

The shrinking violet

Crimson skies, grey buildings, a congested traffic which honks scream as one through the entire city like a beast ruling over its entirety... Such was the regular scenery that you could witness in this forsaken city. A toxic atmosphere swallowing the pedestrians trying to navigate the crime filled streets, almost hidden within a mist of car smoke and filth, ready to swallow the poor souls who would meet an unlikely demise down there. From the elevated balcony of a hotel room, Jayce was watching, with emptiness in his eyes, almost hypnotised by the view. It was dread inducing, but also vaguely fascinating. It was like witnessing an accident. Fulfilling this morbid curiosity leaving this feeling of both disgust and contemplation, forcing one to rethink the perspective and value of their life. Suddenly, a loud scream was heard, and a silhouette fell from the sky. A new soul had perished, and been transported to this place.

“Welcome to hell...” Jayce muttered.

He wished he was saying it sarcastically, but that unknown shadow fell into what was literally Hell. The world where sinners fall and squirm under eternal torture for the misdeeds of their past life. Well, at least, the torment all demons were doomed to suffer through wasn't as bad as those depicted in holy books. In fact, Jayce would say this life here was just as agonizing as when he was alive.

After a drawn out yawn, the perched onlooker finally moved away from the window. He had seen enough proof that his situation wasn't a nightmare, and he was now getting ready to head down to the hotel's foyer to drown his drowsiness with a good drink. He looked at the mirror and scrutinized his demon form once again. It was one of an anthropomorphic black horse with a white mane and tail, whose face was adorning green eyes. Around 6 feet tall, kind of average build. If there was one thing that Jayce could at least feel a bit of comfort from, it was the aesthetically pleasing shape of his body. From the time he was still sleeping in the streets, the horse had seen such disgusting looking demons that it would make even a body horror fan want to pierce their eyes. Such grotesque amalgamations... You end up wondering how they're able to walk in the first place. But Jayce was good looking, maybe even... Sexy, to some extent?

He sighed. A common theory was that one's demon form was based on the way they died. Jayce didn't remember any horse related accidents, though. He didn't even remember having seen a horse in his life, so he would be right to wonder what aspect of his existence had led to morphing into this form once dead. He had taken the habit of not questioning himself too much on his previous life though. He had learned that these questions had now become but a mere distraction, a waste of time, and that he would be better off focusing on ways to survive this bloodthirsty city instead. It is with that mindset that he found his way into this hotel instead of lamenting on himself and staying homeless, after all. And since then, he has been able to find a shitty job with a scammy boss where he puts his life on the line every day... Which was actually a big achievement down there. Jayce quickly got dressed and left his room. As he walked down the hall and then the stairs, he started ruminating.

“Rehabilitating sinners... Huh...”

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It's been months since he was living in this room for a small rent, but Jayce couldn't wrap his head around the idea of the Hazbin Hotel. Lost souls can't go to heaven, it would be known otherwise... But heh, the price was cheap, and if he made himself an important person in this place, Jayce would probably get a bunch of rewards for his fidelity, so it was a no-brainer deal for him.

"Good morning, sir! Did you have a good sleep?" Jayce's thoughts were interrupted by a feminine upbeat voice.

"Oh, uh... Yes." He nodded, slightly taken aback. Too lost in his thoughts, he didn't realise he had arrived in the foyer.

The anthropomorphic horse politely smiled and walked straight towards the bar. It was mostly alcohol stuff in there, but he knew the place also offered the first of the only two good things he found in this world: Black Coffee. The other one was waiting behind the counter, with a bored expression that didn't even try to hide the lack of desire to be there. Once Jayce was at the counter, the unamused bartender started speaking with his raspy voice.

"What can I get you? The usual?" He nonchalantly asked.

"Yes, please." The horse replied, taking a seat.

Without replying, the demon turned away and started preparing his customer's order, unaware that his body was being thoroughly investigated by the equine.

