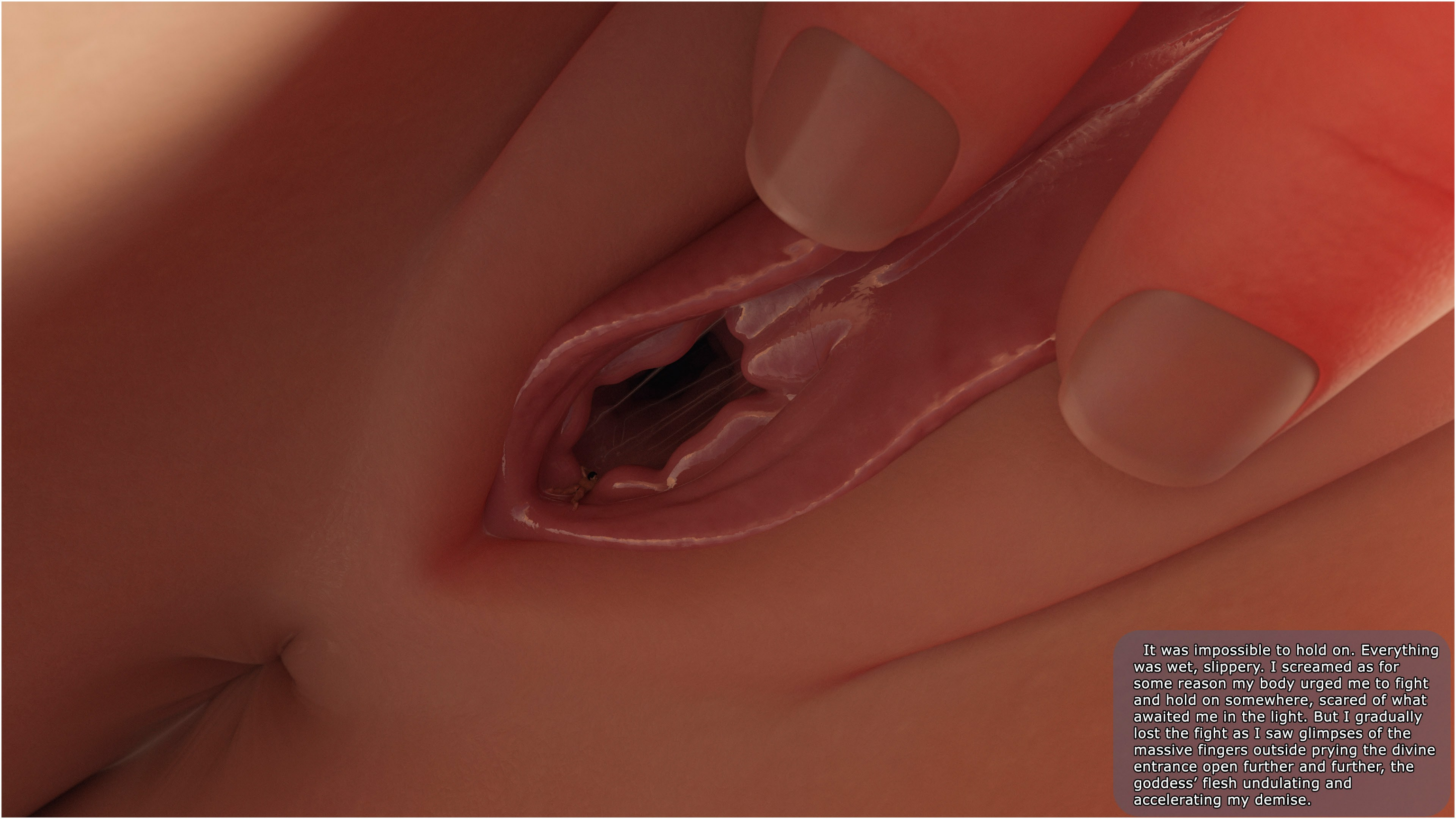


Deep in the darkness, I awaited my deserved fate. I couldn't help but wonder, as I struggled in hot moistness on how I'd go. Drowning was the likeliest for now. I almost did. And it fit the most. Or maybe I'd get squished when she clenched her thighs supertight.

What I feared most though was the heartwrenching thought that she's simply forget about me and I'll slowly die of exhaustion. But then again that was fitting too. She was a goddess, after all, why should she spend another moment thinking about a speck like me at all?

My thoughts were interrupted when the darkness around me retreated somewhat. I looked down at the light below me, then felt myself sliding down. I panicked.





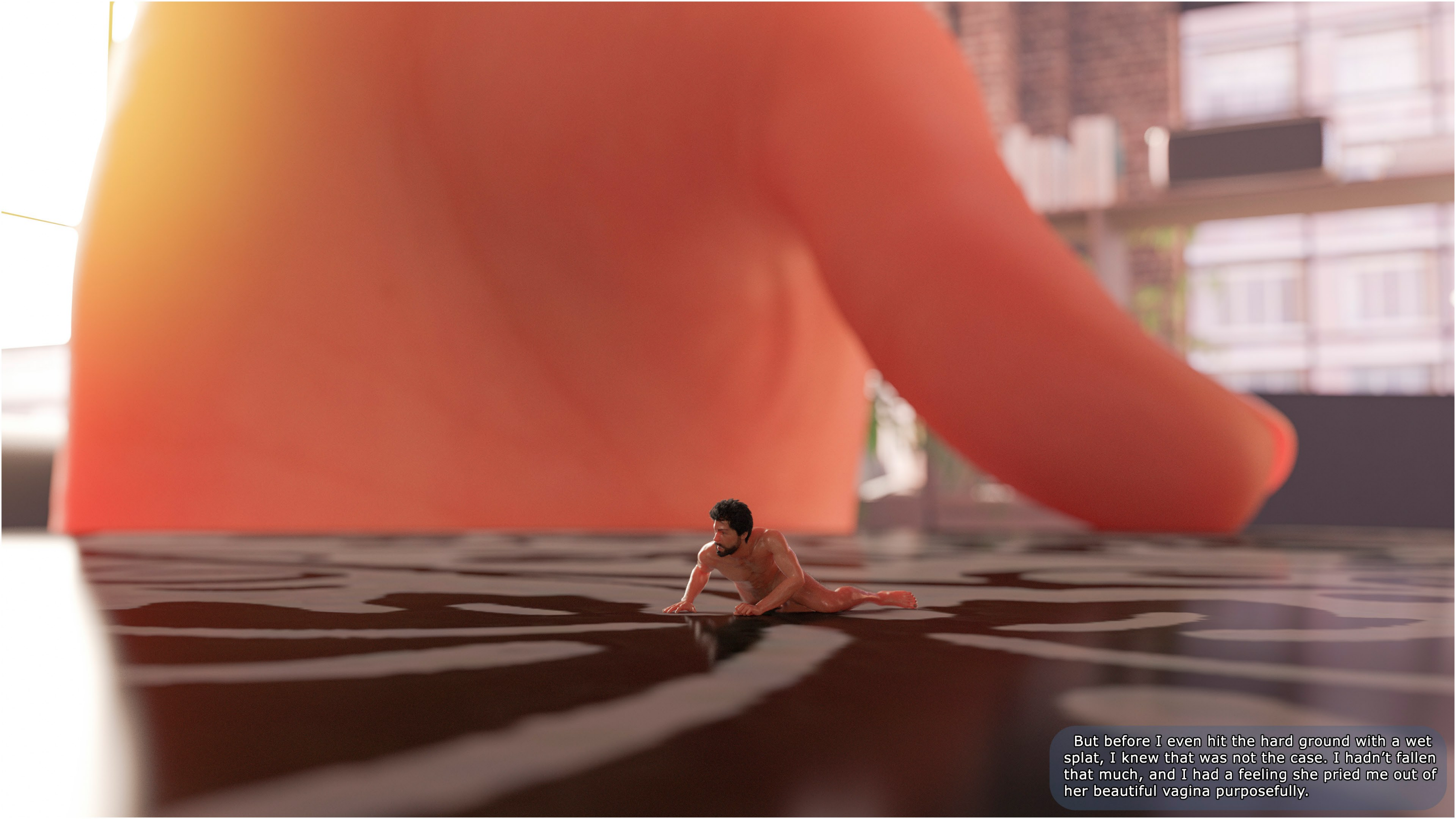
It was impossible to hold on. Everything was wet, slippery. I screamed as for some reason my body urged me to fight and hold on somewhere, scared of what awaited me in the light. But I gradually lost the fight as I saw glimpses of the massive fingers outside prying the divine entrance open further and further, the goddess' flesh undulating and accelerating my demise.

With a final burst of energy I tried to hold on, but I was just too small and too weak. I screamed as I lost my final purchase and tumbled into the light, my vision filled with what I thought would be my final grave.



