

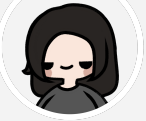


Trials of Friendship:

Chapter Twenty, Deep Dive

An original story written by Rudy Zudy!

18+



Susan; 4:51 PM

Walking into the kitchen, you make a mental note to devise something convincing to feed your daughter. Sure, Alexis would be heartbroken, but the family would be safe. Maybe a half-truth about some magic overload shenanigans would convince her. It's for her own good, you rationalize. A harmless lie at best.

In truth, you'd already removed the mistake those two had made long since. What your daughter had been playing around with was immeasurably dangerous, but her friend's affliction? Quite mundane. Especially to a seasoned magic user such as yourself.

There's an extra pump on your step and additional peps to your walk. Today, you felt like a million bucks! Itty bitty Chris was lost nearly right out of the gate. But his assumed death had generated a rush like no other! Knowing that even asleep, you could utterly obliterate someone beneath you? It's unreal. You'd ended an entire life without even realizing it. Unbelievable how quickly the thought gets you boiling.

"*Hmm,*" You muse, pulling out your phone. Your finger hovers over the uber app. What about the bars? You contemplate the ramifications of another disappearance so close to the family and ultimately decide against it. The chance of suspicion just couldn't be risked. Unfortunately, *someone* had to be responsible in this family!

Though, perhaps a typical booty call would suffice. Last month you swore you'd get out more. Now, the perfect opportunity has dropped right into your lap. You had to mingle sometime! It wasn't your intention to die a shut-in like your mother!

Ultimately, you decide to table it for now. Though, not for lack of ambition. No, you just didn't have the mental fortitude for the hookup game at the moment, nor the time. Instead, you head to the kitchen, swiftly grab a ziplock bag of pre-cooked chicken, and place it on the counter. Right now, you're feeling some chicken salad! And maybe, one or two glasses of that wine you'd been saving.

Pop

The bottle foams as you delicately pour it into the two cups, letting the liquid flow down the sides, melding together in the middle. You don't have any company, but you weren't willing to waste so much of such an expensive bottle. Setting it down, you take the first glass and remove a good bit off the top. With a warm feeling in your gut, you crank up the radio on the adjacent countertop and jam out. All the while collecting the ingredients for the perfect chicken salad.

Chris; 4:53 PM

Skin gropes at you from all sides, a jumble of differing pressure as Lexy's mother takes several steps, likely moving to another room. The air around you starts to heat up even hotter than the original skillet that had sent you tumbling down here.

The two relatively smooth pieces of flesh mesh together with you in-between. It's chaotic; each step sends several tonnes of ass sliding by at frightening speeds, only for them to shoot back up with an equal measure of force. As for the scenery, you find yourself nearly pressed against Susan's dark hole. You can barely even see it, the absence of light so complete. But boy, can you feel it. Almost as if it's breathing on you.

Sometimes the muscular wall pulsates, and other times it stays perfectly still. You never know when it's about to turn your world on its head; never be any the wiser.

You're constantly struggling to breathe, the weight of Susan threatening to snuff you out at any moment. You think it's bad enough, but eventually, you hear the faint mummings of the latest pop song that's been playing all over the radio. In no time at all, Susan's cheeks become ground zero for a cataclysmic earthquake. Her asshole still taunts you with its musk and heat. The very globes holding you in place bounce in rhythm. However, you're so thoroughly embedded that it hardly makes a speck of difference.

Once your eyes adjust to the lack of light, you can inspect this claustrophobic nightmare. Layers of skin sit on each side, molding around your fragile form and threatening to bend it to its own will each time Susan takes a step. It's only by luck you

survive. Being stuck unnoticed anywhere else would likely have been a death sentence. Actually, you aren't entirely sure you'll outlive this place, either.

That's when you feel the unnatural urge rearing its head. That pulsing in your groin that's become somewhat commonplace. Even with the oppressive nature of your environment, your infatuation with what's ahead is only growing. Your eyes scan each wrinkle, marveling as it continues to flex unconsciously. Each twitch is small, likely imperceptible to Susan herself. But you're just small enough to observe the negligible events. Over and over, as she keeps herself busy, you get sneak peeks of her inner workings. A hot chamber blinks at you, time and time again. Waiting for its chance to snatch you up.

A sick part of you can't help but feel a call. You want it? No, you *need* this! Your mind is intoxicated with the very idea of giving yourself to this perfect beauty. Being privileged enough to use her exit as an entrance. You finally push back against the weight around you. It makes the plush in the immediate area jiggle with resistance, fighting you with every push. But it can't stop you, not when you feel like this!

