

A Sweet Scent

By Sokz

The tiny blue fox ran across the sands of the beach, his eyes always looking towards the giants that casually walked past his tiny body. Most of them didn't even notice his form as he snuck between towels and beach bags, under umbrellas and over footprints dug into the sand. After all, he was only a micro. A little one inch tall fox that was barely more irritating than a bug, a common occurrence that was barely worth more than a glance.

His name was Valargent, and though the life of a micro was hard and grueling work, he enjoyed it more than most. Crawling through the giant landscape never lost its exhilarating thrill, and each time he was spotted he felt a wave of nerves and excitement run through his blood. Being tiny was scary at times, and he knew that one wrong step from a giant tiger or supersized canine could be his end, but it was an exciting life. Plus, he didn't mind the view from the ground.

It was a hot summer day, as close to scorching as it was going to get. The sands burned under Valargent's paws as he scurried over the landscape. To his left, he could hear the crashing of ocean waves and the shouts of people that played around in the spray. There was music coming from somewhere to his right, and all around him were the low rumble of people walking through the beach.

This was a dangerous spot, but it was also one of the best areas to find leftover snacks just lying around. His stomach gurgled as he came close to a small towel laid out over the sand. If he was lucky he could find a couple crumbs of food resting on the fabric. A chunk of bread, a bit of a cookie, he'd take anything he could find after a whole day without anything to eat.

The tiny fox climbed onto the green and purple towel and began sniffing. His nose was sensitive, and he picked up a mingling of different aromas, some of them strong, some tantalizing, some simply odd. The one that pulled him most came from his right. Trusting his sniffer, he ran off in that direction.

Crawling over the folds on the towel was an exhausting job, even more so than the loose pebbles of the beach, but soon he was able to make it to the source of the scent. Just on the edge of the giant rectangle of fabric, lying motionless under the warm summer sun, was a pair of purple flip-flops.

The scent was coming from them. It was aromatic and intoxicating even from a distance, containing an odd mixture of many different things. Sure, there were the scents he expected. Hints of rubber and cotton, the distinct odor of dried sweat and heavy feet, but there was more to it. A whiff of bubblegum? Cotton candy? Though the tiny world couldn't say exactly what, he knew it was sweet and it made his mouth salivate.

He wanted to climb up on those squishy soles and find out exactly what it was, but he hesitated. Would that really be the best idea? After all, these were giant sandals! Their owner could come back at any

second. It wasn't safe, not by a long shot, but... Valarget just couldn't resist the temptation of those smells.

Swallowing his fear, the fox hurriedly ran the last few feet to the pair of footwear. It was unnerving being so close to the massive sandals. Each one was nearly half as thick as he was tall, with detailed soles that would have no problem crushing him to paste if they were to fall on him. The main body of the sandals were well worn, and had been adequately crushed and broken in by their owner. As Valarget looked over their soft, plush form, he saw the unmistakable indent of a giant foot. Four indents rested at the front where the giant's toes would lie, with another larger dent near his heel and center.

But it was unmistakable. The scent was coming from these flip-flops. He leaned over the body of them and took a sniff, then was immediately slapped with a great combination of scents. Sweat, feet, rubber, and something so sweet and tantalizing.

Against his better judgment, he climbed onto the flip-flop and began walking towards the center, letting his nose guide him to where the smells were the strongest. Soon he found himself standing in the great valley that lay where the balls of the giant's feet would rest, the fabric practically radiating heat as he simply stood upon it.

Valarget lowered himself to his hands and knees, then pressed his snout into the slightly stained ground. He took a big sniff, letting his lungs fill with all the aromas of the footwear. It was everything he wanted it to be, completely overpowering and intoxicating, beautiful and strong.

His body shook in an involuntary movement. Before he even realized what he was doing, he stuck out his tongue and slapped it against the sandal, then dragged it forward in a long, passionate lick. The taste was just as unyielding as the smells, and it almost made him crumple to the ground.

It was all there, but now he could focus on the sweet taste under all the natural musk. It was delicious in its own way, a full and powerful taste that would normally have been too strong to handle, but made addictive by that one mysterious component. He couldn't pull away from it. He couldn't stop. Though some part of his mind was screaming to run away and get off of this giant's sandal, he just couldn't. He stayed there, licking at the stained section of his footwear.

