

Trajector

By Supernova

A commissioned work

Static electricity coursed over Betsy's skin as she found herself sitting safely at the other side of the device. Touching the hard, metallic ground, she felt her hair fall down her back as the spare charge from the teleportation had left into the ground below. Blinking her eyes, she turned her head left and right, finding her new environment to look rather blurry. Upon squeezing her fists into her eyes, as if she were just waking, she reminisced upon how much she had to hype herself up for this.

Never really an early adopter of new technology, Betsy found that the potential of this new device was more than she could resist. Naked on the cold, metal platform, she didn't really expect to smell ozone at the end of her trip. Her heart now beating quickly, she blinked a few more times, seeing a tremendous figure step upwards away from what looked like a tremendous monitor. Not used to viewing landscapes as large as this one, Betsy had to shake her head in an attempt to snap back into reality. As she watched the skyscraper-sized woman stand up, Betsy could hardly comprehend that something so large was alive, nevermind that the immense human being was the very fetish model she had essentially temporarily signed her life over to.

Betsy was oddly proud of herself, given that she was one of the first people to use the "Trajector," an extremely sophisticated device that allowed users to literally teleport themselves from their own PC to a small container the size of a shoebox. In effect, the user could shrink themselves while teleporting to another location. In spite of the countless uses for this industrially, there was still a large market for fetishistic sexual "sessions." These sessions involved being sent to a model who owned a trajector, who would play with the user depending on pre-specified terms. Advertised as "The Next Level of Domination," services ranged from "foot worship" to literally being consumed and regurgitated. In the past year of the trajector's use there have been only three fatal accidents.

"I hope I'm not the fourth," thought Betsy as she saw the curvaceous figure of her chosen model approach. Falling flat on her ass, Betsy, now completely nude, widened her eyes as she stared at the model in awe. Betsy felt her mouth dry up as she stared upon Lucy Day, the very model she had been following for almost a decade at this point. She had obsessed over her videos, given that she had the knack to hit Betsy's buttons exactly right. When she had heard that Lucy was doing trajector work, Betsy couldn't stop herself. She needed her fantasy made real.

"So who's the lucky girl?" Lucy's voice blasted from above as she approached the little metal platform on her desk. Betsy felt herself blush so hard that she could feel the heat emanate from her neck.

"I... um... I..." Betsy was not only completely overwhelmed by Lucy's stature, but she was also quite star-struck. Able to see Lucy's beautiful tan skin up close. Her luscious hips tantalizingly hidden under a thin, sky-blue bikini. Craning her neck upwards, she saw one of her favorite parts of Lucy, her fat tits, looking almost as though they were going to burst from the confines of the bra portion of the bikini. Her cleavage looked as long as Betsy was tall. Unable to form words in her mouth, Betsy swallowed again, finding that her mouth really did feel like a desert.

As she saw Lucy's tremendous fingers head towards her, Betsy couldn't help but crawl backwards.

"It's okay, sweetie. This is gonna be fun." Lucy said in a calm voice as her hand wrapped around Betsy's tiny form.

The palm felt warm and comforting, especially as it took control. Feeling her body's weight leave the platform and become carried gracefully by Lucy's tender grasp, Betsy's heart pounded. She looked upwards at Lucy's immense face, viewing her adorable features up-close. Seeing her light brown hair glint against the incandescent lights in the ceiling above.

Now held in front of a massive pair of breasts, Lucy looked down at her own and, to her embarrassment, she was covered in a bunch of blushing spots. Instinctively covering herself, Betsy felt herself go into a daze, not even noticing Lucy's other hand reaching behind her back.

It was like watching a waterfall flow over a beautiful mountainside. Lucy's breasts were absolutely perfect. The bikini top slid off, exposing two mountainous boobs with just enough give for them to bounce subtly and, in Betsy's mind, intoxicatingly.

Her jaw quivered as she watched them jiggle as Lucy walked. "You know where we're going now, right?" Betsy's mind was going into a near frenzy. This was, quite literally, her ultimate fantasy.

"Y-y-y-your bed... Miss Day"

Lucy's eyebrows raised and she smiled gleefully. "You are just the cutest." Betsy blushed as Lucy's pointer finger rubbed the top of her short, black hair. "Women clients are the best."

Betsy shivered, knowing she was blushing some more. She knew she had a stupid expression on her face, but at that point she did not care. As she was lowered towards Lucy's waist, the tiny woman just waited as she saw the woman's other hand fiddle with the blue knot that loosely bound the thin piece of fabric to her crotch.

