

The Conqueror's Maw

By Elena Mclvor

Being the story of helplessness before one's own fetish, and eventual consumption by it.

You see a storied vision of another place, another version of yourself, another possible path your life could take. Rocky paths wind their way down from a town above the sea.

Not on a cliffside, no. This is a town surrounding several massive spires which rise from the ocean. It is built on suspended platforms reinforced with magic and technical knowledge... it is a safe place, usually.

You can walk around its wooden decks encircling the spires. There is a very active shipping industry from this place, and armorers, blacksmiths, chefs, and fishers all find their homes here.

A rich naval tradition mingles with a wild air of self-sufficiency. This is a place fit to launch an adventure.

Just outside of it is a training area. You have journeyed out here today, armed and armored and ready to do your best.

Only to find no hostile creatures around.

Instead... there are a huge number of short thin-limbed creatures in leather masks. They look like they have big noses and goggles for eyes.

You recognize them as goblins, and they are setting up stalls for a market!

Walking to the nearest, you ask what happened to all the mandragora plants and other weak monsters used as training fodder in this area.

The small goblin looks up at you and squeaks out something difficult to understand in their language:

“Clevergobbles hastyclear area of biteymites to have big busydeal swappymeet!” it explains.

You complain that you intended to train today, and now you will be unable to do so because there is nothing for you to fight.

“Need bigstrength muchfast?” asks the goblin, holding out a potion bottle.

You manage to work out that the potion seems to be some kind of experience amplifier. The goblin offers it to apologize for the inconvenience of this whole event.

With your training day plans derailed, you aren't even enthusiastic enough to participate in the market. You take the potion - which is a very tiny bottle with just one swig in it, and decide to check the other side of the city.

But, goblins are thorough, it is possible they cleared all of the minor monsters out of this area, likely with bombs.

The potion jingles in your pouch as you walk, and you can't wait long to try it.

You do find a creature - a sheep-like critter that is a pest in local gardens.

Defeating it would at least let you practice your battle techniques... so before you do so, you take out the small vial of potion.

And begin to chug...

It tastes quite sweet, flowing along your tongue in a few droplets.

It tingles on the way down.

You feel tingling, even in the parts of your esophagus you normally can't feel. A strange tingling that spreads to belly and torso sooner than you'd think.

You let your eyes close as the harmless sheep creature grazes nearby.

The tingling continues and its full-body whisper touches even your scalp, the back of your neck, the backs of your knees.

You open your eyes, ready to take on the world... ready to take on the sheep.

Except it is now thirty feet tall, and standing half a mile from you.

No, it isn't any bigger. Your eyes open wide. A nearby grass blade is almost as tall as you. You're standing on the cleared road, so no one is likely to step on you, but there is the danger... of the sheep.

It begins to tread toward you, with disregard for your now-tiny weapon.

It seems this is the end.

"Whoa there," comes a feminine voice from above.

A delicate hand wraps around your entire body and picks you up. The slim fingers neatly capture you, and the sensation of smooth gentle motion into the air brings you far up out of

the sheep creature's accidental stomping range.

Of course, you're so tiny that the experience of being in someone's hand is full of new complications. The woman's palm is gloved in soft leather, which encompasses and cushions you. She lets you sit up on it, curling her fingers up to make walls and ensure you don't fall off.

Before you is a cat-eared woman. In your shrunken state she looks massive, but she is actually quite slim when you compare her to other reference points. Her skin is dark, smooth, gorgeous. Her lips are painted in burgundy lipstick which goes well with the lurid pink shoulder length hair and its white tips. Small incisor fangs are visible when she smiles at you. Pink and yellow eyes, gazing, staring attentive focus into you. Across her back is a small steel axe. She must be an adventurer as well. A warrior, it looks like.

"You can rest at my place. I have a home in the nearby housing district." Her voice is light and calm. She seems steady, if amused, in the face of your tiny stature. You watch her tongue lick out and subconsciously wet her lips. She sets you on her shoulder and lets you hold on to a lock of her hair for leverage. Her off-the-shoulder peasant dress is simple. She must just be starting out.

There is not much muscle, and still some slight fat around her curves. Adventuring will burn that off quickly.

She brings you home and sets you on the dining room table, telling you you can stay for a few hours, and feeding you carefully sliced portions from her own rations.

As you watch her eat, you admire her gusto and enthusiasm. She drinks deeply from a mug, gives you some water in a thimble, and then stands up to go out in the field.

A few hours turns, gradually, into a longer period.

She remarks that your room and board is cheap, when you're so small, so it isn't like she minds as long as you chip in. She invests in small cloths for dusting and polishing the table. A system of ratlines and bridges lets you get to her weapon collection and polish it. You can roll materials into place and write orders for her ever growing group of employees.

You live comfortably enough.

It doesn't take long, a matter of a few months, before you notice a real change in her...

She has grown muscular, swollen with power and a wide array of beautiful and impressive outfits. Armor for questing in, beautiful pink and white gowns that match her hair and eyes perfectly, she is doing well for herself, and you have become so much a part of the scene that she thinks nothing of changing in front of you for example.