He barely even paused when he felt footsteps coming toward him. It was only when the vibrations in the earth became unmistakable, and a shadow fell over him, that he thought to turn around and look at the giant that had wandered into his life.

A blue bunny, one who towered over the tiny micro licking up all the dirt and gunk on his flip-flops, yet was probably only a few feet tall to the other normal-sized people. His furry ears hung behind his head, with pink insides and fluff that caught the faint breeze. For clothing, he wore only a light purple t-shirt and dark gray pants, sprinkled with specks of sand. Gradually, Valarget's gaze moved from the rabbit's large, dark eyes, to his chest, to his waist, to his toned legs, then finally to his feet planted firmly in the ground, dug slightly into the sand on which he stepped.

“What are you doing?” the rabbit asked, his tone annoyed, as if he was talking to a pest he didn’t want to deal with. One hand went to his hip as he waited, impatiently, for an answer.

“I...” Valargent began, but he was too taken off guard by the sudden appearance of the giant to say anything. He was so used to being ignored that even something so minor as a direct question left him stammering. It was like a god had chosen to come down from the clouds and judge his tiny, pointless existence. “I was just...”

The bunny cut him off. “Get off.” There was no patience in his words anymore. It was an order, one that Valargent knew he needed to follow. Most macros didn’t even bother with that much. They just flicked him away or swatted at him. He knew that he had to move, but his limbs felt frozen. Too stunned to act, he simply stayed on the rabbit’s flip-flop, paralyzed and enveloped by the gentle smells.

“Ugh,” the rabbit groaned as he rolled his eyes. “Fine. Stay there. See if I care.” Without waiting for another second, he lifted his foot. It moved over to the flip-flop, his four toes flexing as they hovered over the tiny fox below. For a moment, Valargent was greeted with the image of the underside of his paw, a huge expanse of blue completely covered by sand adhered to his skin by sweat. As he flexed his toes, little pebbles rained down around the fox like hail, impacting him and forcing him lower to the flip-flop’s surface.

Every natural instinct told him that he needed to move, but it was too late. This rabbit had made up his mind, and now Valargent was completely at his mercy. Only, this bunny had no mercy left to give.

His foot crashed down onto the sandal and crushed Valargent into the unforgiving rubber. As his sole moved over his body, the fox was sent rolling with it, all the little bits of sand dragging him along and pressing into his body. Then the pressure came. As the rabbit leaned forward, all his weight was shifted onto the tiny fox and his body was squashed into the already flattened rubber of his sandal. It was completely crushing, and he couldn’t move. Flesh surrounded his body as the bunny pressed down on him, wiggling his toes further into the sandal. When it was finally finished, Valargent was completely trapped, smushed under this giant rabbit, crushed like a bug that had wandered onto the wrong flip-flop.

But, oddly, he didn’t hate it. Though the pressure was incredible, and he couldn’t move even an inch, he didn’t feel like he was going to die. No, the bunny’s paw was too soft for that. Instead of squashing him into a smear, his soft skin moved around his body and pressed him flat, giving him just enough leeway that he could survive. And more, when he breathed in, a task that was incredibly difficult but manageable, he smelled that same smell that so completely mesmerized him before. That odor of masculinity, sweat, and power, combined with just the subtlest hints of something sweet.

The rabbit slipped on his other sandal, then turned away from the ocean. He gathered up his supplies, barely paying any attention to the lump of a fox under his right paw, then headed back to his home.

It would barely be a ten-minute walk, but it felt like an eternity to the fox who had to endure each and every stomp.

“You’re still alive?” The voice sounded fuzzy and far away. Valargent opened his weary eyes, but everything was a blur. When he breathed in, he could taste fresh air once more, but it was not completely free of the sweet sweat that he had practically drowned in. “Hey,” the voice came again, deep and powerful as it shook his chest. The fox blinked again, and things came into focus just a little bit more.

