

A Sleepover and a Webcam

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Chet and Derek sat at Derek's house playing with Legos. It was Derek's birthday, and they were waiting on their friends to get there so they could have a sleep-over. It didn't take long for them to arrive: Joey the cheetah, Alan the gorilla, Vince the bear, and Charlie the kangaroo, and the six of them played football until the other guests arrived, Greg, a nerdy donkey, Billy, a mischievous racoon, and Jay, a goat with no appreciation of adventure whatsoever.

When everybody had assembled, Derek's mom called them all in for dinner. They had Derek's favorite for dinner: homemade spaghetti with meatballs, and for dessert, his mom made him German chocolate cake. Derek opened his gifts, and the boys played with his new toys for a little bit before it was time for bed.

"You can stay up and talk," his dad said, "But stay in your room and don't be wandering around the house."

Despite being a squirrel, Derek's dad was much bigger than any of the boys and quite intimidating, so they went into Derek's room without a fuss.

"Hey, um, you know what we should do?" Joey suggested after they played awhile. "We should all climb out the window and go run around!"

"No, guys! We'll get in trouble!" Jay immediately piped up, eliciting an eye-roll from the more adventurous boys.

"You're such a chicken, Jay," Charlie said.

"Yeah, nobody's saying *you* have to come anyway," Billy added. He made a funny face, blinked his eyes, and then sneezed.

"Eew, Billy!" Jay protested. "You sneezed on me."

"Sorry," Billy said, shrugging.

"No, you're not! You did it on purpose!" Jay accused.

"Guys, guys, don't fight!" Chet said.

"Yeah," Billy agreed. "Hey, do you guys wanna play—ah-choo!—Legos?"

"Nah, we already did that," Derek replied. He shriveled his nose. "But hey, cover your mouth or something. Didn't your mom teach you that? You're sneezing all over all of us!"

"Sorry," Billy said again.

"I wish you had more video games, Derek," Charlie said. "We could shoot bad guys!"

"Hey, yeah!" Chet said. "You should all come over to my house! We can take turns playing Halo!"

"My mom says I'm not supposed to play games like that," Jay huffed.

"Is there anything your mom *does* let you do?" Joey asked.

"Well, I can read books," Jay replied.

"I like reading books," Greg said, his long ears pricking up.

"Okay, how about you two read the strategy guide, and we'll play," Chet suggested, much to the excitement of the others.

"But guys, we still shouldn't sneak out the window! We'll get in trouble!" Jay persisted.

"Okay, *fine*, Jay. *You* say here and...I dunno, play Legos or something. But we're all going next door to play Halo with Chet," Derek said.

Jay huffed helplessly as the other boys opened the window and snuck out.

"W—wait, guys; don't leave me!" he protested, finally caving under peer pressure.

"Shh! Come on," Vince whispered just as Billy sneezed again.

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“Billy, are you sick or something?” Greg asked. “I got a cold last year, and it was really bad. I don’t wanna catch it again this year.”

“Nah, just a sniffle,” Billy replied, rubbing his runny nose and wiping his hand on his pants.

They walked a little further, and then Vince abruptly tripped and fell with a grunt.

“Vince, are you okay?” Chet asked.

“Yeah, I—I tripped on my pants,” Vince said. “I don’t remember them being so loose.”

“Heh, walk much?” Alan laughed, and then he promptly face-planted.

“What was that?” Joey laughed. “Walk much?”

“Hey, these pants *are* loose,” Greg said, frowning. “They weren’t this loose when I walked to Derek’s.”

“This is really weird!” Charlie agreed.

“Oh, my pants are getting big, too!” Jay whined. “What’s going on? I don’t want my pants to be too big!”

“Shh, be quiet, Jay!” Chet warned, “Or you’ll wake the whole neighborhood!”

“But I’m scared!” Jay bleated before Chet clamped his hand over his muzzle.

“Okay, everybody, just pull your pants up so we don’t trip anymore,” Chet hissed.

The boys hurried on until Charlie abruptly tripped and sprawled on his side, groaning.

“Charlie!” Joey protested, “Didn’t you pull your pants up?”

“I *did*,” Charlie hissed, “But my shirt got so long, I tripped on *it*!”

“Why are our clothes growing?” Derek asked. “That’s really weird.”

“Uh, guys? I think we might be *shrinking*!” Greg said. “Look how tall that fence is now!”

They all looked skyward and gasped. It was true; the fence that was usually only twice as tall as they were now towered high above them, like a two-story building.

There was a moment of silence as the boys tried to wrap their heads around what was going on, and then mass panic broke out. Chet began running home, and lacking any better ideas, the other boys followed him, growing smaller by the second as the distance to Chet’s house got further and further away. They shrank completely out of their clothes and continued running, naked and as small as mice, until their little lungs burned and they all had to stop.

“We’re lost!” Jay cried, tears welling up in his eyes as he bawled.

“No, we’re not lost; we—we just don’t know where we are,” Chet said, patting the goat-boy on the shoulder and trying to be as encouraging as he could. “But if we keep going the same direction, we should get to my house.”

“Where *is* your house?” Vince asked. “I can’t see anything but green!”

“Maybe we’re running through grass,” Greg suggested.

“If that’s true, then we should go north so we can get to the sidewalk,” Billy chimed in, “We should turn left and walk until we find it.”

Despite Jay’s sniveling, the boys agreed and proceeded to do just that. They made it to the edge of the sidewalk and helped each other up onto it just as day broke.

Chet’s mom, meanwhile, was driving home from work. As a nurse, she worked 12-hour days, and she was looking forward to taking a little time to unwind before she went to pick him up. She hated to admit it, but she was actually glad that Chet was at his friend’s. It would give her a little time to herself that she didn’t usually get. She pulled in, parked the car, walked inside, and took off her shoes, sighing in relief as

her paws breathed. She put down her purse, took off her clothes and put them in the laundry, and then logged into her computer and clicked on her favorite link.

Dozens of pictures appeared, and she frowned at how many of them seemed to have the same theme.

"It sure seems to be all the rage right now," she murmured. "It's not that I'm *against* the idea; it's just...where would I find some tiny furs? Oh, shoot!" she said, suddenly remembering something.

She hastily got up, donned a pair of flip-flops, and went out front to water her plants. She'd been so excited to get online that she'd almost forgotten them.

"Gardener of the year," she muttered ruefully.

She stood, turned to admire the sunrise, and was about to turn and go back inside when she spied a line of ants making a beeline for the house.

"Oh, no, you don't!" she said, stomping over to them.

She peered down at them and was about to start squashing them one-by-one when she realized they were the wrong color to be ants, and in fact, they were all different colors, various browns, whites, grays, and even a yellow one. She frowned and got down on her hands and knees to look very closely.

She gasped. To her amazement, they were tiny, tiny furs!