Ever since his arrival, Jayce had a crush on that feline looking demon whose name he learned was Husk. Despite his grumpy face and attitude, many of his features fell onto the cute side; The chocolate and vanilla colored fur delimitating his face, chest and shoulders reminded him of the tabby cat he used to take care of when he was still alive, and the heart markings on his forehead, inner ears, and at the palms of his hands worked in defavour of him trying to look threatening. His outfit was demonstrating this inherent cuteness even more; Black overalls, a red bow tie, and a cute little top hat with a ribbon wrapping around it... He was looking like the perfect bellman for this hotel, or the perfect plush to market to a young and slightly edgy audience. Despite looking like a cat though, Husk had red wings striped by lots of small circular markings, as well as a tail that ended in a flurry of feather looking tufts, making it look like a bird tail rather than a feline one. It was both this cuteness and mysterious aura that Jayce particularly liked in the bartender, something he related with, and which told him that they would be great friends, or even more...

There was one more thing that Jayce couldn't forget about him either, and he slyly looked down on the ground while Husk had his back turned to take a good look at it. Husk's feet were absolutely breathtaking, from their three toed shape to their vanilla colour. They looked more plump and squishy than the anthro horse had ever seen before, and with each movement, he wished he was laying on the floorboard that these soles were rubbing on. Speaking about the soles, it was truly a spectacle when Husk, reaching for a high object, would use his wings to get a bit of height and candidly leave his soles hanging in the air, at the mercy of any potential spectator. In this position, they revealed the brown pads that were under them, three toe pads and a center one that all seemed to cry out for a face to rest on their pillowy shape. On top of that, the cat's twitchy toes

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would make a few wrinkles appear all along the arches' surface, at a different configuration everytime, making them look more like soft silk. Unfortunately, the show was short-lived, and Husk was already facing his admirator, a smoking cup in his hand. Jayce quickly acted like he was looking away to not attract the other demon's attention.

"Here it is." Husk said with the same laziness as usual.

"Thanks." The horse replied.

Jayce brought the cup to his lips and began to sip the still hot drink, when he heard the employee mumble something in his beard.

"Hope I'll get fucking wasted during the party tonight, this place is absolute hell when I'm sober..."

This piqued Jayce's interest.

"A party?" He asked.

Husk raised a perplexed eyebrow.

"Uuh yeah? To celebrate the hotel officially opening? You should have been invited, new blood. Everyone in the hotel is."

"I... Don't remember having received such a thing..." The horse said, trying hard to remember anything related to an invitation. "I mean, I probably received it in my mail and threw it away without noticing."

"Heh. I don't think that would be a problem, you're a pretty well known face here." Husk stopped talking turned his back away from the other hotel employees. He slyly opened a flask that he had hidden in one of the bar's compartments, and drank its content in record pace. "Mmmh, that hit the spot... Oh, by the way, how well do you handle alcohol?" He asked.

"Me? I'd say I'm pretty resistant..." the equine demon replied, surprised by such a personal question all of a sudden.

"Heh, I knew it! Tell ya' what, I'll bring something special tonight. That spoiled brat, Charlie, she forbids me to sell it, but she can't tell me what to do outside of this stupid bar. If you come to the party tonight, I'll let you have a drink. Gift from the house, for making me look good in her eyes by making me serve something with no alcohol every morning."

Jayce was surprised, and hid a blush behind the cup of coffee that he brought to his lips for another sip. The proposition was unexpected, but definitely not unwelcomed. Spending more time with Husk, getting to know him better and have fun with him... The mere thought of it made him excited already, and as such, there was only one possible reply to such a proposition.

"Sure, I guess I'll come then." Jayce tried to reply calmly, so as not to raise suspicion.

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"Don't act like you ain't excited to get wasted!" Husk replied with a tone implying an actual feeling of excitement and a complicit nudge.

The customer froze in place at this physical contact, the first one he's had with his crush ever since his arrival. He only replied with an uneasy snicker. Jayce didn't know how long he could keep hiding his bashfulness, so he quickly finished his drink, put the money for the coffee on the counter and hurried to the exit as he said "S-See you!" in a barely audible volume to the bartender, who replied with a friendly wave. It was the first time that Jayce ever hurried to work ever since he was in hell.