He was in a bedroom, with a tan ceiling miles above his head, dark furniture on any side, and a massive creature looking down at him. No, that wasn’t just any creature. As his eyes returned to their normal, unflattened state, he saw it was the same bunny from before. His dark eyes stared down at him with a mixture of expressions. That same annoyance as before, but now there was something more to that look. Interest, maybe? He hoped so, though he could barely move to communicate that fact.

The rabbit had changed at some point, and he was now shirtless. Blue fur ruffled against his chest as a faint breeze came in through an open window. His shorts were still dark, but they were a different pair. They weren’t covered with sand like the others.

“Ugh...” Valargent moaned. He must have passed out on the walk. The only reason he was still alive was because of how soft the bunny’s feet were. Even covered with sand, they were squishy enough to let him live.

“Stupid micros,” the rabbit continued. “Don’t even have the decency to get squished when you step on them anymore.” He shook his head, then crouched down so that he was closer. Now his eyes looked even brighter, their huge form staring through the tiny bug still stuck to his flip-flops. “What am I supposed to do with you now?”

“Please...” the tiny fox managed to say. As he continued to breathe, his voice came back to him. “I can... I can...”

“You can what?” the rabbit asked. “What good is a micro that stowed away on my flip-flop?”

It was a fair question. Traditionally, micros were just a burden to the world. They couldn’t do tasks, they couldn’t work a computer, they couldn’t even hold a pencil. They were just an annoyance, no better than the countless other bugs that crawled under their master’s toes.

But maybe that was it! Master... Valargent had heard of a few micros that had managed to survive by serving a macro. It wasn’t a good life, and it was often humiliating and brutal, but there was something about this rabbit that was intoxicating. Still surrounded by that sweet, all-consuming smell of his feet, Valargent found himself wishing to be close to the bunny. He didn’t even want to escape anymore, he

just wanted to be near him. "I'll do anything," he breathed. "I can be your little slave. I can worship you, and do everything you want."

"A slave?" said the rabbit, his expression flat. Clearly the idea wasn't that appealing. "Yeah, sounds like a lot of work on my end. What, you want me to feed you too?"

"I... can just lick your feet." Valargent couldn't believe what he was saying. Just a few hours ago he would have been disgusted at the idea, but now he wanted to do it. There was just something unexplainable about this rabbit, something addictive and attractive beyond any reason he could give. It wasn't even that he wanted to live so bad he'd offer to be his slave. No, he WANTED to be his slave.

"A foot licker," the bunny repeated, levelly. "You'd really do all that?" Valargent nodded his head as much as he possibly could. He went to wave as well, but his arms were still stuck to the sandal, glued there by his crushing stomps.

Slowly, a smirk found its way onto the bunny's features. "I guess that might be kind of fun. And if it isn't, I could just take you outside and stomp on you anyway." He reached down for the fox, his huge hand soon taking up the entirety of his field of view.

Valargent braced himself as the rabbit dug his nails under his body, gripped him tightly around the midsection, and slowly peeled him off his sandal. When his body was free, he held the little micro up to his oversized face, those deep eyes unmoving, staring into his very soul.

"I'm Sokz," said the bunny. "But Master works just fine."

"M... Master," the tiny fox repeated. It felt right as the word left his mouth. "What can I do for you, Master?"

The rabbit smirked. "Whatever I want." Without further warning, the giant lifted the arm opposite the one that held his micro, revealing his fluffy armpit. The fur there was slightly discolored with pooled sweat, to the point where Valargent's eyes could stare at nothing else. He didn't have time to say anything or ask any questions about the action. Before he could, he was moving towards it.

A quick yelp of surprise was the only utterance he was allowed before the bunny pressed him mercilessly against his armpit, burying him in the fluffy fur, before bringing his arm down and sealing him between two heavy slabs of his body. The pressure, though not nearly as much as when he was trapped under his paws, was considerable. For a moment he tried to struggle out of his grasp but there was nowhere to go. His lungs began to burn, then he was forced to take a breath in.

Instantly he was slapped with the scent of his new master's body odor. It was strong, impossible to ignore, with different tones than his feet. While his toes had a strong, powerful scent of dried sweat and dirt, now when he breathed in he was assaulted with something muskier, more natural. It reminded him of masculinity and made the fox want to curl into a ball and become even smaller, as if he was nothing compared to a creature that could make such an overpowering, intoxicating smell.