"Wow, ask and you shall receive!" she chuckled. "But why would they be coming here?"

The line of furs had paused when she bent down to look at them, but now they suddenly began scurrying even faster towards the house.

"Better hurry before I lose my chance," she said, quickly rushing inside, grabbing a broom, and flicking them into a dustpan.

She carried them inside and then quickly dumped them into a glass so she could contain them and still have a look at what she'd caught.

"Wow, this is gonna be great!" she said. "Imagine me, Martha Kingston, finally about to make a name for herself on Amafur-Porn.net!"

Carrying her cup with her, she eagerly went back to her computer and clicked the button to start her webcam.

"Good *morning*, everyone!" she beamed into the camera, making sure to capture just the tops of her breasts in the shot without actually revealing any of her other goods. "I've got a special treat for you all today. Just *look* what the dog dragged in!"

She held the glass up to the camera and adjusted the zoom and focus to make its contents clear.

"Micro-furs!" she gloated. "They were just walking outside when I went to tend my garden!"

A message popped up on the chat window, saying, "I wanna tend *your* garden!"

"Oh, stop," she laughed gaily, dramatically flicking her wrist at the camera as she zoomed back out on herself. "Now, I've only got about an hour or two that I can play with these guys, and then I have to go pick up my son. So, now that I have them, what do you want to see? This is my first time, so I'll let you guys call the shots!"

She glanced at the viewer count and had to hide her disappointment that there were only three people viewing her—now, when she had micro-furs to play with! Still, she hoped that if she kept it up long enough, maybe more people would join. But the chat was dead—nobody was giving her any ideas—and she knew that if she wanted to drum up interest, she was going to have to improvise.

"Okay," she said, "Well, I saw this on another channel one time, so let's start with that."

She took the cup and gently tipped it over on its side, then inverted it, dumping the micro-furs onto the table.

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“Let’s start with a game,” she said, adjusting the camera to show herself and her counter in the same frame as she addressed the tiny furs. “Can you all understand me down there?”

Shrieks of terror erupted from the boys’ mouths as they came crashing down onto a hard, flat surface. The enormous glass prison that had held them just seconds ago vanished, and they looked up to see an immense face as tall as a skyscraper looking down at them.

“CAN YOU ALL UNDERSTAND ME DOWN THERE?” a voice bellowed.

The boys all froze, too scared to make a sound. The face came down closer, closer, until they could feel its breath like strong gusts of wind.

“LET’S PLAY A GAME,” the voice boomed.

The boys all instinctively covered their ears and looked at each other in confusion.

“The giant face wants to play a game?” Greg asked skeptically.

“Ooh, I’ll play!” Joey said, leaping up. “What are we gonna play? Tag? Football? Hide-and-seek? Come on, come on, come on, I wanna play!”

Jay’s reaction was decidedly the opposite. He began bawling right where he sat.

Chet just kept looking up at the face. While it was terrifying in its size, there was something familiar about it.

Martha looked down to see the tiny creatures with their hands covering their heads. She cocked her head curiously and then suddenly got an idea.

“Oh, am I too loud?” she asked, lowering her voice to barely above a whisper.

The creatures looked up at her and slowly lowered their hands and stood up. She couldn’t quite make out anything about them, other than that they were standing. They were far too tiny to see their faces or even know what *species* they were. Still, they seemed less upset now, so she tried her question again.

“Do you want to play a game?” she asked. “How about we play hide-and-seek?”

As the giant face lowered its voice, even Jay stopped crying and looked up at it curiously. Though it was big and kind of scary, there was something comforting about its tone when it suggested that they play hide-and-seek. Chet suddenly gasped: he *knew* that voice!

“Mom!” he yelled. “It’s me, Mom!”

He waved his hands above his head, trying to get her attention.

“Chet? What are you doing?” Billy asked.

“It’s my mom, guys! She just...she got real big!” Chet exclaimed. “Mom! Look, it’s me!”

“So, you’re standing there, naked, trying to get your mom’s attention?” Greg chuckled.

“Ha, Chet’s a momma’s boy!” Vince laughed.

Chet blushed and instinctively covered himself.

“Ugh, why won’t they play with me?” Martha grumbled. “How am I supposed to make my channel exciting if my micro-furs won’t do anything?”

She pursed her lips. “I know! I’ll just make things exciting for them!”

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She brought her index and middle finger down to the counter and made them stand up like a person. Then she moved them towards the nearest micro-fur and started nudging it.

“Augh! What’s happening?!” Derek cried as two enormous fingers descended from the air and began poking him roughly. “Make it stop!”

“Run, Derek!” Billy cried. “Everybody, run, before they squish us!”

Panic broke out among the boys, and they all got to their feet and began scurrying this way and that, looking for cover. But Chet’s mom kept an impeccably clean house; there weren’t even any stray sugar granules to hide behind.

“Ooh, yay!” Martha giggled, clapping her hands. “That did it!”

But as the tiny furs scattered, she frowned.

“Hmm...not much of a hide-and-seek game if there’s nothing to hide behind,” she said. “I know! I’ll give them some places to hide!”

She grabbed the salt and pepper shaker from the table, some napkins, a wicker basket of fruit, and some other things, and carefully placed them on the counter, doing her best to avoid the scurrying ant-like furs.

“Ahh!” the boys screamed as enormous buildings came flying down from the sky. One second, there was just an endless, flat surface, and then these things would just appear in front of them, making them dodge and slip as they tried to avoid being crushed.

“Guys! Hide!” Charlie said, hiding behind an immense, white column.

“Oh, I don’t wanna play this anymore!” Jay cried as he crawled up into a giant, brown jungle gym.

“Just hide, and maybe she’ll go away!” Derek cried, rushing to hide under a vast, white sheet.

“Aww, it’s just a game!” Joey called as he hid.

“Careful, Mom...” Chet murmured. “Don’t hurt us!”

“There! That’s much better!” Martha said. She turned her attention back to the webcam. “Okay, Internet, the game is on! When I find one of them, you guys decide what you want me to do! Highest bidder gets to choose! Let’s start the bidding now, and it’ll go on until I find one!”

She clicked a button, and instantly a dollar bid appeared. She beamed, excited, and set about looking for the tiny creatures.

“Wow, they really blended in!” she said, moving her webcam to look where she was looking.

She gasped on seeing a little, yellow dot. “There’s one!”

She looked at the bid counter and saw \$3.

“Okay, well, it’s a start,” she said, stopping the bid. “luvmicrofurs2309, you won the bid! What do you want to see?”

She waited a few seconds, and then a message appeared.

“Chase him down with my fingers?” she asked. “Oh! Okay! What do you want me to do when I catch it?”

The screen popped up another message.

“Crush it?” she asked, cocking her head. “Not very sexy, but...okay, if that’s what you want!”

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She grabbed the webcam and used the fingers on her right hand to move the pepper shaker out of the way. The little yellow dot began running really fast towards the edge of the counter.