The evening fell on the agonizing city, and when Jayce came back from his job, he was flabbergasted by how different the decoration was as he opened the big double doors of the hotel; A big table with expensive looking food on it, tinsel letter garlands spelling the words "Grand Opening!", and plants that he had never seen before were filling the foyer. It was like the hotel had become an entirely different place.

"Welcome!" The owner of the hotel jumped to a still awestruck Jayce. "Did you come here for the party?"

"Uh, Y-Yes." He replied, lacking words to express how he felt. "You did a great job with the place..."

"Thank you!" Her smile got even wide than usual. "Don't hesitate to take something to eat!" She gestured towards the tables.

Jayce nodded and walked towards the buffet. All sorts of delicious pieces of food were available, but the demon didn't feel like getting any. He took something out of politeness and started wandering around, looking for Husk and his "Special thing". He looked for around 10 minutes with no success, and just as he started thinking that the bartender had just pulled a bad prank on him, he got yanked by the arm and brought towards a shadowy corner.

"You came. Good." A hoarse voice spoke into his ear. It was Husk, who seemed to be hiding from something. "Sorry for the darkness, but if Charlie learns about all the drinks, she will be pissed." On these words, he gestured towards the ground, where Jayce noticed many bottles of different types of alcohols laying around.

"Hu-hum, okay... Makes sense..." the horse replied. He had always found the owner of the hotel to be an agreeable demon, but Husk sounded like she could be really threatening if she were to get pissed.

Husk flopped on the ground, his back against the pillar, and grabbed two bottles of root beer. Jayce blushed, as he could see the feline demon's soles from this point of view, but his mind was quickly moved to another subject when Husk tossed one of the two bottles in his hands towards Jayce, and a bottle opener soon after.

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"Alright, let's start with a light one. Cheers!" He exclaimed, as he opened his own bottle with one of his claws.

"Ch-Cheers..." Jayce followed, as both demons started downing their respective bottle.

Soon after, they drank the content of a second bottle together, then a third one's, and this continued for a moment, with alcohols of increasing strength. Topsy, Jayce just sat in front of Husk to get a better view of his magnificent soles as they continued their improvised drinking contest.

"Ya' know what, new blood? You're actually *Hic* pretty cool!" The cat exclaimed. "Always thought you were the boring type, with the coffee and stuff..."

"Y-You think I'm cool?" Jayce replied with a blush on his face that he wasn't even trying to hide anymore. "I mean, coffee's just in the morning, I like getting batshit drunk in the evening just like the next demon haha" He continued as he looked down at the demon's three toed feet.

"Hey, don't fall unconscious yet! There's the big thing left to chug." Husk said loudly, unaware of how loud he was speaking due to his alcohol level.

He reached out to a large purple bottle behind him, one of a brand that Jayce had never heard about.

"Ya see, this is what I was telling' you 'bout..." Husk mumbled. He tossed the object right into Jayce's hands, who took a look at its etiquette. "The shrinking violet..." The tipsy bartender continued. "They say that this thing totally scrambles your brain. Oh, and other side effects I guess..."

Despite his alcohol level, Jayce felt a bit of apprehension. After all, he had never seen this liquid before.

"Heh, ya' know, I thought I'd be able to handle more, but I think Imma' call it quits for tonight. You drink that, and you win the contest..." Husk was barely able to speak clearly at this point, and looked like he was gonna pass out any moment now.

The horse gathered his courage and opened the bottle. He put it to his lips and took a big sip of it. The taste was better than he expected. In fact, it tasted more like apple juice than any type of alcohol. With a flowery aftertaste, and a fresh aroma. Surprised at how good it tasted, Jayce looked at the label of the bottle again and tried reading the list of ingredients with his blurry vision. From the corner, he noticed a warning sign and made out a few words next to it.

"The shrinking violet may induce side effects. These may include head ache, temporary memory loss, shrink-"

Before he was able to finish reading through, a sudden dizziness took over his brain. The floor felt like it was melting under him, and he was fighting against his fatigue to keep his consciousness from shutting off completely. But it was an impossible win for him, and he barely had time to put the bottle down before his head slammed onto the ground. The other demon's sole was the last thing that Jayce saw before his eyes finally close.

