openness like a frog. As soon as she sprung, a tremendous, soft pillow clamped down on

her from above, pinning her down into the burger itself. Sticking out between the bun and bread from the chest-upward, she could do nothing but flail as her legs were completely stuck in place.

Any attempt to pry herself free was useless given how the soft bread behind her merely bent at even the hardest press. A feeling of sinking overwhelmed her heart as the burger was flipped upwards, causing her to sink slightly, having the bottom bun pressed up to her chin and her arms pointing upward, her wrists limp.

She grit her teeth as she felt the burger lifted up, the hot, foul breath of the woman becoming ever closer.

Alex squirmed as she felt the slight pressure of the buns press against her from both sides, sensing two warm lips just inches from her. The shockwave of the bite itself reached Alex, forcing her skin to crawl. The lips disappeared into the distance as fast as they appeared. The fact that she couldn't see them forced a novel sense of vulnerability into her, having no idea where her next bite would be. Would she be the next one?

The lack of hearing forced her to experience the world only through touch and scent. Balling her fists, she continued flailing, though her hips shaking in the burger itself caused her to slip back further, now only her face exposed.

Another bite. This one to her left. Two snot-filled nostrils puffed warm air over her face as the buzzing shake of the burger's mastication reached her skin. "Aigh!" she screamed, as a line of spit snapped back from the giant woman's lip and smacked her in the face.

Alex hyperventilated, knowing how close that last bite was to her. Her mind in a frenzy, her sense of self shattered. A close bite to her left and to her right meant she was sticking out in a little "peninsula" of burger right in front of the face of a woman she just saw swallow someone whole.

An absolute panic overtook her. Alex didn't care how much it hurt to scream as instinct took over. She wasn't "Alex," she was just a trapped animal instilled with the fear of death. Almost feeling as though she was on fire, she resisted in vain against the pressure that trapped her.

She gasped. An uncanny stillness gripped her. She closed her sightless eyes as she experienced a wall of warmth heading right for her. Instinctively covering her face, the presence of the woman's lips parting, her dirty, scum-covered tongue approaching quickly, and her dark, dealthy, waiting throat were all shockingly apparent to her.

Time slowed down, The woman's tongue slid along the bottom bun as Alex's world became a chamber of hot, humid, rank breath. The presence of the chewed fast food was the only barrier from its aroma being shatteringly foul.

Alex couldn't breathe. She tried to inhale, but any breath she took remained caught in her throat. As the incisors cut the burger behind the soles of her feet, she gasped, feeling her lungs fill with heavy, wet air as the portion of sandwich she was embedded in detached into the woman's mouth.

The tongue pressed against the bottom bun, immediately pressing the rest of the burger into the roof of the woman's mouth. Now soaked with saliva, Alex could feel the wet mass now spread around her bare skin. Unable to hear the wet smacking that now surrounded her, she covered her face, attempting to prevent anything from touching her face or entering her own mouth.

The first roll was abrupt as Alex experienced the tactile sensation of the burger patty she was once pressed into pulverized into a warm, chewed mass in less than a second. The woman's molars missing her by a hair, she could feel the inside hardness brush up against her skin and squeezing out the crushed mass of burger-saliva mixture over her naked form with such force that it pressed between her fingers and into her mouth.

It tasted like burger mixed with a relentless, slimy rot.

Spitting out the foul combination, the tongue slid against Alex's bare torso, causing her to retch. The undulating probe forced warm goo to cover Alex's entire body, soaking the chunks into her hair, between her toes, and up her nostrils. The bumpy surface was covered in an obvious layer of extra scum that would still be apparent even after the meal. Alex couldn't hear, or even feel herself crying as she was flipped several times by the wet muscle, her tears immediately being washed away into the torrent of slime.

The heat alone was nearly unbearable for her. The intimate, familiar sense of someone's close body heat was all-encompassing. Not a single inch of Alex's wet body could escape from it, as she was guided away from the crushing molars with an obviously intentional precision.

Stillness.