Joey yelped in spite of himself as the enormous pillar next to him suddenly disappeared. He saw those giant fingers appear, gasped, and then began running as hard as his little legs would carry him. The ground shook under him as the fingers charged after him. He began to pant and raced for the nearest thing to hide under.

“Run, Joey!” his friends called out. “Don’t let the big fingers catch you, or you’re it!”

Joey wanted to yell back that he was trying, but his lungs were already burning. He felt his legs beginning to turn to rubber and then to lead. Finally, he flopped over on his stomach, panting and hugging the ground.

“Okay, I’m it, Big-Fingers,” he said, rolling over on his back and laughing. “Right after I catch my breath!”

The fingers disappeared, and Joey cocked his head. “Wait, how can I catch you if you disappear?”

As if in response, they appeared again, directly over him.

“Oh, there you are,” he chuckled, “But I can’t reach you way up there!”

He climbed to his feet, squatted down, and jumped up as hard as he could, but the fingers were way, way out of reach.

Martha hesitated. She’d never played with micro-furs before, and truth be told, she didn’t really know anything about them. Were they like real furs who could think and feel and stuff, or were they more like bugs that happened to look like furs? She sure wouldn’t want to kill something intelligent for a measly three dollars... But looking down at the tiny creature, all she saw was it just staring up at her fingers. She shrugged. Eh, how intelligent could it be if it didn’t even realize the danger it was in?

Joey grinned mischievously as the fingers began to descend. “That’s it!” he said. “Just a little more, and I can reach you!”

He jumped again and this time bonked his head on the fingers. He sprawled the floor.

“Ow,” he said, holding his head. “Maybe a little *too* close!”

But the fingers kept descending.

“Hey, you don’t gotta get *that* close,” he said, rolling over to sit up. “No, that’s too close! See, all I have to do is put my paw up, and I can touch you now.”

The fingers kept coming down.

“Hey, wait!” Joey protested, scrambling to his feet and taking a few steps back. “I’m it now, not you!”

The fingers moved to stay above him and began to press down on his head.

“Ow, that hurts, Fingers!” Joey cried, leaping backward.

The fingers pursued him again, knocking him over onto his back and pressing into his chest.

“W–wait. I–I can’t breathe!” Joey gasped, struggling. “No, h–help!”

“J–Joey?” Derek asked, peering out from under his sheet.

The cheetah screamed and then went silent. A red pool appeared on the ground where he was. As the finger lifted up, the boys all screamed in terror at seeing Joey’s mangled body stuck to the bottom of it.

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“Eew,” Martha said, grimacing as she wiped her finger on her leg. “Well, that was the first one! What do you guys think? Should we keep playing?” she asked her webcam.

She gasped as she glanced at the number of people watching: it had jumped to 45.

“Wow, you guys *are* really into this stuff, aren’t you?” she asked. “Well, let’s go ahead and start the bidding for the next round while I start looking for the next one!”

The boys all trembled in terror, unable to believe what they’d just seen.

“M–Mom? Mommy?” Chet murmured, his eyes filling with tears. “Why did you kill Joey, Mommy?”

“I *told* you we should have stayed at Derek’s house,” Jay wailed. “This is the worst birthday party ever! I want to go home!”

“Guys! I found another one!” Martha said, spying a little brown speck on her wicker basket. “What do you guys say?”

She stopped the bidding and did a double-take. She was up to \$100!

“Wow, thanks, guys! Tinyfeet42, you’re the winner. What do you want to see?”

The chat box popped up with her next assignment.

“Between my toes? Huh. I dunno that you’ll be able to see much, but we’ll give it a try!”

Derek felt something, like the ground moving away under him. He started to scream when he realized he was still lying under the white sheet. But before his eyes, the ground was falling away, and the sheet was getting less immense.

“G–guys?” he stammered, too shocked to cry. “What’s going on?!”

All the boys felt the same thing happening.

“We’re getting bigger!” Billy yelled.

“Does that mean we can go home?” Vince asked.

But then their growth stopped. They were much bigger than they had been, but they were still tiny in comparison to the giant face.

But it rendered their hiding-spots obsolete.

Panic broke out once again.

“Oh! Look, they all grew!” Martha said, surprised. “I see you!” she said to the tiny furs below her. They weren’t even 1/3 the size of her finger, and she could just barely make out their shapes now.

“Oh, it looks like a goat!” she said. “Well, Mr. Goat, between my toes you go!”

Jay looked up to see the fingers right above him.

“N–no!” he cried, scrambling to his feet.

What had seemed like widely spaced pipes before now seemed like tightly-woven mesh, and the jungle gym seemed to be more of a big, brown container. A huge, orange sphere rose up to his right, and he scrambled, trying to hide behind it. But as soon as he got behind it, the orange sphere disappeared into the sky. He screamed and began scrambling again, running for a big, red thing. It, too, disappeared before he could get to it, and he ran at last for a seemingly endless yellow thing. It disappeared, and as

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Jay cried out in terror, the whole container lifted up off the ground, throwing him off-balance, and began tipping.

“No! No!” he screamed. He saw the fingers, all five of them, far below him. He grabbed onto the container, but it suddenly jerked sharply, and he lost his grip and began to fall.

“Ahh!” he bleated, falling for what seemed like ever before landing on the palm attached to the fingers.

“Chet!” he bawled, “Do something! Please! Billy? Derek? Vince? Please, anybody, help!”

“Gotcha!” Martha said as she put the fruit basket down and closed her hand over the tiny goat-person.

“You’re sure you want him squashed between my toes, then?”

The chat box answered in the affirmative, with lots of support from others. She was now up to 100 viewers.

“Okay, well, here you go,” she said, adjusting the webcam to show the pads of her back feet in the foreground and the mounds of her breasts in the background. She wiggled her toes flirtatiously. “Like what you see, boys?” she asked.

The chat room exploded with praise, and she blushed and grinned.

“Okay, well, here’s one each squashed goat!”

Jay retched as his dark, fleshy prison flew through the air this way and that, up and down, seemingly completely without direction. He suddenly felt the whole thing invert, and he saw light under him.

“No, nonono!” he cried, grasping onto some stray hairs and clinging for dear life.

The light grew brighter as the floor disappeared out from under him. He screamed as he felt his grip slipping. But just as he was about to fall, the ceiling turned, rolled under him, and became the floor. He looked up, terrified, to see the giant face. He trembled in fear as its enormous eyes stared at him.

He never saw the fingers above him reach down. Before he knew what was happening, he felt himself grabbed by the sides and squeezed like a gumdrop. He screamed and fought, but as he saw the ground disappear below him, he suddenly stopped thrashing and held very still, petrified with fear of the dizzying height. Far out ahead of him but moving very quickly towards him, he saw a ridge of furry mountains, each tipped with a glossy, black peak. As they drew nearer, he suddenly realized they were enormous toes!

