

# The Missing Eight

Gen groaned with the stretch of her arms as her heavy eyelids lifted open. Her eyes were left squinting, her sight sore and cloudy. The young woman lifted herself; her bright red palms prompting her to wince as her weight pushed down into the thin carpet, the fabrics of which barely shielded her from the harshness of the coarse concrete ground below. Her sight began to gain clarity; more figures of various colours around her starting to appear.

‘H-hello!’ she called out to the people around her.

Not soon after, a young man hurried towards her. His soft smile stretched unnaturally across his face, unmatched to his teary eyes and sweaty face. Gen avoided eye contact, her own face reflecting back the same awkward expression.

‘Are you ok ma’am?’ The man asked, reaching out his rough dirtied palm.

‘Yea I think so,’ Gen replied shakily.

She grabbed his one hand with both of hers as he lifted her from the ground. Her legs wobbled like jelly, causing her to almost fall. The two slowly walked to the rest of the group, where 6 others were and talked amongst themselves.

‘W-where are we?’ She asked softly.

‘Why don’t you take a look around, missy?’ One of the men snarked back.

‘Sorry about him Gen, you know how Paul is,’ said another.

‘Wait, how do you know my name?’ Gen asked.

‘Oh, you don’t remember anything? Well, we all did hit our heads pretty hard, heh. I’m Kai, that jerk is Paul.’

‘HEY!’ Paul shouted, ‘You can’t talk to me like that, I’m royalty!’

Kai looked back to Gen, rolling his eyes.

‘He claims to be some exiled king from a distant land, but I think he’s a bit...’ Kai mimed a corkscrew with a finger to his temple, ‘but that’s not important right now.’ Kai continued introducing Gen to everyone, pointing them out in the group. ‘Then we have Angel, Sam, that big fella is Jol, and the green haired guy is Mochi.’

Gen let out a giggle.

‘Mochi, like the candy?’

‘Y-yea, heh,’ Mochi looked to his feet, rubbing his arm with his other hand.

‘And I’m detective Mu,’ said the man beside Gen, ‘we were part of a tour group on the mountain. I had an anonymous tip the guy responsible for a recent case would be there. Looks like I was right, but I didn't expect this.’

‘Wait, what do you mean?’ Gen asked.

‘We’re tiny, look around you ya dumb commoner!’ Shouted Paul.

The woman scanned the room, finally getting clarity to what had happened, then it hit her like a brick. Walls of dull grey concrete, a table and set of tools in the distance and a small rectangular window at the top of one wall. On the far opposite side were a set of wooden stairs in the shape of large planks that led up to a ceiling door.

‘So, who do you think happened to us detective?’ Asked Kai.

‘There’s only really one person who could have done it, but I can’t believe it myself.’

‘You don’t mean...Everett?’ Gen asked.

Mu closed his eyes turning to the floor, his brows shaking as they closed in tightly. The room fell silent. Everyone stood still upon hearing those words, trying to process the possibility that the town’s beloved mountain rescuer, was actually a criminal.

Not soon after, the silence of the room broke, the loud creak of old metal hinges echoing throughout. At the far end from where they stood, a stream of light shone over the wooden steps that led down to the basement. What followed were a pair of legs, clad in black trousers and two socked feet wrapped in brown socks.

Each step of the giant man that entered sent a loud heavy squeak of the old wooden stairs, until the feet slapped hard against the concrete ground with a dull thud. There in the distance, they could see the full body of a young slim man, who wore a thick whiskey-brown shirt that had a greyish-white strip across the chest. His thick blonde hair was bushy at the back but parted into two curves around his forehead.

As he walked closer, the group of tinies shrunk back, some even falling to their rear, but all eyes were fixed on the giant blonde who slowly paced closer. The giant’s face was expressionless, not conveying any thought or feeling which just added to the room’s sense of unease.

The mysterious man stopped just two paces from the carpet, bringing the room back to silence. What did this man want? Is he friend or foe? All sorts of questions like these ran through the group's mind, though only one was brave enough to try to answer them. Mu snapped himself back to reality, cautiously stepping forward. But before he could open his mouth, the giant reached his hand to the back of his trousers, pulling out a rolled-up newspaper.

The paper hit the ground with a loud creased thud, pulling all the tiny's attention to it. The blonde just crouched down, holding his head in one hand as he watched the group cautiously approach the newspaper to read the large bold letters.

## **'The Missing Eight: Presumed Dead'**

The 8 tinies gasped, looking to each other to seek confirmation if they all thought the same thing. Gen walked closer to the words written beneath the headline, each footstep creating a loud crunch from the paper. When she found the column, she read it out loud.

'After yesterday's deadly avalanche that injured a tourist group of 8, rescue centre officials are now reeling from a historical failed rescue attempt.' The group gathered closer around Gen as her voice began to crack. 'As the group were in the shrinking phase of the rescue during the second avalanche, the risk has been deemed too great to attempt another rescue. The missing eight are now presumed dead.'

Gen couldn't read anymore, the reality of the situation began sinking in and the words stuck in her mind. The memories from the events that transpired the previous day flooded back, from the avalanche to the blur of a giant hand reaching out for her.

'Hold on!' Kai shouted, stomping towards the silent giant then pointing directly at him, 'I remember you, you were with the rescuers, what's the meaning of this?!'

Everyone looked to Kai then to the giant stranger. Though the giant was wearing completely different clothes, the hair and eyes made it unmistakable. Everyone else started to remember the blurry memory of the face belonging to the person who grabbed them, wearing the bright colours of the mountain rescue uniform.

'Oho?' The giant said, his expression now materialising into a smirk, 'it's about time someone finally caught on. Allow me to introduce myself, I am Darren, your new god.'

'W-what do you mean, IS THIS A JOKE TO YOU?!'

Soon most of the group joined Kai, throwing their fists in the air and taking their anger out on the giant.

‘I WANT TO GO HOME, WHY ARE WE HERE?!’

‘HEY CALL THE RESCUE CENTRE, STOP JUST STANDING THERE!’

‘DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP US AGAINST OUR WILL?!’

‘I’M ROYALTY YOU KNOW, THERE WILL BE CONSEQUENCES!’

An ocean of tiny screams filled the room. Though not as loud at regular size, the words were indistinguishable from each other. Darren stood up, causing the noise to slowly dissipate in the growing shadow that started to loom over them. Then, in one swoop, he leaned in towards the group and scooped up Kai, who now dangled from Darren’s right hand.

‘WH- HELP, SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!’ He shouted, but was soon thrown into the air above the giant’s head, before landing right into his palm.

‘Now then,’ Darren said calmly, ‘let me teach you what will happen if you decide to resist against me.’

The giant leaned back down, giving the tinies a good view of his hand with Kai sitting atop the palm. The tiny was losing sight of the group as tears wetted the lenses on his glasses. All he could see was the light disappearing as the giant fingers wrapped around him. The spaces became tighter with the flesh of Darren’s palm and fingers embracing him in a tight, powerful hug.

Darren closed his eyes, gleefully humming a tune and casually smiling as he held his now closed right fist to his face, putting on a display for the tiny group who looked on paralysed, pale and wide-eyed. The remaining 7 could hear the muffled cries of help from the fist, which was soon replaced with light cracking sounds.

Kai could not move nor wiggle, as the walls of the hand continued to close in. His glasses were the first to go, the lenses cracking into multiple pieces. The muscles in his arms were the next, the bones underneath groaning in protest, followed by his legs, then his head and body.

Blood leaked out from his mouth, leaving him with a warm salty taste as the blood had nowhere else to pour out from. The feeling in his arms numbed to nothing, the nerves crushed and dying off. All Kai had control of now was his struggling breath, trying to fight against the flesh of the palm pushing his chest and lungs back until finally...

***Crack***







The cracks and groans of pain subsided, and the group could see a small trickle of blood leaking from the opening at the bottom of the fist. Darren opened his eyes, then spread his fist out to show his blood-covered palm. The body that once belonged to Kai plopped out of the hand and back onto the floor, lifeless and unmoving. The tiny's eyes were fixed on the corpse, then back onto the giant.

'So,' Darren said, 'do I have your attention now?'

The room was so silent, you could hear a penny drop. But just as Darren opened his mouth again, a loud shout came from the group.

'WAIT!'

Mu slowly walked in front of the others. They whispered at him to keep him from provoking the giant any further, but Darren himself tilted his head with an unbroken smile. The shrunken detective did his best to hide the trembling in his arms and legs, keeping his pace stable and firm and not giving in to his weak wobbling legs.

'You can't get away with this, Darren!' Mu said, pointing to the giant.

'Oh?' Darren said under a chuckle and leaning into the tiny, 'and why is that?'

