

“Okay, girls! Stick together! It’s easy to get lost in the mall!” Mrs. Brown called out, in vain.

The Brown family had come to the mall today to do some Christmas shopping. It was *supposed* to be a simple trip, but her four daughters were already chomping at the bit to rush into the mall by themselves.

“Ooh, I wanna go to the food court!” Stacey was speaking excitedly.

“No, I wanna go to the music store!” Marissa argued back.

“I wanna go home...” Leslie complained. Beside her, her twin, Casie, had an identical look of boredom on her face.

Mrs. Brown sighed. She’d hoped that today would be an easy day. She’d even worn her favorite dress, the one that really showed off her cleavage. After all, as a single mother, she was eager to get hit on today. “No, girls, we have to stay together!”

“Aw, *Mom!*” Her daughter complained as one. “Why?”

“Because this is a normal person mall!” Mrs. Brown rolled her eyes. “It’s dangerous for people like us! You know that!” For a normal family, it would have been easy. But the Brown family was not a normal family.

Each and every member, from mother to daughters, was less than six inches tall. The tiny family was not unique in that aspect, but tinies were rather rare these days. And it wasn’t because of a low birthrate, but rather a higher...

“Wait, where’s Stacey?” Mrs. Brown had reached for her purse for only a moment. Looking up, there were only three Brown daughters in front of her.

Marissa pushed up her glasses, as Casie and Leslie shrugged. “Uh... She went that way, Mom.” Marissa pointed off to the right.

“Dammit, Stacey! We haven’t even done the Santa photos yet...” Glancing off to the right, the tiny mother tried to see where her daughter had gone, but the sea of normal-sized legs made it impossible. “Ugh... I guess we’ll have to find her later. You three can just... Where’s Marissa?”

Casie and Leslie shrugged again. The twins were almost identical, with the same haircut and small breasts. “Guess she went to the music store?” Casie chuckled to herself.

“Damn, guess we’ll have to just go to a cafe and wait for them to find us!” Leslie suggested, as she and her twin began to turn away. “See you later, Mom... Ah!”

Grabbing her remaining daughters by their ears, Mrs. Brown pulled them away. "Oh, no, you don't!" The tiny mother wasn't going to let this trip be entirely ruined this early. "You two are going to get your photo taken with Santa, young ladies! And no more about it!"

This year, 'Santa' wasn't even trying to look the part. The woman sitting on the cheap plastic throne had pale skin marred by several tattoos and dark hair that fell to her waist. Underneath the several sizes too small Santa dress, she was brimming with muscles. She hadn't even bothered with a beard. In all honesty, this Santa would have looked more at home in a gym commercial... or a police line-up.

"Hey, hey, kids... Urrp!" 'Santa' gave the Brown family a nasty grin as they approached. "Shit... I knew I hit the bottle too early..."

"What was that?" Beside her, a rather surly looking red headed teenager dressed as an elf shot her an irritated look.

"I said, I loooove Christmas!" 'Santa' held up her hands, with the fakest smile that Casie and Leslie had ever seen. "Okay, you girls climb up on... *hic*... Santa's lap!" Sitting up in the chair... *throne*, the tattooed woman moved her legs, revealing an enormous bulge in her dress. Clearly, this Santa was packing some serious heat.

Mrs. Brown checked her watch, and then frowned. "Dammit... I guess I'll just have to get Stacey and Marissa's photos later. Okay, you two girls get your photos taken with Santa. One at a time, you know the drill."

"Seriously, Mom?" Leslie lowered her voice, trying not to look at the female Santa's manhood. That red dress only reached down so far, and her black underwear was not shy about showing the shape of her balls from this angle. "Can't we do this another day? This Santa looks like a fucking *felon*..."

"Leslie!" Mrs. Brown shot her daughter a chastising glare. "Christmas is *not* a time to be judgemental! You don't know anything about this woman. Now, get up on her lap already, we don't have all day..." Her eyes finally settled on the female Santa's groin. "Oh gosh!"

"Santa!" The 'elf' shot the tattooed woman a nasty look. "For the last time, close your legs! You're not being family-friendly!"

'Santa' just rolled her eyes. "Jesus, Samantha, my fucking parole officer is less of a dick than you are!" With a huffy look on her face, the female Santa closed her legs. "Fuck, I hate this fucking job..."

Casie gave the tattooed woman a disgusted look and turned back to her mother. "See, Mom?"

Mrs. Brown rolled her eyes. "So what? She's on *parole*, girls! That means they let her out because she's a good person!"

"Thanks! What about you, cutie pie?" 'Santa' grinned down at Mrs. Brown, licking her lips. "You wanna sit on my lap today too? Special offer..."

"Oh, you!" Mrs. Brown giggled softly and waved her hand. "Please, not in front of my little girls!"

"*Mom!*" Casie blushed in irritation. "Seriously, I'm eighteen! Stop treating me like a kid!" She folded her arms under her breasts, trying to emphasize her rather impressive breasts. Well, impressive for a tiny. "And stop flirting with 'Santa'!"

Mrs. Brown shot her daughter an irritated glare. "I'm not flirting, honey. I'm just being friendly!" She waved her hand. "Now, you jump up on this nice Santa's lap and take a photo."

"Yeah, hop on up, missie." The female Santa chuckled lecherously, making Casie and her sister shudder slightly. "You just hop up here with your little adult body, I'm sure I've got something nice and hard to sit on... Damn, you really *ain't* a kid, are you?"

"Ugh..." Leslie shot her sister a look of disgust. "Where'd they hire this bitch from? The sex offender registry?"

"Whatever..." Built into the side of the 'throne' was a set of tiny steps. Casie made her way toward them. "Let's just get this over w- HEY!" She cried out, as the female Santa reached down and picked her up.

Dropping the tiny girl into her lap, the tattooed woman chuckled. "Damn, saved you some time, didn't I?"