“Can you see him, guys?” Martha asked as she adjusted the camera focus.

“Squish him!” the chat box said. “Put him between those beautiful toes and squeeze the life out of him!”

“Wow, you guys are mean!” Martha teased as she spread her toes wide and adjusted her grip on the tiny goat. “Whoop, almost dropped him! Huh, I wonder if they bounce?”

Gripping him on his chest and back, she slowly lowered him down between her toes and then squeezed her toes to hold him in place while she removed her hand.

Jay screamed in terror as he free-fell through the air. He landed with a grunt, the wind knocked out of him, and began bawling in fear and pain. He felt his chest and back being squeezed, rendering catching his breath impossible. He moved again towards those mountainous toes and felt his sides squeezed and his body supported only by the pressure on his arms. His legs dangled helplessly in the air. But at last, the thumb and forefinger that squeezed his chest let him go, and he sucked in a desperate breath before letting it out again as uncontrollable sobbing.

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“Okay, guys,” Martha said, wiggling her toes and lightly squeezing the fur between them. “Here goes, in three, two, one!”

Jay felt the air being squeezed out of him rhythmically, as if the giant toes were playing him like an accordion. The giant voice boomed behind him, but it was so loud that he couldn’t understand what was being said. He gasped, his sobbing momentarily interrupted as he felt the toes squeeze him hard, driving the air completely out of him. They continued squeezing, and he could feel his sides being driven together. His pelvis snapped in two, and he managed a final whimper before the incredible pressure of the giant’s toes smooshed him like toe jam.

The other boys looked on in horror as Jay was dumped into Chet’s mom’s hand and then hauled screaming away. Though he disappeared from view, his screaming continued.

Until he went silent. The boys’ stomachs all turned.

“Ooh,” Martha shuddered, “It feels all gross and slimy between my toes! Ack!”

She reached in with her finger and cleaned the tiny fur’s guts out from between her toes, flinching as she tickled herself in the process.

“Okay, guys, I’ll start the bidding right now while I go look for the next one.”

Paralyzed with fear and grief, the boys didn’t even notice as the giant face towered over them once more. They were all balled up and crying uncontrollably. But their tiny voices weren’t loud enough for the giant canine to hear, and as long as they didn’t make any sudden movements, they were safe.

Billy sneezed. It wasn’t much of a movement, but it was enough to ruffle the giant sheet that Derek was hiding under. In an instant, the fingers seized the sheet and took it away, leaving the squirrel out in the open. He looked up through tear-filled eyes and put his hands up, begging the giant fingers to spare him. They did not. He was whisked into the air, screaming as the ground rushed away from him.

“Ooh, got a juicy squirrel this time, it looks like! What do you say, guys? Ready to do something really sexy with this one? Looks like, uh, fursitter69, you’re up! And wow, \$300? This has got to be good!”

The chat box popped up with new instructions.

“Progress,” Martha said, winking at the camera as she moved it into position.

Derek’s head swam from the dizzyingly fast movement of the hand that grasped him. The ground flew under him faster than any plane or car he’d ever ridden, and it was so impossibly far down that he knew he would die if the fingers that held him by the scruff of his neck happened to drop him. Something huge and tan-colored appeared in front of him, and he felt himself whisked impossibly fast right towards it. He squeezed his eyes closed and put his hands out in the vain hopes that doing so would protect him from impact.

All at once, he felt himself descending, his stomach flying into his mouth as he moved down, down, down at a terrifying speed. The tan ground rushed up at him, and he screamed and tensed for impact.

He was put down with surprising gentleness on a very large, tan-colored, gently rolling surface. He looked around and saw nothing, but as he tentatively approached the edge, he recoiled and threw himself backwards. The ground was still dizzyingly far below him.

Something passed over him, blocking out the light. He looked up to something white, fuzzy, and as big as a spaceship moving erratically side-to-side, forward and backward, and up and down. It got closer to him,

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and he flinched back, falling on the ground, but then it moved away once more. He swallowed and got back to his feet, staring in confusion at the big, wiggling thing.

“Now I *know* you guys like that,” Martha said as she straddled her chair, pressed her ass up and twerked for the camera. Yeah? You like what you see?”

The chat window was blowing up with compliments, and she now had over 300 viewers.

“Yeah! You like that, huh?” she said, giving her ass a slap. “Ready for the main event?”

Dozens of affirmative answers appeared on the screen.

“All right, here we go!”

Derek cocked his head as the huge, wiggling thing moved closer than it ever had before.

“Oh, my gosh,” he said, his eyes wide. “It’s her butt!”

He began to scramble towards the edge of the chair, but the smooth wood was slippery and didn’t give his feet much purchase. It grew darker and darker as the monstrous ass twerked closer and closer to him. In desperation, he cuddled into a ball, crying out in fear as it came down, slapped him and the chair, bounced off, and moved back up, only to return to smack him again. It happened in agonizing slow motion. The first hit knocked the wind out of him. His eyes bulged as he tried desperately to catch a breath. The second time broke his ribs, driving the little air in his chest out of him and unleashing a pitiful scream.

The third time drove his knees through his chest. He would never breathe again.

“Here you go, guys!” Martha crowed, shoving her ass up against the camera to show off the crimson smear on her left buttock. “Boom, baby! Another one bites the dust; I got a killer ass!”

The chat window *really* responded to that comment, and her viewer count was over 500.

“Boy, I’m not even getting started, yet!” she said. “But come on, you guys; I’ve squished three of these things in a row; don’t you wanna do something, I dunno, a little more fun with them? You guys think about it while I go find the next one. Bidding starts now!”

“Guys, we have to get out of here!” Billy cried. “It’s not gonna stop until it hunts every one of us down!”

“What’s the use?!” Chet cried. “My—my mom! She’s killing my friends! Even if I live through this, I—” he trailed off, sobbing.

“I will fight her,” Alan said, thumping his chest as he stepped out from his hiding place. “In times like this, we need heroes—*augh!*”

As quick as a flash, the fingers snatched him up and whisked him away. The other boys trembled and cried.

“Okay, um, that wasn’t what I had in mind when I said, ‘more fun,’ but hey, for \$1000, I’ll do anything!” Martha said, cringing a bit. “Boy, you guys are really sick. Are you *sure* that’s what you want me to do, pinchemoff604?”

She shrugged at the response. “All right, what the bidder wants, the bidder gets! Heh, I guess it’s fitting for this one; it’s a gorilla. They’re rumored to pull people limb-from-limb, too. I guess turnabout is fair play, huh?”

She started to put the gorilla down on the table when a sly look suddenly came over her face.

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“Okay, guys,” she said, grinning, “Donations are open. If you wanna see me do this, you gotta tip! For each \$200, I’ll take off one of his limbs.”