You get right up against the familiar dark stretch of the skin lining her hole. A calm floods through you, touching down on her skin like instant relief—a fire hydrant on the hottest day of the summer. You're elated, finally able to get close to this magnificent part of her. You feel almost drunk, and it's tough to focus. All you can think about right now is what's directly in your eyesight.

Though, you have moments of clarity. At times, it's like a slow drift from warm numb to cold dread. It's clear to you now that Susan was directly to blame for these burning desires. A tiny voice wonders how she'd done so when Alexis had been explicitly clear on the difficulty of casting spells on a body touched by the Other Side. But, you're so far out of your league that you have to stop short of your head erupting into flames.

It's not long before lust takes over again, and you're back to marveling at the tight skin around her ass. You run a hand across the ground, feeling up the dense muscles surrounding the exit. Your dick's raw from all the previous friction, balls absolutely drained of its life-creating fluid. Yet it doesn't really matter. The need won't be filled until you climax. So you go about fulfilling these unmovable requirements.

Sore and tired, you shove your face against her asshole, not caring if the sudden intrusion leads to being snuffed out by a stray finger. Right now, you need her perfect exit to cherish and shower with affection—you find yourself abuzz with this strange affliction.

Then, there's a sudden pressure. The breath is sucked straight out of you as what feels like several thousand pounds of force crash down. She must have finally sat. You're thrown around momentarily, jostled between her all-consuming hills. When you regain some sense of direction, you realize the already tight space just got smaller. Where you could previously move around with some effort lies only a dense unmoving wall. It presses into you with an uncomfortable amount of force.

Grunting in frustration, you continue to let these lusty whims dominate you. You have to cum. Not just for anyone, but for her! It's all you can think about. Rubbing your cock into the uneven landscape, you shove your face into the ground and explode with a strained cry. Your body jerks forward, but very little comes out. It's pitiful, much like your size. The firing leaves you panting on your side. Your lungs are burning with telltale signs of exhaustion.

The already sizable pressure pushing on you from behind increases without warning, smearing and grinding you roughly into the surface of her asshole. You yelp as the dark wrinkled flesh enters your mouth once more. It's unavoidable; the puckered anus is a constant in this claustrophobic pocket. Luckily, the sweat you'd been forced to deal with had dried significantly, and the heat, as mentioned earlier, seemed much more tolerable since Susan began moving around again.

With movement comes a rash of calm winds that drift subtly across her body. No longer were you sitting in the bakery of her ass. That isn't to say the area wasn't still dreary and almost swamp-like in feel. Air thick with moisture. It's nothing out of the ordinary. Basic biology tells you the lower areas tend to radiate heat. The issue was at your size; even the body's most basic functions are against you.

With your lust gone for the moment, a clearer head can prevail. Briefly, you marvel at the fact you'd been able to survive her presumably taking a seat. With tremendous pressure still smudging you tightly into her asshole, you feel it's somewhat of a miracle you've survived. So much has gone right. The situation might have turned out

differently if even one variable had been changed. You could have been a crunchy mess days ago. Or, five minutes back.

The force doesn't relent, entirely unaware of your recent climax. It cares little for your situation, roughly a hundred pounds of woman opposing you. The pace of your breath quickens. Having taken stock of the predicament, you know just how dire it is. In response, you're taking in one unsatisfying breath after another. The air is worth less, each breath tainted with selective toxicity. It's polluted and heavy.

That's when you notice something from what feels like worlds above. The music changes tunes, fading from one track right into the next. It's nothing that stands out. Yet, the beats are far more energetic this time around. You recognize the voice easily as it's some up-and-coming twenty-something. Not your kind of music.

With a surprised yelp, you enter a short period of free fall, half a second at most, before precious oxygen is pressed from your lungs. Susan bounces and rolls her rear casually around the seat, jamming to the latest pop hit. You remain relatively close to her anus, but the cheeks work like two opposing vise grips. Squeezing and twisting in each direction. Each subsequent turn and grind feels like it might be the end, the pressure slowly but surely breaking your body.

You groan out while her body rhythmically assaults you with its weight. You're powerless to stop her, each new motion putting more pressure on you than you thought even your marginally enhanced body could withstand. Unable to expand your lungs properly, you take shallow gulps of air between each impossible-to-predict bounce.

It's not long until the relentless barrage of butt movement has you grinding into Susan's delicate star. The entire front of your body rolls across in circular motions. The musk is intense as well. Being face to face with every inch of the muscle has its natural, normally harmless odor outright attacking your sense of smell.