But, at the same time, he smelled that same underlying sweetness. The faint hints of something playful, like cotton candy or bubblegum. It was right there, just out of reach, but it held him and refused to let go.

Valargent took in another breath, his eyes watering and body trembling, but he didn't hate it. Just like the rabbit's feet, he found himself wanting more. As the bunny stood and continued whatever tasks he had to accomplish, Valargent stayed in his armpit and endured the punishment, growing to love every moment of it. Before he even realized it, his tongue began licking the warm skin and lapping up the tiny droplets of sweat.

By the time Sokz finally lifted his arm and exposed him to the light again, the tiny fox was practically molded into the grooves of his body. His blue fur was matted and covered in sweat, and his eyes could barely focus past the miasma.

Still, Sokz wasn't about to let him rest. The bunny grabbed his pet by the leg and peeled him off of his body, then held him forward. Before Valargent could get a sense of his new bearings, the fingers that held him opened, and he felt himself falling. His stomach dropped, then he felt a heavy impact against his back as he landed on something firm, but forgiving.

"Ah!" the fox groaned as he rolled over, more out of shock than pain. He blinked and tried to focus on his surroundings. Dark leather expanded under him in a great plane, and rose up behind him. There were two other objects on the side, each huge and jutting out.

A chair. He had been dropped into a chair. As if to confirm this thought, the rabbit rotated the seat so that it faced him, then turned around. The light from the lamps around the room was eclipsed as Sokz began to sit down, the fabric of his shorts looming over the little fox, erasing any doubts as to what was about to happen.

With his jaw agape, Valargent could do nothing but watch as the bunny's butt came down.

The pressure was intense as soon as his rear end hit the cushion of the seat. He sank down into the chair, his body finding the familiar grooves that had been compressed by his behind after hours of use. It didn't matter that there was a tiny, sweat-soaked addition to the chair.

With that same playful smile, Sokz spun the chair around to face his desk, adjusted his position slightly, wiggled his butt back and forth just a little bit, then turned his attention to the work he needed to complete. After all, he couldn't spend all day playing with his new toy, could he?

For Valargent, the movements were more noticeable and far more extreme. Surrounded on all sides by either the firm leather of the chair or the incredible pressure of the giant's rear end, every movement seemed magnified. When Sokz shifted backward, Valargent felt the great muscles in the titanic creature pulling and maneuvering his body. Each time the pressure changed, he felt a new weight upon him. Sometimes his lower body was crushed into the chair while his head was relatively free to move and

breathe. Sometimes it was the opposite, and he had to focus on each breath to prevent himself from passing out.

The sensation was somewhere between the two extremes of the bunny's feet and armpit. Not as overwhelmingly smelly as the underside of his arm, but not as incredibly restrictive as being the ground he walked upon. Though it was stressful at first, and the lack of movement was claustrophobic, he found himself growing used to the pattern of movements. It was never relaxing, but he enjoyed it just the same. Almost like a game, he learned the rabbit's movements and shifted his own body to mirror them, growing used to each position as it came.

Of the three places he had been on the rabbit's body, under his butt was surprisingly comfortable. If he needed to, he suspected he could stay there all day.

Fortunately, that's exactly what happened. The rabbit was busy, and worked through everything that the day had for him. Sometimes he leaned back against the backrest of his chair, other times he was angled forward, hunched over his desk as his eyes moved across his tasks. He made use of the armrests, he shifted his position often, and every once in a while, when he remembered the tiny creature struggling for breath under him, he'd press down extra hard.

After a few hours of this, the weight was finally lifted from the tiny fox. Valargent felt the familiar form of Sokz's fingers wrapping around his body as he was lifted off of the seat. As he moved through the air, he almost wished he could stay there a bit longer. It was so warm under his butt, almost like he was sandwiched under the world's heaviest weighted blanket. But it was not his choice what happened to him. It was his master's.