Now embedded into a chunky, chewed bolus of wet food, Alex coughed out a bubbly wad of some stranger's mouth contents. Pressing her arms and legs into the slime, it had a lot of give, but the tongue's U-shape forced her to remain trapped, each movement she made forced her deeper into the cylindrical shape of slime.

Every nerve within Alex's body electrified with a sense of fiery horror as she was shot forward, as if she were launched from the barrel of a gun. Only able to hack out gurgly protests, her mind couldn't comprehend the terror of passing through the arch of this stranger's throat.

The esophagus sliding against her body bent Alex into a state of delirium. "She swa..swa..swa.." Her thoughts were having the same effect as a broken record as bubbles of saliva were fluttering past her blank face. Mucus flooded over her eyes as she could feel the

vibration of an immense, calm heartbeat just through a few layers of flesh. Continuing the descent into this stranger's body, Alex's mind was on repeat.

"Swa..swa...swa...swallowed...swa..swa..."

The fleshy ring of the woman's stomach entrance slid around her, spluttering her into Hell.

Dumped into a foamy, churning ocean of soft, slimy puke, Alex immediately sensed her body become wrapped in a pool of impossibly hot vomit. Her eyes, still widened from her blindness, felt an intense burning almost immediately.

"Swa.. she swallowed... swallowed... swa..."

Thrashing her arms, her thoughts were literally unable to form in a way that Alex could interpret. Hearing only ringing and unable to see anything, Alex felt the current of the burger, fries, and bubbly soda flow over her naked skin, soaking into the socks she was still wearing. Oddly, some cheese remained stuck to her skin and trapped in her hair, not easily melted away by the hurricane of slime that now surrounded her on all sides.

Writhing, she instinctively inhaled as her head reached an air pocket. The pounding, relentless heat radiated the air, causing Alex's lungs to feel as though they were on fire, her nose felt as though it hovered over freshly-puked vomit and she inhaled as hard as she could. The humidity making the air as heavy as it could be, a churn from a wall nearby forced herself into an undulating, mucus-covered surface.

Her eyes felt as though she had just used molten metal for eye drops. A quake shook the surface of the churning slop. Another mouthful of chewed burger must have landed. Now pinning herself up against the stomach's wrinkly lining as she had done with the wall behind the woman's shelf earlier, Alex felt a cocktail of emotions that combined to form an intoxicating panic. Just that very morning, she had no idea that it was possible to be shrunk like this. Now, she was feeling the warm mucus ooze off a stranger's stomach wall.

The soupy mass she was trapped in was slightly fizzy, made bubblier by the splashing of liquid she felt gushing in from above. Her mind, in an irrational fit of survival-induced desperation, used the folds in the stomach that trapped her to allow her to feel for a way out. Sensing an extra level of burning where her underwear chafed her when it was torn off, the idea of her own death began to creep into her mind. She'd be spending the rest of her life here, trapped in a hot chamber filled with a stranger's vomit.

Still exploring, she found a chunk that felt inconsistent compared to the rest of the mixture. Groping it, it felt stringy, hairy almost. As she felt the front of the spherical mass the size of a volleyball, it felt like it had goeey, hard holes covering the front. The surface of it tearing away at the slightest touch, Alex held the floating object for balance, noting that the limp form was lodged between two wrinkles.

A shock bolted through Alex's body as she felt the object move, two wet, bony hands jolting upwards, grabbing her shoulders. Thrashing backwards in extreme horror, Alex realized that it was the other woman, the holes she was groping were her eye sockets and her nasal cavity, her nose having washed away.

Backstroking through the thick soup, it didn't splash given how thick it was. Alex began to feel burning between her toes, in her armpits, over her own lips, nose, and genitals. Clenching her asshole, she could sense that the agony extended there, as well.

Continuing her horrified retreat, she felt herself crushed under a falling mass of chewed food, causing her to sink deeply into the ocean of burning chyme. Now completely without any sense of direction, Alex writhed in fear, beginning to feel her skin soften, as if a sunburn was being rubbed by sandpaper.

She emerged yet again, coughing out glops of this stranger's mucus. The inside of her mouth now acid-scorched, Alex bit her lower lip, feeling her incisors click right through it with ease. Another torrent of Diet Coke splashing in from above crashed her into a nearby wall. Leaning back between two folds, she covered her face in her palms, feeling the skin on her face peel away and the cartilage that separated her nostrils detach.