She positioned the camera and then pinned the gorilla down on his back.

Alan gasped, beating against the giant forefinger that held him with his fists and kicking with his feet. The cold, hard ground below him was unyielding, and the pressure from the finger on his chest made him feel like his sternum would snap at any second. Suddenly, another hand appeared out of nowhere and grabbed his fist. His eyes widened as he felt the hand pull his arm taut. He cringed and gritted his teeth, tears forming in his eyes as it felt like his arm was about to be pulled out of its socket.

“Okay, guys, that’s \$150. \$50 more, and I take his first arm off! There it is!”

Alan screamed, feeling his shoulder dislocate. But that was only the beginning, he felt his skin rip, his tendons stretch and then snap, hitting his bones like a rubber band. His eyes bulged, and his mouth contorted into a helpless, agonized scream. Blood poured out of his armhole as the giant hand dropped his arm next to him. Disbelief, pain, anger, and shock all mixed in his mind. Adrenaline surged through his body, driving him to do one thing.

Escape.

With newfound strength, he grabbed the finger with his hind legs and shoved it upward with his remaining arm. For a moment, he thought he might actually get free.

But then the finger shoved down harder, pinning his feet between it and his hips. He tried to cry out, but the pain was too great to make a sound.

“Whoo, can you see him fighting back, guys? Plucky for such a little guy! But how’s that tip jar doing? Oh, wow, we’re already at \$600? Well, this’ll make for an interesting show, then!”

Just as Alan was about to pass out, he suddenly felt the finger let up. His jaw trembled at the thought of being left alone, and tears streamed out of his eyes as he sobbed.

But his relief was premature. The hands appeared again and grabbed his legs.

“No! Please!” he cried.

Panic gripped him, and he struggled, kicking and yanking his legs back to try to get the hands to let go. But the hands only tightened, immobilizing his legs and cutting off the circulation to his feet. He cried out in pain, clawing at his feet with his remaining arm as the hands spread his legs painfully far apart. He felt like his perineum would rip as the hands continued to pull his legs further and further. The pitch of his scream rose as he felt skin stretching and pulling, felt one then the other of his legs beginning to pull out of their sockets.

With a violent yank, the hands ripped both his legs out of socket. He screamed over and over again, his breath coming in frantic gasps as blood gushed out of his leg-holes and his legs fell from the sky to land in a pile on his dismembered arm. Tears blinded him and stung his eyes as he sobbed in unimaginable agony. In desperation, he began clawing with his only remaining limb, desperately dragging his bleeding stump of a trunk away from those cruel, heartless hands.

“Holy crap! Stop, guys, stop!” Martha cried, closing her tip jar. “You’ve already surpassed the \$800 limit. Wow, guys, this is...it’s just amazing! Thank you! I’ll tell you what: I’ll throw in a little something extra since you guys did, too!”

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Alan reached back to drag himself once more and felt something fleshy. Hardly daring to look, his eyes followed his arm to see what he'd touched. It was one of the hands.

"No...no..." Alan sobbed, exhausted and in more pain than any person should ever have to experience.

But despite his protests, the hand grabbed his arm, picked him up by it, and lifted him into the air.

"No..." Alan murmured, unable to think or say anything else.

With a flicking motion, the hand flew into the air, abruptly changed directions, and slammed his body against the table. Alan's arm flew to the floor.

His body splatted like a tomato.

The chat was buzzing with accolades. Martha took a breath and wiped her forehead with the back of her hand. "Wow," she said, "You guys are really making me work for it today, aren't you? Well, I'll tell you what, I need a break from all this, so this next one's on me, but I get to choose what I do."

She turned to look for another micro-fur, but to her surprise, she couldn't see anything even close to the size of the fur she'd just dismembered.

Chet heard Alan's screaming and began rocking forward and backward, hugging his knees to his chest. He wanted to die. He...didn't know his mom *had* this in her!

"She's a nurse," he blubbered. "She's supposed to *help* people, not kill them! I don't understand! Why? Why?!"

He was so overcome with grief that he almost didn't notice as his surroundings suddenly began growing once more. The plate he was hiding under suddenly lifted up higher and higher above him until he appeared to be sitting under a fifty-foot-tall cliff.

"Hmm...well, I guess we won't be dismembering any furs this time," Martha said as she squinted and hunted for another micro-fur. "They seem to have gotten smaller again."

Her sharp eyes scanned the table and finally settled on a chocolate-brown speck hardly bigger than an ant.

"Ah! Here's one! You thought you could disguise yourself as a breadcrumb, didn't you?" she asked, reaching down and using her claws like tweezers to grab the tiny dot. "On a positive note, I know *just* the thing to do with a micro-fur *this* tiny!"

Vince gulped as the light disappeared over his head. He dared not move—not even to look up—for fear that the movement would attract the attention of the monster above him. He'd seen the world get huge again, and he hoped that he could just blend in.

He let out a roar of distress as he felt himself pinched in the sides and lifted into the air. His legs flailed in search of something solid to stand on, but it was all in vain. The ground shot downward and then disappeared entirely. He flew in an arc through the air, alternately squeezing his eyes closed to block out the terrifying heights and opening his eyes to fight off the terrible vertigo he felt with them closed. In front of him loomed an impossibly tall version of Chet's mom.

Despite his predicament, Vince couldn't help blushing on seeing that she was naked. But he didn't have long to think about that. As his body zoomed towards hers and her features became too large to comprehend, he suddenly felt his direction change. He cried out as she rotated her hand and he began flying backwards towards her. The claws that gripped him were far too large for him to look around, and he had no idea where he was going or what was about to happen.

He grunted as he came to an abrupt stop, standing, it seemed, on the side of a mountain. His feet pressed against something soft, with much more give than anything he'd felt recently. But to his surprise, they seemed to be sinking into the surface. He struggled, trying to free his feet, but he felt his body shoved deeper into the opening. He struggled harder, clawing at the enormous claws to get them to stop shoving him so roughly, but they showed no sign of relenting. He felt himself driven up to his waist into the fleshy surface. He kicked his legs in frustration and was surprised to feel how much he could move them. It was as if he had been pushed through a life preserver: only the spot at his waist was tight; beyond that, his legs could move quite a ways before running into the soft, rubbery sides of an underground tunnel. His panic momentarily dissolved into bewilderment, but it was short-lived.

He felt the claws release him, and he screamed, afraid that he would fall countless feet to the ground, yet to his surprise, the rubbery ground into which he'd been pushed held him firmly. No sooner had he made this discovery than an immense hand appeared in front of him and moved right towards his head. He struggled, trying to get away, but his waist was held firmly in place. The fingers bumped roughly into his head, and he winced in pain as they forcefully drove his body deeper into the ground. He screamed in terror, afraid he would be buried alive as the ground swallowed his torso and his arms and kept moving quickly towards his head.