"So, you're still breathing after all that." The bunny almost sounded impressed as he looked over the tiny fox's body. He was breathing hard, the fresh air filling his lungs. His fur was still matted and covered in sweat, more the bunny's than his own, and his chest looked slightly flattened after the hours of compression. But he was alive, and that's all he needed to be. "I guess you're not that bad after all. Most other micros I see splatter as soon as I step on them."

"T... thank you, Master," the fox responded.

"Don't thank me yet, we're not done." The rabbit's eyes moved over the fox slowly, taking in every strand of fur and judging his new toy. It was an uneasy feeling that moved over Valargent, as if an entire group of people was looking over him and searching for the slightest imperfection. Except it wasn't a massive group, it was just a single creature with all the power of a god. Suddenly, he became very aware of the warm palm he rested on, and the mouth of the rabbit so close by.

"You look disgusting," the bunny said. Valargent went to respond, but he was moving before anything could escape his lips. The hand that held him was moving closer to Sokz's face. He saw those adorable blue features grow larger, each strand of fur visible as he came within inches. Then the bunny opened his mouth, and Valargent was allowed to see within his maw. The white teeth that lined his mouth looked eager to devour him, while the thick pink tongue appeared excited to wrap around the tiny fox.

He didn't even have time to brace himself. The tongue extended from the rabbit's mouth, then pressed against his legs. Sensually, it was dragged up his body, squashing Valargent against the firm padding of his hand as it covered him completely. The sensation of the tiny mounds of his taste buds moving over his skin was completely new and mesmerizing, as was the smell of his warm breath and the gentle feeling of his lips.

When the tongue came over his head, Valargent was allowed time for a single breath before the muscle came down again. It licked his body forcefully, crushing him against the rabbit's paw and soaking him with saliva as the sweat was licked away.

It was a humiliating experience, one that showed how completely powerless he was more than any other before. Yet, it might have been his favorite interaction. While his feet were soft and his backside was warm, his tongue felt comforting in a way nothing else ever had. It was like he was being hugged by the rabbit in his own way, kissed gently by his soft lips as they moved over his own fragile body. It was an embrace, a connection, and more than he deserved.

When the rabbit moved him away from his mouth, the fox's body now covered in spit, he almost wanted to return. He was panting as he rested in the bunny's palm, waiting to see what he would do next.

"You don't taste that bad either." He sighed, then shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing for it, I'm going to have to keep you." Valargents' heart began to flutter at the words. He wanted nothing more than to spend the rest of his life worshiping this rabbit. "So, you close to dead yet? Need a break, or can you play a little more?"

He was surprised he was given the choice, but he knew the answer. "Master," he began, "I'll do whatever you want."

That smirk returned to the bunny as he stood from his chair. "Good. That's exactly what I wanted to hear." He walked over to the door that exited his room, each footstep reverberating up his body and shaking the micro he held in his palm.

"I like to go for a run during my break," he said as he lowered himself into a crouch. "Try to curl up near my toes. I could use something soft to play with."

He then turned his hand and dumped the tiny fox out from the center of his palm. This time, the fall wasn't as bad. He landed with a thump on something slightly damp, unforgiving, but soft. The air was thick and heavy, completely drowned in the unsubtle scent he now recognized and the bunny's paws. Tall walls surrounded him on all sides, with a black cave that continued behind him.

Shoes. Running sneakers, to be exact. Sokz was going for a jog, and he wanted his new toy to keep his toes company. As the giant stood back up to his full height, looking down at the sneakers resting towards his feet and the little fox contained within, Valargent realized what he needed to do.

He picked himself up and eagerly ran towards the end of the sneaker, waiting for what was to come. The light was snuffed out, then he saw the plush form of his master's toes wiggling into the footwear. They moved over the sweat-soaked sole, then slipped in completely, rolling over his body and forcing him between two of the fluffy boulders. As the laces were tied, Sokz gave him a slight squeeze.

Valargent answered with a lick at the sensitive spot between his toes, an action that seemed to please the bunny as he stood back to his full height.

As he took his first steps, Valargent nestled deeper between the rabbit's toes, embracing the crushing sensation of each step, and the growing scents that infused the hot air. This was his place as a micro, between his master's toes, worshiping like a good little foot toy.

This was his home, at a giant blue bunny's feet.