Her hearing still gone, she couldn't hear the gravelly moans she was eking out as her nose dangled off her face by a fleshy thread. The sour flavor of the stomach contents was replaced with the salty, metallic taste of blood. Clawing at the wall, she could feel the stranger's mucus build up under her nails before they each detached, one by one.

With no strength left to resist, she could sense herself sinking into the deepening pool. Each time her head submerged, she could sense the vomit flood into her nose-holes and into her sinuses. Her philtrum peeling away as the front of her nose dangled by a thread of skin, Alex felt it torn away as she ejected a spray of vomit-laden acid out her nasal cavity.

Her skin now burning as much as her muscles, she couldn't do anything to resist the slide downwards. She couldn't think of her tennis team. She couldn't think of her friends. She couldn't think of anything but the pain.

As her lungs filled with puke and she began seeing flashes of light burst before her, her mind remained stuck until the moment it stopped.

"Swa... swa... swa... swa... she swallowed me."

Emily sat back down on her mattress as she finished downing the can of Diet Coke. After letting out a long belch, she felt herself sink into relaxation.

“This was such a fucking good idea.” She said to herself out loud. Still in the darkness, she scanned her environment, wincing at how dirty everything was. Looking down at her stomach and back up at the piles of dirty clothes and trash, a sense of determination washed over Emily.

“I have the power to change this.”

Standing up, she spent several hours, well into the night, separating the dirty clothes from the garbage scattered around. Knowing she had an awesome power over others, she felt as though it'd be appropriate to apply that power over her own self. Upon putting all the trash in her room, such as the wrappers, the dirty tissues, and the dried-up tampons, she pointed the ring at the heap and it nearly disappeared in a flash. What would otherwise take hours to dispose of now took minutes. “Hm! If only the laundry worked like that!” She thought to herself, a low bubbling sound emanating from her gut.

The next day, after visiting the store and finding the harshest cleansers she could, she sat back sweating, admiring how well she used them to scrub her room clean. No strange crusty spots, no coffee stains on the wall, she even bought a mattress cover and had plans to purchase a bed frame. Knowing she needed a new wardrobe at the very least, she mulled over what she'd want to wear, thinking about what looked cute on the girls at the convention. Other than the costumes, of course.

Feeling a familiar pressure in her backside, she shuffled over to her freshly-cleaned bathroom. Having spent the money she would have otherwise used for the exclusive Nendoroid, she figured that a toilet scrubber was a more worthwhile investment, seeing how white and shiny the inside of the bowl was.

Pulling a pair of clean panties down to her knees, she felt her asshole begin to expand. Letting the hard, compacted shit crown through her asshole, she sighed loudly as it slipped through her rectum and landed in the toilet with a soft plop. Spreading her thighs, she looked down, seeing a twisted human body. Her face looked like a skull embedded in her log of brown, nugget-clustered feces. She smiled, knowing that just yesterday that woman thought of herself as a cosplayer. Now she was just her shit.

Reaching down with a wad of fresh toilet paper, she jumped as she felt an extra chunk slide off of her ass. After giving a few more passes to make sure she was especially clean, she brought the wad of shitty toilet paper up to her face. Laying down in a brown bed of shit was the other woman, her blonde hair now stained green, her feet still somehow covered in undigested socks. Her skin was torn, but remained intact in patches. She, too, lacked a face. After sighing, she simply let go of the paper and it quickly dropped into the toilet water before sinking slowly into the yellow pool.

After washing her hands, she went back to the main room of her apartment and inhaled. It was different! Clean! Plopping down on her mattress, she felt the air puff out from under the soft surface, smelling of fresh linen as opposed to dried sweat. She knew she still had a way to go before she had her life “On track,” but she felt as though she was taking the proper first steps.

Using a text file on her laptop, Emily wrote herself a daily schedule, including washing herself, time for self-improvement, and getting out of the house. Looking at the band on the ring finger of her right hand, she smiled. Maybe the color pink wasn't so bad after all!