"You're not supposed to pick us up!" Casie complained. "It's so rude!"

"Whaaaaatever..." 'Santa' clearly couldn't care less. "Just be glad I didn't drop you onto my boner."

Beside her, the redheaded 'elf' let out a deep sigh. "Jesus, I'm so reporting your ass after this..." She muttered under her breath, as she walked over to the mounted camera. "Alright, big happy smiles..." She said, in possibly the least excited voice ever.

Perched on the buff woman's knee, Casie glared up at 'Santa' "Hey, stop flirting with my mom, you creep."

'Santa' snorted. "Hey, if you don't want people flirting with your mom, try not having such a hot mom..."

“Ugh... I swear, they lower the standards on mall Santa’s every year...” Casie tried to smile for the camera, while ignoring the huge penis-shaped lump only inches away from her.

“Say ‘cheese’...”

Click!

“There we go...” The redheaded ‘elf’ picked up the tablet on the table beside her and pulled up the photo. “How’s this look, Miss?”

Mrs. Brown stared at the photo for a moment, and then put her hands on her hips. “Well... I don’t know... What do you think, Leslie? Have a look at your sister here.”

As they looked at the photo, ‘Santa’ tapped Casie on the shoulder. “Hey kid...” The tattooed woman grinned down at her. “Wanna see what I went to jail for?”

“Oh, I guess it’ll have to do.” Mrs. Brown sighed and turned back to her daughter and ‘Santa’... Actually, just ‘Santa’. “Hey, where’s Casie?” Mrs. Brown looked around, confused. The female Santa’s lap was empty, and her daughter was nowhere to be seen.

‘Santa’ let out a rather nasty burp. “Urrp... Uh... She jumped off and ran away.” The tattooed woman grinned, patting her belly. “Guess she got sick of sitting on Santa’s rock hard lap...” She chuckled, wiping her mouth with her wrist.

Mrs. Brown let out a sigh. “Dang it, Casie! Stacey and Marissa ran off, and now her too? We still have to take the photo for the whole family!” She looked around for her missing daughter, trying to see where Casie had run off to. “Which way did she go? Did you see?”

“Oh, she definitely went *down*...” The female Santa chuckled. “All the way down... stairs.” Then, she looked slightly concerned. “You can’t call her, can you?”

“Oh, they don’t make phones our size.” Mrs. Brown sighed deeply. “Hold on, I’ll go look for her. Sweetie, you just stay *right here*.” She pointed at Leslie and frowned. “If you join your sisters, you’ll be in big trouble, young lady.”

As her mother walked away, Leslie turned back to ‘Santa’. “She ran away?” The tiny girl asked, raising an eyebrow. “That doesn’t sound like my sister. She hates running.”

“Heh... Probably why she was so juicy around the thighs...” ‘Santa’ chuckled. Her stomach let out a nasty gurgle. “Why, you got a different theory, tiny?”

Leslie opened her mouth to retort, but the ‘elf’ got there first. “Uh... It’s mall policy not to be rude to customers, even if they’re tinies.” The redhead complained.

“So what? Report me, bitch.” ‘Santa’ bared her teeth at her ‘elf’. “Find out what happens if you do!”

“Oh yeah?” The ‘elf’ folded her arms, pushing her breasts up. “What’s gonna happen? You gonna rape me, like you went to fucking prison for?”

“Hey, you’re not allowed to tell people that!” ‘Santa’ slapped her groin, making her erection bounce around. “I’ll come to your house tonight and fuck your freckled ass until you can’t fucking walk!”

The redhead snorted, and gave the tattooed woman the middle finger. “You ever heard of the Castle Doctrine? My address is in the pay stub registry, Jenny! Should be easy to find! Break in and find out what happens!” With that, she stormed off.

‘Santa’ and Leslie watched her go, the redhead’s ass bouncing with every furious flounce. “Oh damn, she powermoved me!” The tattooed woman grinned and rubbed her hands together. “Alright, *bitch*. Let’s see you be cocky like that when my cock is painting your ovaries white... You’re still fucking here?” She seemed to finally notice Leslie again. “What the fuck do you want, kid?”

Leslie folded her arms. “I wanna know where my sister is.” Her eyes narrowed. “You know where she went, don’t you?”

“You’re right...” ‘Santa’ admitted, throwing up her hands. Then, she looked around for Mrs. Brown. “I’ll show you exactly where your sister went, kid...”

A few minutes later, Mrs. Brown returned, looking vaguely annoyed. “I’m so sorry about that!” She said to the female Santa. “My daughters can be so rude, now that they’re adults...” Mrs. Brown then frowned. “Dammit... And Leslie’s gone now too. I knew she’d run off!”

“*Ulp!*” ‘Santa’ covered her mouth and swallowed loudly, and then grinned at Mrs. Brown. “Well, you know teenagers and malls. Keeping them in one place is...” Her stomach let out a loud rumble. “Ooh... Hard work. They’re so *squirmy*...”

“Yeah, they can be a handful.” The tiny mother sighed. “Honestly, they’re going to get themselves into trouble someday!”

“Oh, I don’t think you’ll have to worry about that.” ‘Santa’ patted her stomach, chuckling softly. “Shit happens... Or will happen, I guess!”

Mrs. Brown smiled at the tattooed woman. “That’s true.” She sighed. “Can I just say, it’s so nice to see a woman like yourself working in such a family-friendly job? It’s really inspirational! You must have struggled so much in prison...”

“Yeah, real awful!” The female Santa shifted on her throne awkwardly. “Ooh yeah...” The female Santa moaned, rubbing her crotch. The red skirt did little to hide the shape of her cock and balls, and it was obvious that she was almost fully erect now. “Oh damn, I gotta hit the toilets...”

“Oh...” Mrs. Brown gave the tattooed woman a look of concern. “Are you not feeling well?”