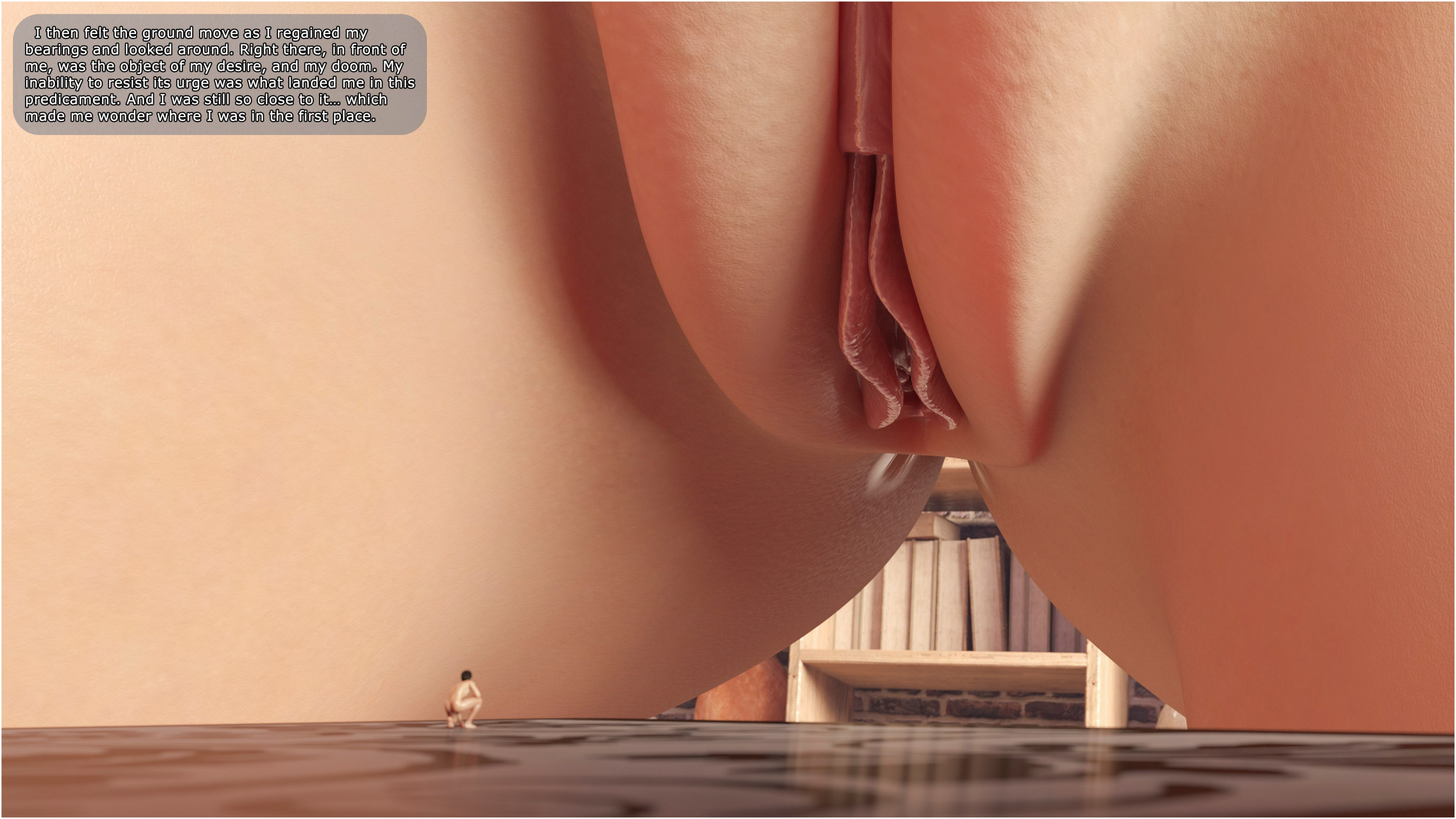
The light outside was blinding at first, everything a blur as my body tumbled uncontrollably in the air. In the midst of my panic I wondered where I'd fall, whether the goddess was even aware I'd slipped out. Maybe I was falling back on the sofa and I'd get squished by her ass when she'd inevitably shift around.





But before I even hit the hard ground with a wet splat, I knew that was not the case. I hadn't fallen that much, and I had a feeling she pried me out of her beautiful vagina purposefully.

I then felt the ground move as I regained my bearings and looked around. Right there, in front of me, was the object of my desire, and my doom. My inability to resist its urge was what landed me in this predicament. And I was still so close to it... which made me wonder where I was in the first place.



I was answered when the ground I stood on was lifted up and I was given another slow tour of her magnificent body while I struggled to keep my balance. I stood on on a coaster, which she clearly intended for me to fall on. Now she was lifting me up, past her enormous breasts and towards...





I froze at the sight of the goddess' face filling up my sky, her piercing eyes rooting me right on my spot. It felt like my heart stopped altogether.

"You're still alive then." She said, her loud voice wince, her breath threatening to blow me away. "Good."






She seemed to realize the effect a simple thing like her angelic voice had on me and pulled the coaster I stood on back, farther from her face.

"What you tiny little thing did was incredibly rude," She said, and I nodded, unsure if she could even discern that. "But I don't know if you even understand how rude it was."

I did, I really did, but how could I ever have the hope of explaining that to her? I felt so disheartened. To think of the goddess having such thoughts about me, it pained me so much.

"I'm sorry about... where I put you." She said, and I perked up at that. "But I'm still not done with you.. Though right now I have other things to do."

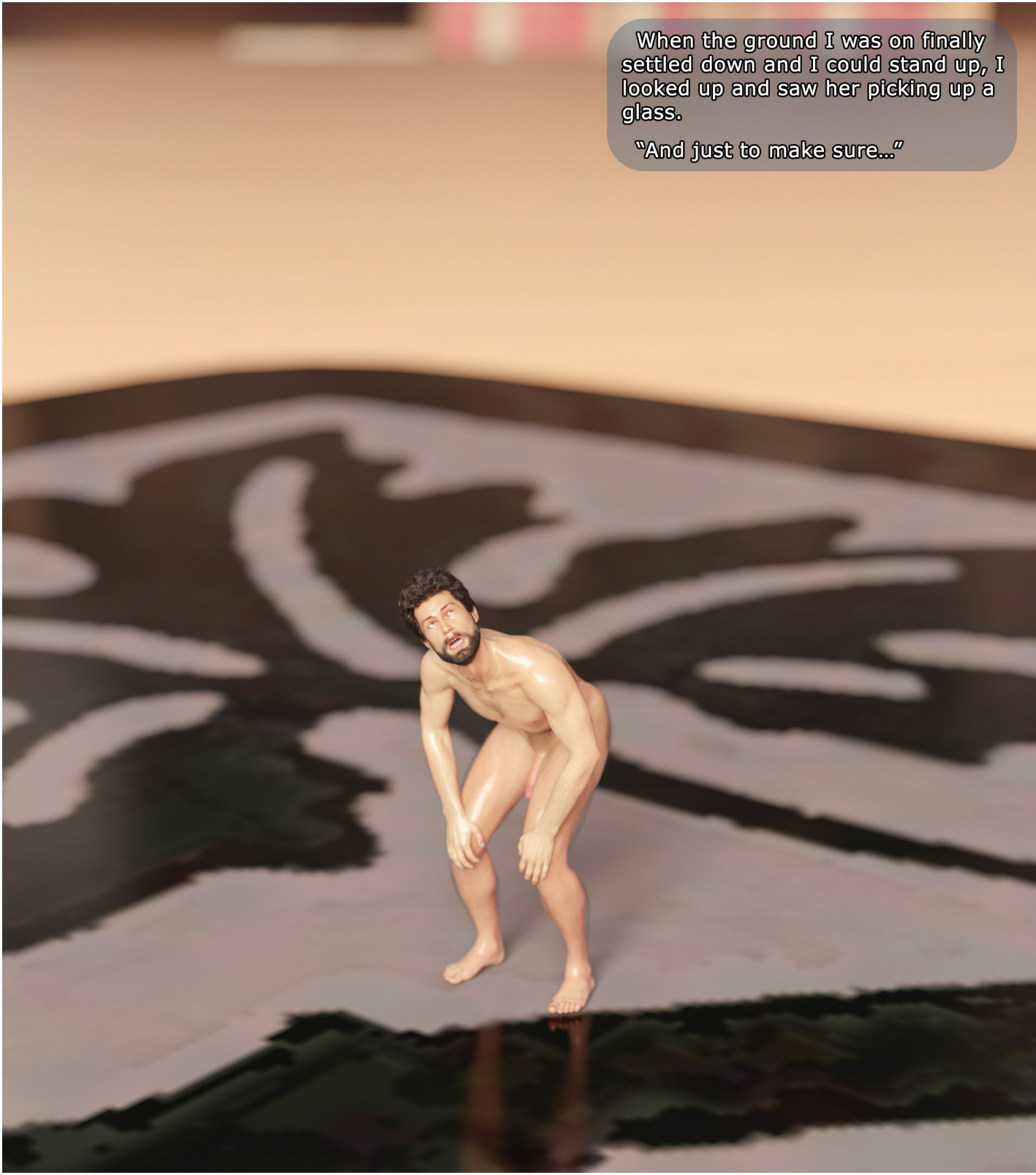


"For now," She said and lowered the coaster, I instinctively laid down, spread my body on the ground so I wouldn't tumble out of it.