The movement stopped abruptly, and the fingers lifted away. If he craned his head back, he could see a vast, open space out in front of him beyond a flesh-colored ridge that encircled his head. He could move his hands freely, but his shoulders would not budge.

"Ah, there we go! Now *this* is more like it!" Martha said, holding the camera up to her nipple. "Doesn't he look all snug up in there? Can you see him?"

She felt a sudden twinge in her nipple and shivered in pleasure.

"Ooh, he's moving around in there. It feels *really* good!"

She felt another twinge and grinned.

"Well, while that one's in there, what do you guys wanna do next?" she asked. "You guys decide while I go find the next one."

She glanced at the chat and shook her head, shivering again.

"No, you guys can't have this one; he feels *too* good to give up! He's staying right where he is."

Greg was beginning to get nauseous from all of the size changes. He'd gotten tiny, then bigger, then smaller, and now he was growing again. Worse than that, he was growing so fast that he nearly got stuck in his hiding space between two long, metal spears. In desperation, he rolled over on top of one of them just as his body got too big to fit between them. They continued to shrink under him until he realized there were, in fact, four of them, joined to a wider piece of metal. He quickly backed up onto the wider piece to avoid straddling the slippery protrusions and risk getting his hoof caught between them. He breathed a sigh of relief just as his body was snatched into the air.

"Wow, these things just keep changing size!" Martha said as she plucked a donkey off of her fork and held him up for the camera to see. "What do you think, guys? What should we do with him? Looks like you're up, m1cr0m3@L—what a weird screen name—what do you want to see?"

The viewer's response appeared, and Martha swallowed and grimaced a little.

"Eat it? Like...put it in my mouth and chew?" Her stomach turned. "I dunno if I can do that...I mean, look at him! He's kinda cute with those big, long ears!"

Another message popped up.

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“Bite his head off?” Martha grimaced harder and glanced from the tiny donkey in her hand to the screen and back. “Well...\$1500 *is* hard to turn down...”

She felt a little regretful as she brought the donkey to her face, but money was money, and she really wanted to get Chet a great Christmas present this year that she couldn’t afford if she didn’t really work it for the camera. She shrugged.

“All right, bottoms up!” she said enthusiastically.

Greg was frozen rigid. It felt like he’d been floating in space for hours, jerked up and down, turned this way and that, and he was exhausted from fear and disorientation. He suddenly felt himself moving again, this time less erratically, and he couldn’t help but shiver as the air got hotter and moister, with a strong, periodic gust that blew air onto him that was strangely mint-scented. In front of him loomed the giant face. He must have grown a lot, because the muzzle was only about twice as tall as he was. That seemed a relief to him—at least he wasn’t as helpless as he had been.

But as he moved closer and closer to the face, he saw the muzzle open, and he gasped as he saw immense teeth, each one as long as he was tall and dripping with saliva, moving closer and closer to him. Something clicked in the back of his mind, and he began braying in terror and kicking his legs, desperately trying to get away.

“No! Don’t eat me!” he cried. “I don’t want to be eaten! Please! Please, let me go!”

But the claws that held him only squeezed harder in response to his struggling. He felt the humidity and temperature increase drastically as the teeth loomed over his head and below his feet. He struggled harder, braying piteously to be let go. The claws stopped moving him forward, and he gasped.

“Y–yes, p–please...let me go?” he whimpered.

The claws moved him downwards. Teeth started rising below him, and he shivered in terror at their size. A huge, hot splash of saliva landed on the back of his neck, making him bray reflexively in fear.

The claws moved him to the side and continued lowering him between two of the teeth. Greg began to pant and then to hyperventilate as he felt his neck wedge in between them.

Suddenly the claws let go, and his body began to fall, pulling down on his neck and wedging it harder between the giant teeth. Suddenly, he couldn’t breathe. He tried to bray, but nothing would come out, tried to pant, but nothing would go in. He kicked and flailed in terror as he felt his head beginning to pound, his neck beginning to ache, and his vision beginning to go dark.

“Okay, guys,” Martha said, carefully holding her lower lip out of the way and standing close to her webcam. “Can you see him in there? Aww...I feel kinda bad for him, guys! Look at his little legs kicking. Poor guy must be terrified.”

A message popped up.

“Yeah, you’re right; it *would* be the kindest thing to do to just end it all for him right now.”

Still, she hesitated, not certain this was what she really wanted to do.

Greg’s body lurched as the teeth began dragging him upward. Despite the awful feeling of being asphyxiated, he knew what was coming next. Tears streamed down his face as he tried one last time to escape.

He felt something sharp stab into the back of his neck. He felt his neck give, and then he felt his body fall away from his head. He was dizzy and disoriented even as he continued to suffocate as his head fell and rolled around on a football-field-sized tongue. The tongue slanted and moved and pushed his head up onto something hard and rough, upside-down. He saw light for a moment, and then the cavernous mouth

that had him began to close. He felt pressure on his head—impossible pressure—and then it was crushed between two enormous molars.

“Wow, he’s...crunchy,” Martha said, holding her lip open as she chewed to give the audience the best view.

She grimaced and swallowed, then licked the bits of donkey skull from between her teeth and swallowed them. She glanced at the screen.

“No, I guess it wasn’t so bad,” she admitted in response to a question that had appeared. She frowned. “His body? Oh!”

She looked around and found the donkey’s body and neck. As she picked it up, the leg twitched involuntarily.

“Yeah, no...” she said. “I might consider eating one whole, but eating just the headless body...” She trailed off, shuddering as she threw the tiny donkey carcass in the trash.

“You know, it’s weird,” she said abruptly, frowning. “That one got a lot bigger, but the one in my nipple stayed the same size. I hope he doesn’t decide to get big on me! Hmm...I might oughtta get him out while I can.”

She pinched the back of her breast and began sliding her fingers forward rhythmically, effectively milking herself.

Vince panted, having worn himself out kicking and clawing and trying to get out of his frustrating prison, and his body sagged limply against the orifice that trapped him. All of a sudden, he felt his prison squeeze around his legs, and he instinctively jerked his legs back out of the way. It lasted only a moment before it disappeared, but then it came again. He felt the walls around his shoulders everting and trying to shove him back out.

“Yes!” he cried, struggling once more and trying to get free.

But suddenly, he felt the walls around him getting tighter, *much* tighter. They squeezed him so hard that he couldn’t breathe, and his fingers began to go numb from the lack of circulation.

“Oh, no!” Martha cried, scrambling with both hands to get the tiny fur out of her breast. “I shouldn’t have jinxed myself! It’s growing!”

She rushed to the bathroom and grabbed some tweezers and then flew back to her computer.

“O—okay,” she said, struggling to keep her hands steady as she brought the tweezers near. “I can see his head. I’m going to just grab onto that and try pulling while I rub my breast with the other hand.”