As if on cue, a gurgling sound emanated from the female Santa’s abs. “Just something I ate...” She grinned, covering her groin as she stood up. “And no, I feel pretty damn good...”

Mrs. Brown watched as the female Santa awkwardly walked over towards the public toilets. If she didn’t know better, then she could have sworn that the tattooed woman’s tight stomach was squirming with a couple of tiny bulges...

Sitting in the food court, Stacey Brown was blissfully unaware that she’d just become the eldest daughter of her family. As the most fashionable of the Brown family, she wore her black hair in a ponytail, and wore a pretty blue dress and high-leg leather boots.

The food court of the mall could be a dangerous place for a tiny, but Stacey had been willing to risk being stepped on to get her prize; a precious blend of boba tea in tiny-size, the trendiest drink among tiny girls right now. It was so small that it only had a single tapioca pearl floating in it, but it still cost the same amount as a regular-sized one.

Sitting at one of the tables, the tiny girl was flipping through a fashion magazine as she sipped her tea, wondering where she should go shopping next. She knew she had to be careful to avoid her mother until it came time to leave, otherwise Mrs. Brown wouldn’t let her out of her sight. Stacey wanted to do some *special* shopping today.

There was an underwear store on the upper floor of the mall that specialized in tiny girl sizes. Even better, it was going through some kind of closing down sale, so everything would be cheap. And Stacey needed some good underwear if she was going to start the OnlyFans career that she wanted...

“...only wanted to fuck him to get higher grades.” Stacey blinked and looked up, as a rather bratty voice came toward her. “I mean, I guess he’s hotter than most of my teachers, but he wouldn’t even give me an ‘A’ unless he could do it raw with me. I told him, ‘Babe, the only reason I’m fucking you is so that I don’t have to study, you really think I wanna have your fucking baby...’ Wait, what the fuck?”

Stacey looked up from where she was sitting. Three normal-sized girls were standing beside her table, glaring down at her.

“Uh... Can I *help* you?” The tiny girl sipped on her boba tea, glaring right back at the three girls.

“Uh...” The leader of the three girls had her hair bound in twin-tails. She was wearing a tube top and a pair of jean shorts that left her brown tummy visible as she walked. Instantly, Stacey got a ‘bitch’ vibe from this girl. “You’re in our spot, tiny.”

“The name’s ‘Stacey’.” Rolling her eyes, the tiny girl didn’t make any attempt to move. She’d gotten here first, after all.

The twin-tailed girl grinned. “Oh! I’m so sorry! I didn’t realize we were introducing ourselves. I’m Emilia~♥!” She posed with her fingers in a V-shape, sticking her tongue out like an anime character. “So nice to meet you, Stacey! Go park your basic bitch ass somewhere else~♥!” Behind her, her two flunkies giggled.

Stacey couldn’t believe the audacity of this bitch. “Wow! No!” She snorted, actually amused by the absurdity of the situation. “Go sit at *any* of the dozen empty tables instead, asshole.” She waved her hand. Indeed, the food court was barely a quarter full at this time of day.

“Uh, yeah, no.” Emilia waved her hand dismissively. “This is *our* spot, tiny. We come here every day after school.” She held up her fingers, as if she was holding Stacey between them from her perspective. “Seriously, who ever heard of a tiny who talks back to normal people?”

“Don’t care.” Stacey mimed a yawn. “And you’re a prejudiced prick, so I’m not moving.”

“Oh, yeah? Then *don’t* move.” The twin-tailed girl turned to the redhead beside her. “Hold my drink, Rach.” Her friend took her drink, smirking. Emilia turned back to Stacey, and began to unzip her jean shorts...

Uh oh.

“W-wait, what are you doing?” Stacey sat up, holding her magazine against her breasts. “What are you... Holy shit, what the fuck?!”

In the middle of the food court, Emilia pulled her shorts and panties down to her thighs. “Don’t mind me!” She grinned at Stacey. “You can just stay right there, tiny. I’ll take a seat...”

As the twin-tailed girl advanced, Stacey scrambled backward, dropping her magazine and boba tea. “W-wait!” She squeaked, as the shadow of the bitch loomed over her. Giggling, Emilia turned around and began to bend over. “I’ll move, I’ll move, just don’t... Oh God!”

The chocolate star loomed above her, pulsating with a terrible hunger. Then, it descended like a predator, eager to swallow its prey whole.

“Here we go~♥!” Emilia chuckled as she turned around and plopped her ass down on the seat. “Well, I guess food does live at the food court, so... Ooh!” As her bare ass slapped down on the cheap plastic seat, the twin-tailed girl’s eyes twitched as she felt Stacey’s head slip into her ass.

“Did you get her?” The redhead asked, as she and the blonde casually slid into the seat opposite Emilia.

“Sure... did...!” Emilia let out a soft moan of pleasure as she felt the tiny’s shoulders slide into her anus. “Ooh... Now, *that’s* how you do anal. Seriously, Mister Jones should take some fucking notes.”

The blonde handed her back her drink, as the redhead let out a sigh. “At least your guy *does* anal! My boyfriend says it’s too gross for him. Oh, but he has *nooo* problem with me rimming him...”

“You two *seriously* gotta turn gay.” The blonde rolled her eyes. “I don’t have these kinda problems with my girlfriends.”

“Seriously...” Emilia wiggled her hips as she spoke, working slowly to slurp the tiny girl into her ass. “You gotta dump that boyfriend of yours, Rach. He’s *such* a loser nowadays.”

“Ugh...” The redhead she was speaking to groaned, sipping her soda. “He used to be the top football player, but now he’s, like... *third* best.” She sighed deeply. “Tee bee haytch, I’ve been thinking of dumping him for one of the freshmen lately.”

The blonde beside her grinned. “Ooh? Guy or girl?”

“She means a guy, you fucking idiot dyke.” As she reached down to stroke her pussy, Emilia rolled her eyes. “Just cause you rub yourself at night imagining us, doesn’t mean we’re gonna go gay for you, Steph.”