'S-someone will find out, I already got a tip that you'd be on the mountain. They were right then and they'll find out about you again!'

Darren's smirk evaporated into a pensive look, then he held his head in his hands.

'Oh nooo,' he said in a sob, 'I've been discovered, what am I going to do?'

Mu perked up, daring to walk a few paces closer to Darren.

'Hey, it's ok. I've been the lead investigator in this case, just let us go and we can cut a deal, all right?'

Darren's lifted his head from his hands, looking back at Mu with sorrowful puppy eyes.

'Thank you officer for your kindness and bringing me to justice,' Darren said, stretching both his arms out with his wrists next to each other, 'I'm ready to be taken in, you can cuff me now.'

The tiny furrowed his brow, scratching the side of his chin as he saw the massive hands both larger than he was, one still stained with blood, right in front of him.

'Uh...I'm not...sur-'

'HAHAHAHAHAHAHA, I'M SORRY!' Mu was cut off by a loud burst of laughter from Darren.

The giant wiped a tear from his eye, then raised his left hand to his ear. His pinky finger and thumb stretched out.

‘Hello, is this detective Mu? I know about your case,’ Darren said, speaking to himself as though he were on the phone, ‘I know who the culprit is, he will be in the section B tourist group in the mountain tomorrow.’

Mu widened his eyes, his mouth open as if it were ready to speak, but no words were spoken.

‘You actually thought ya had me there didn’t ya?’ The giant said mockingly, ‘but let’s be honest, officer, you aren’t the lead investigator are you, you’re the *only* investigator, because no one believes you.’

Mu looked to the ground, unable to find the words to respond. At the very least he wanted to avoid giving Darren the pleasure of seeing his humiliated, pained expression.

‘But hey,’ he continued, ‘I’m a nice guy, so wanna be a hero? I’ll give you that chance.’

Darren looked to the group who stayed dead still and silent. He raised his hand, hovering it over them with a pointed finger.

‘HMMMM,’ he said, squatting one eye while hanging his tongue out the side of his mouth. He stopped his finger over Angel. ‘I choose you.’

The 6 others around Angel increased the distance between themselves, leaving him looking left and right as he was singled out.

‘W-w-wait a minute!’

Darren pinched the tiny’s leg, lifting him up into the air, then swept Mu into his other hand. The next thing the two men saw was the surface of a smooth wooden table, high enough to be level with the giant’s body. The giant stood with his hands by his hips, smirking down at the trembling littles.

‘Now’s your chance to save someone, little cop.’ Darren pointed to the edge of the table, where a large drop down to the concrete fall was. ‘I’ll let one of you live, but only if someone falls from this table.’

Mu and Angel looked to each other, the latter’s body shaking uncontrollable as he breathed erratically. But his body calmed slightly as Mu placed a hand over his shoulder.

‘It’s ok,’ Mu said calmly, ‘I made a mistake, and no one else should pay for it.’

Angel’s eyes became teary. He opened his mouth, trying to say something but kept stuttering, as if the words hadn’t properly come to him. He then said the first thing that came to mind.



'I-I-I d-don't want t-to die...' Angel sobbed but felt a slight feeling of relief at the gentle smile on Mu's face.

Mu turned around not looking back. He marched to the edge of the table with a defiant look in his eyes. If he could save just one person, even if there was a small chance, he'd have to take it to redeem himself.

He looked down to the massive drop, then back up to Darren's face which eagerly waited for him to commit the act. Closing his eyes, Mu raised one leg, taking his leap of faith. Gravity soon took over, pulling him quickly towards the hard ground which would end him. But it was not concrete, but a soft and warm spongy surface that he had landed on.

Mu opened his eyes to examine his body. Short of a few bruising, he was unharmed, but looking around himself he could see the peach and slightly red palm Darren had caught him in.

'Wow,' Darren said, whistling to express how impressed he was, 'didn't think you had the balls, little cop, nice job.'

Darren stood back up, plopping Mu back onto the table. But before the hand retracted, it hovered over to where Angel was, who fell on his backside and tried to crawl away.

'Oh no ya don't,' Darren said teasingly, plucking Angel from the table and holding the tiny to his face, 'wow, what a coward, you were just gonna stand there and watch someone die for you, I think that deserves punishment.'

'WAIT!' Mu shouted from the table, 'TAKE ME INSTEAD!'

Darren rolled his eyes, stretching out his left hand to pick Mu up, then placed him on the floor. The tiny cop held his arms in front of his face as the brown sock-covered sole pinned him to the floor.

'You, shush now, I'm talking to the coward.' Darren looked back to Angel as he lightly pressed his foot into Mu, feeling the squirming body from beneath his sole. 'Now then, what to do with you.' Darren snapped his fingers in the air. 'I just remembered the delightful taste of a squirming, tiny human, but never the juicy insides.'

'HOLD ON, YOU WOULDN'T ACTUALLY EA-' Angel was cut off by Darren's fist as the giant's fingers tightly wrapped around him.

'Shhhh,' the blonde said softly, 'snacks don't talk.'

He tilted his head back, holding his closed fist above his mouth, then splayed his hands completely open. The suddenness of the hand opening didn't give Angel enough time to hold onto anything, not that it would have made a difference. Instead, he plunged straight into Darren's gaping maw.

The hot air of the giant's breath surrounded the tiny. Under different circumstances, the heat could have served as a pleasant shelter from the harsh coldness of the basement, but such pleasantness would be cut short by the monstrous tongue shaking the tiny man about.

Darren wasted no time in trying to take every flavour he can out of his meal. He used his tongue to move the body between his shiny white teeth, carelessly piercing small holes into the tiny's fragile fleshy body.

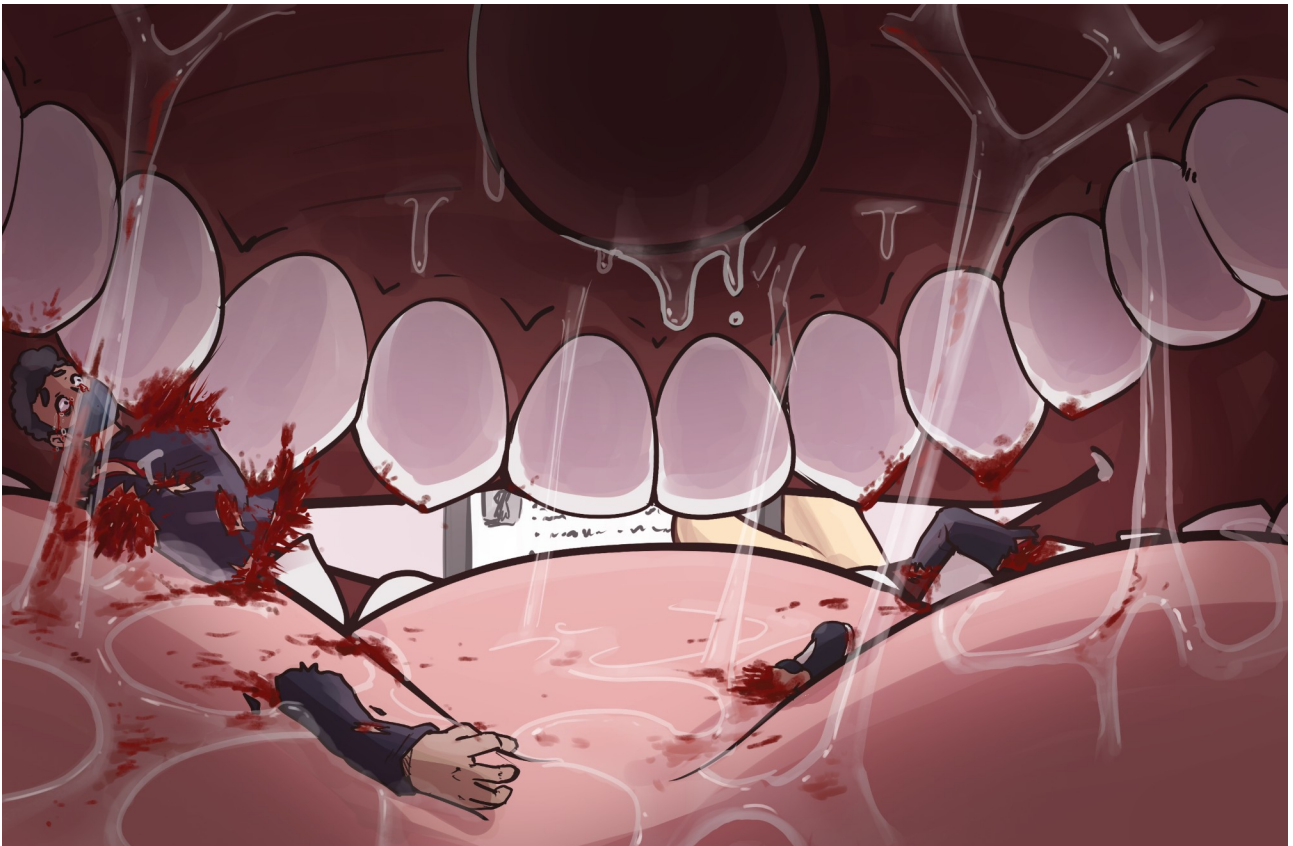
The group flinched as they heard Angel's scream from across the room. Drizzles of red trickled over the giant's lips, from the blood that was pouring out of the holes all over the tiny snack's body head to toe. The tongue lapped away at the blood like juice pouring out of a candy.