She strips off her clothes, preparing to change, putting aside her smallclothes and pulling on a new set. You see her well kempt pubic hair and the puffy lips below between muscular thighs. Her breasts are high and firm, they bounce as she slips their covering on, and then slides into her armor.

She tells you she is going on a particularly important quest... she leans in and kisses you lightly on the cheek. Well, she aims mostly for your cheek.

Her lips are beautiful, luscious, wet and they touch your entire body in that one smooch.

Your entire body shivers delight at the motion, you know you can't help it. You will focus on your chores today, of course.

Still, arousal creeps in. Thinking of the pleasure of watching her apply her burgundy lip makeup - even before quests, she slathers it on.

You think of the pleasure of watching her eat and drink and... the way she lets you rest on her pillow at night.

Those moments float back to you, even when Her form nearby, chest rising and falling, head turned on one side, facing you. You, bundled up in a much smaller blanket with a miniscule pillow, laying there obsessing over her wet lips in the moonlight. Even when she has cleaned the makeup off, they still shine and glisten.

As her muscles grow, her appetite grows as well. She always ensures you have enough to eat, but she truly gorges. You watch as she does so, always converting the food into more muscle. Her form is fit and strong, and she moves with ever greater force alongside her grace...

Eventually, the workout and improvement of self makes her more and more aroused. When this happens, she will think nothing of picking you up, slooowly stripping your clothes, pressing you to one of her nipples and having you pinch and squeeze it as she fingers her molten sex below...

Or of picking you up, pressing you between her thighs, pushing you against her clit and having you work what is to you a quite massive nub, stroking it between your hands, rubbing its soft encasing hood.

You get to see her spasming pussy, huge compared to you, but tight and taut and dripping, as you massage her with preilous delicacy.

Your palms digging in, exploring that sensitive tissue. It is one of the few times you can make

her squirm, but you know if you do it too much she will squeeze you tightly between her thighs and assert her dominance by mercilessly running one long finger between your legs and pressing there.

The pressure turns to pleasure.

The pleasure turns to tingling butterflies.

The butterflies turn to climax in short order and you groan pathetically with the heat invading your head. She can do so much to you. The power and dominance of it turns you on more, though you'd never admit it.

She always uses you that way - against her nipples or clitoris. She never does what you really want.

Still in your dreams the image of her wet burgundy lips, her mouth, her tongue, the excitement of seeing her sharp white fangs, it haunts you. She never licks or sucks or touches you with her mouth, even though she loves it when your tiny tongue massages her most sensitive parts. The scent and taste of her skin, the feeling of her nearby, the increasingly confident and powerful expression you see resting on her pillow at night.

It captivates, draws you in as if you were the tiny planet in her orbit, floating toward her, aching for her, craving her.

She inspires and encourages the ache. Teasing, taunting. Dozens of times. Her sexual appetite grows along with her other hungers, and she becomes imposing. She scolds you for not working hard enough to get her off. You swear she tempts you by licking her lips more, smiling cruelly or kindly with those fangs showing...

The craving only grows.

She leaves the next day on an adventure, after scolding you unusually fiercely - telling you to get your chores done before she gets home.

So you do. You run up and down the table, polishing. You take your break, staring at the weapons on the wall.

Polishing her weapons is a matter of course. It is one of your necessary chores.

However, recently she walked in with an assortment of new weapons from some quest.

One was a truly massive axe, the join of its head worked into the shape of a lion's maw facing in each direction.

You zip across to it and inspect the catlike features. You run your hands over its protruding fangs... over the jaw, which is big enough for you to climb inside. The cool metallic tongue...

You stare, seeing your own enraptured reflection in the metal... it is well polished already. You could pretend it was her mouth.

You would confess, if pressed, to a certain fascination with it even before now. But you'd never been sure she'd be gone long enough.

She just left. There is time.

You slooowly strip off your clothes, standing on a little platform next to the weapon rack, made so that you can polish them.

You stand there naked, the air currents in the huge room - massive window, a door you could never open though it does have a flap at ground level so you could get out in an emergency.

The mouth is just the right size to fit you... the same as hers.

You climb, nude, across the cold metal. It is safe and smooth in here. You should know, you've polished it plenty.

You press your sweated horny body against the tongue of the fake lion mouth on this massive weapon.

You imagine her lips surrounding you. You grip the base of the metal fangs, imagining being in her mouth, hanging from her fangs, rubbing and rutting and humping against her tongue. You see her dominance, her chuckling laugh that so often turns dark. See her form, larger, dominating the landscape of your life.

A submissive flare inside you turns the cold metal rub to soft wet tingles inside head and body. You submit to the cold inanimate surrogate for her gorgeous burgundy lips and shining fangs. You convince yourself and this fruition of a long held dream turns every touch erotic. Exposed as you are. You imagine what it would be like if she did come in.

You imagine it and you just grow more incensed. Arousal is rioting its chemical song across a system stretched to the limit. The cold metal is smooth enough that the friction it creates mingles with the stickiness of your own sweat and fluids.