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“HEY, YOU ALIVE?” A deep voice screamed all of a sudden, making Jayce jolt up in place as he woke up from the loud scream.

“A-Ah!!! What the-?”

Everything that the horse could see was a fuzzy vanilla wall in front of him. He stared in complete confusion for a moment, before the wall suddenly moved up, and a familiar raspy voice screamed at him once again.

“HEH, YOU’RE FINALLY AWAKE.”

Jayce covered his ears and closed his eyes as a protective reflex, as he was almost flung backwards by the powerful voice that he recognized was Husk’s.

“H-Hey man, could you please keep your voice down? I’m totally hungover right now...” He pleaded as he opened his eyes again, and finally got aware of what was going on. “W-What the... FUCK?!!”

In front of Jayce was laying a giant Husk looking at him with a sneering look. The demon wasn’t the only giant thing around though; The ceiling seemed much higher than before, and the pillars holding it much taller as well. He looked to his left and saw the shrinking violet bottle from earlier. It was now twice as tall as him.

“Sorry, I forgot to tell you about that...” Husk said in anticipation to Jayce’s questions. His voice wasn’t as loud as before, probably because the demon was now talking from a more elevated point. “One of the side effects of the shrinking violet includes... Well... Shrinking the person who drinks it.”

“C-Couldn’t you tell me about that earlier?” Jayce exclaimed.

“Heh, sorry. It was just too tempting.” Husk snickered.

“... How long have I been out?”

“Heh, not much. Around 15 minutes I’d say. I don’t know, I took a little nap too. Don’t worry ‘bout the shrinking though. The violet only shrinks someone temporarily, depending on how long they’d like to be small. You’ll get back to your normal size soon.” Husk then yawned and made himself comfortable. He closed his eyes, put his arms behind his head and crossed his legs right next to Jayce, who found himself right next to the cat’s now gigantic soles. Realising the occasion, an idea popped in his mind.

“Hum... Actually...” Jayce began twiddling his thumbs.

“Huh?” Husk opened one eye, to look at the small dot on the ground that his pal had turned into.

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"I... Won your drinking contest, right?"

"Yeah, guess you did."

"But... We didn't settle on a winning prize, right?"

"...I ain't giving you free drinks."

"No, no, it's not about that... Hum..." Jayce looked to the ground. "There's... Something I'd like to ask you..."

"Oh yeah? What is it?" Husk asked expectantly.

"Can I... Play with your feet? I know that's weird, but I like them a lot, and I think that being as small as I am right now... I mean, this is the best time to... Touch them?"

"..."

There was a silence that lasted several seconds, leaving time for Husk to realize what he had just heard. Suddenly, he started to laugh out loud.

"Pffffff, hahahaha! So THAT's what you were looking at back at the bar! I thought ya' were feeling down or somethin!"

"S-Sorry... I didn't know you caught me staring..." Jayce looked at the ground in shame. What was he thinking when he admitted this secret... To someone who could literally kill him with a flick of the finger, at that.

He heard the floor creaking, and when he lifted his head, he was greeted with the view of his crush's feet right in front of him, side by side, and toes wiggling at him. Jayce started blushing madly.

"You're fuckin' weird, but you're getting more and more interesting by the second. Shit, ya know what, I'm down, go to town with 'em!"

Jayce couldn't believe what he had just heard. He had the feet that he has been lusting over for so long finally at his reach... It sounded too good to be true.

"A-Are you... Serious?" He said, feeling unsure all of a sudden.

"Course! You won the contest, after all. Get in there, new blood!" He replied with a slight toe spread, which caused Jayce to softly whimper from pleasure.

Cautiously, Jayce walked towards the soles and simply looked at them for now. He was around the size of Husk's sole, as the large pad at its center was facing him, and the toes were towering above the shrunk demon. He could also notice a slight scent had surrounded him. A very warm, earthy yet enticing smell that he figured was the smell of the other demon's feet. For someone who walked on these paws all day, Husk's feet didn't smell particularly bad, which Jayce

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was particularly surprised about. Jayce considered the possibility that Husk had actually taken his declaration very bad, and that he was just trapping him to better smush him under his feet... Even then though, it wasn't like there was anything to live for in Hell, and he'd rather take an end under the pair of feet that he loves than being shot by gang members.