Darren blushed, closing his eyes and savouring the flavour of his first taste of a shrunken human. But he wanted more, more than just the salty flowing juices of the tiny's blood enticing his taste-buds. He wants to feel just how fragile the tiny human body was.

He moved Angel's body, making sure his waist was firmly placed on the chopping block between the set of teeth. Though Angel was still conscious, he could no longer move nor scream.

Once in place, Angel closed his eyes as tightly as he could. And then it came. The sound of a loud **CRUNCH** of bones snapping filled the mouth. The top and bottom sets of teeth chomped down on the snack, then back open, allowing the severed lower body to flow freely away from the top half.

Darren had a face like a child trying candy for the first time. He swished his tongue all around his mouth, absorbing every drop of blood into his tastebuds, followed by more crunches. Each limb was chomped off one by one until no part of the body was recognisable. The strings of saliva stretching from the roof of his mouth were now painted red. All that remained of Angel gathered into the pulpy mush.



With one loud **GULP**, the blood, guts and leftovers slid down the back of the blonde's throat; the last visible hint of Angel's existence was a small lump tracing down the outside of the throat.

'Ahhhhh,' Darren said, letting out a sigh of satisfaction, 'deeeeeeelicious'. He licked the remnants of Angel's blood off his hand as if it were cheeto dust. 'Everyone thinks you're all dead. That is becoming more true by the minute.'

Darren lifted his foot, allowing Mu to suck in the fresh air after being compressed against the sole of cotton the whole time.

'Awww I'm sorry,' Darren said mockingly to him, 'though I never said *who* I'd let live.'

The giant took Mu back to the carpet, dropping him in the middle of the paralysed group.

'Well, my cute littles, I had a lovely snack but I wanna freshen up before the real fun begins, hehe.'

Darren winked at the tinies on the carpet, before heading up the stairs to the bathroom.

The silence after was brief. Paul darted towards Mu through the others, slapping both his hands on Mu's shoulders.

‘Hey you, copper, isn’t there something you can do, ol’ chap?’ Paul asked shakily.

Mu looked behind Paul’s shoulders, the various frightened faces looking back at him with the tiniest spark of hope in their eyes. Closing his eyes, he let out a sigh, then reopened them with a new resolve.

‘Just follow me,’ he said, ‘we’ll go through the window!’

‘Why not the stairs?’ Sam asked.

‘It’s on the opposite side of the basement, we don’t have long and also the stair cases are too wide apart.’

‘Oh...’

The tiny detective directed all the others to find whatever debris and useful tools they could find, then to meet at the nearest wall below the rectangular window at the top.

Once the group gathered, they all arched their backs as far as they could to see the window, which felt more like looking up a mountain.

‘How the bloody hell we gonna climb that?’ Paul asked.

Mu looked around the group to see what they brought back. It seemed a lot of the basement floor in their vicinity was scarce of anything useful, save for a long piece of discarded thread.

‘We’ll use that!’ Mu exclaimed, pointing to the thread. ‘The concrete wall is dented enough to give us footholds, and we’ll use the string to support each other.’

‘Are you MENTAL?!’ Paul shouted, ‘A king is meant to be supported by his followers, not led by them!’

‘Ok then your majesty, feel free to be the last one,’ Kai said sarcastically.

‘HEY!’ Mu shouted, ‘we don’t have time for this, tie the string around you and get a move on.’

Paul wanted to give a retort, but held his tongue as the pressure of time was on their heels.

The group climbed in great haste. Each one had the string tied against their waist, which led to the next one down so should anyone fall, they would not plummet to their death. As they attempted to climb to freedom, the passing seconds only served to increase their anxieties.

Mu, who was at the top of the group, could hear the cold winter breeze and the distant chatters of people.

‘COME ON GUYS, ALMOST THERE!’ He shouted.

***Creak...creak...creak.***

Mu’s face turned pale as the echoes of the creaky wooden steps filled his ears. He tried to maintain his grip on the coarse concrete wall with trembling sweating hands, turning his head slowly towards the direction of the creaks.

There he was face to face with the giant orange orbs, as Darren rested his elbow against the wall supporting his head against his hand. The room was so still and silent, you could hear a penny drop.

‘Don’t mind me,’ the blonde said.

While the two looked at each other, Jol lost his grip, slipping off the wall and dangling from the thread which threatened to pull the rest of the group, who were also caught off guard, plummeting to the ground.

The others above screamed and groaned as they tried to maintain their grip. But Gen could no longer hold onto the wall, becoming the next person to fall. As more weight was added, Mu’s entire face went scarlet, his muscles working in overdrive to not let the group fall to their deaths.

‘Want some help?’ Darren asked, smiling smugly from his position.

Mu looked over his shoulder; he couldn’t see everyone but their struggles filled his ears. When he looked back up to the window, he took one sniff of the fresh outdoor air, before turning back to Darren.

‘P-p-please, h-h-help us,’ Mu asked, forcing the words out as his muscles were about to give in.

‘Oh? Sure thing little cop.’

Darren took his finger and scooped up the middle of the thread. The entire group were easily held up by the giant’s hold. Everyone was left panting on the ground after Darren placed them back on the carpet. The next thing they all heard was the giant’s two hands, clapping together with a heavy slap.

‘It was a good try, I’m impressed, but, you also failed so, I guess it’s not that impressive? So, it looks like I’m gonna have to punish some of you.’

The group huddled together, still panting and sore from the ordeal before. Not a single person spoke out.

‘Wow, everyone looks so gloomy. Hey, I know what’ll cheer you up! A once in a *lifetime* opportunity, first one to come forward and offer themselves as my slave gets to live the longest!’

Everyone looked at each other, talking in whispers and unintelligible mumbles that were barely audible to the giant. Just as Darren was about to get another punishment ready, however, every fixed their eyes on Sam's slow raising hand.

'Ding ding, we have a winner!'

The blonde picked up the remains of the thread, tying it to his second smallest thread. He then plucked Sam from the group, tying the other end of the thread around his neck.

'Welcome to your new home, little slave, now you get to live with my feet!' Darren placed Sam along with his foot on the ground. The tiny avoided making eye contact with the group, especially as the two small toes wrapped around him, massaging against his body like a pebble or toy.

'As for the rest of ya, it's time for the main course. Today has gotten me really excited and I've freshened up.'

Darren leaned in towards the group, waving his finger about like a child trying to pick candy from a selection.

'Let's see, you big guy, you'll do just nicely against my cock.'

The finger pointed to Jol, he looked to the group left and right of him, as they slowly backed away from his position.

'W-WAIT!' He shouted, as he was plucked into the air.

Darren reached into his pocket and took out a condom packet, which he quickly bit open. He took the latex condom out, dumping the tiny straight to the bottom. Mochi felt his body jolt up as the orange eye's gaze fixed on him.

'Oooo, look at that brushy green hair,' Darren said, picking Mochi up from the floor, 'I bet that would feel great against my balls. What'd say, think you can make me feel good?'

'Y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y', Mochi stuttered, unable to properly get the words out.

Darren gently brushed his thumb over the green bed of hair and gave a warm smile.

'Just do a good job for me and I'll let you go, yea?' He said, getting a shaky nod from the tiny.

Paul, Mu and Gen breathed a sigh of relief as they were left on the carpet, but were still left to watch the horrors of the giant blonde putting the others through hell.



Darren sat back on the chair beside the table, each step he took dragging Sam through the air, the thread choking his neck tightly every time. The tiny man got back up once it stopped, trying to remain near the toes as close as possible.

The giant unzipped his trousers, then lowered his underwear. The monstrous member unfurled from its cramped space out into the open, allowing the warm musk to spread. The balls were lifted with one hand, while the other placed the tiny green-haired man beneath the heavy sweaty underside.

Jol struggled being surrounded by a thick layer of latex walls, the overpowering smell filling his lungs causing him to fall to his knees and sweat profusely. What made it worse was what followed; Darren's fully erect member slithering in the condom, a huge meaty pole that stole away all the space as it made its way closer to the end.