"You will have to stay right there where you are."

When the ground I was on finally settled down and I could stand up, I looked up and saw her picking up a glass.

"And just to make sure..."



I cowed instinctively as she lowered the glass towards me and placed it on the coaster upside down, trapping me inside.

“What... wait!” I screamed. “No! Please!” But of course she couldn’t hear me, she would never be able to hear me and my side of the story.



She didn't even spare another glance at me as she walked away towards the bed.

"Fuck! I'm so fucked!"

My thoughts kept racing as to what she had planned for me now. None of them good. She said she was sorry about where she had put me, but why would she even be sorry for that? I deserved to die for the sacrilege I did.

Maybe she thought I wasn't even worthy of that kind of death, which was even more disheartening.



But the goddess didn't seem to actually think about me at all as she walked around the apartment, dressing and performing her usual grooming routine. I watched her put on her shoes and then she simply walked past the table, once again without giving me another glance.



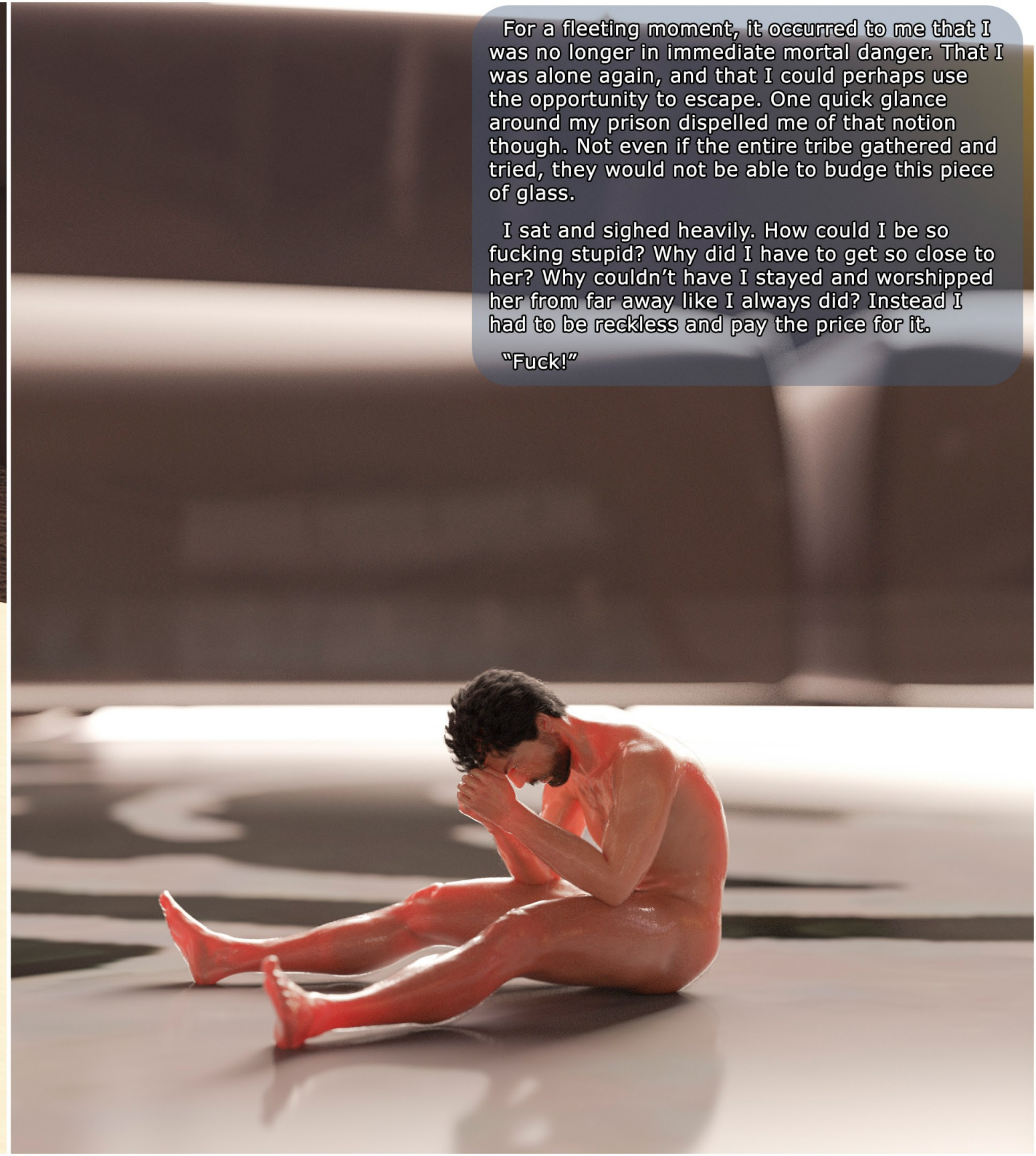




For a fleeting moment, it occurred to me that I was no longer in immediate mortal danger. That I was alone again, and that I could perhaps use the opportunity to escape. One quick glance around my prison dispelled me of that notion though. Not even if the entire tribe gathered and tried, they would not be able to budge this piece of glass.

I sat and sighed heavily. How could I be so fucking stupid? Why did I have to get so close to her? Why couldn't have I stayed and worshipped her from far away like I always did? Instead I had to be reckless and pay the price for it.

"Fuck!"





The hours passed and the goddess didn't return. I paced around my circular prison, imagining all the different things I could be subjected to now that she was aware of me and had me trapped. But my thoughts tired me, and the exhaustion of the day finally took over. I couldn't keep my eyes open for much longer as I drifted to sleep.





I dreamt of the goddess, smiling an evil smile as she looked down on me and my ex tribe standing at her feet. She lifted her foot above, big enough to dwarf each and every one of us. "Now you will pay!"

She slammed her foot down and I woke up, startled. It felt so real... too real. I looked around and gasped for a moment.