The shrunk demon took a deep breath, and pushed one hand on the sole in front of him. The surface was so mellow that he didn't know if he was actually pushing on it or not without the aid of his vision. His hand sunk deep within the welcoming skin of Husk's giant foot, getting surrounded by the wrinkles that were created around the pressure point. The horse noticed the strong warmth of the giant's foot expanding through his hand as well. At this spectacle, Jayce soon found himself filled with an excitement and lust that he couldn't control anymore.

Without a second thought, he jumped right into the giant sole while spreading his arms wide, abandoning his entire body to the succubus wall that had been filling his deepest desires all this time. At the mere contact of his face on the mellow surface, the horse felt an electrifying sensation go through his entire body. At first, there was the genuine sensation of jumping on a warm bed, which sheets and pillows were welcoming the shape of his body with pinpoint accuracy. Then, the warmth and smell that started to engulf him, like he had just been transported to another dimension, one filled with lust and passion caused him to moan from pleasure. He started rubbing his face against the pad it had landed on, kissing and sniffing away with a lustful vigour that he didn't know he had in him. He could feel Husk's sole and toes curl a bit from the arrival of their new guest, a nurturing reaction that engulfed him deeper into the wide surface, and an encouragement to devote his being to the beautiful sole even more.

"Wow, ya' really into them, huh?" Husk's deep voice echoed from above with a playful tone, as he laid his foot, with Jayce still planted on its sole, on the ground, and started grinding it against the wooden plates.

Jayce was so imprinted in the wall he had launched into that he didn't even notice it was turning into a ceiling that was slowly pushing him on the ground. After all, the sensation was the same; Feeling his body sink into the wrinkles and bask in their warmth and gentle fragrance. The horse kept moaning, with a muffled voice that Husk probably couldn't hear, when he finally started to feel his body rotating under the weight of the feline demon's fuzzy wrinkles and pads.

After a few minutes of being tossed around and having all his sides graced by the bartender's foot, a powerful ray of light accompanied by fresh air temporarily blinded him. When his eyes adjusted to the light, he noticed that his face was lodged between two of the cat's toes, each toe pressing against one of his cheeks.

"Hey tell me... Does it **hic** smell?" Husk teasingly asked, watching the trapped micro with a certain sense of endearment while wiggling the two digits he was trapping his victim between.

The smell that was wafted from this movement made Jayce blush and moan louder as a response. It wasn't hard to imagine Husk's toes being the strongest smelling part of his feet, after all. They were maintaining that delicate balance that made a foot odour bearable, but with even more

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potential to fill the equine's body with nothing but lust and dedication for the bottom of the cat's feet. With the limited mobility that his face had, Jayce plunged his muzzle deep between two wrinkles that were lodged in Husk's in-between toe area, smiling and blushing madly as he was taking in the earthy scent directly from the source.

"Heh, I take that as a yes." Husk sneered, and then placed his other foot on top of the one currently pinning him down. The scenery allowed the micro to marvel at the sight of his friend's toes wiggling at him, spreading wide and curling adorably as if putting on a show for his eyes only.

After a few minutes, Husk closed his toes on the micro's head, applying just enough pressure to not squish his face altogether, as he grabbed the lower part of his body with the toes of his other foot.

"Heh, you don't mind if I have a bit of fun too, right?" He smirked, as a muffled moan was the only response he got. "That's what I thought..."

With an impressive toe dexterity, the cat moved the smaller demon between his toes, expertly juggling and rolling him around his six digits. For a few minutes, he would vary the positions quite a bit; Gently squishing his stress toy under his toes for a few seconds, sandwiching it between two toes, or clamping his toes together and rubbing them against each other, with Jayce between the two rows, of course. He made sure that Jayce was taking the time to kiss and smell the soft skin around him too, and the feeling of each kiss felt very good and flattering. The way he felt dominant with such a strange action as playing with a shrunken drinking buddy was greatly fulfilling to him was also making him grin widely. The pleasure went as far as having him purr at a low volume, without him even noticing.