The bikini bottom dropped down much faster than the bra did. Betsy's mind split.

“Do you know what that is?” A sweet voice blasted from above.

Betsy didn't know how to form words. “I... uh... that...”

“That's gonna be your new home for a little while.”

Betsy gasped. She legitimately had no idea what to say. “I...” Whatever she wished to say was caught between her throat and her lips. Her heart was now racing, the blood pumping so quickly through her body that she could feel it in her wrists. Seeing the background behind Lucy swirl around before stopping abruptly, Betsy knew that Lucy had just sat down on her queen-sized bed. The one from all her videos, with the pink frills.

Betsy felt herself loosen in the immense woman's hand. As if she were melting. Feeling her chest rise and fall as Lucy almost cradled her in her palm, Betsy found herself feeling her sense of self dissolve into the hand below her. No longer in control of her own fate, she felt her own body heat become one with that which was emanating from the fleshy cushion below.

The wind shifted as she felt herself descend towards the long hallway formed between Lucy's thighs. She let her jaw drop and her eyelids droop as the rest of her tension fled from her muscles. She didn't even look where it was she was headed. She had seen it hundreds, perhaps even thousands of times in the videos she'd obsessively gawk over.

Wet warmth slipped over the crown of Betsy's skull as she felt her face begin to spasm. Twitches of electricity jolted the nerve endings over her entire body as the first whiff of feminin odor reached her nostrils. Far from simply seeing this done to another via the internet, the visceral sensations that seemed to tear through her body were completely novel to her mind. As Lucy's cunt slipped over her forehead, soaking slick fluid over her hair, Betsy's eyes felt as though they were almost vibrating. Opting to focus upon the perfect synergy between the fantasy of her soul and the reality of her flesh, Betsy crossed her eyes and surrendered to the blur before blackness.

Her eyes were now slipped within Lucy's vaginal cavity. Soft flesh slithered over the bridge of her nose, almost feeling like being consumed by the essence of a passionate kiss. Her fingers and limbs now twitched with the rest of her body. Having sacrificed so much of her volition to the whims of this stranger, the fear of the unknown pulsed a dark terror within her chest. Thrilling, but threatening, Betsy knew she was going to be a different person by the time this session was over.

A harsh thrust into the hot darkness caused Betsy to nearly seize. Lucy was now wrapping Betsy's tiny, squirming body with her crotch, leaking intimate fluids over her bare skin. Now in a complete state of pure surrender, Betsy lost track of time, even second-by-second, as she felt the oozing walls gently caress her. Feeling her legs gripped by the woman's reassuring grasp, Betsy didn't let herself move voluntarily. Wanting to be at the whim of this stranger, she allowed Lucy to slide her in much, much deeper. The warmth was all-encompassing until she

was slipped out, instinctively coughing out globs of Lucy's womanly slime. Licking her lips, her head inches away from Lucy's sopping pussy, Betsy moaned, thinking about how this fluid was the most divine thing she had ever tasted.

Catching her breath, she was plunged in again, this time up to her hips, before Lucy slipped her out halfway, then all the way in, then back halfway, until the rhythm of pleasure was established. Feeling the bubbles and pulsing walls all around her, Lucy's mind flipped into an alien mode of pure ecstasy. Letting Lucy's cunt juice slip between her legs and over her own crotch, feeling it slip up her nose, get in her eyes, and between her toes, Betsy was now operating on a different plane. In this moment, she felt as though she were one of the few human beings ever born to experience exactly what they wanted.

The immense vagina was ironically gentle, even as Lucy increased the speed of her thrusting. A booming heartbeat pulsed through the walls quicker and quicker as Betsy let herself flow freely. She couldn't deny that the surrounding cunt was becoming wetter, flooding every inch of her skin with fresh slime. The very idea that Lucy was becoming wet because of her, even in spite of it being a paid session, sent another wave of ecstatic pleasure through Betsy.

Opening her mouth widely, she let as much of Lucy's fluid fill her mouth. Upon closing her jaw, she felt as though she had spilled out hot oil from her mouth as the juice spilled from her lips. Certain familiar grasps had gripped her entire body as she heard a moan vibrate through Lucy's body. Wet, slapping sounds filled Betsy's ear drums, sounding intimate and sexual. The bubbling froth now covering her body forced Betsy to grab her own breasts and experience how truly lubricated they were from the leaking of this woman's pussy.