“You wish, whore. I’m fingering half the cheerleading team, I only think about you in between girls.” The blonde chuckled, and then she elbowed the redhead playfully. “Hey, forget the freshman. What about that guy, Brad? He just got into the Nationals for tennis! Isn’t he your type? Tall, sporty, *successful*...”

The redhead raised her eyebrow. “Well, yeah, Brad’s hot as fuck. But doesn’t he have a girlfriend already?”

Emilia snorted. “Bitch, who cares? Get after him! If the girl makes a stink about it, we’ll put her in her place.” As if to punctuate her point, the twin-tailed girl flexed her sphincter, pulling Stacey a little deeper inside her bowels.

Trapped deep within Emilia, the tiny girl could do little other than groan in agony. The innards of the bitch's ass were deathly tight and burning hot, and Stacey could already tell that she wouldn't last long. Not when she was being crushed by a load of Emilia's...

"S-shit..." Stacey groaned, her voice already weak. "N-not like this... I don't wanna die like this..."

"I know!" Emilia clicked her fingers, grinning at her redheaded friend. "I'll seduce Brad and fuck him, and when his girlfriend finds out, she'll dump him." She reached down and pulled down her tube top, flashing her friends some impressive cleavage. "One look at these babies, and Brad'll forget all about his girl. And then, you can move in afterward and claim him."

"Seriously?! You'd do that for me, Emilia?" The redhead seemed quite enamored with the sight of her friend's breasts, as did the blonde beside her. "That'd be awesome!"

Emilia chuckled. "Hey, what are friends for? Just don't tell *my* boyfriend, or I'll have to find a new one myself... Ooh!" She suddenly shifted in her seat, biting her lip.

"You okay, Em?" The blonde asked, frowning. "Is that bitch from before giving you trouble? You want me to..." She mimed sliding her fingers into a hole.

"Nah, the opposite." The twin-tailed girl grinned, her cheeks turning red. "She's about to... Ugh!"

Only Stacey's feet were outside Emilia's asshole now. With a terrible hunger, the girl's colon seemed eager to swallow the tiny girl. Trapped inside the tight bowels of her enemy, Stacey could no longer struggle. Locked in a fleshy, boiling prison, she could do nothing but suffer as she was dragged deeper and deeper into her own personal hell.

"Oh God..." Stacey gasped, her voice all but gone. "I died like this... Fuck my life..."

Emilia took a deep breath, and then flexed her abdominal muscles, twisting slightly in her seat. With a sudden sting of pleasure, the tiny girl was slurped fully into her anus. "Ahh..." The girl moaned, feeling her asshole start to tighten back up once more. She could feel the tiny girl inside her abdomen, sealed inside her.

"Slut just became my butt-food." The twin-tailed girl declared, a half-aroused smirk on her face. "One less tiny in the world."

Both of her friends bit their lip at the same time, near identical looks of arousal on their faces. "Damn..." The blonde grinned at her. "You're one cold bitch, Em. You just killed a person for sitting in your seat."

“You know you love it, bitches.” Emilia reached down and pulled up her shorts again, zipping up with a smug grin. Leaning back in her seat, the twin-tailed girl slurped on her soda. “And I didn’t kill a person. Just a tiny...”

Far across the mall, Marissa Brown was quite unaware that she’d just become an only child.

Nodding her head up and down, the tiny girl was only aware of the music playing from her cheap music player in her backpack, as she browsed the CD aisle of the tech store. The youngest of the Brown family was a bit of a tomboy, her black hair cropped short, and her flannel shirt and denim shorts cut even smaller with a knife after she’d bought them. Marissa had become quite used to just blaring her music in public. Even the fact that it was an anime theme song didn’t seem to bother her.

“Excuse me...” A slightly irritated voice called out to her, from the end of the aisle. Marissa looked up and saw the shop clerk. She was a large woman, broad shouldered with a crew cut. If the tiny girl didn’t know better, she would have assumed that the shop clerk was a man. Especially with the rather large bulge in her skirt. “Could you turn off that music? Or at least use headphones? It’s quite loud.”

“No can do, honey.” Marissa pushed up her thick-rimmed glasses. “Until they can make microchips small enough to make headphones in tiny size, I’m afraid I’m gonna have to just live my life out loud.” She gestured to the music player in her backpack. “Didn’t see a ‘no playing music’ sign in the store window.”

“Ugh...” The shop clerk frowned. “Look, just turn it down, would you?”

Marissa rolled her eyes. “Fine, if it’ll get you to stop bothering me.” Reaching up, she turned the knob, and the music decreased in volume. “There, does that get your dick in less of a twist, lady?” While there hadn’t been a ‘no playing music’ sign in the store window, there *had* been a ‘no jerking off’ sign. No wonder this futanari was in such a frump.

The store clerk looked like she wanted to retort, but she just sighed and walked away. Marissa took a moment to admire the woman’s ass as she left. In that skirt, the clerk’s toned butt was quite a sight.

Marissa waited a few moments after the clerk had left. And then, chuckling, the tiny tomboy reached up and turned her music back up. “Stupid dick-bitch...” She muttered to herself, grinning. Then, she went back to checking out the CDs, as she nodded her head to the music.

Unbeknownst to the rather smug tomboy, someone was watching her. Peering out from the other end of the aisle, a mop of black hair was studying her.

“Oh shit...” The girl watched Marissa for a long moment, her eyes slightly unfocused. “Is that a tiny...?” She tugged at the black spiky collar around her neck, as she licked her lips.

This girl seemed vaguely confused. Her eyes were slightly red, and it was *possible* that she'd just smoked something illegal in the parking lot about twenty minutes ago. Her black backpack had a skateboard sticking out of it, and it was probably lucky for her that the mall security went easy on futanari, since they'd almost certainly find plenty of interesting substances inside.