The tiny quickly held his hands to his nose, gagging at the thick musky atmosphere of latex, sweat and cock. But his hands instinctively pushed forward as his available space shrunk away. Jol's palms immediately heated up as the glistening end of Darren's penis finally slid all the way in the condom, forcing his face to stare straight into the cock slit that already began leaking with bubbles of white, sticky precum.

Meanwhile, down at Darren's testicles, the little timid Mochi kneaded his arms and legs into the overbearing weight above. Each press with full force barely moved the heavy sack flesh, with Mochi's face finding itself a face full of the wrinkled balls slapping down against his face after releasing the littlest bit of power.



The effort, though seemingly insignificant, did seem to be making a difference. Mochi's squirming against the giant blonde's testicles in addition to the sensitive tip of the cock pressing into Jol's entire body prompted elated sighs, as he closed his eyes and tilted his head back. Darren's face became redder and redder as the seconds went back, seconds which felt like minutes for the two tiny humans forced to pleasure their master.

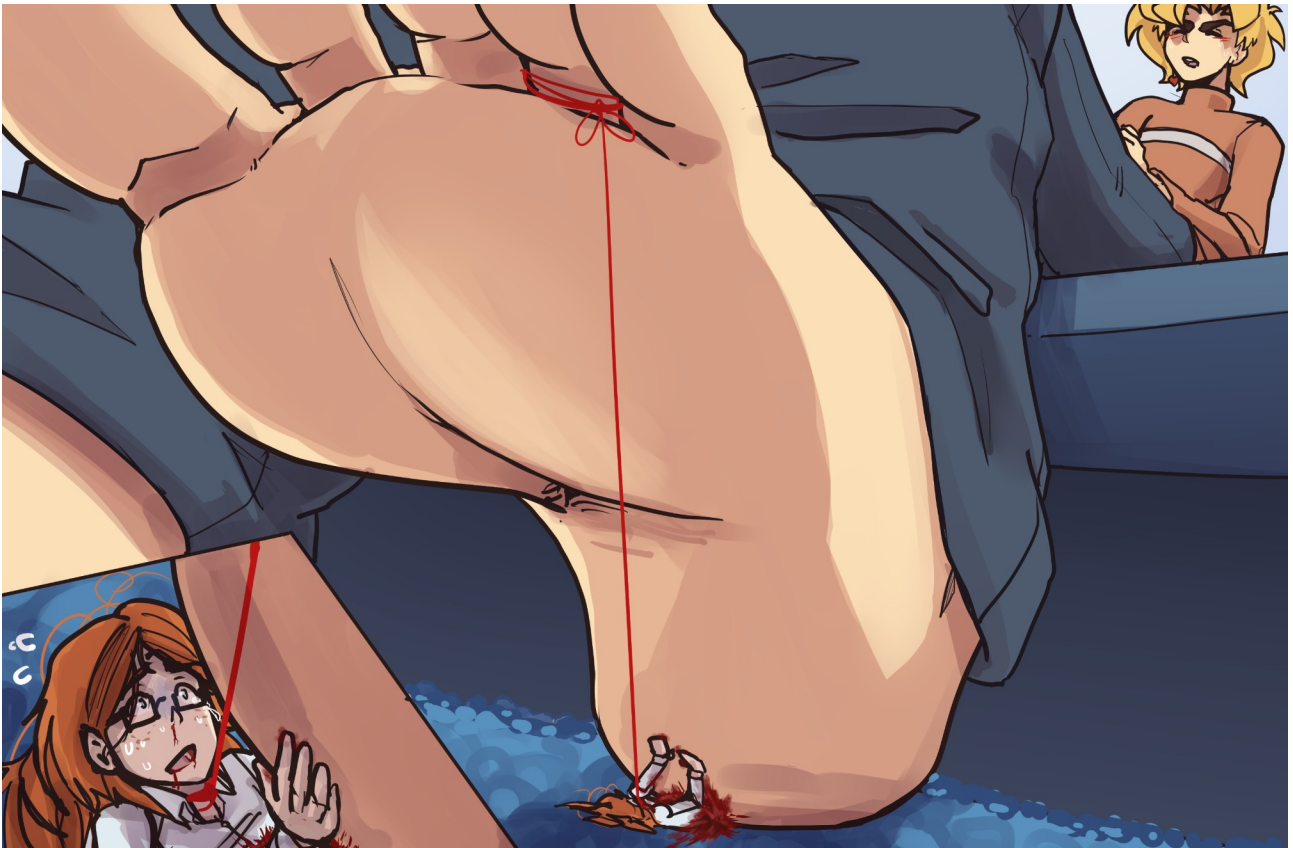
Darren gripped his cock tightly with his left hand, slowly sliding it up and down against it. As his mind was fading away from his own surroundings, Sam struggled at the constantly giant feet, twitching along with the toes wiggling. As it moved about, the leashed tiny tried his best to run in different directions, but the thick red thread only allowed him to run so far. The foot he was attached to subconsciously pulled back, causing Sam to dangle in the air, kicking his legs as it choked his neck.

As the foot lowered back down, Sam slammed back to the ground. He sat up, rubbing his head and backside from the slight bruising of the impact. Because of this, he did not see the heel taking a short step forward over to where the tiny landed. The rough hardened back of the heel instantly crushed Sam's legs, causing him to scream in agony. All his legs could feel was the warm pool of blood forming around him from under the foot.

Darren's hand picked up the pace, intensifying the heat radiating from the giant cock and balls. The space Jol was squeezed between started to feel like an oven, the sensitive flesh lightly searing his exposed skin and adhering him to the glistening sweat and precum. Each breath of air ached his lungs as not a single pocket of fresh air could reach him.

Mochi's lungs also struggled, with his chest aching under the fierce pressure. He nevertheless persisted in his massaging, not daring to interrupt the giant's pleasure. A high pitch squeak left the green-haired tiny's lungs with every breath, as his chest tried to push against the deceptively soft but thick wall of wrinkled ball flesh.

The giant blonde was locked in a trance; the three tinies overstimulating him, the light, warm and wet crunch under his heel from Sam, Mochi struggling against his balls and Jol trapped between his cock and the condom. His effortless domination over their lives, who were nothing more than tinies as fragile as bugs to his immense size and power, sent a final powerful surge of elation all throughout his body.



Darren was finally reaching his limit, but he wanted to feel more. His toes scrunched tightly and his heel pressed down with full force, twisting and grinding the remains of his short-lived pet. He slid the heel forward, spreading the small bloody smear across the concrete floor that mixed into the other bits of dirt. The leash simply dangled from his toe, the end of the thread no longer weighed down by its captive.

Mochi started to choke under the balls, his lungs compressing from the massive weight. He stopped what he was doing, then pushed his arms against the ground in an attempt to pull himself out. But Darren's free hand sought to deal with his subconscious interruption of stimulation.

The green-haired tiny found himself pushed back underneath his wrinkled prison, but this time the hand remained. The giant wrapped his long fingers around his balls, pushing them down into the seat. He ground the bottom of his testicles against the tiny sandwiched between it and the seat, causing a series of cracking sounds as Mochi's bones to snap and break. Each massage of his balls moving against the seat in a circular motion, a new spot of blood appeared, as though he were grinding a tomato.

The feeling of body parts crunching and flattening under his testicles sent a shiver down Darren's spine; the warm coating of blood, tingling through every wrinkle and crease sending a new wave of stimulation. The blonde's back arched, his warm breath exhaling as his gripping hand around his cock pulling back as far as he could go.

Jol shut his eyes tightly. A loud but brief gurgle came from deep within the slit, followed by a hot streak of cum shot against the tiny's face. He instinctively tried to scream, opening his mouth wide, but was cut off from the thick white goo flowing into his mouth. The force of the hot stream peeled the tiny off of the cock, sending his back against the condom.

As he came to, Jol felt the pool of cum becoming more shallow as Darren's cock transitioned back to flaccidity. But before he could experience a rush of fresh air flooding in once the cock slid out, the giant pinched the entrance of the condom tightly between two fingers.

The fingers slid against the condom towards the trapped tiny, not letting a single droplet of cum escape outside as the space inside dwindled. Jol's entire world shifted as the end of the condom was upturned, and through the steamy foggy wall of latex was Darren's malicious toothy grin.

Gravity pulled Jol down the pool of cum, causing him to kick with all his strength. Unlike water, the semen was thicker, stickier and emanated a pungent smell that intoxicated the recycled air around him. Each swish of his legs against the goo fought back with an intense force of friction, made worse by the exhaustion previously from Darren's fap.