The pleasure was the same deep within the confines of the cat's toes. Being at the mercy of the mighty digits, Jayce let his body be analysed, manipulated, and played it like he was nothing but dough. He had already begun to feel as such in his mind anyway, and it was fine by him. He kept kissing and smelling when the bigger demon's feet would allow him, and let himself be driven by the delicate roller coaster when they didn't feel like it. Of course, he was moaning all the way, and his mouth started to feel dry from all the drooling and panting, as well as the hot atmosphere that was reining in this world of pads and wrinkles. At a time when he was turned in a way that he would be laying on his back and looking upwards, the fleshy ceiling opened once again, just enough to leave the tip of the feline's toes in the horse's field of view. A ray of light was passing through the gap, quickly blocked by Husk's glowing eye peeking.

"Hey bud, my feet are hurtin' me horribly from walking all day, so, if you could lick my feet, that would be nice..." The voice from above said with a slight blush of discomfort.

The horse listened and turned his body to face the base of the cat's toes which he was laying on. His heart was rushing from the excitement of realising he was going to know the taste of Husk's creamy looking feet. Without a word, he stuck out his tongue and slowly lowered his face to the organic ground, which prints seemed like deliciously soft crevices in which he could slither his tongue. Finally, the two surfaces collided, and the horse's longue organ dragged itself along what

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looked like a few inches from its point of view. The taste was as sweetly raunchy as the smell, with an added moreish after taste that left him with this “Just one more” feeling that instructed his brain to get another taste. Jayce blushed and licked more and more of the ground laying below him, dragging his body around to cover more ground, completely entranced and dependant of the taste. The submissive demon heard a snicker above him, before the ground opened under him, and he fell a few feet to the soft cushion that was the meeting point between both of Husk’s soles. The message was clear. Jayce started his work on the cat’s gigantic and wrinkly soles, navigating through the instable wrinkle-filled ground as if he was crawling on the floor of a bouncing castle, with a solid objective in mind: Clean the entirety of Husk’s soles. The task wasn’t short or easy though, as walking barefoot for the entire day sure made them pretty worn out. He left his saliva everywhere he could, encouraged by Husk’s moans, who was enjoying it a lot more than he wished to show.

“By the way, what’s your name, new blood?” Husk asked.

“I-It’s Jayce” The horse replied between two pants. “I live in the room 106.”

“Well, it’s nice to finally meet fun people in here. I think we’re gonna have a lotta’ fucking good times together!” Husk asked.

Many minutes passed, and Husk’s feet were completely clean, from heel to toe, and glistening from the streaks of drool all over them. Husk looked at his small friend who had fallen asleep on the center pad of his right foot. He was feeling a mix of satisfaction and bewilderment at the micro’s dedication, and although he wished for the worship to continue, he didn’t want to push his foot servant too much for his first day. He looked at a mural clock of the room and noticed that it was very late, so without waking Jayce up, he closed his left sole over its sibling, and flew away with his drinking buddy lodged between both of his soles, taking care of throwing all the empty bottles in the nearby street before leaving. He passed by the foyer on his way back to his room, and ran into Charlie.

“Oh, are you going back to your room already? The fun’s just started!” She asked.

“Yeah, this party sucks.” He replied sharply and passed right next to the blonde woman, straight towards the staircase.

“...”

Husk opened the door to his room and landed on the bed in a cross-legged position. He then laid his feet open again, and looked at the laying body of his new pal. The cat made sure that he was still breathing, before laying the upper part of his body on the bed. The shrinking violet came into his mind. No doubt that Jayce was gonna be back to normal size the next morning, the shrinking effects were only temporary after all, but he was wondering if Jayce wouldn’t prefer being shrunk down for the rest of his life as Husk’s foot pet at this point. He surely had a “Friend” who could help with that...

THE END

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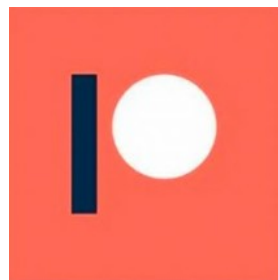
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