She was dressed in dark clothes... Well, actually she wasn't really dressed in many clothes at all. As she stepped into the aisle, it became apparent that this skater chick had taken a minimalist approach to her style. Her black shirt, with a design of the three wolves howling at the and her black underwear was quite visible, though whether that was intentional or just a fashion oversight was hard to tell. The front of her shorts had a bulge that marked her as a futanari.

“Uh, can I help you?” The skater girl flinched as Marissa called out to her. The tiny tomboy was looking back at her, looking somewhere between confused and annoyed.

“Oh shit... You noticed me...” The teenage futanari seemed surprised.

“I mean, I can *smell* you from here, dude.” Marissa rolled her eyes. She knew what weed smelt like.

The skater girl blinked for a few seconds. “Oh, yeah... Sorry...” She said at last, putting her hands in her pockets. Her shorts were so short that her fingers poked out from the bottom of the cheap leather. “Is it really that obvious...?”

“You're like a walking pot farm.” The tiny tomboy smirked at her own joke. “How'd you get in here without the shop clerk throwing you out? She pitched a fit at me playing music.”

“There's a shop clerk...?” The teenage futanari's eyes unfocused for a few seconds, as she stared at the wall. Then, she blinked and refocused. “Oh... Yeah. You're pretty cute, what's your... I mean, what's your name, cutie?”

Marissa snorted. “The name's Marissa.” She gave the skater girl a look up and down, and seemed to like what she saw. “You're pretty cute too. What's yours?”

“Dani...” The skater girl looked down at the CDs. Part of her brain was screaming at her that there was a joke to be made here, but she felt too hazy to figure it out. “Oh... I'm a futa, by the way.”

“Oh yeah, I can see.” Marissa snorted again. “You futanari sure like to advertise.”

Dani blinked slowly, and then looked down at her shorts. “Oh, shit... I'm getting a boner...” She chuckled to herself slowly. “Fuuuuck... Why's weed always make me so horny...?”

“Dunno.” Marissa bit her lip and looked around. After satisfying herself that they were alone, the tiny tomboy grinned up at Dani. “Y’know, it makes me pretty horny too... If you’re willing to share, that is.”

Dani was a bit too hazy to understand that the tiny girl was making a pass at her. “Ugh...” She grabbed her shorts, feeling them becoming tight as her cock began to stiffen. “Shit... I better go to the toilet and crank one... Wait.” She blinked, and began to look around.

“Huh?” Marissa let go of the CD she was holding. “You okay?”

“Yeah... I will be...” The skater girl seemed to satisfy herself that no-one was watching. “Hey, I’m just gonna shove you down my schlong real quick, okay?”

The tiny tomboy raised an eyebrow. “You’re gonna...” Then, the teenage futanari’s words caught up with her brain. “W-wait, are you seri- AH!”

Grabbing Marissa as quickly as she could, Dani covered the tiny girl’s mouth with her finger. “Hey, no screaming! We’ll get caught...” The skater girl chuckled as she began to unzip her shorts. A moment later, her pale cock sprang out, already almost fully erect. “Hey, how often am I gonna get the chance to schlurp a tiny like this... Ow!”

Marissa bit her predator’s finger as hard as she could. Unfortunately for her, her teeth couldn’t even break the pale skin.

“Ooh...! That’s kinda nice...” Dani giggled to herself, as she pulled off the tiny tomboy’s backpack. The cheap music player fell out, rolling across the floor of the aisle. “Heh... Bite me more, tiny!”

Struggling in the teenage futanari’s grip, Marissa could do little other than let out muffled cries of anger.

“Heh... She’s hungry...” Dani licked her lips, as she grabbed her cock with her other hand. Already, precum was oozing from its tip. “Don’t worry, you won’t last long in my nuts...” Then, she hesitated. The futanari knew that there was usually some kind of cool kill line in this situation. Some kinda humiliating one-liner to really rub it in the prey’s face.

Dani’s bloodshot eyes roamed around the aisle for a moment. “Oh shit...” There was something here, she knew it. “CDs...” She said, as her eyes wandered. “My nuts...” Oh god, there was something there, but her brain was a little too blazed to think properly. “You wanna... see-deeze my dick... No, that’s not right...”

Marissa's tiny face went pale as she came level with Dani's throbbing, pale cock. Staring down into the hot, sticky hole that was drooling with precum, the tiny girl could feel the heat on her face. "Mmh!" She tried to scream, but Dani's finger was blocking her.

"Ah... Fuck it..." The teenage futanari gave up. Whatever pun could be made with 'CDs' and 'nuts' was eluding her. "Whatever, down you go..."

"MMMPH!" Marissa screamed, as the penis surged forward hungrily. "MMM-!"

With a wet *schlorp*, her head sank into Dani's cockhole with ease. As the futanari and her penis drooled hungrily, the tiny tomboy was stuffed into the waiting erection.

"Oh, shit yeah..." Dani groaned, as she felt the tiny girl sliding down her penis. "Weed always gives me the fucking munchies..."

The outline of Marissa's body bulged against the tight skin of the futanari's penis, as she was sucked down Dani's urethra. Within mere seconds, only her legs were wiggling outside the pale girl's penis.

With a look of satisfaction, Dani pressed her finger against the soles of Marissa's shoes and pushed her fully inside her cockhole. She felt, rather than heard, the tiny girl scream inside her.

"Aw, fuck yeah..." Dani groaned, as she felt the tiny girl being swallowed down by her cock. Giving her cock a few gentle pumps, the futanari shuddered in pleasure as she felt Marissa's body slithering into her testicles.

Pulling her shorts down to her knees, the skater girl watched with dull satisfaction, as the shape of Marissa slowly began to fill up her balls. After a few moments, the futanari's testicles were bulging with the shape of a very unlucky tiny girl. As Dani watched, Marissa began to struggle feebly inside her.