It wasn't long until the kicking did little to keep the tiny afloat. He could feel the warmth of the cum enveloping each part of his face gradually, from his chin, then over his mouth, then finally his nose, eyes and hair. The strokes of his arms and legs weakened with every push, as the semen, aided by the forces of gravity, pulled him further into the pool's depths.

Darren licked the side of his lips watching the tiny man's arms and legs fall limp. Despite having only just masturbated, seeing his captive dominated by a mere pool of cum at the end of his condom resent a tingling sensation in his groin. The body was now still, lifeless, floating inside the leftovers of Darren's sex juices.

The blonde reached down to the floor where his foot had been, seeing the flattened remains of Sam who had been mercilessly crushed under his heel. Picking the leftovers of the tiny up, along with the smushed pieces of Mochi from under his balls, he dumped them in the condom to join their fellow tiny's corpse in the pool of cum, chucked straight in the bin to never be given a second thought.

'Well, that was fun,' Darren said, stretching his arms out.

Darren looked to the remaining three who had just watched in horror as their fellow captives were eliminated in some of the most horrific ways. Mu stretched out his arm in front of Paul and Gen to keep them back when Darren approached them. But just as the giant leaned in, Mu felt his arm pushed away by one of his fellow tinies.

Paul walked past the tiny detective, cautiously stepping towards the giant who raised an eyebrow at his approach.

'Oh great and powerful lord,' Paul said as loudly as he could, 'I see now that you are a true and omnipotent being!' Darren put his head in his hand, looking down expressionlessly. 'I would like to make you an offer after your amazing display. Let me go, my lord, and I can give you great riches.'

'Oh?' Darren said, a mild smile appearing on his face, 'what kind of riches?'

'You see, I am an exiled king from a distant land. I am a ruler of many and my wealth knows no bounds. Grant me clemency oh great one, and I will share my vast riches with you.'

The room fell silent. Paul stood there looking up at the giant's face in anticipation of a hopeful answer. But what came instead, was a burst of laughter which flooded out Darren's mouth like water through a dam.

'You really are uppity aren't you, little king, ant king, king of the ants.'

Darren poked his finger against the tiny, pinning him to the ground, then plucking him in the air with a tight pinch.

‘Well, well, your majesty, your new throne awaits you.’

Darren walked across the basement to where his shoes were, dumping him straight inside, then picking up both his slightly discoloured brown socks from the ground and stuffing it into his pocket.

The giant’s orange eyes fixed onto Gen, causing the tiny woman to turn pale. She instinctively grabbed onto Mu’s arm tightly, staying as close to him as possible.

‘Hehe, it’s been a while since I’ve had a tiny girl,’ the giant blonde said, turning his piercing gaze to Mu, ‘you remember don’t ya, little cop? Oh what I’d give to taste her again.’

Before Mu could say anything, the giant fingers plucked Gen into the air. She tried to grab Mu’s outstretched arm, but it was too late. Her stomach sunk and she was on the verge of vomiting as the ground shrunk into the distance. Soon Mu was but a tiny speck in the far distance, and behind her was the slimy cave of Darren’s mouth.

Gen closed her eyes tightly, keeping as still as possible. She soon felt the touch of the fingers disappear, and after a short fall, was left with the long, fleshy pink tongue. Her body became sandwiched between the tongue and roof of the mouth, with her face completely sucked into the sea of tastebuds that assaulted every bit of surface like a lollypop.

Darren then turned his attention to his last tiny, pulling his mask up and leaning back down.

‘Well, little cop, I’ll be going for a walk now, so just wait here will ya?’ He said.

Darren pulled out the sock from his pocket, picking Mu up and shoving him straight in, then stuffing the other sock after. Approaching the basement’s table, he fiddled around the toolbox until he found a thick thread and pin. Using these, he pinned the smelly sock prison on the edge of the table, making sure it hung over a large drop.

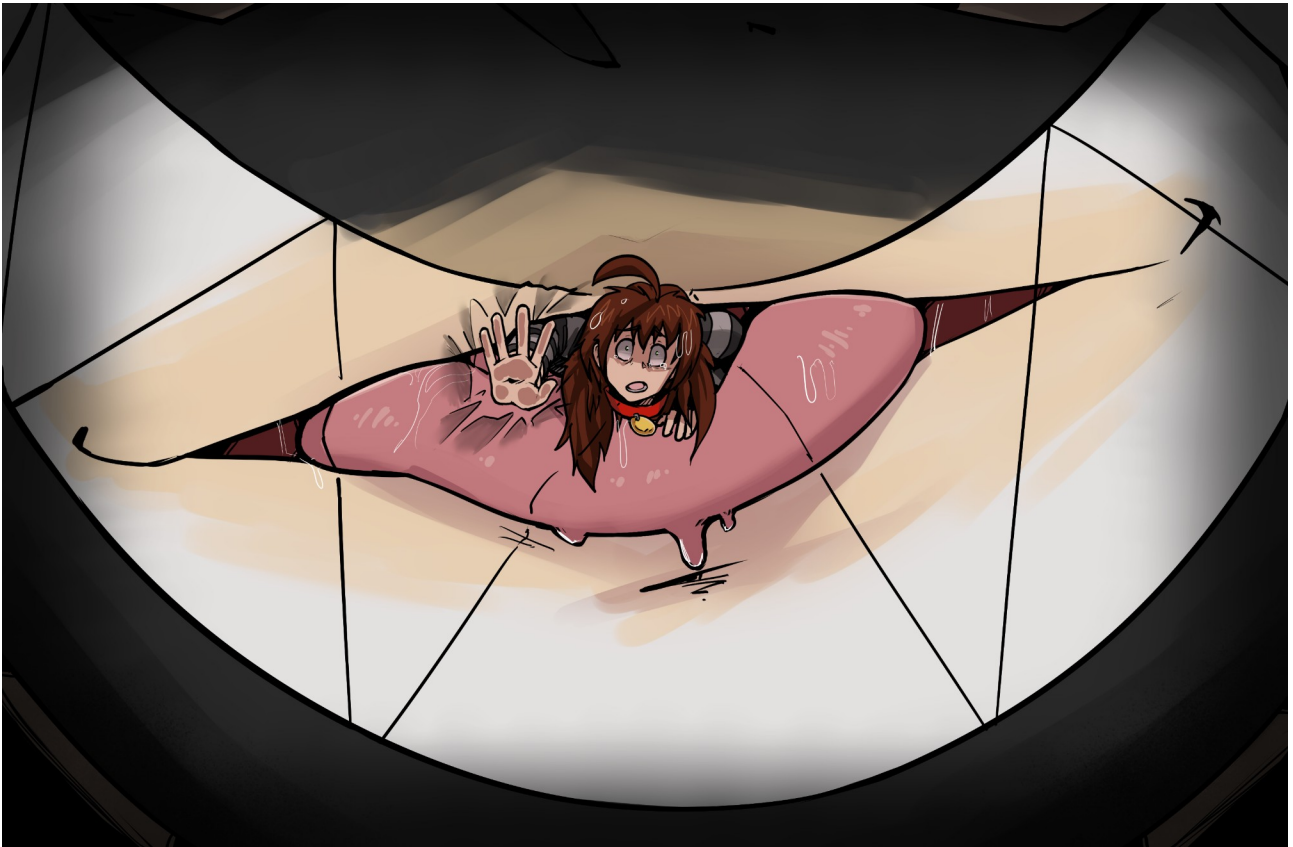
Paul didn’t have time to properly get out the shoe, still trying to hoist himself up over the opening. However, he slowly backed away inside as the giant approached, slowly sliding his foot in.

‘Sorry your majesty, but a new King is in town.’

The former king groaned as the soft sole pressed down against his body, pinning him right into the old insole. Then, the steps began. Unable to make his way to the safety of the toe’s arches, Paul was left feeling the brunt of each step, the weight bearing down on his mortal, fragile frame. Darren was now ready for his outdoor walk.

Gen’s chest pushed inwards and out as far as it would allow. Each breath of the thick humid atmosphere from within Darren’s mouth sent her blood pumping on overdrive, made worse by the sauna-like conditions. Each exhalation of the giant’s lungs blew out a gush of toxic air that reddened her exposed skin to the heat.

The tiny woman swirled herself to face the mouth, crawling through the thick sludge of saliva that only seemed to build up endlessly. But even as Darren parted his lips open, there was no reprieve of fresh air nor light, but the large wall of the giant's cotton mask blocking her path to freedom.



One hand after the other she tried to grip the large slimy muscle beneath her, dragging herself to the large parted teeth that were still faintly stained with red. Her world then shifted, the head tilting back causing her to hug against the tongue as tightly as possible.

Her breath quivered as she looked around to the pitch-black hole at the end behind her, where an inevitable slow and painful death awaited. But just as she was about to slide down, the mouth then flattened back out, keeping her from getting swallowed.