As the minutes passed, so did the speed at which Lucy was fucking herself. The speed forced Betsy's hair to wave up and down as if she were in a pool. The juice found its way into her own ears, muffling every bodily groan that echoed around her. As the speed increased, so did the flood of wetness. Still limp, minus the fact that she was now twiddling with her erect nipples, Betsy gasped a lungful of sweaty air as she was plucked from Lucy's pussy.

Widening her eyes, she saw cords of vaginal fluid connect her top and bottom lids, feeling as though they were oddly heavy with the scum caked on her lashes. Shivering, she was placed on the familiar bed with the two familiar thighs hovering over her on either side.

The liquid still leaking below her body and soaking into the pink comforter below, Betsy couldn't help but gasp as the cold wind of reality blew around her. It ended too soon, far too soon. Betsy wanted to be within her forever.

"So how was that, sweet thing?"

She craned her neck upwards, seeing the skyscraper-sized woman put her finger on her lower lip seductively.

"It was...k'ff" Betsy coughed out another wet gob of hot pussy fluid.

"Leave you speechless, hun?" Lucy said with a playful calmness.

Betsy hung her head in expression of an emotion similar to, but not quite shame. Given her experience, she almost felt as though she were speaking to God.

"Y-yes. K'ff."

As Lucy's open palm touched Betsy's lower back, the tiny woman felt herself fall upon it. Apparently Lucy was used to this kind of response. Now laying within the warm palm in a puddle of vaginal fluid, Betsy had no idea how to process whatever strange emotions she was feeling at this moment. It was a feeling of ecstatic afterglow and of a deep longing to return to her body.

The cold air of Lucy's room blew away heat from Betsy's wet body as the model walked over to the trajector. Laying her limp body on the platform, Lucy smiled down upon the overwhelmed woman. "I hope to see you soon!" She pressed one of the small buttons out of sight and the platform Betsy was laying on began to glow pink.

"Th-thank y-" A bright flash pierced her retinas as she fully expected to land back on her bed, where she had activated the trajector app.

Betsy's heart dropped. Something went wrong. This isn't the bed.

A brutal thumping clattered Betsy's bones as an immense figure appeared to walk around her new landscape. Staring upwards, removing any fluid-induced blur from her vision, she saw a sight that was hauntingly familiar. She had not left Lucy's room, the trajector itself must have experienced some kind of error and now she was little more than the size of an ant on this stranger's floor.

Now in near-panic mode, she shook her head as she stood up, still dizzied by the scale of her new surroundings. Being several inches tall and being less than a centimeter tall was a literal world of difference. At this size, she could see all the little sand grains and motes of dust that a normal-sized eye would otherwise gloss over. Her heart now pounding, all remaining ecstasy she had just felt was now washed away, replaced by pure, genuine fear.

Upon watching Lucy leave the room, Betsy darted towards the pink bed. Each inch felt as though it were several body lengths as she began to lose her breath. Instead of feeling safe within the proximity of the immense Lucy, she now felt beyond threatened. Clearly she didn't realize what had just happened.

Listening to the thumping returning, Betsy thought "I'll just tap her foot and she'll notice me and she'll get help!" In spite of her panicked state, she knew this was truly the best plan. Another set of thunderous thumping footsteps came back into the room. Lucy was now

staggeringly huge. Betsy couldn't help but kneel and try to grab the perfectly flat floor as she felt the thunderous quaking from below.

Watching her huge, nude form plop down on the bed itself was like watching a true force of nature. Relieved as she watched her slender feet plop on the floor, Betsy forgot about her fatigue and bolted. Gritting her teeth, she had to suppress her fear and attempt to be brave, lest something truly horrible happen.

Feeling her leathery, wavy, moisturized skin under her hands, Betsy pounded on the weirdly "giving" surface. "Hey! Lucy! I'm down here! Please!"

Exhaling sharply, she stared upwards and stared upwards. A long, cylindrical shin that gave the same impression to Betsy's tiny body as a large building would at a normal size. Gritting her teeth, the tiny woman began using the subtle wrinkles of Lucy's feet as hand-holds. As she felt the strangely-textured skin under her hands, the heavy scent of her feet filled her nostrils. Though she was intoxicated by her cunt, this scent was truly nauseating to her. Both because she wished she was in her bed right now furiously masturbating and because she simply wasn't into feet.

As she crawled at least one centimeter up the side of the woman's foot, a blast of air coming from every direction nearly shook her from her position. Digging her nails into the rough patch of skin, Betsy noticed that Lucy was now hoisting herself back up on her bed. Now laying down on her back, Lucy was now illuminating her pretty face with the dim, blue light of her phone. Letting a little double-chin show as she craned her neck downwards, Lucy apparently felt as though she were off-hours and didn't mind looking a little lazy, even entirely in the nude.