"Yeah, struggle for me, cutie..." Dani moaned, feeling her balls begin to digest the tiny girl she'd just met. "Come on..."

Leaning back against the shelves, the skater girl began to jerk off. Cupping her balls, Dani rubbed the head of her penis with her thumb. Within a few minutes of masturbation, the futanari knew from experience, the tiny girl would be nothing more than a thick load that was ready to be shot out...

"*Ahem...!*" The sound of a deep voice clearing their throat made the skater girl jump.

The store clerk was standing at the other end of the aisle. Her muscular arms were crossed, and there was a deeply dour expression on her face. Beside her in the shop window was a sign

that said 'NO JERKING OFF'... and at her feet was the fallen music player, still blaring Marissa's shitty anime music.

Dani blinked slowly. She glanced down, at where there was a very obvious Marissa-shaped bulge in her nuts. "Um... I can explain."

The shop clerk just shook her head. Raising her high heel, she placed it on top of Marissa's music player and crushed it flat. The music made a squeak before being silenced. "Young lady..." The huge, muscular woman frowned.

The skater girl gulped nervously. "Y-yeah...?" She asked, as Marissa feebly struggled inside her ballsack.

The shop clerk sighed deeply, and then grinned lecherously at Dani. "You need some company?" She asked, rubbing the bulge in her tight skirt.

Dani looked down and bit her lip. "S-sure..."

"Ooh, fuck!" Stroking her long, thick cock, 'Santa' moaned as she felt the two tiny twins inside her belly being digested. "Fuck yeah! Melt in there, you stupid little tinies!" She could feel the unmoving shapes of the two girls slowly losing shape. "Yeah... Yeah... Shit yeah!"

Clenching her tattooed fist around her cock, the female Santa's balls began to pulsate. A moment later, a thick spurt of jizz shot out of the end of her penis. Not even bothering to try and care where she was jizzing, 'Santa' just kept jerking off. The tiles of the mall employee toilet were already caked with her dried sperm.

Casie and Leslie had stopped struggling somewhere around the second orgasm. Whether they'd died, or just lost the ability to move as they were digested alive, 'Santa' didn't know or care.

"Ooh... Hell yeah." 'Santa' didn't bother to try and clean up. Wiping her cummy hand all over her red Santa dress, the minimum wage mall Santa sat back on the toilet, watching her pale cock throb as it softened. "I am soooo getting fired from this job... Oh?"

Feeling a new pressure at her back door, 'Santa' let out a groan. She hadn't noticed while she'd been whacking off, but both Casie and Leslie had made their way through her bowels by now. Enough of their bodies had been melted into soup and absorbed by her intestines that 'Santa' could now feel the two girls piling up inside her colon.

“Ooh, shit...” ‘Santa’ chuckled, wiggling her butt on the toilet seat. “You two girlies came into this world together, and now you’re coming outta my ass together!” That felt like a good disposal line to the mall Santa.

Leaning forward, the tattooed woman gritted her teeth and flexed her sphincter. Casie and Leslie didn’t need much convincing to escape from her asshole.

“Fuck... Fuck!” ‘Santa’ moaned, as she felt the tinies crowning out of her anus. Her pale butthole stretched open, and a thick mass of pure shit began to slide out. “Ooh, shit!” The tattooed woman groaned. “Oh, fuck, this is the best part.”

Between her legs, the pale cock was still throbbing from her last orgasm. But the exhausted organ dutifully began to harden again, as ‘Santa’ pushed as hard as she could to shit her prey out. Reaching into her cum-stained red top, she tweaked her nipples gently, making herself shudder.

“Ugh... Get outta me, you stupid little...!” ‘Santa’ groaned, feeling sweat break out across her forehead. The log was bigger than she’d expected, and she was having trouble pooping it out. “Shit... I should have drunk some water too...” Pulling out her flask, the tattooed woman took a long swig of alcohol. “Okay, I can do this... Hggh!”

For a moment, the thick rope of shit dangled from her asshole. And then, with a gasp of relief, ‘Santa’ finally felt the twins exit her butt. With a wet splash, the turd immediately sank to the bottom of the toilet.

“Oh, finally!” ‘Santa’ let out a moan of pleasure. Already, her cock was at full-mast, dripping with pre-cum... Or possible leftover cum from her last spurt. “Oh, that was awesome!” Scooting back on the toilet, the tattooed woman admired her work. “Damn! Not even any bones left! Thanks for the protein, girlies! Don’t worry, if I see your mom again, I’ll see if I can pay her back with some sperm!”

Sitting back on the toilet, ‘Santa’ breathed hard for a moment, looking up at the toilet ceiling with a dumb grin. Post-nut clarity began to set in a moment later. With a sigh, she pulled her phone out of her pocket and began to dial.

“Hey Steph, it’s Jenny... Bad news.” ‘Santa’ chuckled softly as she spoke. “Yeah... Lost this one too. You know me, just up to my loveable antics...” There was a pause as the person on the other end spoke, and the tattooed woman grinned. “Hey, listen, can I crash at your place for a while? I need place and I’m horny as fuck.” The person on the other end spoke again, sounding surprised. “Yeah, well... Maybe they shouldn’t have given me such a cute parole officer, babe. Come on, no-one will catch us, I know how to be discreet when I’m dating someone I shouldn’t be!” There was a long pause on the other end, and then the other person answered. “Sweet! Thanks, babe. I’ll swing by your place when it’s dark.”

Hanging up, 'Santa' sighed happily and looked down at her erection.

"Alright, three hours to kill..." She smirked as she grabbed her cock again. "Let's go for an eighth round..."

"I mean, his dick's pretty big, and I cum when he fucks me..." Rach was complaining, as she and Steph followed Emilia into the public toilet. "But, I feel like there's bigger dicks at our school, y'know? Seven inches isn't even that big these days."