She batted her arms and legs against the tongue, one after the other in the hopes of showing some kind of resistance. The walls of the gums behind the cheeks shifted, showing her the back of the giant's smile.

The tongue then smacked Gen against the roof of the mouth, causing her to empty her lungs into a scream. But the tongue did not stop there. Like a thug smashing a person against a wall, again and again, the tongue flicked upwards, smashing her against the wet solid surface. When it finally stopped, the tongue bridged itself to the large sets of teeth where the tiny woman's body slid.

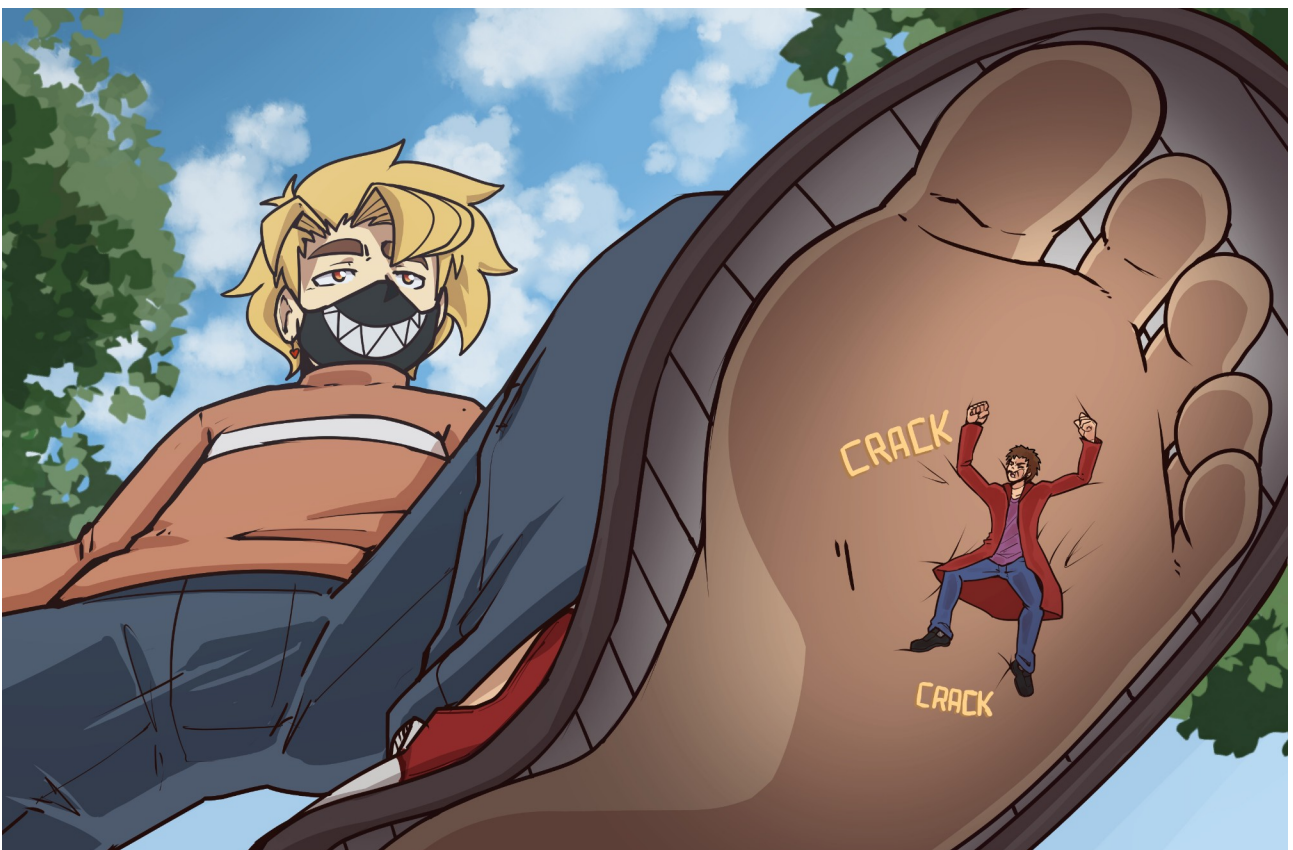
Darren positioned Gen's neck between the sharp ends of the top and bottom teeth, as if she was set to be guillotined. She let out a gulp as the sharp end of the tooth pricked into the flesh of her neck. It would take just one tiny movement from the giant, who just needed to chomp down and end the tiny's life, yet the teeth remained stationary.

It was almost like a warning, to behave, or be ended right here and now. Gen certainly got the message, with her response being her absolute stillness. After about a minute, the tongue pulled Gen back in the mouth, which continued to play with her like a toy.

Meanwhile, as Darren was walking, Paul's experience beneath his foot was much different. The shoe was completely insulated, where not a single spark of light nor breath of fresh air could enter. It was a dark stuffy hell, where the weight of each merciless footfall would press down on the tiny former king's body.

The smell was not as overwhelming as expected. The foot permeated a natural odour in addition to the soap used from Darren's shower prior. The heat on the other hand was another matter; the more Darren walked the more the confines of the shoe felt like an oven.

Paul could not tell whether the sweat drenching him belonged to himself or the foot, but the worst part was the softness of the freshly washed sole which did not grant the relief of a quick painless crush. Instead, each step conformed against the tiny body, the flesh of the foot repeatedly spreading around him like a heavy, thick dough.



There was no doubt in Paul's mind that if the giant wanted to, he could plant his full weight on the body and instantly crush him. Darren had a different idea though. For the blonde, it was like having a pebble to massage his feet against. Every *light* step ground against his sensitive sole, pressing deeper with every extra bit of pressure.

Although Paul could not see it from the lack of light, he could feel the sore, aching bruises riddled all over his body. The feeling of the tiny's frame fighting and resisting against his giant soft sole sent his heart beating faster, and his skin bright scarlet. The footfalls eventually stopped, with Paul finding his face adhering to the stationary sole that stood in place.

'One mint chocolate chip please,' Darren said politely, talking to the worker in the ice cream stall.

The mere vibrations of the giant's spoken words caused Gen to throw her hands to her ears. But what followed was even more distressing. The bright light of day and the outdoor air flooded the mouth. She looked up from her position seeing the huge mask being lowered by one of the giant's long fingers, revealing a massive ball of green mint ice cream and large blocks of chocolate on a cone.

The tiny woman's teeth chattered as the ice cream got closer to the mouth. Holding her arms tightly around her body, she used her legs to kick her body away from the mouth's opening, but the tongue slid forward with her on it. Gen was soon thrown into a face full of the sweet frosty treat, pressed between the warm slimy tongue and a freezing cold wall of sugary ice.

She closed her eyes tightly, the tongue pushing her deeper into the ice cream. The giant slid his tongue roughly against the icy treat, dragging the tiny woman along. It was so cold for her tiny body, that the exposed skin burned red. She didn't know if she was feeling pain or just discomfort from the complete numbness of her body.





Taking off a huge chunk of ice cream, the tongue retracted back into the mouth. The mix of saliva and the melting blobs of overpowering mint turned Darren's mouth fluids green. Like a washing machine, the tongue swirled the mouth's contents round and round, getting a taste of the tiny mixed with the mint, chocolate and spit. Then the all too familiar feeling of the head tilting back caused her to hold the tongue in a tight embrace.

The puddles of thinned out saliva and cream flowed down to the back of the throat, where it would be absorbed and processed, followed by a loud audible gulp that echoed inside the mouth, sending a shiver up Gen's spine.

Though the short-lived relief of the mouth tilting back down came, the tiny woman was once again sent back out onto the tongue, used as a toy to be tormented against the delicious treat.

Over and over, it was a rinse and repeat process of being dragged against a burningly cold wall of cream and ice, then seeing the contents swallowed down its deadly one-way path in a fatal gulp. Gen's body began to go into overdrive, her heart aching as it worked to keep her functional in the extreme cold outside, then back into the extreme sauna of the mouth.

By the time the ice cream was finished, Gen collapsed onto the tongue. She was unable to control the constant shivering of her now bright red arms and legs, which felt like they were going to break off at any moment.



Desperate for relief, she did something she thought she'd never do. Rolling off the tongue, the tiny woman positioned herself just underneath, where the warm pool of saliva bathed her in its juices. Although she'd never admit it, it felt heavenly blissful against the cold sores riddling her body from head to toe..

Just as Darren was about to continue his activities with his tiny toys, he swerved around as he heard a familiar voice from behind.

'Yo, Darren!'

A man with pale skin, white hair, freckles and crystal blue eyes, there was no mistaking it.

'Hey, Everett,' Darren replied, squinting his eyes and hiding his gritted teeth behind his mask.