A slight sense of guilt fills you at the idea of ignoring your duties... but you are "polishing" the weapon, in a way. Pleasure grows. Parts of your brain spark and fire, drawing on your long held fantasy and fetish, turning it into heat and sexual energy.

Back and forth, groaning friction into the world. You can only feel the memory, the imagined feeling, the dream of her breath cross you as she had some quiet dream while sleeping.

You rut hard and thrust your hips, bringing yourself so close to completion. That trembling in your back, your inner thighs, wrapped around the silvery tongue of the ornamental lion mouth. The fangs, imagining looking out of her mouth, the beautiful mistress of this house. Envisioning her tongue working wet and hot there between your legs until thought is a distant memory and there is only feeling.

Feeling the sensation of her encapsulating you, her breath washing across you...

Until you realize it is no dream, no imagination.

She is there.

Her armor is on the floor, bare and sweated breasts bouncing above muscled stomach. Her pussy is wet, dripping, you see her juices running down her inner thighs. The look in her eyes is glowing, predatory, as she creeps closer, nude.

“Did you really think I would leave such a fine weapon at home? This was all to expose you. And I have. Shirking your chores? All because of your...obsession?”

Shamefaced, still moaning, you look up at her.

“Yes, I knew all along.” she says, opening her mouth. Pink tongue, white sharp fangs.

She found you. She found you out. You don't try to deny it. You lay there with pre-orgasmic tingles invading your every sense. Even with her watching you, you are still humping helplessly. There is too much heat... But she puts a stop to that.

The beautiful pink-haired warrior, shining in the light of her house. Her muscles are gorgeous, sculpted. Her appetites are known to you. You wonder how she will use you today. Anticipating being buried between her legs, being pressed to her breast. She reaches out, picking you up by the collar of your clothing. She opens her mouth invitingly. Her pink tongue extends.

You feel the fleeting heightened flight of your desire, your fantasy, finally made into reality.

You feel suspension, and then the weight is taken off your body as you rest on her powerful tongue.

It curls up around the sides of your naked body, holding you snugly. She leans forward but

uses slight suction of those burgundy painted lips to keep you inside of her mouth. You imagine you will have a lipstick ring around your shoulders later. But that doesn't matter.

Her tongue is invasive, nimble, touching everywhere between your legs, over your butt, across your back.

You clench your entire body. You were already on edge.

She keeps you there, sucking on you with carefully reduced force, enough to milk your entire body for each scrap of its pleasure.

No place is untouched by her tongue, her mouth. The dripping wet warmth surrounds your entire body and you are at once struck by her lusty sensual beauty and the power she wields over you: both mental and physical.

You are only able to twitch, your fluids pouring onto her tongue, your mind leaking out with them.

Trapped being rhythmically sucked. No machine could do it as well, no other creature. Your tiny tingling body caught in her mouth, with her tongue pulling all the thoughts out.

Going to cum. Ascending. Rising. The tension in your belly compliments a feeling of flooding chemicals from your mind. Almost as if your body doesn't quite believe how lucky you are, you barely feel your skin, your nerves. Instead you feel your brain dumping pure pleasure chemical and sensation right into your mind. Mind hot and dripping away. Going to cum. Going to cum.

Right on the edge, right at completion.

Her tongue presses hard between your legs, extra hard, shivering and vibrating, moving with powerful muscular tension. You feel your legs pried apart so it can push as hard as possible between them... Her tongue, her fangs are right there, glistening, white, shining. She lets your head stick out of her mouth for a moment and sucks your lower body extra hard.

Climax, suspension, you are floating. Your mind is going white hot. Your thoughts become disorganized, you see fleeting pictures. Her pink tongue pressed to your body. You are cumming, climaxing against that yielding-yet firm organ. Pressing your hands to her lip, gripping it as if it were some vast blanket on the bed, as if you were just a normal lover instead of her plaything...

Pulse. Cum. <snap>

Your mind snapping to attention, realizing where you are at the completion of your fantasy,

your fetish.

She slowly pulls you from her mouth, as though savoring the way her tongue runs across the entire front of your body... tasting you, and your juices, and the aching orgasmic shivers you give seem to massage her lips with a ticklish tingling.

You can't escape the shivers.

You were in her mouth, her actual mouth. Lips, tongue, everything touched you. You were so lucky. You could die happy now, with that memory, that fantasy. You still shake in the aftershocks, the afterglow, the heat of her.

She is addressing you directly, mocking eyes and a cruel smile on her lips.

"Did you really think I'd just leave it at home? This was a trap, to expose you for the wanton thing you really are. Very well, I know what you were dreaming of even be."

She opens her mouth wide, extending her tongue like the red carpet of your sensual demise, and your lower body is placed upon it - facing downward. You begin humping immediately, trained, captured, enamored. She lets you rut your mind away until climax and escapism turns you into an insensate tongue-humping fetish toy, staring at her fangs, feeling her lips, surrendering to something larger than yourself and your service to it. <snap>