"Totally! You can trade up for sure." Steph said, as the three of them each stepped into a stall. For teenage girls, the conversation didn't pause, even for a toilet break. "I think there's at least a dozen guys at our school with over eight inches. Double that if you're willing to include futanari."

"Ew, pass." The redhead made a face as she pulled down her pants. "Girls are so bitchy, I can barely stand to be around you two, let alone *date* one. I dunno how you do it, Steph."

Emilia rolled her eyes as she unzipped her shorts. "Yeah, and how the fuck does a lezzo like you know about dick sizes, Steph?"

The blonde chuckled as she pulled up her dress and plopped her ample ass down on the toilet seat. "Oh, one of the girls I'm cheating on Teresa with is bisexual, and she's fucked tons of guys. So, I can totally get an insider report on guy dicks for you two."

"More like inside-*her!*" Rach giggled to herself. "Oh hey, Emilia!" The twin-tailed girl perked up at hearing her name. "How's that tiny you butt-chugged earlier?"

"Oh, her?" Emilia smirked as she wiggled her butt. She could feel the shape of Stacey Brown inside her colon. "She's about fully cooked, I'd say."

The brutal confines of Emilia's bowels are not a place for living people. Stacey had struggled as much as she could over the last couple hours, but all she'd really accomplished was making the bitch who ate her aroused. As Emilia pulls down her shorts and panties, her thighs are already glistening with wetness.

"Ooh, time to come out, bitch..." The twin-tailed girl chuckled, as she flexed her abdominal muscles. Inside her ass, the shape of Stacey began to move, as the tightly compacted bowel shifted. "Here, I got a nice seat for you, bitch... Come on...!"

As her asshole began to open, a loud fart echoed through the public toilet, echoing off the tiles. "Damn!" Rach called out approvingly. Emilia didn't need to see her friend's face to know that she was grinning. "Now that was a bone-rattler!"

“Yeah, all of that tiny bitch’s hot air must have been trapped with her!” Steph giggled in amusement. “Shit... I should be recording this for later... Can I, Em?”

“Go for it, dyke.” Emila really couldn’t care less. She could feel Stacey sliding out of her now, and it was an intense relief to have the tight pressure inside her asshole being released. With another exceptionally wet fart, she felt... “Oh, shit yeah! Slide outta me, bitch!”

Splloosh!

There was a loud splash as a tiny person was expelled into the toilet bowl. “Agggh...” Emilia let out a moan of pleasure as Stacey was followed by several chunks of what had once been food. “Ooh, that’s so good...”

A moment later, having cleaned herself up, Emilia stepped out of the toilet stall. The other two girls stepped out almost in unison, and both gave her an admiring look.

“You didn’t flush?” Rach asked, looking vaguely surprised.

Emilia smirked and jerked a thumb behind her. “Figured you’d want to check out the mess I made.”

She was right, of course. As she began to wash her hands, both Rach and Steph immediately rushed over to the stall she’d been in and peered into the toilet.

“Oh damn!” Rach covered her nose, grinning. “That’s one shitty way to go! You didn’t even *digest* her!”

“Fuck, that’s one *dead* tiny!” Steph leaned forward and got a deep whiff of what remained of Stacey Brown. “Died inside a hot girl’s bowels. Gotta say, I don’t hate that idea...” She sneered down into the toilet. “But, I bet she did!”

“Hey, listen...” Emila put her arm around the redhead’s shoulder. “When I fuck Brad, I’ll give you a full report on his cock, okay? Gotta make sure my bestie’s getting the best dick, right?”

“And if Brad doesn’t work out, I’ll happily take you instead!” Steph grinned at Rach.

“Ugh, fine.” The redhead rolled her eyes. “You can have me if Brad doesn’t work out, you happy?” The blonde nodded eagerly.

“Hey, hit that flush when you’re done, would you?” Emilia rolled her eyes. “I don’t want people seeing a tiny corpse in my shit, okay?” Once she was in the sewers, no-one would ever find the little bitch, she knew from experience.

Rach and Steph admired Stacey's remains for a few more seconds, and then the blonde sighed happily and hit the flush button. With a loud gurgle, Stacey Brown sank into the depths of the toilet bowl, never to be seen again by living eyes. "See ya, tiny." Steph sneered. "Guess you'll never make the mistake of thinking you're *people* again..."

Back in the music store, the sound of two futanari jerking off filled the small aisle where Marissa Brown had been stuffed down the skater girl's cock.

"You ever had an older futanari touch your penis before, kid?"

Dani now had her shorts down around her knees, as the muscular store clerk jerked her off. Leaning back against the racks of CD's, Dani groaned in pleasure as the bigger futanari stroked her off.

Below her cock, Dani's balls were churning. Marissa was inside them, trapped deep within the tight cummy confines of the skater girl's testicles. The shape of the tiny tomboy was almost gone, but her mass was still there, jiggling violently with every stroke.

Beside Dani, the store clerk wasn't just stroking the teenage girl off. She'd also pulled up her own skirt, revealing her own erection. It was at least two or three inches bigger than Dani's, and was quite a bit thicker too. The skater girl's mouth watered as she stared at it...

"Oh yeah? You like my big dick, kid?" The store clerk grinned at her. "How old are you?"

"Ah..." Dani gasped, as a wave of pleasure swept over her. Inside her balls, she could feel the tiny girl melting. "Eight... Eighteen, ma'am..."

"Mmm... Barely legal, just my type..." The store clerk leaned over, and Dani could feel her hot breath on her face. "Please tell me you're a virgin too..."

Dani had never been much of a bottom, but something about this situation was *really* getting her off. Maybe it was the tiny chick boiling inside her nuts. Maybe it was the predatory way that the store clerk was eying her up. Maybe it was the fact that she was still high as fuck. But having this disgusting pervert leering at her felt so *good*... "Yes, ma'am... I'm a virgin..."