The weight of the blonde's foot increased over Paul's body. Fortunately during the stillness, the tiny was able to slide himself under the arch, but his arm still remained under the thick heavy ball of Darren's foot. A loud **crack** filled his ear, followed by a loud scream. Paul could no longer feel his arm, which was now completely flattened.

Darren decided to go with Everett to the nearest café, *Mrs Gilden's Cakes and Buns*. Sitting at the table, Darren kept his mask on prompting Everett to raise his eyebrow. But due to the previous day's arduous and stressful events, he didn't wish to push any seemingly inane topics.

'So how you holding up, kiddo?' Everett asked, holding his cup of coffee with both hands, letting the warm steam blow against his face.

Darren's eyes twitched ever so slightly as Everett spoke. His softness, kindness and seemingly powerful and benevolent charm which endeared others, was like a knife stab into the blonde's soul whenever he was around the mountain rescuer.

Gen tried to keep away from the gritted teeth that ground tightly together. But she would soon be occupied with the thick fleshy muscle that pushed her against the roof of the mouth.

'Yea I'm holding up ok,' Darren replied, retracting his tongue back down with every pause, 'a shame about yesterday, I felt like...I lost a bit of my soul after what happened.'

Everett reached his hand out across the table, placing it atop Darren's.

'Darren, listen to me, I know it's hard, but you can't save everyone. It's not your fault.'

The blonde squinted his eyes again, but as soon as a thought entered his mind, his eyes warmed back.

'Yea, I guess you're right,' Darren said with a lighter voice, '*you* really can't save everyone.'

He lifted his hand from the table, holding his palm against his masked face. The giant tongue then worked to push Gen out the mouth landing against the tightly clasped cotton.

Everett took a sip of his drink, then looked back at Darren's masked face with a warm smile. Meanwhile, Gen's ears filled with the sound of saliva. The tongue covered her body from head to toe, as hundreds of tastebuds pressed her against the cotton supported by the palm behind.

As Darren brought his tongue back into the mouth, Gen could finally regain her composure. Hanging onto the mask, the slight smell of coffee and the sound of cups, plates and people all about the room sent a surge of adrenaline throughout her body.

'It's a shame,' Darren said, his smirk completely visible to the tiny woman, 'so many people out there need help, but it's just sad thinking you can't get to them all, ya know?'

'Yea I know what you mean,' Everett said, turning to look outside the window.

As the two were conversing, Gen saw an opportunity. She quickly made her way to the bottom of the mask where the edge met the chin. Using her legs to push against the chin and mask, the tiny woman successfully parted it slightly, but also causing her to lose balance. Falling forward, her upper body dangled upside down from the mask, hooking her feet to the edge to prevent herself from falling. Opening her eyes, her face beamed into a huge smile as she saw Everett from across the table, still looking out the window.

'I wished I could have been there to save your friend and girlfriend. When you told us about it, I just felt so helpless,' Everett continued.

As the mountain rescuer turned back towards Darren, the blonde hastily pushed the tiny woman back into his mask. He let out a short, silent sigh before lifting his iced tea towards his face, pushing the straw under his mask. He swiftly tilted his head back, lapping his tongue out against the tiny woman who screamed to the top of her lungs. But before any discernible sound could escape, Darren buried her face in a pool of saliva beneath his tongue.

Just as the tongue released, Gen saw her chance to try again, but the sound failed to leave her mouth as she was faced with a long tube of pink-coloured plastic that crept inside. The next thing she knew, a familiar feeling of the piercing biting cold washed over her. The powerful force of iced tea being sucked through the straw gushed straight into her, pushing her all the way to the back of the tongue.

Her ears were consumed with the repetitive yet chilling sound of the throat.

*Gulp...gulp...gulp.*

She hanged on to the edge of the tongue, looking over her shoulder where a pitch-black abyss awaited.

*Gulp...gulp...gulp.*

It just kept coming, a powerful stream of ice-cold liquid pouring in like a river fighting against her grip until finally, she slipped. Her fingers numbed and the surface became too slippery. The light from the mouth quickly disappeared in one long and loud **gulp**. It wasn't quick like the ones before. The second it took to slide down the throat felt like more, as the last visible trace of Gen's existence was a small lump tracing down the outside of Darren's throat.

The stomach was dark, cold, hot; Gen wasn't sure what to make of it. The ice cream from earlier with the iced tea that claimed her formed a frosty pool which soon matched the warm temperatures of the giant blonde's insides. But as Gen swam around the shallow pool, the amount of liquid was way more than she'd have expected for a simple ice cream cone and drink.

Her confusion was soon answered. The bare arms, hands, legs and face began to tingle. It started with a light tickle, then a thousand tickling sensations like flies crawling over her body, until not a minute later, the reddening burning began.

Bits of peeling skin flaked off little by little as the concoction of melted ice cream, iced tea and stomach acids chipped away at her. The slightly colder liquid from the cream did nothing to sooth the burns, with the fats only serving to increase the volume of acid as Darren's body works to break away his stomach's contents.

'So, I think I'm gonna head home if that's ok,' Darren said, scratching the back of his head and giving a nervous looking smile.

'Oh, sure thing,' Everett said, getting to his feet to walk him out.

As Everett approached Darren, the blonde stuck his foot out in his path, making sure to tilt his shoe forward to slide Paul right under the ball of his foot. Everett's foot took a heavy step over Darren's, pressing it right into the ground.

'ARRRRRRG-' Paul's scream was cut short.

The weight of the step was overwhelmingly heavier than anything the tiny had experienced from Darren's before, with the sole completely annihilating the former king's battered and bruised body into a pulp. A star-shaped smear of blood and broken organs now painted the underside, where the body had just been flattened.

'Oh so sorry Darren, I didn't mean to step on ya.'

‘No worries, barely felt it, just don’t do it to a tiny guy yea?’ Darren said as the pair chuckled in jest.

As Darren made his way back home, he let out a deep sigh. He couldn’t help but grind his foot with each step, wiggling his toes against Paul’s remains.

‘Ugh shit, gonna have to buy new shoes anyway,’ he mumbled to himself.

Meanwhile in the blonde’s stomach, if anyone were able to hear anything inside, all they’d hear was the sore, pitiful squeak of Gen’s lungs. The tiny woman tried to take in wha little bit of oxygen remained, hoping she could fade to unconsciousness. Instead, she was left to endure the feeling of her degenerating body. The acid picked up its pace, eating away at the shrunken woman more and more.

The stillness of the stomach, like a calm lake of gurgling liquid, very quickly changed to a seismic, ferocious earthquake whose walls churned and mashed anything it touched. The acid moved like huge waves, splashing everywhere including on Gen’s face and eyes.

The powerful stomach walls acted like a machine, pulling every bit of the stomach’s contents into its soft but powerful ridges, with Gen being no exception. The tiny woman felt her body being punched, battered and torn apart against the powerful contracting muscles which sought to absorb every last nutrient into Darren’s body. Every contraction left her even more unrecognisable. Though her bones did not break, more and more flesh peeled, melted and ripped away from her body until her brain finally went into shutdown.

Arms, legs and other chunks of limb and flesh floated by each other, which would soon melt away until nothing but bones were left. Gen was finally at peace, slipped into the dark abyss of unconsciousness, free from the overwhelming anguish.

Darren let out a yawn, stretching his arms out as he walked back into his house. He could still feel the mushed up pulp in his left foot, which left a satisfying *squelch* with each step. Walking into the bathroom, he slipped his shoe off, revealing the remains of Paul which was nothing more than mashed up bones, flesh and organs.

Using the showerhead, he held his filthy foot over the edge of the bathtub, wiggling his toes against the running water which cleansed every last trace of body and blood, down into the drain where no one would be any the wiser.

Straight after, the blonde went back down in the basement. He gave a devilish smirk as he saw the dangling sock from the table in the same position he left it. Mu perked up, hearing the familiar creaking stairs of Darren’s approach.

‘Looks like the little cop couldn’t get out,’ the giant blonde said teasingly.

The giant began to pinch his fingers over the little lump in the sock, playing with Mu's tiny little body through the fabrics. No matter how much he kicked or punched the fingers away, a simple heavy pinch left the tiny detective winded and gasping for air.

Darren sat on the floor beside the sock, removing the pin and thread from the side of the table, then emptying the sock between his sitting legs.

'Not gonna welcome me back? I hope you had fun while you were in my sock. You must have since you were still in it.'

Darren gave off his iconic gentle smile, a facade the entire town was used to. But Mu had seen enough to never be fooled by it again. He looked left and right, around Darren's feet and at his lowered mask.

