For PJ, it was a day just like any other. Having just gotten back from a late shift, another exhausting day at work in the books and translated into a paycheck he’d see later, the purple-furred cat plopped down onto his couch to enjoy his own company. Well, that wasn’t exactly true. Just like every single other day for the past year, continuing the routine, PJ places the toes of his right boot onto the heel of the other and shoveled his left boot off before repeating the process.

He let out a deep sigh of relief, followed by ritualistic wiggles of his toes, splaying them out from within the sock to feel fresh cool air float against the sweaty fabric. It felt so good, especially knowing he had somebody else who was very well acquainted with his routine. Another cat, this one much, much smaller than PJ, got to spend nearly every second of his life with one of the purple feline’s large meaty paws.

TJ the black-gray micro kitty sprung to life, thrashing against the tight fabric coated with dirt that imprisoned him so snugly against the plush feet of his owner. Despite exhaustion creeping tenderly through every bone in his body, and soreness from being stomped on all day long everyday by a weight that felt infinitely expansive, he used his remaining energy to express his displeasure. His body burned from the heat that radiated within the boot, and his fur was stained by weeks and months of sweat sticking and smearing all over him, all while being practically waterboarded by the sickeningly wet sock fabric that adhered skin-tight to his face, forcing him to taste the tacked-on grime from its many days of use.

PJ eventually let him out, like always, and ordered his little cutie pet to lick his musky paws clean while he continued to stomp around, pulling the smaller cat with him by a leash connected to his toe as he got ready for bed. Beaten and battered, TJ would once again have no motivation to fight back as he was pressed and kneaded into sinking sheets by two heavy, stinking paws. He could never get used to the potent stench, but he still was tired with this humiliating, demeaning, torturous routine that plagued his every thought. As both cats drifted off to bed with two vastly different levels of comfort, poor TJ wished he could get revenge, if only for a moment…

The chubby purple cat stirred awake, rubbing his crusted-over eyes while still under the sheets. He must’ve had an extremely satisfying rest if he felt this groggy waking up. But it wasn’t just grogginess, he actually felt a bit wheezy, as if he just plummeted off a cliff. It was the same weightless, nauseous feeling. Speaking of which, he realized he felt more than weightless, he felt like his body mass flooded off in his sleep. Opening his eyes and fighting against the sheets with his limbs, the feline noticed just how heavy they felt now; they were endless, no amount of struggling freed him from the fabric’s immensely heavy draping over him.

Fear struck his heart like a dagger, his thoughts incoherent as his mind raced to figure out where he woke up and how. Every muscle in his body froze as he felt the sheets roughly tear off him, bringing a rush of fresh air tickling his fur followed by a blinding light striking his weakened eyes. PJ let out a light hiss as his feline eyes recovered to see a blurry figure blocking out the light, now casting him in an overarching shadow… It’s outline was obviously feline, as if a void of a cat loomed over him, only bright eyes shining in the creeping mystery. And it was massive - godlike and giant. It took everything in his soul not to bow down and beg for mercy.

PJ gulped as recognition flooded by. He looked down towards his feet to see his toe ring, taller than he was… with a broken string attached to it… TJ had somehow switched their sizes. And now the purple cat was vulnerable for revenge.

“Well well well, what do we have here?” That voice boomed over PJ, straining his ears with a deep echo. TJ usually sounded so feminine and weak, but now, now he sounded masculine and strong, commanding his attention. He wondered how TJ could’ve ever had the courage to disobey him with the sizes being so vastly different…

Before he could even consider running, a massive paw filled his vision in an instant, casting over him like a cloak of death, sprawling fingers wrapping around him as if he were nothing but a toy. His wide eyes could only look on in horror as he was dragged through the air slowly, a sickening sensation that was nothing compared to the awe he felt by the sight. He passed TJ’s humongous bulge, usually a tiny twig he laughed at now a rocket to him only mercifully held back by briefs. He saw TJ’s toned stomach, and defined chest. He always thought the black cat was a complete twink, but now that he had a different perspective, he realized he had been bullying somebody skinny but strong…

And then those eyes. They bore down on him and ripped straight through PJ’s terrified expression. Nothing was to be hidden from those insightful orbs. He watched in fear as sharp teeth poked out from behind an evil grin spreading across the giant cat’s muzzle.

“How’s about we have some fun, PJ? Is it too soon to call you my little pet?” PJ was so shocked, he was lost for words, overwhelmed by all the stimulation. How could micros just live in a constant state of sensory overload?! “Awww, what’s the matter? Cat got your tongue?” His laugh shook PJ’s organs. “What did you say was fun, again? Oh yeah, you keep going on and on about how worshiping feet is SOOOOO fun, so how about you live to your words, huh? Oohoohoo, I’m gonna pay you back for all the ‘fun’ you’ve given me, even when I begged and cried. Can’t wait to make you beg~”

TJ’s words were filled with bitterness. This was pure revenge, as he sat on PJ’s bed, bouncing and squeezing the tiny, pathetic brat in his hand to force all the air out of his lungs before shoving the cat’s head between the toes on his foot propped on one knee.