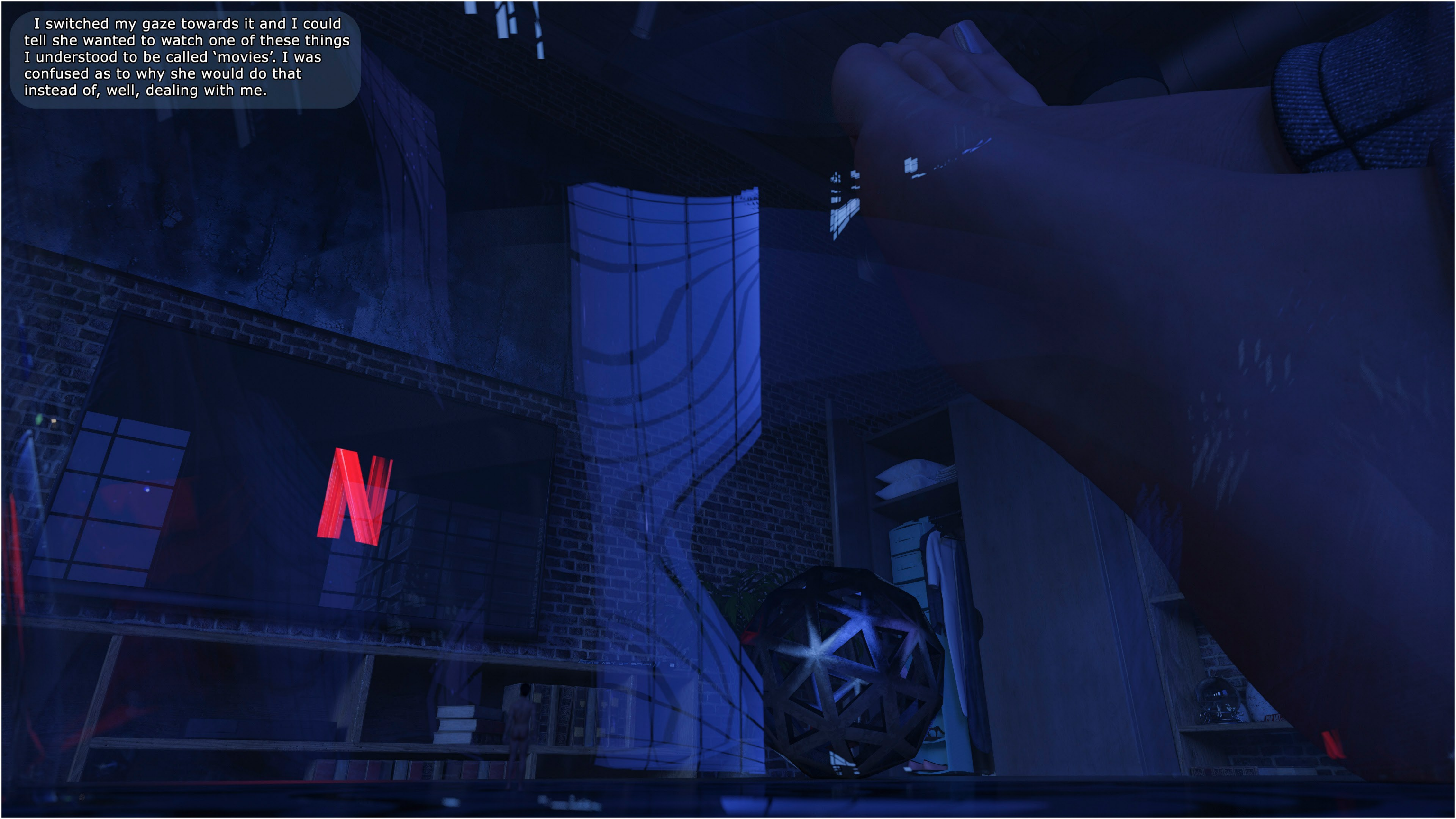


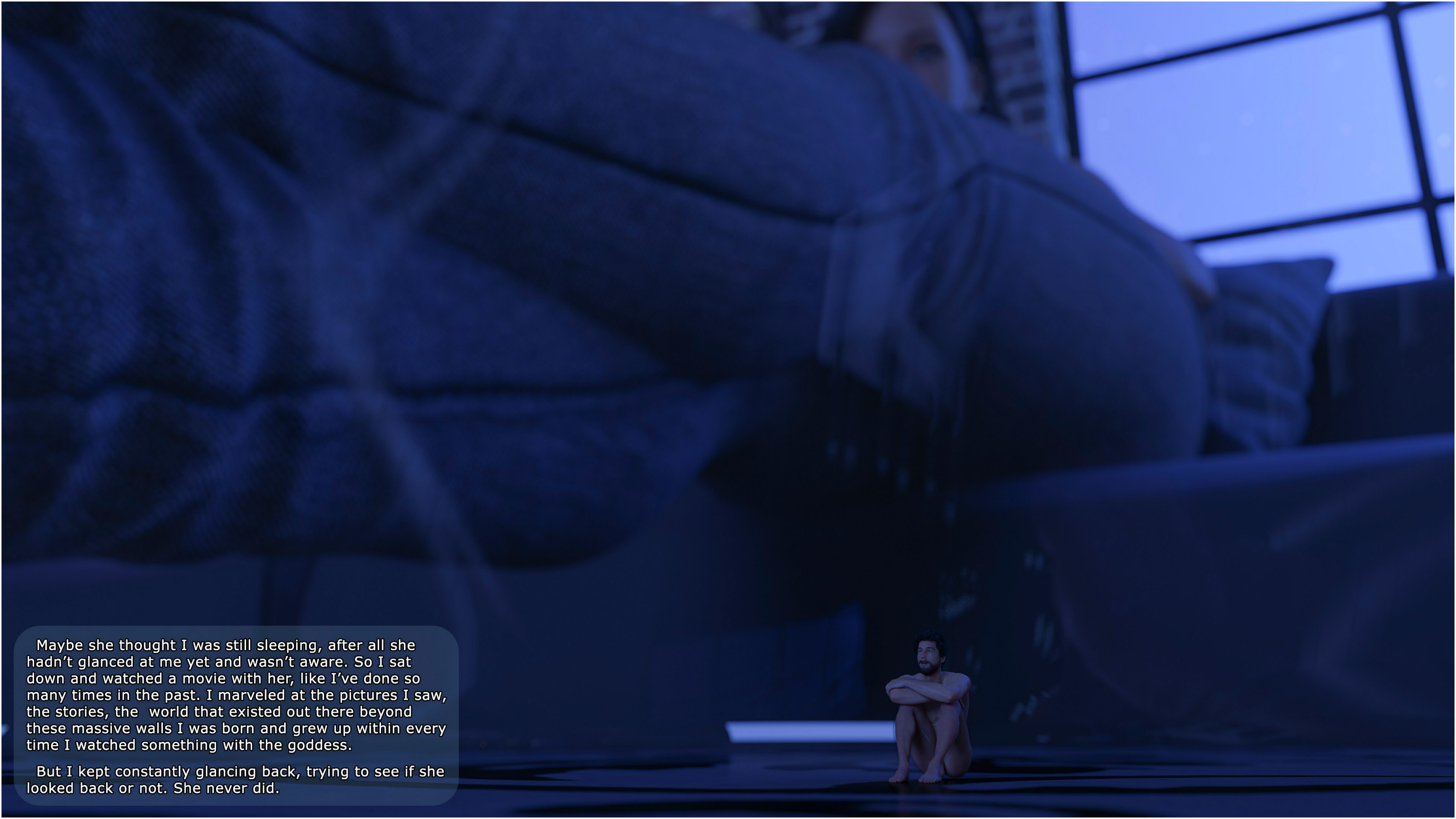
It was night already and the goddess was back, and somehow I slept through it, only to be finally woken when she placed her perfect feet on top of the table, crossing them, the impact heavy enough for me to feel it down to my core.



I looked back towards her, wondering if she had come and seen me sleep, maybe did what she did intentionally in order to wake me. But she wasn't looking at me at all and instead picked up that device with which she controlled the far seeing thing.

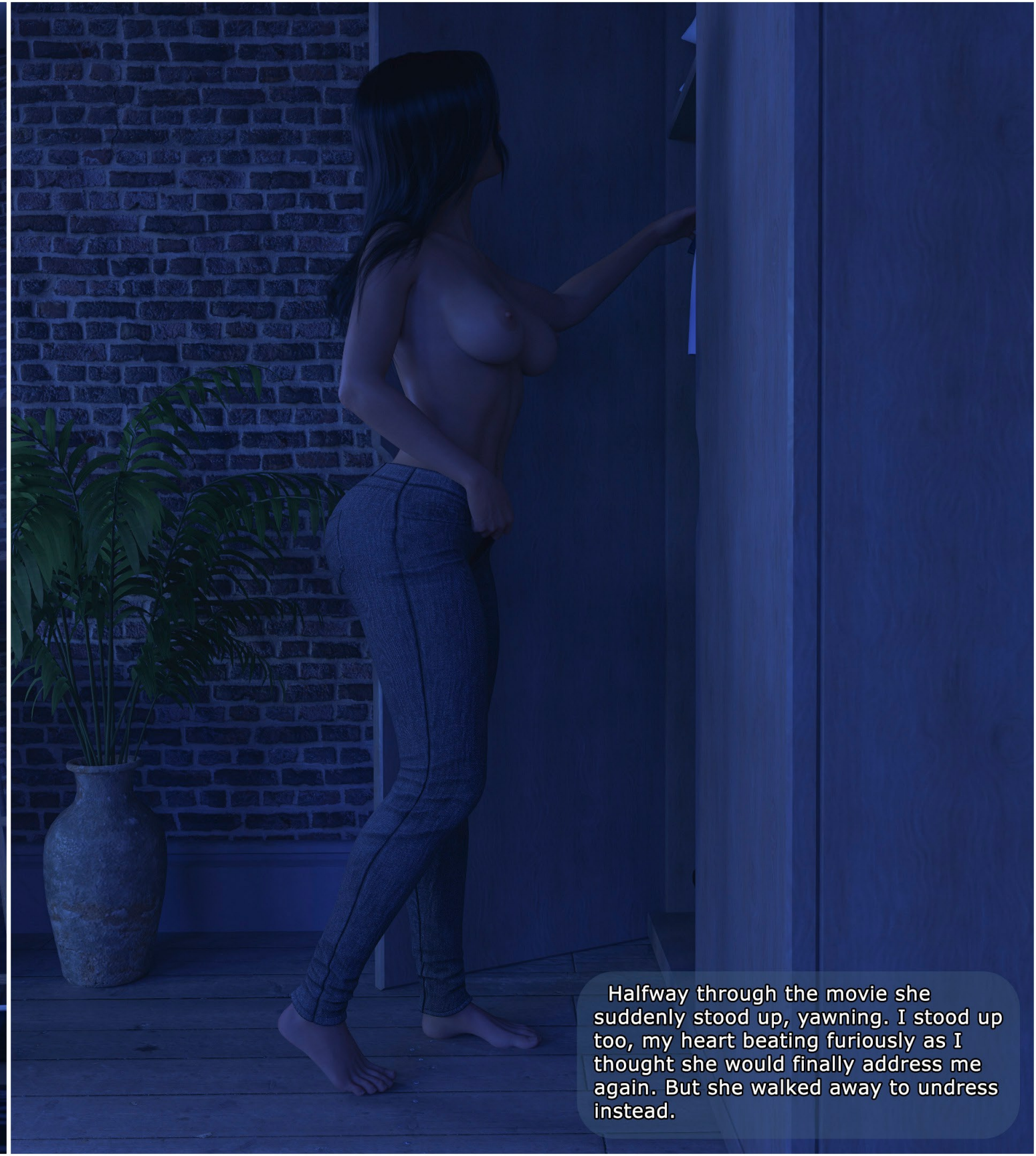
I switched my gaze towards it and I could tell she wanted to watch one of these things I understood to be called 'movies'. I was confused as to why she would do that instead of, well, dealing with me.