"Mmm... You're so young..." The store clerk licked her lips hungrily, her face only inches away from Dani's. "I bet you've got a tight little ass, kid." Letting go of Dani's cock, the older woman reached behind her and took a handful of the skater girl's bare buttcheek. "Mmm! Oh, that's a nice butt..."

"A-ah!" Dani felt her dick twitch, as she was roughly groped. "Oh god, I'm so close..."

The store clerk chuckled. Giving Dani's ass one more squeeze, the older futanari grabbed the girl's penis again, resuming her stroking. "Well, don't hold back on my account, kid!"

Inside Dani's balls, Marissa was jiggling something fierce. The tiny tomboy had been inside the futanari's balls for over thirty minutes now, and like a stomach or a colon, a ballsack was not a place for a tiny. Well, a tiny that wanted to see tomorrow, at least.

"Ever been kissed before?" The store clerk asked, chuckling lecherously.

"N-no..." Dani admitted, a deep blush on her face. "I've never... Mmh!"

Grabbing the teenage futanari's face rather roughly, the store clerk kissed Dani on the lips. It was no loving or romantic kiss, rather a kiss of lust and dominance. Immediately, the clerk's tongue invaded the young futanari's mouth, sweeping aside all resistance as it claimed her first kiss.

It was too much for Dani's penis. With a moan muffled by the older futanari's lips, the teenage futanari came *hard*. Her balls pulsed and squeezed, and her dick began to twitch violently in the store clerk's hand.

Marissa Brown surged back up Dani's shaft, ascending the way she'd descended earlier. Pushed out by the extreme pressure in the futanari's testicles, the tiny tomboy shot up the tight urethra, towards the cockhole that was opening in anticipation...!

A jet of white hot cum spurted out, splattering all over the store clerk's strong hand. Expertly blocking Dani's cumshot with her palm, the older futanari smirked as she felt her new toy cumming into her hand.

After thirty minutes inside a futanari's nutsack, Marissa Brown had been melted down and reduced to a thick mixture of semen identical to the stuff that had already been in Dani's balls before she'd entered. As a fresh load of Dani's cum, even her tiny DNA had been overwritten, as she'd been turned into a load of the futanari's sperm.

Not that it mattered, of course, because all that sperm was just being wasted into the store clerk's palm. "Mmm!" The older futanari pulled back, sneering down at Dani. "How's it feel, kid? To lose your first kiss to a gross pervert like me?"

"Oh god... Oh fuck..." Dani was breathing hard as she came down from her orgasm high. "That was... That was so awesome..."

"Tinies are great for orgasms." The store clerk chuckled, letting go of Dani's softening cock. Holding up her hand, the two futanari stared at the cummy mess in the clerk's palm. In the depths of the white goo, a thick-rimmed pair of tiny glasses was resting. Picking them out with her fingernails, the store clerk dropped them to the floor and crushed them under her high heel.

Then, staring directly at Dani, she stuck out her tongue and lapped up the jizz that the teenage futanari had ejaculated.

“Oh fuck... That’s so fucking hot...” Dani moaned, as she watched the store clerk swallow her semen in one big gulp.

“Oh yeah?” The store clerk grinned down at her. “Pull those shorts up, kid. You’re coming home with me *now*.” Reaching down, she slapped Dani’s ass, making the younger futanari gasp in pleasure. “Gonna *demolish* this tight little ass with my big cock...”

“Y-yes ma’am!” Dani couldn’t agree any quicker. “Um... Can we stop by a *friend* of mine on the way? I need to replenish my supply...”

Chuckling, the store clerk put an arm around her shoulder and led her away. “What, for some lame old weed? Forget that, kid. I’ve got *stuff* that’ll blow your teenage mind... Just lemme lock up and buy some condoms, and then we can hit up my dealer on the way back to my place...”

On the floor of the music store, all that remained of Marissa Brown were a few stray droplets of semen and a thoroughly crushed pair of tiny glasses...

“Honestly, where on earth are my daughters?!” Mrs. Brown huffed, as she sat down on a bench.

Unaware that she’d ceased being a mother, the tiny woman had been looking for her daughters all over the mall for the last couple hours. Of course, finding a tiny in a place this large would have been virtually impossible, even if they’d still been alive.

Folding her arms under her breasts, the tiny ex-mother cursed under her breath. She’d been hoping to get her Christmas shopping out of the way today, and maybe even get hit on by some young futanari. But her daughters had their own plans, of course.

“Stupid selfish girls... Why couldn’t they just do what I tell them?” Mrs. Brown sighed. Well, at least that hot felon Santa lady had flirted with her a little bit. “Well, I guess there’s nothing else for it...”

Standing up on the bench, the ex-mother looked around. Not for her daughter, but for...

“Oh, Miss!” The tiny woman called out to a security guard who was walking by. “Miss, can you help me please?”

The security guard was a big woman, round and curvy. It took her a moment to realize that she was being called out to, and by whom. “Oh! Bless your heart, it’s a tiny woman!” She said, as she walked over to Mrs. Brown. “I ain’t never seen a woman your size before!”

“Oh, thank you!” Mrs. Brown sighed. “I need your help. My daughters have run off somewhere, and I need to find them before the mall closes. Can you hel-”

Reaching down, the security guard grabbed Mrs. Brown and popped the tiny woman into her mouth. Savoring the taste of the squirming tiny for a moment, the security guard smiled happily as she swallowed.

With a big gulp, the shape of Mrs. Brown slid down the woman’s throat, squirming as she descended. Her shape faded away as she passed behind the security guard’s heavy breasts.

“Mmm, mmm, *mmm!*” The security guard made a noise of deep happiness. “Now *that* was a scrumptious meal!” Patting her round belly, the big woman let out a little burp. “Poor little honey won’t last long in there! My wife ain’t even gonna believe it when I tell her what I ate today!”

Humming happily to herself, the security guard walked away, leaving not a single trace of the Brown family left...