PJ was overwhelmed with a distinct, awful, reeking musky odor. It hijacked his lungs and flushed the thoughts out of his brain, until every breath burned. Yet, the stench that plagued his airways was familiar… it was his own. TJ had been under his feet so long, that the now-giant cat’s feet smelled like his own. And while at normal size, PJ didn’t mind his odor, usually paying it little mind, when tiny it was all he could think about. He never realized how horrible it was to smell it, how overwhelming and powerful. It was embarrassing to think about, doubly so now that he knew it was his own torment of TJ that was coming back to haunt him.

And that wasn’t even mentioning the toe jam that smeared against his face, disgusting him to his core. He always found it funny when the tables were turned but now, it grossed him out to the max. His new perspective made him realize just how cruel he was. He knew TJ didn’t like it, but he didn’t know it was THIS bad!

And the large, black cat, still shorter than PJ was at normal height, like a baby scorpion didn’t know restraint. He wasn’t used to being in power, and damn, did it feel good. So he pressed hard, unaware just how much worse he was being to PJ than PJ was to him. He gave him no breaks as he rubbed the purple feline up and down his toe-pit, switching to the next one to use him as toe floss until each one was cleaned by just PJ’s fur. When he felt satisfied, and saw that PJ looked disgustingly coated with sweat and reeking foot-grime, he still didn’t give the tiny a break. He pressed him up towards his sole, letting PJ marvel for a moment at how long and wide it looked, stretching out forever, before he shoved PJ against the sweaty underside, rubbing him up and down the entire length over and over again…

Without even given PJ the chance to breathe, TJ brought the stained and ruined cat up to his maw. Not even giving him a glance, he pressed the smaller male against his lips before sliding out his tongue, letting the slimy muscle slowly work over PJ’s body. The tongue coated the micro in saliva, smearing it everywhere as it pressed against his front, practically drowning him. When he finished licking up the puny bitch, he glared down at him in delight.

“Y’know, I’m used to the taste by now, so that was worth it just to humiliate you. How does it feel to have every part of your life dominated by somebody a hundred times your size, somebody who could crush you in an instant?” He accentuated by squeezed PJ harshly in his hand. “I know how that feels, and you’ll never forget it…”

TJ then proceeded to cram a year’s worth of pent-up torment into the next few minutes, shoving PJ up against his smelly crotch and between his reeking ass cheeks, making PJ lap his sweaty, masculine-smelling armpit fur, squeezing him relentlessly, and tossing him around like a toy. He finished by not bothering to catch the flailing feline tumbling through the air, this time letting gravity have its way with the once-dominant cat until he hit the ground with a rough thud.

“Eh, I got bored, sorry.” TJ prodded the writhing micro with a toe, pushing him around like a bully. He didn’t get much fun out of this, but it satisfied his thirst for revenge. “Where do you keep your string again?” He said as he stepped over PJ like he was nothing.

But PJ wasn’t in the clear, his sigh of relief coming a bit too early when TJ backed up to step on the tiny cat with a heavy heel crashing down onto him like the wrath of a god. PJ’s screams were muffled under the tons of flesh slammed upon him, the weight feeling inhumane, the most intense pain he’d ever experienced. Even though it only lasted for a second, he was scarred by it.

“You know, I was gonna make you my insole for the rest of the day, but honestly, it sounds kinda uncomfortable to me. Plus, I know you’re too weak and pathetic to handle it. Trust me, though, it feels AWFUL. You’re lucky I’m so kind.”

Instead, TJ picked up PJ by the scruff of his neck to let him dangle like a ragdoll before stuffing him into PJ’s own shoe, forcing him to huff his own odor as he was trapped there for the rest of the day, bored out of his mind with musk wracking his brain the whole time…

Eventually, TJ got back from a day of finally enjoying normal-sized activities, exhausted. He plucked up PJ and used him as a snuggle doll as they both drifted back asleep..

PJ awoke with a jolt! He gasped and glanced around rapidly, quickly coming to the realization that everything… was back to normal. He shoved off his sheets to see a tiny TJ, looking as cute and small as always. While the thoughts of what he just went though still stuck around, he gave a laugh of relief, untying the leash and picking up the waking and yawning micro to gently cusp him in his hand.

“W-what’s going on? What are you gonna do to me?!”

“Hey hey, relax, TJ… I just had the most awful dream and I learned something. I shouldn’t be so mean to you. For now on, we’ll be equals! I’ll give you baths and I’ll shower more; I’ll let you do whatever you want, and you won’t owe me anything. No more insole duty, you can just rest on my shoulder, I swear! I’m so sorry for being so rough this last year. I hope you can forgive me…”

TJ looked up and inwardly grinned. His plan had worked. Now he would live his life as a tiny king…

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It was a stormy day, rain pelting down hard on cowering citizens as they rushed home. The wind blew briskly, swirling up cool air to attack the furs with a harsh breeze. The sound of rain pattering drowned out any voice, nothing could be heard other than the torrential downpour.