A man with a beard is sitting on the floor in a large, dimly lit room. He is looking towards the camera with his arms crossed. In the background, a woman is lying in bed, partially covered by a white sheet. The room has a high ceiling and a window with a grid pattern. The overall atmosphere is quiet and contemplative.

Maybe she thought I was still sleeping, after all she hadn't glanced at me yet and wasn't aware. So I sat down and watched a movie with her, like I've done so many times in the past. I marveled at the pictures I saw, the stories, the world that existed out there beyond these massive walls I was born and grew up within every time I watched something with the goddess.

But I kept constantly glancing back, trying to see if she looked back or not. She never did.



Halfway through the movie she suddenly stood up, yawning. I stood up too, my heart beating furiously as I thought she would finally address me again. But she walked away to undress instead.

Back to her glorious nude form again, she was a sight to behold as she walked back to the table. I could never get enough of her divine beauty. She deserved to be worshiped so much.

I stood waiting, my heart pounding. But... she still ignored me.







She turned toward the bed instead, tidying it up. I was afforded another unparalleled view of her glorious behind as it filled up my sky. I was left breathless, wondering if she did this intentionally or not.



She turned once more and I froze once again, my desperation at her attention at an all time high, but she took the device that controlled the far seeing thing instead and shut it off. All while standing in her irresistible beauty right above him. Surely she was doing it intentionally? No? Or had she actually forgotten about my presence?

No, it can't be.



But then she bent down and I was sure it was finally time she would bring her attention down at me. As much as I fought to avoid it in the past, I needed it now. I needed the goddess to free me to remove my prison, to put me out of my misery.

But once again, I was ignored. She had only bent down to place the remote thingy on the table and then walked away towards the bed.

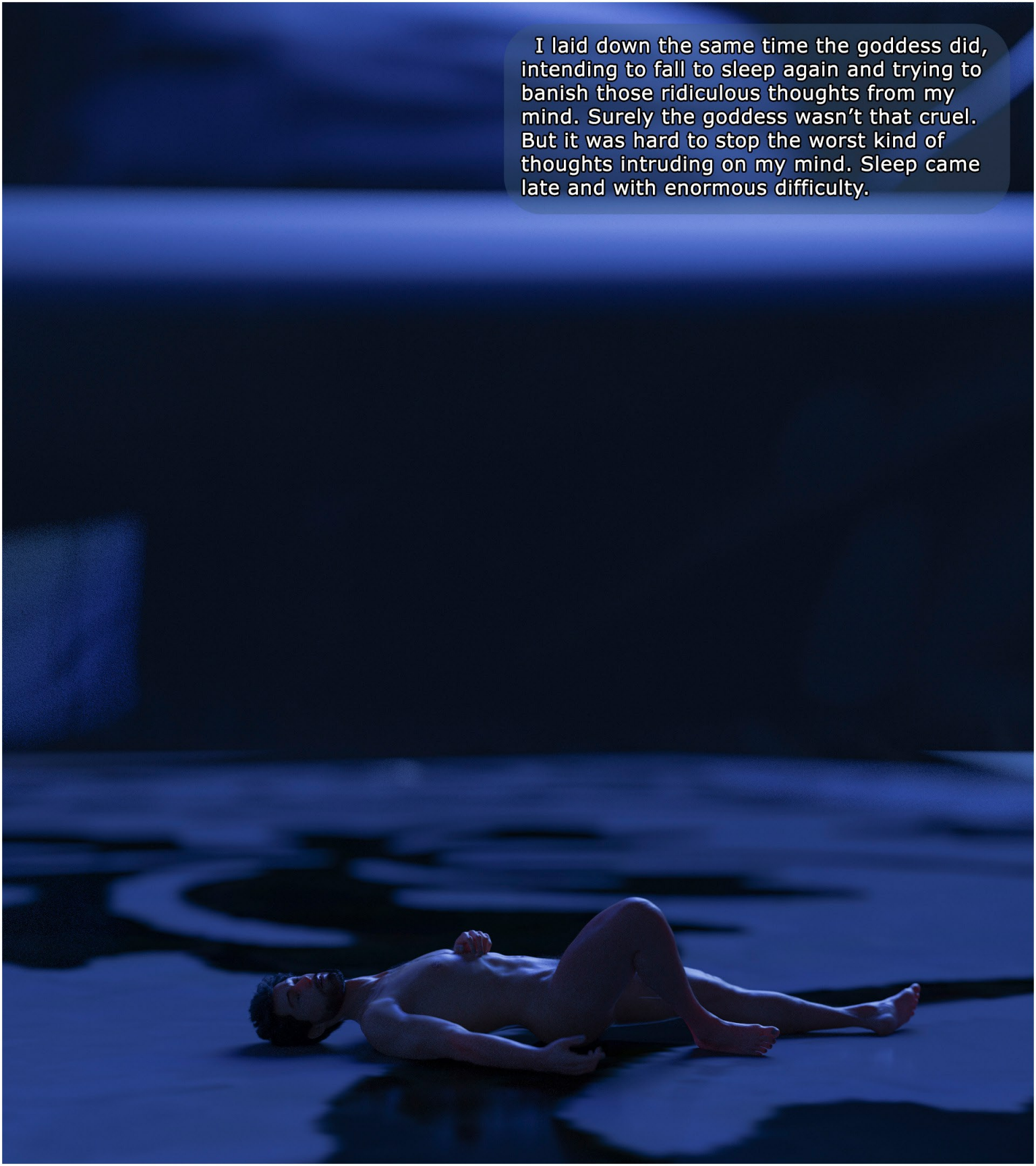
I sighed, gloom taking me over. She simply didn't care about me, I now understood. And why would I even be surprised at that? I was a speck, unworthy of her attention. She didn't do anything purposely towards me, but acted like she did every night: Watched something before she undressed and slept nude.

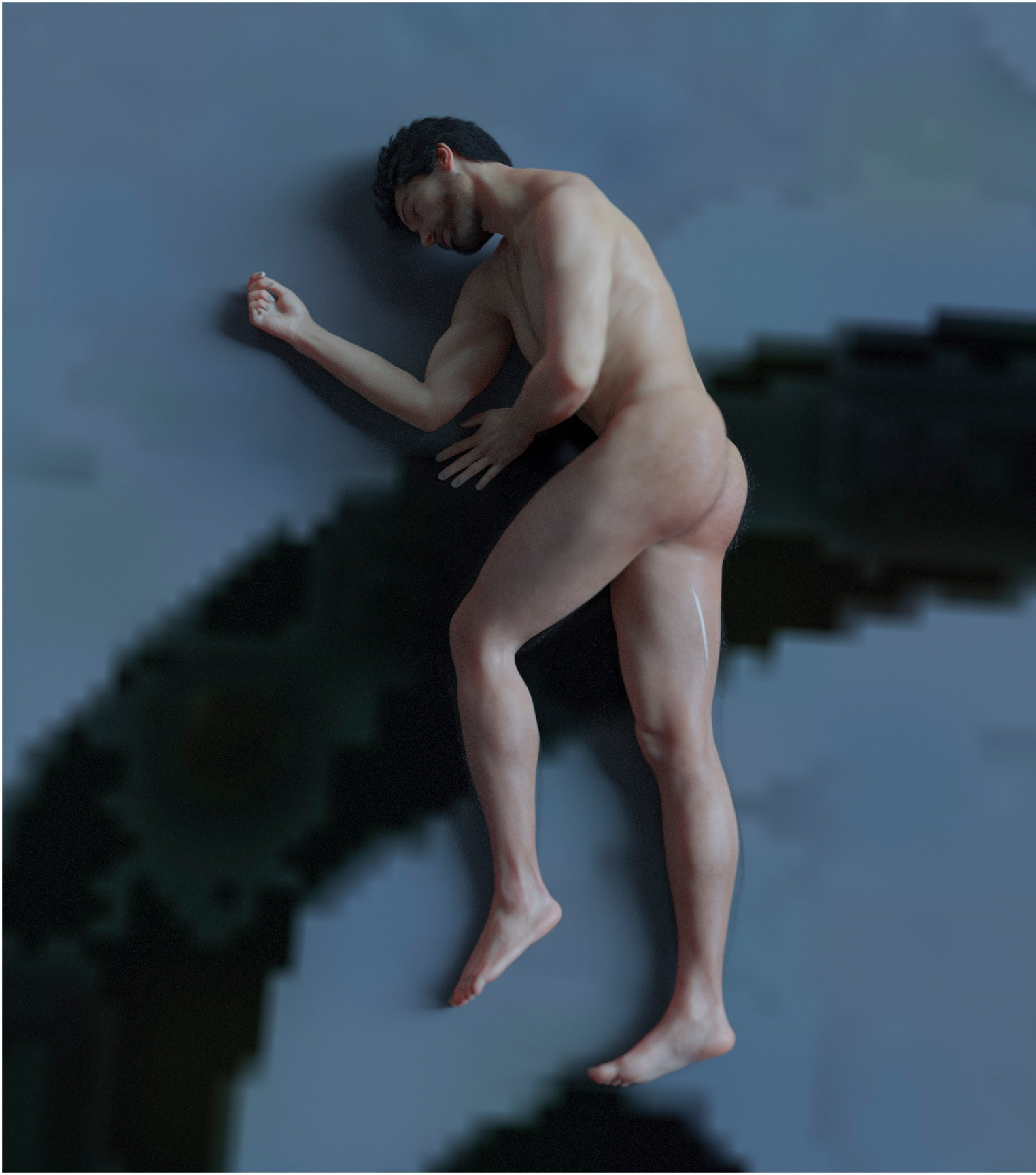
I heard my stomach growl, as hungry for food as much as I was hungry for her attention. But now I had to add another way of death to the list: starvation. Maybe that's what she was doing, I thought. She simply didn't want to even touch me and would wait until I starved before tossing me in the trash.