'Oh?' Darren said, noticing the tiny scanning his surroundings, 'sorry but, if you're looking for the others, I'm afraid one is down in the bath drain and the other is having some alone time inside me.'

Mu went pale with wide eyes as Darren patted his stomach, then his eyebrows closed tightly together as he gritted his teeth.

'You...you...' Mu spoke silently, barely audible to the giant.

'Huh? I'm sorry what? Speak up little cop'. Darren said turning his head to the tiny, holding a hand over his ear.

'YOU FUCKING BASTAAAAAARD!'

Mu ran to the nearest sole beside him, ferociously punching and biting against the thick layer of skin that stretched in all directions. Darren looked down at the tiny, holding his head in his hand.

'Hey now,' Darren said calmly, 'there's no need for that language, keep it PG13 will ya? This is a family show.'

After two minutes passed, the tiny collapsed onto his knees. His heart was racing, his face sweating and his chest panting. He looked up to the wall of flesh he vented his rage against, seeing a barely visible small red mark and a tiny droplet of blood leaking from a tiny groove in the foot. He looked back down to the floor, the futility of his reality finally sinking in.

'Finished? Good,' Darren continued, 'now that you've had your little tantrum, I'm gonna make ya a generous offer. As you've been so brave, I'll let you be my slave and you get to live.'

Mu looked up to Darren's toothy grin as he looked down with a single squinted eye. The giant leaned in towards the tiny at his feet, anticipating his answer.

‘So what’d say? He asked.

Mu stood up with all the strength he had left, and answered in a weak croaky voice.

‘Go to hell.’

Darren leaned back, his smile growing wider. The giant blonde plucked Mu from the ground, before pressing the base of both feet on the ground together to form a V shape with his open soles.

Both feet opened up like a Venus Fly Trap waiting to clasp on its prey. Darren and Mu looked each other in the eye, the silence before the storm until Darren finally spoke.

‘Thanks for the fun, little cop.’

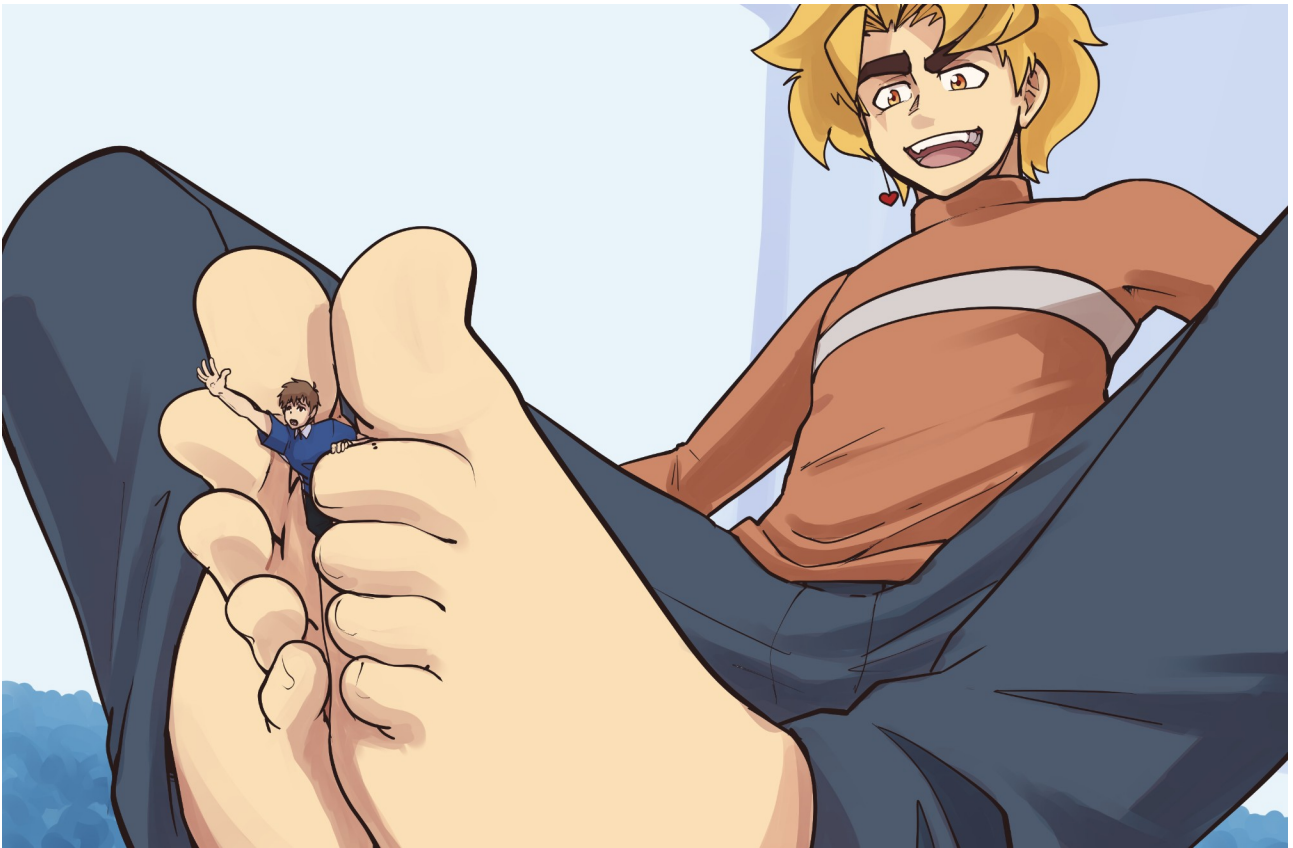
The pinch of the fingers released, causing Mu to plummet between the canyon of soles. Just when Mu was finally between the walls of warm red and peach, Darren snapped them shut.

The tiny detective had shut his eyes tightly, just before the fall, but as he slowly opened them he was met with the same darkness. The lack of sight and sound only amplified his smell, which assaulted his senses with a sweaty corn chip-like atmosphere.

Being the last tiny, Darren wanted to make sure to savour the feeling of his final victim squirming at his mercy. A cold shiver reverberated around his body with every press of his sole. He moved his feet together, rubbing it as though he were massaging the tiny between the balls of his feet. But with every passing few seconds, the pressure increased. What felt like the soft, silky smooth soles of Darren’s feet began to feel like sandpaper for Mu.

The skin on Mu’s exposed arms and face burned with every increase of pressure. Every groove, crease and wrinkle became an extra bit of rough texture the fragile body was subjected to. The giant licked his lips as he heard the tiny’s faint, muffled moans attempting to escape from between the building-sized appendages.





But just as Mu was being rubbed, Darren inadvertently slid him over a wet sweaty spot, lubricating the surface and jerking the foot pushing Mu forward over his toes. The tiny was finally granted light and fresh air. But as he tried to pull himself free from Darren's tenacious grip, Mu could hear a heavy childish laugh from behind.

So close yet so far, this was but a short trick of hope for the tiny, who knew deep down there was no realistic attempt of escape. But with his body burning and his mind degenerating from the mental exhaustion, the tiny held out a hand instinctively, as if to anticipate a shiny-armoured hero to take his arm and rescue him. But no one came.

His arm went limp, followed by the rest of his body which dangled from between the underside of both feet's toes. As the blonde saw the tiny completely resigned to his fate and devoid of all hope, he felt it was time to end it.

Darren moved the pad of each foot's second toe on the side of Mu's head, gripping it in place like a vice, while keeping his face in the direction of the basement window where the light originated. Then, little by little, the tightness grew. With each increase of pressure, the pads of the toe spread around his face, until they were pressed in as much as they could be.

To the giant, it was like pressing a small pebble, but this pebble was so fragile. Mu's eyes were fixed on the light on the window. Even as his body was losing control, his skull aching to its break-

ing point and his vision slowly fading, he did not avert himself to the bright open world in the distance. And then...**CRACK**.

Like a coconut shell, the head was completely obliterated between the two of Darren's toes. Mashed brain goo and blood formed a web, bridged between each of the toe's pads which the giant rubbed together in delight. Then getting to his feet, he finished the mangled body off under his heel in one swift crush, twisting and grinding it against the floor until the former detective's body was an unrecognisable bloody smear.

Darren looked around the basement, a now empty room where only he remained. He got to his feet, letting his mind be absorbed by the blissful silence, and the warmth of the Mu's blood drying away against the heat of his foot. The silence then broke as he let out a loud yawn.

The blonde turned back to the staircase, where he closed the basement for the last time that day. Darren would go to bed, closing his eyes and reminiscing his day's activities; the tiny's faces as they were at his mercy, the crunch and cracks beneath his feet, the taste of a person being sucked against his tongue or breaking at his teeth, absorbing in his body, and above all, watching Everett break. He smiled to himself, planning what he'll do next as he drifted to sleep.

The end