As Betsy hoisted herself up to the top of Lucy's foot, she gasped. The vast swaths of the thick Latina woman's skin looked like the dunes of a truly vast desert. Curvaceous thighs leading up to a gently rolling tummy to two large, almost impassable mountains. Then, her face.

"If I could only get up to where her phone is, then I'll be safe. Then everything will be okay."

Steeling herself, she began her trek forward upon the woman's body. Each footstep she made, she felt her soles lightly indent the soft skin below. The field of flesh emitted a strange, intimate odor, possibly because of the light spray of her cunt juice splattered against the inside of her thighs. Experiencing Lucy to this point was far, far beyond her expectations in spite of the fact that an element of thrill was beginning to creep in through the fear.

Seeing an immense arm reach to the side to pick up a fork, Betsy jumped as she saw Lucy stab it into a small Tupperware bowl. Lifting the contents up, Betsy squinted her eyes to see that she had impaled a salad, as she could see several pieces of pasta interspersed with leaves all covered in ranch. Betsy felt a shiver run up and down her spine as she saw the food

disappear between her immense, glossy lips, crushed by a set of teeth larger than she was, and sent down her throat in a soft glob.

Gasping for several seconds, Betsy continued her journey up Lucy's body. Trying to gain her attention by traveling up near the inside of her thigh, she couldn't help but stare at the coiled, dark bush of pubic hair that was fast approaching. Looking like a dark forest from which she could never return, she unconsciously crawled towards it, smelling the intoxicating fumes of the crotch she was just trapped within. As she grew closer, she felt the desire to touch a few of the dark brown hairs. Smelling her hand after giving one of the thick ropes a hefty caress, she knew she couldn't help but keep moving.

Hoisting herself up on the woman's belly, she knew this would be the longest, but straightest part of the trip. Still hearing the brutal munching coming from above, as Betsy crossed over the part of Lucy's torso right under her breasts, she knew that there was a huge sack digesting the masticated food just an inch below her. Biting her lip, she felt the dried vaginal fluid begin to break away from her body, given her newfound fear-sweat.

The sweaty haze between Lucy's breasts filled Betsy's nostrils with a certain emotion. That of terror-ridden familiarity. When she was on the platform earlier, she couldn't wait to set up another session. Now, at this point, digging her fingers into the slick, sweaty crevice between her breasts, she wouldn't mind if she never saw, felt, or smelled this woman again. Another low, resounding swallow pierced Betsy's eardrums as she looked to see the wad descend her throat.

"Hey! I'm down here! Please! Something went wrong!" Betsy screamed as Lucy's face remained transfixed upon her phone. Still shivering, she jumped as she saw Lucy's face dart from side to side, bucking her off her skin.

Her chest fluttered as she felt her feet leave Lucy's skin. A sudden, agonizing coldness caused her to screech as loudly as she could. Her legs now wrapped around a piece of corkscrew pasta, Betsy's mind twisted into an agonizing cloud of fear as she realized where she was. "Oh fuck!" She shouted as she looked up to see Lucy still staring at her phone. "No! Please! No!"

Betsy's heart felt as though it were pumping pure fire through her body. The threshold at which she could keep her sanity was being tested. Everything seemed to vibrate at the same rhythm her heart pulsed, making everything seem as though it were taking place within some kind of twisting earthquake. "Aigh! Please! Down here!"

A vicious shaking caused Betsy to slip further down the corkscrew pasta. She sunk her fingers so far into it that she felt the softness mush between her fingers. "Augh! God!" Barely recognizing her own shrieks, she watched another wad of pasta salad leave the bowl, dripping with ranch dressing. Looking down at her own form, she looked as though she were painted head-to-toe with white paint, perfectly camouflaging her in Lucy's meal.

Staring upwards, she saw a few white specks litter the side of Lucy's mouth. Seeing her drag her tongue over her mouth, leaving a trail of white slime, Betsy felt tears fall from her eyes. The infernal crunching of the food before the vile swallow. "Is that going to be me?"

Another stab. Lucy was not even looking at the food she was consuming. Betsy's eyes spread open in pure terror as she saw that she, herself, almost had been stabbed by the metallic fork tines. Now finding herself trapped between two metal spikes, she pounded on the cold metal, which was caked with streaks left over by Lucy's tongue.