Desperately, you press a hand to it, hoping your strength will be enough to make it stop. Instead, you're given a much more terrifying sight. Another unconscious twitch, one Susan likely wasn't aware of. Your hand sinks into it instantly, your arm rapidly disappearing beyond the seemingly bottomless hole. Instinctually you try to tug, but there's simply not enough room to pull it free. The sphincter keeps a firm grip on your arm, threatening to sever it at any moment with a tight clench. Or worse, open up and

swallow you whole. It's ravenous and ready to devour you at the drop of a hat. You can't bear to think past that. All of the fucked up games Susan could play with you inside her. By now, you aren't sure if this is a game itself. You figure she'd be fucked up enough to do something like that.

Her wrinkled star tenses up in anticipation. It's almost as if it's waiting to make its move. You don't let it, finally finding the strength to pull your arm back, removing it from the humid pouch. You stretch your shoulder and enjoy the fact that you can flex the fingers on your hand again. However, the celebration is short-lived. Soon enough, you'd be back to the anxious chaos of having over a thousand pounds of water beds ready to crush you flat with one annoying itch.

Susan; 5:06 PM

You happily munch away on the hastily prepared chicken salad, enjoying the flavors and cold texture of the simple mix. It's almost entirely unconscious, but as you chew away the new song from that cutie pop star comes on, your butt traces the chair to the music. Now, you aren't usually one to be pulled in by the younger boys, but he's so rugged! The exact opposite of that more effeminate-looking bug boy you'd probably obliterated under your behind earlier.

It's right about now you notice an annoying little itch right down your backside. However, it doesn't linger, and it isn't something you dwell on past wishing for another shrunken plaything. It really is such a shame! You had plenty of predictions for how the bug word goes out, but rolling over on the thing was a boring conclusion.

You send another piece of chicken down your throat with a final gulp. Finished with a particularly satisfying early dinner, you put a lid over the Tupperware bowl and place it on the fridge's top shelf for later. And now you'll have less hassle for lunch tomorrow.

You take a second just to relax, content in the With a full stomach, the time for taking care of yourself was long past due. You lean back against the counter for a short while. It's easy to continue drifting back toward the incident earlier. Alexis would be around soon, likely finishing up homework before heading over. You'll have to be somewhat quick.

You stride coolly towards your room, stopping first to get a few things from the closet before starting. The decidedly unsexy part of the prep meant taking a short detour. A towel, just in case, along with a little black bag.

Your sexy bag of tricks! You hold the towel somewhat awkwardly and rifle through it. No need to take the whole thing! Not when you knew which toy you wanted. After shuffling around inside the bag, you produce the object of your sudden search. It's nothing special, a black silicone toy. It features beads of various sizes, the main draw of this relatively basic toy. Each bead in the chain gets bigger and bigger—an excellent toy for some dirty fun. You learned long ago that basic could do the job just as well as some of the fancier toys you'd picked up in the past. Many of them simply gather dust in the closet. But not this one. It had seen plenty of action.

You stroll down the hall, eagerly laying everything out and settling on the bed. But wait! You'd forgotten one thing! Reaching down, you grab the clear bottle between your mattress and nightstand. *Perfect.* You let yourself fall back, placing the towel underneath as you carelessly fall into place on your back, the towel intending to act as a safeguard for any mess later down the road.

Chris; 5:38 PM

You're graced with long-awaited light and the sweet breeze of open air. It's not something you expected so soon. Simultaneously, Susan's cheeks deem fit to let you go, just as a far-reaching shadow moves across the ground, with you at its very epicenter. You're left very disoriented and can't don't correctly capitalize on the window of near immunity that had fallen right into your lap. Instead, you're met with the thunderous unclasping of a plastic bottle.

You realize what's happening too late, watching in startling clarity as a finger hastily applies a gel-like substance. Not long after, it comes in for the kill. Still, in the dark danger zone, you're throttled with the full brunt of Susan's application. She's cautious, making sure to coat the entire area thoroughly. A methodical habit that you can't help but resent. It's both painful and disorienting; the pressure she's applying to you is

more than you've ever been subjected to. However, it's brief, and after teasing the area lightly, she moves on to something you can't see.

Well, in that case, you'd have to crawl out of here and make your way up top. Though, your cunning plan quickly hits a snag. The thick substance keeps you locked in place and ultimately trapped back in this hell you'd been trying so desperately to crawl away from. You know two choices are being laid out before you. Fight like hell and probably die, or lay down and let Susan have some fun with you in the way? You want to go with the first option; *always* the first option! But your body aches. Bones are likely bruised and fractured. The underlying pain makes you cry out when you try to push away from the flexing anus. One of many ways your body is screaming for rest. You couldn't possibly fight.

You weren't in control anymore. Susan was. Whether she knew it or not, your fate rests entirely in her hands. Or rather, her body.