I laid down the same time the goddess did, intending to fall to sleep again and trying to banish those ridiculous thoughts from my mind. Surely the goddess wasn't that cruel. But it was hard to stop the worst kind of thoughts intruding on my mind. Sleep came late and with enormous difficulty.





In the morning I was once again startled out of my dreamful sleep by the goddess opening and closing the apartment door shut, leaving me wondering if I really slept so heavily that I couldn't hear a being millions of times bigger than me move about her morning routine.

My fears were especially reinforced when I turned around and jumped at the sight behind me until I realized it was a huge piece of bread that the goddess must've left for me while I was still asleep.

Just a single small bite from her, but enough for me to last until it went bad. I immediately engorged myself on it, snuffing my hunger, though the relief nowhere near as palpable as the feeling of the goddess actually thinking not just about me, but my hunger too.

She cared, and it filled me with so much joy.





The day went by and it wasn't until the afternoon, when I was eating the second time that day, when the goddess came back. That wasn't strange, since her routine was like this most of the days, but I still couldn't help but tense up as she approached the table.





She took her shoes off, dropped her bag, took out that other strange device she spent most of the day on, and... walked past. Yet again not even a glance.



Instead she laid down on the couch and spent her time like she so often would in the afternoon, completely ignoring me. It was the most frustrating thing in the world. After all the emotions I went through the previous day, and the way she had handled me, almost drowning me in her cum, only to being so completely cold towards me... I mean I understood how low of a thing I was compared to her, but it still hurt.



I sat down again and sighed, berating myself for the trouble I put myself into. Then the doorbell rang, a rare thing to happen, and I immediately stood up. The first thing that came to mind was that some friend of hers would come over, maybe so they could make fun of me.

But the other thing that frightened him the most was that it was someone that would take him away instead to goddess knows where. I stepped back.



I was relieved to find out it was only someone delivering a package. The goddess walked back and sat on the couch in front of my makeshift prison, opening the package.

"Finally, little man," She said as she dropped something from the package on her hand, and I was startled. She was talking to me... she was talking to me!

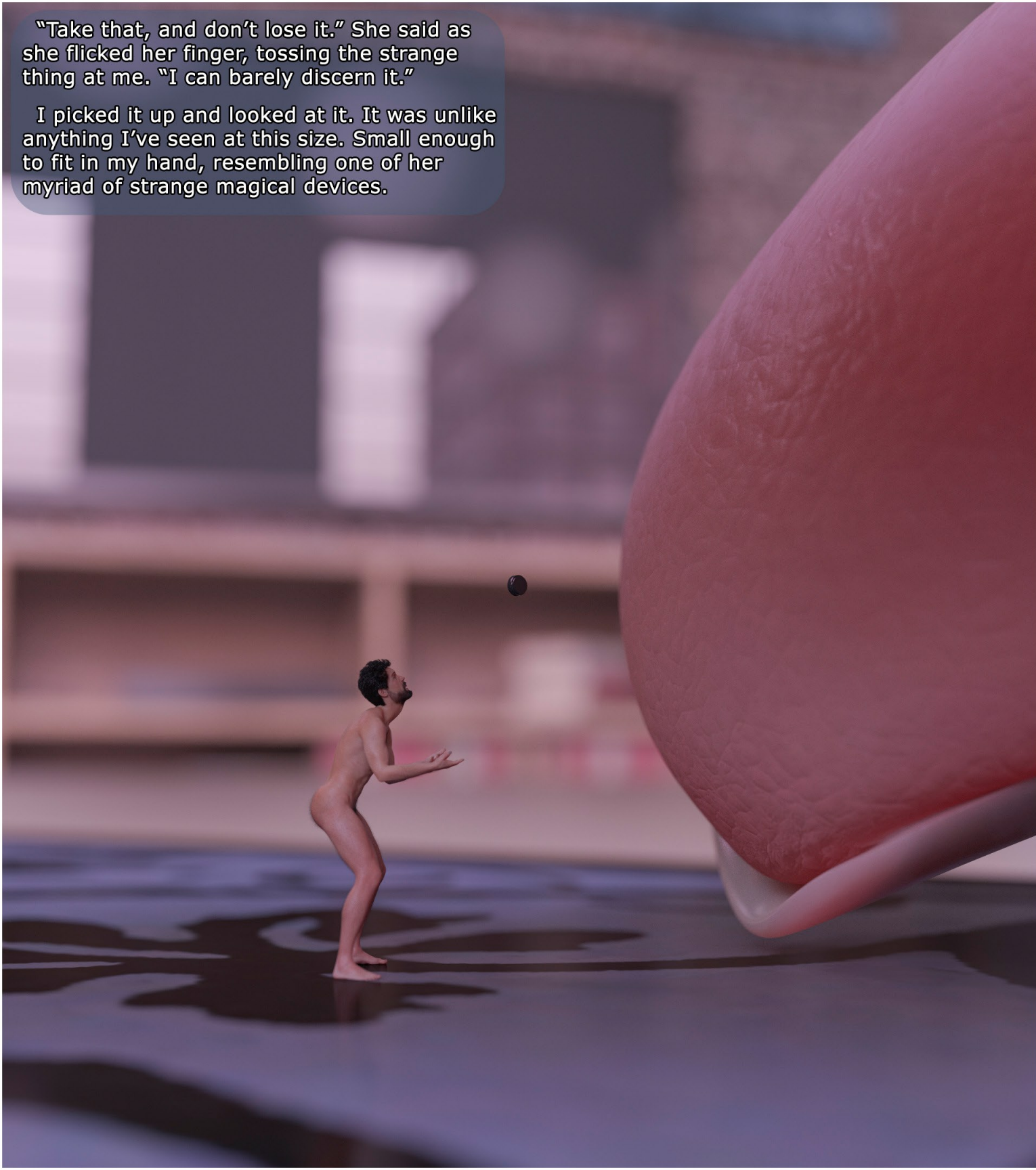
“Finally we can talk about what you did, and why you did it.” She said as she removed the glass with which she had entrapped me, along with the bread that she so thoughtfully provided me in the morning.

Then she lowered her hand and approached me with the tip of her index finger, making me take a few instinctive steps back. Only when it was quite close to me did I notice something on it.



"Take that, and don't lose it." She said as she flicked her finger, tossing the strange thing at me. "I can barely discern it."

I picked it up and looked at it. It was unlike anything I've seen at this size. Small enough to fit in my hand, resembling one of her myriad of strange magical devices.



My heart was pounding, but this wasn't like anything I imagined our next encounter to be. She took her handheld thing and did stuff with it that I didn't understand, saying, "A quick scan and... it says connection established. Now you can talk."





"Now I can talk?" I said, wondering what- I suddenly jumped when I heard my words fill the air everywhere. "What was that?" I squealed, jumping again when I heard the same words again.

The goddess laughed softly, looking at me. "That thing in your hand allows me to hear you."

"W- w- what..." I suddenly grew incredibly overwhelmed, "Th- the goddess can hear me?"

"Goddess?" She laughed even more before turning the device on her hand at me, "And not only hear, but see you too."







"See?" She said as I looked at a giant reflection of myself on displayed on it and my eyes gawked. Then I realized that reflection wasn't quite the right word. It wasn't a mirror, the image came from... I looked at the thing in my hand and understood.

I was already naked, but it felt like the goddess had just undressed some part of me that I never knew I wore. I felt completely and utterly transparent.





I panicked, letting the device slip from my hand, finding it hard to breathe.

