

“That game was ROUGH” Jax grunted as he walked back into his dorm.

The red-scaled dragon was dripping with sweat as he tossed his gym bag onto the floor. He stretched his arms over his head to relieve his sore muscles. An intense smell of funk hit his nostrils and he grunted in disgust.

“Damn that is bad” He mumbled as he stripped off his shirt and dabbed his pits.

He threw the sweat-stained shirt lazily at the clothes hamper. The fabric partially hangs from the side. The tired jock pulled out his desk chair and plopped down onto the worn leather. Opening the top drawer, he reached in and grabbed his favorite toy: A miniature Kobold. The light-blue creature was here on scholarship and this was how he acquired it.

Snuk wasn't always small; in fact, he was fairly normal before this year. That all changed after he got accepted to college. He didn't have the funds to pay his way through, but the school gave him the option of a full ride IF he was assistant to one of the star players. Snuk couldn't believe it, sure he would start a year later than planned but a full ride would save him hundreds of thousands. However, he didn't realize he would turn into a literal ASS-istant.

“Come on stop your whining, the shrinking made you pliable” Jax said as he squeezed the kobold with such force the body oozed between his fingers.

It never got old tormenting the little guy. Jax would relieve the pressure and let him reform then squeeze again. After a few times, he finally dropped the toy to the ground.

“Alright get to work” The dragon said as he booted up his desktop to play some games.

Snuk had been through this many times. He let his rubber-like body reform and started walking to the dragon's feet. Why did he have to sign that contract? As he approached the resting paw, the overbearing scent of musk hit his sensitive nose. Snuk gagged in disgust and took a moment to calm himself. Even after doing this for three months, he was still not used to that rancid odor. The tiny kobold didn't pause for long, he learned very quickly that things got worse if he disobeyed.

The tiny kobold finally reached the paws. A fine layer of sweat coated the bottom of the calloused sole. As he stared up, he could see all the creases and bends of the worn paw. The heat radiating off the massive red monolith caused him to sweat himself. Taking one final breath, he started up his task.

He stepped forward and touched the bottom of the foot. Snuk recoiled in disgust as the sweaty skin felt wrong. His hand flinching back and a trail of slime connected his hand to the foot. Yet he had to power through. Gulping down his fear, he went back at it. The kobold pressed in and gave the Jock's foot a deep massage. He could feel the vibrations as Jax wiggled his toes

overhead. The tiny kobold had to dodge as a piece of toejam rained down and crashed where he was standing.

"I didn't tell you to stop. Here let me help" Jax said in a deep voice. The jock was clearly irritated with his tiny toy.

"Noo." Snuk yelled out but it was too late.

The pillar of red SMASHED into him. He let out a grunt as the crushing pressure liquified his body. His vision turned into a blur as he was sandwiched between the musky soles. Back and forth he was rolled between them, his tiny frame oozing out the sides as the intense pressure pushed him to the absolute limits. He wasn't sure how much time passed before the crushing force stopped, his body reforming. Snuk tried to move, but couldn't. As his senses returned he took one breath and almost vomited.

"Lick it and I'll stop" Jax grunted

Snuk was dying, the intense pressure, heat, and scent was melting his brain. That chunky piece of toe funk was despair made manifest. Yet he had to do it. He stuck out his tongue, even from this distance the odor was so intense he could taste it. His long, pink appendage shriveled up in his mouth as he tried to power through. However, even with all the strength of his mind, his body won out. He could do it.

"Hmm seems like you forgot your place" Jax said as he bent down and pulled out the tiny kobold.

Snuk was begging for another chance, but Jax wasn't one for mercy. His stomach churned as the intense heights gave him vertigo. As he stared down, he saw the chair. A sweat mark in the shape of Jax's ass was clearly visible. Snuk screamed and flailed as he knew what was coming. He landed on the foam padding and started to run. His small legs burning as the shadow grew above until...

SPLAT

Jax rubbed his ass back and forth to make sure the disobedient tiny was wedged in his crack. This wasn't the first tiny toy he broke and it wouldn't be the last. He put back on his headset and went back to gaming, even forgetting about the tiny fighting for his life in his ass.