The ground around Vince began to turn red, and it suddenly got a lot hotter, making him sweat as two giant, shiny rectangles appeared out of nowhere and moved quickly towards his head. Vince struggled, afraid of what the rectangles would do. They plunged into the ground beside him and then quickly moved together, trapping his head between them. Vince screamed in pain and fear as they squeezed harder and harder against him.

Then they began pulling. Vince thought his head would pop right off his body, but as he continued to struggle, he felt the ground below him heave once more, trying to push him out. He wriggled as much as he could and felt himself slip forward.

He would have been elated, but the ground suddenly caught on his larger belly while the tweezers kept slipping forward, dragging his head with them. With an abrupt, sharp spike of pain, his head popped off his shoulders and was instantly smashed between the tweezers.

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“Okay, that was a bad idea,” Martha admitted as she wiped the tweezers, reached down and grabbed the bear’s torso, and pulled it out with a groan of pain. “Memo to self: don’t stick these things in your nipples,” she said as she ruefully looked at her inflamed breast.

“Okay, whoo, what’s next?” she asked as she deftly plucked a kangaroo from the backside of a paper towel holder.

She chuckled as she saw the screen. “All right, all right, I’ll eat him whole. Not gonna think too much about it this time: just gonna do it quick, like a Band-Aid.”

Charlie yelped as he was lifted off the ground and whisked high into the air. A large, fuzzy creature appeared in front of him as he zipped towards it. At the last minute, he shot straight up, his stomach lurching as he flew up above the creature. His eyes widened as a red cavern appeared below him with huge, white stalactites and stalagmites growing sideways. He gasped and struggled.

“N–no?” he managed.

The thing that held him dropped him, and he screamed as he plummeted towards the cavern. It rushed up around him, the projections zipped past his head, and he fell onto something hot, wet, and soft. He gasped and looked around, grateful to have landed in one piece.

The soft thing suddenly shifted under him, throwing him onto something hard. Before he could get his bearings, he saw the ceiling rush towards him. He cried out and threw his hands up defensively, but to no avail.

His body was crushed instantly.

“Okay, I’ll grant, that *did* taste better,” Martha said as she chewed and swallowed, “But come on, you guys, let’s do something fun! We’re running out of them!”

She reached over and grabbed a raccoon about the size of her thumb. “Come on: don’t you want to see me do something with this one, maybe, I dunno, put it up my pussy or something?”

Her ears pricked up. “Really? You do?”

She sighed and shook her head. “And then you want me to eat him.” She chuckled. “All right. You guys are the boss! At least I get to feel *something* in my pussy today!”

Chet and Billy looked at each other. All of their friends were gone, and they knew it was just a matter of time before they, too, perished. Chet didn’t even begin to hope that the giant monster would spare him just because she was his mom.

Billy never saw it coming. Chet’s eyes widened in terror, and he pointed. Billy swallowed and looked up, but too late. The claws descended, snatched him, and disappeared, just like that. Chet sobbed, but there were no more tears; his tear ducts were dry from mourning the loss of his other friends.

The raccoon yelped as he flew into the air, moving impossibly fast. The ground moved below him so rapidly that his vision was blurred. Before he knew it, he found himself flying between the walls of a canyon. The walls narrowed as he flew, terminating in a dead end that rushed toward him terrifyingly fast. At the end of the canyon loomed two vertical columns squeezed together with just the narrowest slit between them. Billy realized that there was no way that he’d fit if he ran into them. He screamed and flailed, but despite his protests and vain attempts to get away, the claws rushed him closer and closer to those forbidding pillars. He uttered a final scream and held his hands out defensively, cringing and squeezing his eyes closed as he slammed into them.

He gasped and opened his eyes, shocked to still be alive. The columns had parted, but he wasn’t out of the woods, yet. They immediately closed around him, sealing off the air and making it hard to breathe. He

was trapped in a pitch-black tunnel and still held firmly in place by the claws. It was wet and sticky inside, and it smelled really weird as Billy instinctively put his paws out and began feeling of the walls, trying to find a way out. The walls slurped against his fur, coating his body and outstretched hands with the thick, sticky stuff. Despite his predicament, Billy grimaced, cringed, and groaned aloud at the feeling.

He yelped as he felt himself abruptly drawn backwards. He sucked in a breath only to drive it back out as a terrified scream as the canyon disappeared below him and his body rushed straight up alongside a vast jungle of hair. The terrified raccoon gasped as the hair abruptly stopped and the giant face loomed before him.

Billy was paralyzed with fear, and for a moment, neither of them moved. All the raccoon could do was just stare up at those enormous eyes and silently beg them to let him go.

Without warning, he started moving again, and the eyes disappeared as the face's mouth opened. Billy squeezed his eyes closed, too afraid to say anything as he moved relentlessly towards that giant maw. He felt the temperature rise, felt the air grow damp and stagnant. He trembled all over, knowing that the end was coming, yet his body kept floating seemingly endlessly through the giant mouth, the air getting hotter and more humid by the moment. Sweat broke out all over his body and began to run off of him as he waited miserably for the inevitable to happen.

Finally unable to stand the uncertainty anymore, he opened his eyes just in time for a massive tongue to come sliding up against his body. He shuddered in revulsion as the tongue caressed all over him, yet the claws still grasped him, rendering his attempts to avoid the disgusting tongue futile. It was hotter and wetter even than the air, and it wrapped itself all over his body, caressing even his private parts and making him begin to cry in humiliation and helpless frustration.

All at once, he felt himself pulled back out and screamed as his body plummeted. Before he even recovered from the temperature shock of being back in the air, he found himself back in the canyon, heading straight for the pillars. Though he knew in the back of his mind that they would part again, he screamed instinctively as he was plunged once again into the murky depths of the tunnel. Once again, the slimy walls covered him in their slick, smelly fluids, and once again, he was whisked back up to the giantess's mouth.

He grimaced in anticipation of the tongue, just in time for it to once again begin rubbing itself all over him. He held his breath and told himself that soon he'd be going back down to the cave, but just as he finally found acceptance of that, he suddenly felt stabbing pain through his legs. He screamed in agony as the mouth bit them off. Bleeding profusely, his torso fell onto the tongue, which continued to rub all over him, seemingly savoring the taste of his quickly escaping life essence before sweeping him to the back of the giantess's mouth and positioning him between her molars. Billy screamed as they clamped down, crushing his hips and making his organs explode in a bloody splash.

Shock mercifully set in quickly after that. His head swam as what was left of his body slipped back onto the tongue and rolled around helplessly. Though he still had his lungs, his diaphragm had ruptured, and he found himself suffocating. Feelings of terror and acceptance competed as his will to live and the preternatural calm of shock vied for control of his mind.