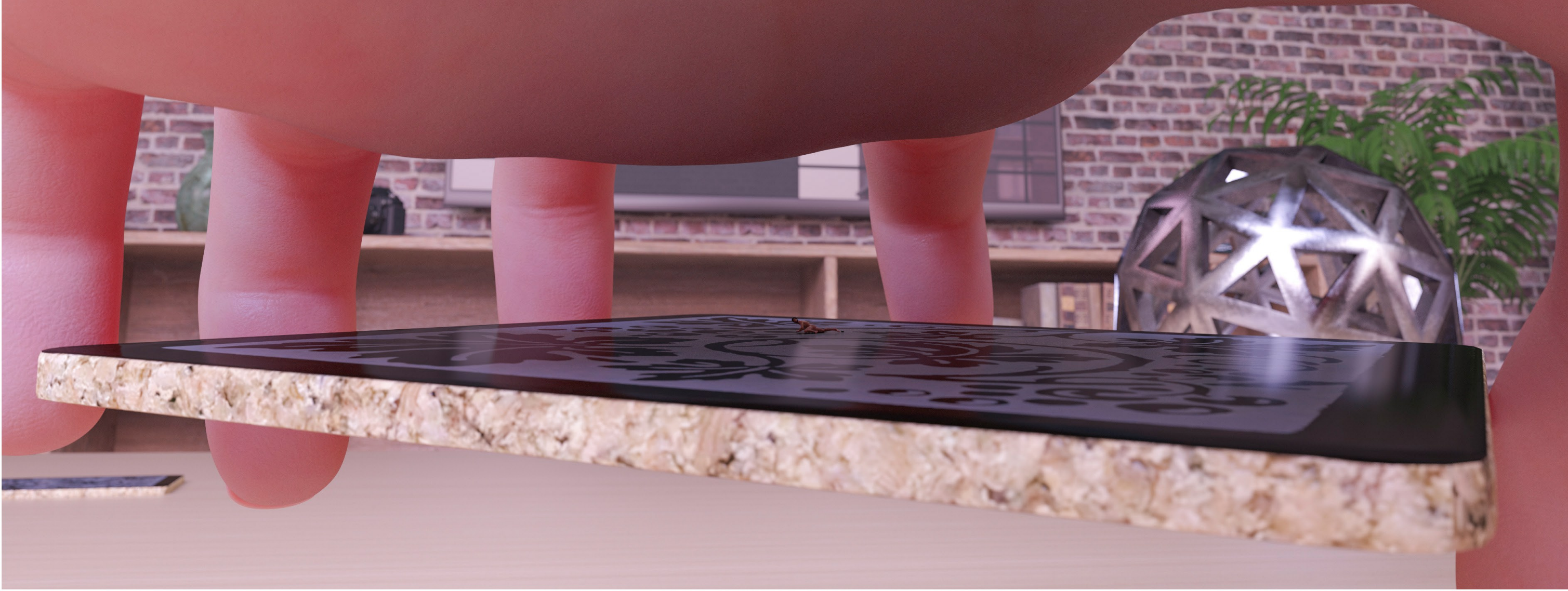
"Hey, be careful with that." I hear the goddess say, "It wasn't cheap. Now pick it up again."

"I'm sorry!" I shouted back at that thing. "It's just... I need a moment!"

"You need a moment, huh?"

A sudden shadow grew around me and I looked up in time to see goddess' hand just above me, threatening to slap me into a stain on the coaster. But instead her fingers curled around the edges and picked the coaster up.


"You've had enough moments in the past 24 hours." She said as she carried the coaster, and by extension me, somewhere. "In fact, you've had god knows how many 'moments' while I was unaware of you."





“So you will pick up the microcomm right now and you will explain yourself.” Her voice boomed as she strode the length of the room and placed the coaster on top of a shelf.

“And did you really call me a goddess just before?”



I did, just as she commanded me, and picked what she called a microcomm up and looked up towards her overwhelming form in the sky.

"I, uh... I did." I said, cringing at the sound of my voice filling the air.

"Why?"

What did she mean with why? Such a silly question.  
"Because, I mean... you are?"

"You consider me a goddess?"

"I... don't consider you one. You *are*."



She looked down at me incredulously. "I suppose, considering how tiny you are, I shouldn't be surprised. But I am surprised at how eloquent you sound. I thought all microtinies like you were almost as mindless as insects."

"Insects?" I said, taking a step back. "That's insulting."

"I guess it is." She said, "But anyway. Explain yourself. What were you doing, and for how long?"

I opened my mouth, but stopped, considering my words carefully. I fell to my knees.

"I was just worshiping you, goddess!"



"It didn't look like worship. You already admitted as much."

"And that's a sin to which I will accept whatever punishment you deem appropriate!"

I thought I could see a small blush on her. This time it was the goddess' turn to frown and consider her words for a moment. "I'm sorry, but I'm actually surprised just how human-like you sound. I would've never guessed."

"Goddess, please, I hope you can forgive me. Your body is a temple. You're the center of my world. I just wanted to... I couldn't resist, and I sinned."

She was looking at me with that incredulous look again, but she said nothing.





Instead she placed the communication device down on the shelf top and walked away. I felt my legs give way, even though I was still kneeling, thinking I must've said something wrong.

"Goddess please!" I shouted. "I'm sorry!"

But I felt foolish as I realized she couldn't hear me anymore, having shut the device off and placed it down.





But then I watched in silence as the goddess undressed again, and did not put any other clothes back on. Instead she walked back towards me in her jaw dropping nudity. Even her walk was mesmerizing, the way her hips swayed, the way she strode confidently. How could she even question her goddesshood?





But then another emotion overwhelmed me as she approached, her body growing so big I couldn't fit her whole body in my vision anymore. It was something about such an enormous being heading directly at you, a deep rooted terror that seemed to freeze my blood.

"Goddess. Worship. Urge. Sin." She said,  
"Religion is not what I expected from a speck  
like you."

She tapped something on the device. "I  
honestly expected you to turn out to be a tiny  
little pervert that would talk like a caveman. But  
I wanted to give you a chance to explain  
yourself, and I'm glad I did because now I'm  
intrigued, though not yet satisfied."





I was frozen, staring straight ahead at what has been the object of my deepest desires for so long, from a vantage point I hadn't seen yet. I mean, this past couple of days had been absolutely wild for me and I almost died in there... but still, I couldn't help but hold my breath at the sight.

"Hey! Eyes up here!" She startled me out of my trance and I looked up. "I asked you something."

I looked bewildered. Had she actually said something? Addressed me? And I missed it? How was that even possible?





I held the thing on my hand up and said "What?"

My ears screeched as I heard my own loud voice from what she called a phone and I jerked back in pain.

"Oh shoot, forgot to turn the volume down." She said as she tapped something again. "In fact, I have a better idea." She turned around, looking for something.



She turned, slowly. It felt like the moon was about to fall on me.

"Hmmm, where did I leave it..." She said. I didn't say a word. I was breathless.





"Oh right, I remember now." She said again and started walking slowly, deliberately, away from me.

I remembered to breathe again. In all my wild imaginations, the way this was playing out was the last thing I would've expected. Surely she was doing everything purposely?





She rummaged through her things for a bit until she exclaimed, "Aha! There it is." She picked up a little device which she placed on her ear and then said, "Say something."

"Uhh," I placed what she called a microcomm near my mouth, "Goddess?"

"Good. Your goddess can hear you."

I still couldn't believe I was talking to her directly.



Once again that confident stride of hers made me back away as she closed the distance, towering above me like the goddess that she was.

"Now, I asked if you have a name." She said, "You microtinies do have names, don't you?"

"Of course! Goddess" I said. "My name is Kal."

She chuckled, "Fitting, I guess." Then she waited expectantly. "Well?"



"Uh, I'm sorry, Goddess, I'm just not sure what is expected of me."

"Well, the polite thing to do would be to ask me my name in return. That's how conversations usually go. Unless you already know that, which wouldn't be surprising when I think about it."

"I'm sorry, I didn't know I had permission, and I actually don't, Goddess. I'm embarrassed to admit that I realized just now that I never really needed to know your name. You've always been 'the goddess' to me."



She laughed softly, then crouched down, bringing her face close to me. That overwhelming feeling of being regarded by a goddess rooted me in place again. My legs trembled, wondering what she had planned for me.

"Well, little Kal, my name is Lea." She said, her breath washing over me. I understood that she was deliberately trying to keep her voice down as to not blow me and my eardrums away, but it came out in such a seductive way that these unbearable feelings affection got mixed in with the fear and awe of her that I started to feel numb.

"But you really think of me like a goddess, don't you?"

"As... I've said, "I don't think of it, I know it."

"Yes, well then, keep calling me that. Goddess. I like it."

"I would never dream of addressing you as anything else, Goddess!"





She laughed again. But then her smile receded a little, "Well, as your goddess, I want you to be honest now and tell me, have you been on my body without me knowing?"