A terrifying feeling of ascent gripped her body. Her chest felt as though it wished to burst. Looking backwards, she saw Lucy's lips part wide open, exposing the messy cavern of her ranch-stained tongue. "Oh... oh fuck." Betsy whispered to herself, too shocked to scream, as she saw the immense mouth approach. The humid warmth of Lucy's mouth wafted over Betsy as she stared in horror, knowing her life was essentially over due to some freak accident.

As the salad touched the bottom of Lucy's mouth, Betsy felt the shadow of the immense lips almost stain her soul. Both her outside and inside were thrust into an extreme darkness. Flipping into a mental frame so profoundly dark, she felt as though it was the complete opposite from when she was slipped up her pussy.

Shivering as the fork was slipped from her humid mouth and immediately dumped on Lucy's slithering tongue. The thick layer of mucus-laden saliva instantly slathered all over her body as Lucy did not hesitate to begin chewing. The jaw bounced up and down so quickly and so violently that Betsy knew that her life was likely going to end in an instant. The pasta and greens being mashed into a pulpy paste, Betsy found herself sliding against the woman's hard palate before being forcefully plunged into the middle of it.

Her mouth now filled with chewed pasta salad, she could taste the ranch mixed with pussy fluid. As she attempted to spit out this mixture, she blasted into a panicked thrashing as he felt the mass of food she was stuck within begin to compress.

The sound of Lucy's swallowing was physically painful to Betsy. It was like her skin was being torn off as she felt the distinct lunge of descent down the woman's throat. Pure horror.

Thrown into an alien environment, she could feel Lucy's esophagus pulse and quake over her nude body. The thundering, calm heartbeat through the throat's flesh didn't feel human. It didn't even feel real. The heat was building. Lucy's terror was growing to be unfathomable.

She couldn't even scream, it was as though her body didn't have enough capacity to express the immensity of her own horror. Especially as she slipped through Lucy's wrinkled stomach sphincter, feeling it glide over her like a wet kiss, ejecting the mass of chewed food into the dark chamber below.

Now floating in an ocean of hot muck, Betsy took quick, short, vomit-laden breaths. Both in panic and because the ridiculously heavy air did not carry well, Betsy found her senses immediately defeated. Writhing like an animal within a stranger's hot vomit, Betsy thrust her hands downwards to splash, but only finding the thick fluid to be near-impenetrable. Barely able to move in the chunky mixture, she let out a small whimper as she felt the acidic fog scorch her trachea and lungs.

A low buzzing began growing in her ears, almost drowning out the sounds of wet squelching. Thrusting her arms in the mixture of stomach acid and chewed-up pasta salad, Betsy began to despair. She knew she wasn't going to survive this. She was going to die.

As a cord of mucus drizzled upon her like syrup, she felt the stomach itself begin to churn. Now at the mercy of the current of hot puke, she found herself adhered to the side of Lucy's stomach wall. Knowing that her fat tits were just on the other side of this flesh wall, she wondered if she would ever know what happened to her. If anyone would. A tear fell down the side of her face, washing away a layer of chyme, as another churn forced her body between two of the stomach folds.

The skin between her toes started to tingle and Betsy continued weeping. Now trying to grab on to one of the slick folds, the incessant slipping led her into a rage. Pounding her fists down into the thick soup below, she felt each contact flake her skin away.

As the lower half of her body began to feel scorched, and more of the chewed mass plopped within Lucy's stomach, Betsy covered her face. Sinking into the ocean, she inhaled the toxic fumes and quaked. "How could this have happened?" she asked herself as the walls behind her undulated gently.

It was such a soft, repulsive, slow death. Unable to pry her hands away from her face, she felt her hair detach from her scalp and her eyes begin to melt through her fingers. Wanting to cry, to scream, to do anything else but wallow in misery, Betsy felt thoroughly stuck. Nothing but a spot of protein clinging to the side of a stranger's stomach, she felt a sense of relief as she felt her own consciousness begin to fade away.

Surrounded by the blackness, Betsy forced her mind to want to become one with it. To feel on the inside what she was seeing on the outside. Seeing flashes of light pulse before her, she could feel a soft crackling within her lungs as she breathed. Letting out one final cough, she allowed herself to slip under the surface of the steaming muck. A transcendent numbness overtook Betsy's nerves, allowing her to feel the false nothingness before the real one took hold.

As Lucy continued to scroll through Twitter, she wondered why her latest client hadn't given her a review yet. Scraping out the final bits of ranch from the bowl itself, she licked her spoon clean. "So weird! I thought she had a great time!"

Rolling onto her stomach, she placed the bowl on her nightstand before letting out a long sigh. As she closed her eyes, readying herself from her nap, she thought “Can’t win ‘em all, I guess. At least I got paid.”