Ruby the husky was bundled up against himself, his jacket blowing in the rapid wind, soaked with sweat. He kept his gaze down, watching his boots slosh against the building puddles that splashed with every step. He managed to keep his thick fur coat dry for now, but he didn’t want to risk getting it soggy, so he hurried home.

He took a shortcut through an alleyway, just hoping nobody unsavory lurked there, taking the risk just to get back to his warm, cozy home a few minutes sooner. His large ears laid flat against his skull, overwhelmed by the sound of rain. He tried to focus on the splashes of his footsteps to keep his cold, sensitive ears from overloading. Splash, splash, splash, splash. Splash, splash, yelp, splash.

He froze and narrowed his eyes. He could’ve sworn he heard something beyond the rain. Something small, something unnoticeable if he weren’t a dog with heightened hearing. His ears shot upwards, exposing themselves to get wet just to search for the sound without the cave-like echoes of the rain slamming onto his jacket. He heard it again, like a tiny voice crying out for help. He sloshed towards it, his footsteps bringing him towards a set of crates abandoned. He peaked around it, looking at a crevice in between two large boxes.

That’s when he saw it. His eyes went a bit wide, curiously peering down at a cowering cat. A micro cat. He watched the little thing shiver uncontrollably, staring back with frightened eyes. He could tell the tiny was unsure what the husky would do. Ruby finally took his paws out of his pocket and crinkled his eyebrows. The black cat looked soaked, the wet fur clinging to his bones, making him look withered and weak. Without a word, the still-curious, but now a bit concerned, husky snatched up the little guy, not paying attention to his squeals that were drowned out by the rain. He didn’t really care what he had to say anyways, Ruby was in a rush and he was helping the micro, after all.

Not even thinking about another place to store the micro, he lifted his pants to reveal the opening of his boot clenched around his leg fur. He descended the tiny cat down rapidly until he was kicking at the entrance with fervor. The husky smiled a bit. It was cute. Then he didn’t hesitate before shoving the micro deep down the side of his boot, letting the wet bundle of fur rest between his socked paw and the worn down insole. Stepping a bit, he felt the clump that was the micro press uncomfortably against his heel. It was squishy. He shook his boot, feeling the pebble rattle about until it rested against his toes. Now that was better.

The walk home didn’t take long after that. He rushed himself until he unlocked the door and darted in. He quickly peeled off his rain gear, setting it on a rack to dry as he shook himself dry. He sighed in relief. It felt so good to be back in the warmth. In the dry warmth. Speaking of warmth, there was only one part of his body that was warm outside, now sweltering hot. He could feel the sweat slosh around as he walked a bit more towards his shoe rack, satisfied that the micro he yoinked off the street was warm. He was such a good person for saving him. He smiled and kicked off his boots, sniffing gingerly at the air, relishing his manly, musky wafts of foot odor that was curated after a long day of walking.

He could feel the heat rising and could practically see steam coming off from the entrance of the footwear. Ruby smiled with glee as he peered over the edge, seeing the micro cat laying in his worn-down, dirty footprint. He giggled and wagged his tail.

“Wow, aren’t you cute! What’s your name, sweetie? I’m Ruby.”

The micro had just been through a roller coaster of emotions. First cold and suffering, followed by fear when he encountered the husky’s massive face for the first time - the first macro to ever pay him mind. Next, he was shocked at the method of travel, starting off disgusted by the surrounding aroma that pierced his nose and flooded his lungs. But something about the hefty pressure was soothing. Something about the sweltering heat was comfortable. Something about the rank, potent musk was alluring, as if it tapped into his natural instincts to be submissive when he huffed another man’s scent. He ended up feeling happy, satisfied as the heat of the paw dried him off and replaced the wetness of the rain with the wetness of smearing sweat. Sweat that he craved now that he had the chance to huff the husky’s stench.

“I-I… I’m TJ.” He said, blushing.

And that blush was bright and obvious to the grinning dog looming over his trapped body. “Ooooooh, you liked that, didn’t you? Wow, never would’ve expected that. You know my feet stink, right? But I guess that’s what you loved, huh? You like being dominated by a bigger man, dontcha? Awwww that’s ok…” Ruby plucked up the micro, and gave him and loving lick. “You don’t need to hide anything from me. You’re MINE now, babe. And you might as well admit to loving my paws because I’m what I say goes, pet, and you’re gonna lick my feet all night long. Say, ‘thank you, master’.”

The husky giggled. TJ blushed harder.

“T-thank you, master. I-I love your paws. I-I want nothing more than to smell your musk all day long, s-sir…”

“Awww that’s better… now let me get a leash ready for you, this is gonna be the start of your permanent new life as my toy~”