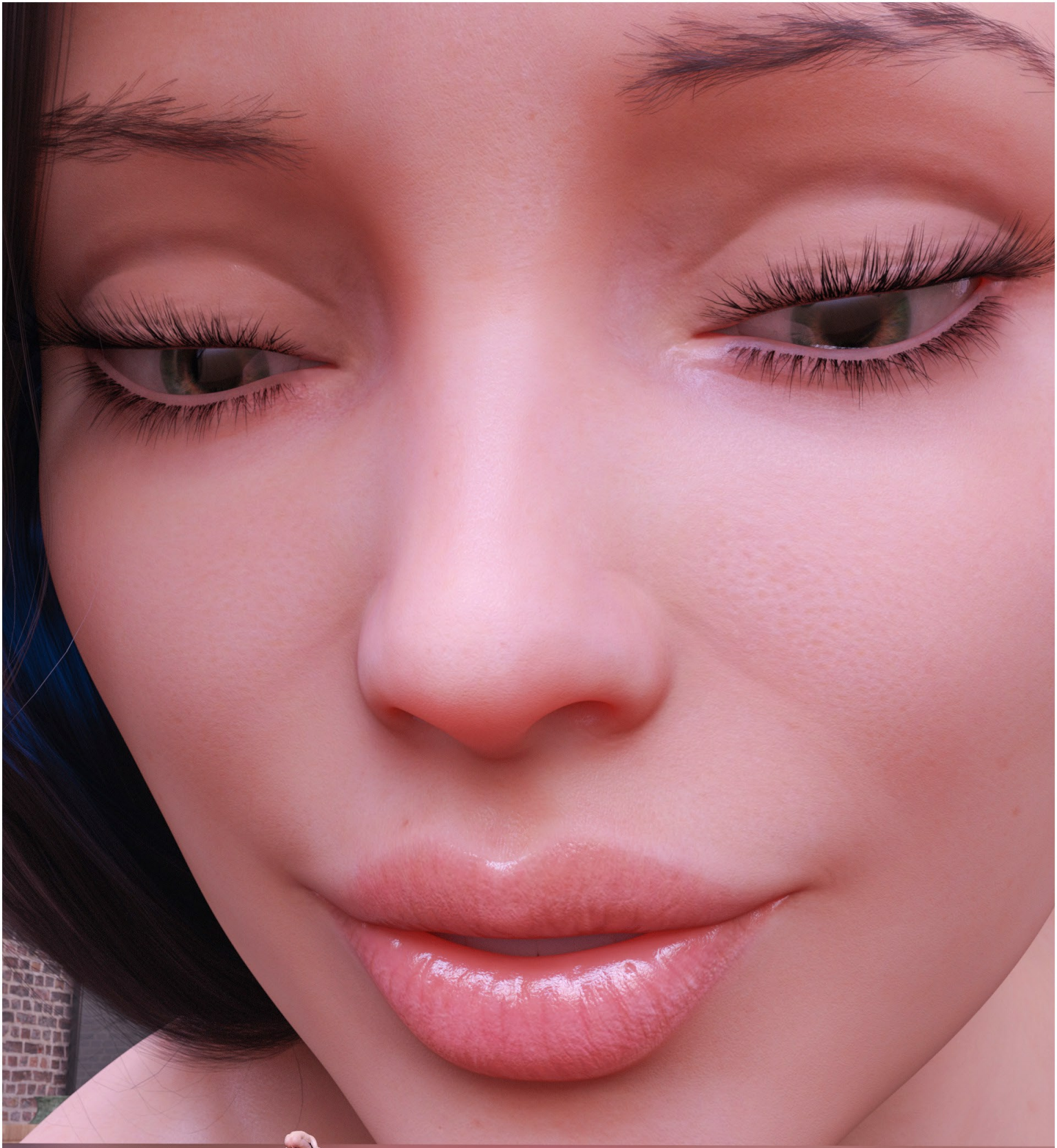
My blood grew ice cold. My worst fears were becoming reality. She knew, and she would punish me. This is what it was about, wasn't it?

"Don't try to lie. I will know if you do."

I fell on my knees, my mind racing trying to find the right words. But there was no way she would interpret them in any way other than how it looked.

"I did." I said meekly, looking up at her. "Yesterday, while you slept, it was the first time I tried something as dangerous. And by some miracle I'm still alive. I should've been a stain on your bed or on... your divine body."

I then bowed down completely before her. "I know how it looks, goddess, but I just hope you understand that for me it was a pilgrimage. Even if it had ended in death, it would've been worth it."





The silence stretched. I didn't dare move. Then she finally spoke, "So that was you and not some mosquito on my ass yesterday, wasn't it?"

I just nodded in desperation, my heart sinking.

"And did you do anything more? Try to show your worship in some... other way?"

"I, uh,"

"Get up, look at me, and say it."

I immediately got up and looked at her, "I only kissed your skin, Goddess. That's all I did. I swear in everything that is dear to me!"

Silence again for a terrifyingly long time as she looked at me and judged me. I felt like I was about to melt from the intensity of her eyes locked on me. She moved her hand and I squeezed my eyes shut, but since she hadn't turned me into a stain yet, I risked one eye open to see her finger stretched at the edge of the cupboard.



"Get on my fingernail." She said. I looked at her, then at the fingernail rested against the edge. I was confused, though it likely looked like hesitation to her.

"Look, do you trust your goddess?"

"With all my heart!" I said instantly.

"Then get on it."

This time there was no hesitation as I sprang forward. I did not know where this was going, but it sure as hell was much better than being smited out of existence.







I hopped onto it and immediately laid down.

"Hold tight." She said, "I'll be as careful as possible."

The Goddess being considerate with me after all I had just admitted felt... weird. This wasn't at all what I was expecting. But my thoughts were interrupted, shifting to pure survival instinct as the world around me lurched, turning into a blurr.

By all rights, I could punish this microtity anyway I saw fit.

The list of things he admitted to have done: stalking me, perving me, this thing about him actually being on my body, and even the way I caught him... I should be absolutely livid. It should make my skin crawl. It should make me want to turn him into a barely recognizable stain.

But I don't feel any of these things. Quite the opposite, actually. Why?



Of course I already knew why.

I mean I wasn't under any illusion about my body. I knew I was hot. I knew I turned heads when walking on the street, I even understood guys jerked thinking about me all the time. And I hadn't been called a goddess the first time either.



But I wasn't under no illusion on the reasons they called me that either. It's just a compliment, in the end. All they want is to get inside my pants. I understand, and I don't ever let it get to my head. I'd rather use it to my advantage to get ahead in life.

Yet when this little microtity, this speck of a man calling himself Kal, says it, it just feels different. Why?





Because he *means it*.

It's not a compliment. He's not trying to endear himself to me, or at least not by just calling me a goddess. No, I literally am a goddess to him. This little fella is in awe of me, and seems to truly worship me. And I believe him because, through that tiny camera, I can see it in his eyes. And I can hear it in his voice. I am his goddess, the center of his universe.

And oh my god does that turn me the fuck on for some reason.

"Uh, Goddess?" There was that word again, ringing in my earpiece, causing me to breathe a little deeper. The silence he went through as I made the bed and laid down must've been uncomfortable for him.

"Do you like what you see?" I said.

"Uh... 'like' isn't the word I would use."

"Then what word would you use?"

"I don't think there is a word that would describe what I see and feel right now." He said, "Or at least not that I know. I don't know that many words."

I chuckled. This tiny has no idea he's more eloquent than 99% of the guys out there.

"Hold on," I said, "I'm setting you down."





I lowered my finger on top of my left breast. Deliberately, of course. I wanted him there. I wanted to see what he would do. How he would react. He was so small. Smaller than even my nipple! I wanted to provoke him. It's the least I could do after the things he did himself.



And that was the initial plan, after all. After considering all day what to do with him, and because of the way I found him, I had decided to get naked before I even got back to the apartment.

I didn't quite understand what my thought process was. I wanted to hurt him, but I also didn't want to drown him in my pussy. I wasn't that cruel. I just wanted to overwhelm him with my nakedness. To say, with just actions, that *here I am, but you can never have me, you'll never be able to have me.*





Yet here he was, on top of my tit, having played me like a fiddle with his words without even him even realizing.

"So, Kal?"

"Goddess," he said as he held the microcomm up, "I'm living my dream right now. If I found the fountain of godhood from the fairytales, the one that grants size to anyone that drinks from it, I would refuse it. I would never trade this sight, this feeling, for anything else. I'm the happiest tiny in the world right now."

My fucking god, does he have any idea how wet he's making me right now?



"Is that so?" I barely managed to hold my voice steady.

He turned to look at me briefly, "I don't know what I did to deserve this from you, Goddess. For the things that I did without your consent, I should be long dead. Perhaps that's still what you intend, and I would not fault you. I'm not afraid of death by your hand."

He turned to surveying my body again, "But with that being said, I'm not afraid to admit that I've been with other women either, women of my size of course. And that... that's a joke compared to this. Just being here, standing on top of the mountain that is your breast, and with your permission this time, and on top of even that you've granted me the ability to talk to you... I just have no words. I honestly don't."

I shut my eyes and took a long, deep breath, wondering if he could feel my heart starting to pound.



"I want to see what you see." I said after a few moments. "Take a look at the microcomm I gave you, there should be a strap beneath it. Pull on it. You should be able to hang the microcomm around your neck with it.

It took only a few moments for him to figure it all out. "Like this?"



I picked up my phone and turned on the camera again. "Perfect."

"And now," I said while he looked at the camera too, moving around and watching the screen of my phone respond, "I want you to convince me."

"Convince you, Goddess?"

Not that he really needed to anymore, of course. But I wasn't gonna let him off that easy, "I want you to convince me you really do worship me. I want you to *find* those words."