But the decision whether to live or die was about to be taken away. Delirious and suddenly overwhelmed with exhaustion, he hardly noticed as the tongue moved him into position. He lay on his back, his vision coming and going as something white and jagged on the ceiling began to move towards him. The giant molars came down and crushed the life out of him.

Billy was no more.

"You know, that was actually kind of savory; I think I might actually get used to this—" Martha began, but as she checked the table, she realized there was only one of the tiny furs left.

"But hold that thought," she said, abruptly interrupting herself. "Okay, guys, you've been great, but this is the last one, and I have been wanting to do this all morning. Bidding is closed, but thank you all so much for all your support! Today has been my best show ever, and I really hope you'll stick around for the grand finale!"

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After all that had happened, Chet wanted to die. There was no way he would ever get over this. His mom had rarely even been strict with him, and now this? All he and his friends had done was sneak out! What kind of horrible punishment was this?! Surely his friends didn't deserve to die! No, this must be some kind of terrible trick, right, a way to scare him into behaving himself!

"Okay, okay!" he cried. "I promise, I'll never sneak out again! Just bring my friends back! Make this all go away! I don't want to be tiny anymore!"

He was so distraught that he didn't even notice the plate move silently above him. It suddenly got darker as the claws appeared over him. He swallowed and closed his eyes but held still. His heart pounded with terror—dying would be *scary*, he knew—but it was better than living with the knowledge that his mother had murdered each one of his friends one-by-one. Everything felt so surreal, so horrible, that he couldn't believe it was happening. It was like a terrible dream from which he couldn't wake.

His body soared through the air. He loved flying dreams, and any other time, this would be amazing. But convinced he would not survive, he endured it with dull surrender. He descended into a canyon and gasped as he came up on two swollen columns. He shuddered and held his paw to his mouth, stifling the urge to throw up.

No... he thought. Just kill me; I don't want to go in there!

But despite his silent pleas, the claws carried him relentlessly forward and thrust his body through the pillars. They parted and sordidly caressed his body, making the poor cub retch.

No...NO!

He felt himself dragged backward, his mom's labia rubbing against him again and covering him in her pussy-juice as he emerged. Over and over, his mom's claws pushed him into her and pulled him back out, pushed him in and pulled him out, using his body for her sexual enjoyment as he alternately gasped for air, retched, and wished for death.

"Please, Mom, stop!" he blubbered as he was pulled out of her pussy and thrust back in yet again.

As if in response, he felt himself shoved back inside and left there. His mom let go of him and then poked him with her finger, shoving him deep up inside her pussy. At first, he was disoriented as her lips closed, plunging him into darkness and making breathing difficult, but fighting to keep his wits about him, he turned and began moving downhill, desperately hoping to break free before he suffocated.

In his haste, he lost his footing, slipped, and screamed as he slid towards the entrance. He braced for impact and what would probably be his inevitable death as he plunged to the ground on passing through his mom's vagina.

But it was all for nothing. He slammed into her labia, but they refused to part. Bewildered and beginning to feel the effects of the lack of oxygen, he began pounding on his mom's pussy from the inside and scratching plaintively to get out, but his mom's gates barred his egress. All thoughts of quietly accepting his fate vanished. He realized that he was too afraid to die—not like this, suffocating inside his mother's womb! He began clawing desperately and begging his mother to please let him out. He felt his head pounding, felt his lungs burning as they gasped for air. He threw his whole body at her again and again, but no matter what he did, the walls would not budge.

"Ooh! Oh, my! Oh...yeah...yeah!" Martha cried as she felt an increasing tingling, rubbing, and clawing feeling building inside her pussy. "It must want out really badly! But it's not getting out until I cum!"

She pressed her finger inside, driving the tiny fur back up against her G-spot, where it continued its desperate clawing as she quickly retracted her finger and pinched her vaginal lips closed again. She felt herself on the verge of orgasm and stroked her clit with a free finger.

"Ooh...I'm close....*really, really* close," she said, her voice quavering for the camera while the chat blew up with encouragement.

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“Oh—oh, shit—augh!” she cried as she felt herself squirt and her vagina contract hard against the sudden flood of fluids trapped inside her by her pinched-shut labia.

Chet feebly pounded against the side of his prison, his mind beginning to succumb to delirium. Suddenly, the walls around him shuddered, and he grunted as they clamped down tightly around him, squeezing the air out of him. As abruptly as they squeezed, they suddenly let him go, and his chest automatically inflated, giving him a much-needed breath of air. Though still low in oxygen, it was enough to make him shake his head to clear it and resume pounding in earnest. Again, the walls clamped down, squeezing the air out of him. The temperature rose sharply, and Chet thought he would die right then in the pressure-cooker that was his mother’s vagina.

He was too distracted by the lack of air to see or hear the rush of liquid behind him. Without warning, the entire passage was flooded, and he felt his head go under. His mother’s walls chose that moment to release, and before he could stop himself, Chet instinctively sucked in a lungful of fluid. His eyes bulged in terror. He coughed, desperately trying to clear his lungs, but he only managed to suck in more of his mother’s orgasmic fluids. Panicked, he tried to scream for help, but with no air in his lungs, nothing would come out. His lungs burned from lack of air, his eyes and nose burned from exposure to his mom’s acidic juices, and his head ached and screamed at him that he needed air while simultaneously screaming at itself that there was none to be had. Those last moments were filled with pain, terror, and the growing, chilling knowledge that he was dying. His body gave a last, desperate jerk to try to keep him conscious, twitching helplessly in its death-throes, but it was all in vain.

Chet expired and lay still, snuffed out by the very vagina that had birthed him.

“Whoo...that was...*amazing*,” Martha sighed, finally releasing her pussy and letting its contents splash out of her as she shivered in ecstasy. “Hoo, boy...I gotta do *that* more often!”

She rested a few moments in post-coital haze amid a flurry of accolades before dreamily glancing at the clock.

She gasped and suddenly snapped out of her haze.

“Oh, shoot! You guys have been great, but I gotta go get my son; he was at a sleepover, and I’m sure the birthday boy’s parents are waiting for me!”

The chat wished her well and thanked her for an amazing show, all 1200 of her viewers already eagerly awaiting her next performance. She shut off her webcam and quickly wiped herself off, scooped the dead fur off the ground, and flushed him down the toilet.

“Hoo,” she said, shuddering at the thought of the feelings she’d just had, “That was probably the best orgasm I’ve ever had! I can’t *wait* to do that again; I just gotta find a new source of tiny furs! But for now, I need to go get Chet. I hope he had fun!”

She hurriedly got her clothes on and walked over to her neighbor’s.

“Hey, Jeanne,” she said when Derek’s mother answered the door, “I’m here to get Chet; did they all have a good time?”

Jeannie smiled. “They must have really worn themselves out,” she said, chuckling. “I haven’t heard a peep from them all morning!” She turned around behind her and called, “Derek, Chet, boys, it’s time to get up! Chet’s mom is here!”