

A Small Satisfaction

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

A tiny man finds himself fused with a woman's panties with no memory of how he came to be and no choice but to let her wear him.

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I was in a vast field of white.

At first I thought it must have been ice, it was so cold and endlessly white there was simply no other option but then I realised there was none of the telltale dampness that came with ice and snow. Rather the ground beneath my bare back was soft and smooth for the most part with tiny puffs of cottony substance interspersed randomly throughout the landscape. It was almost like fabric but on a scale that was impossible to fathom. It went on forever, it was all I could see, all I could feel, my whole world. I try to move but find I cannot, I am held down by the thin wisps of fluff and fabric, almost as if I am sewn into the Earth itself.

How did I get here? Where was I before? These questions danced in my mind and I had plenty of time to think about them. Without the ability to move my thoughts were all I had. Not that being able to stand and travel would have helped much, it was white fabric as far as the eye could see in every direction, I doubted being able to move would have garnered me anything new.

Was this some sort of purgatory? A punishment perhaps? I tried hard to remember a world before this white but my mind was blank. I had a human body but something told me I couldn't possibly be a human being. At least not now, perhaps before; whenever 'before' was. Or perhaps I was simply a bigger part of this strange fabric place that had gained a level of sentience, perhaps the soft ground and I were one in the same and that was why I could not move from it. I look down at the rest of my body and find I can barely see it. I know it's there; I can wiggle my fingers and toes, feel the general shape of my body. But I am so buried in the white silky threads that my body is basically fused with the ground, I cannot see beyond my torso.

I do not know how much time passes, or if time is passing at all. There is simply my still, white existence until all of a sudden, there is so much more. There is a sound of wood scraping and then there is light filtering down through the white above me. The stark world around me lights up, as if the sun is shining through the powder coloured sky and then a moment later the light becomes all encompassing, blinding in its brilliance. It dazzles me, temporarily sending spots dancing across my vision and when they finally clear; I see her.

Janie.

I do not know how I know her name, it comes to me in an instant with no other information. Other than a feeling, a feeling of ownership not of her but from her. I was certain in that moment and every moment after that I belonged to her. I do not know how; perhaps it was her who put me here or granted me sentience, I do not know. As she came into focus my whole world shifted, literally. I was being lifted into the air, hanging helplessly from her giant fingers. I could see the world beyond, but it was so fast and huge I could scarcely comprehend it. I recognised it; the items, the tables and chairs and bed so perhaps I was once human and used these things too, before I was joined with this fabric. What was my fabric exactly? It was still too big compared to my almost microscopic body for me to tell.

My only clue was to watch Janie as she carried me through her giant world, hanging against her thigh. It was like a huge expanse of soft skin; I was close enough to feel the heat from her body and it was like being warm for the first time in my life. As far as I could remember, it was. The coldness of my fabric world seemed even more stark after she pulled it away, stretching it out and causing the threads which bounce me to contract and squeeze me tight. It did not hurt, in fact, it felt rather nice, cosy and safe but also dominating. The control she had over me was complete and total, a fact that somehow made me feel good, rather than frightened.

As Janie began to lower me I felt a bolt of fear pass through me, she had been the only bright spot in my otherwise empty life so far. If she was putting me down I didn't think I could cope. I didn't want to go back to my boring, cold expanse. But I was wrong, she was not putting me down, she was putting me *on*. The white expanse was pierced by a giant foot, slowly approaching on my left side, it stepped into a, until now unseen, hole into his side. The leg approached as if in slow motion, giving me the time to perfectly study her form; the sheen on black polish perfectly applied to each toe nail, the silver ring that adorned her smallest toe. The silver ring was so many fathoms bigger than he was but to her it was probably nothing more than a small wire. The leg stepped in, and then another and all too quickly I began my ascent. Up the great mountains that were her legs pressed to either side of me. The journey would only have been a few seconds for her but for me it seemed to take an age. Not that I thought that was a bad thing, mind you. I savoured the experience in fact. Already I could feel warmth wafting from her skin over me in gentle waves, bringing heat to my cold silk world. The light disappeared as her gargantuan body blocked it out. There was nothing but her body above me, so tall and huge in scale compared to me that I could not even see all the way to the top. Then I was moved beneath her and all I could see was the dark pink spread of her approaching pussy.

A forest of hair, parted by dark red folds, even before I made contact I could smell her. That heady, oh so feminine smell that acted like a drug to my senses. It was so strong and addictive I forgot what it felt to breathe plain air almost instantly and did not care. If I could breathe in this scent for the rest of my existence I knew I would be happy. And then, just as quickly as it had come, the light was blocked out as Janie fit me snugly against her pussy. It was only then that it finally clicked; I was panties, or I was a tiny man within the panties. The realisation brought me joy; I would be pressed against her for at least a full day now, able to breathe in that delicious scent; that delicious...overwhelmingly powerful, almost dizzying scent. What had been a gentle pleasure from a distance was now everywhere. Strong and overpowering. In the darkness my other senses expanded, strengthening my sense of smell until the strong, heady scent of Janie was almost maddening. Not to mention the dampness. I was pressed right against one of her folds, pressed up against the wet soft skin. Yet somehow, I could still breathe, or perhaps I did not need to breathe in the traditional sense. Either way, my lungs filled with the smell of her slickness and my skin was swiftly soaked through. More than that, my entire being. The wetness seemed to semi harden, pinning me in place even more than the panties had been before. I was trapped in the darkness, smothered by her body and unable to do or say anything. Even if I could, I was simply too small to be heard, even if she was holding the panties an inch from her face. Let alone here, trapped between her legs.

My world begins to move, I slide back and forth along those folds, sinking deeper into her as she starts to walk. The world outside her pussy is unknown to me, the distance is too far and my ears are not powerful enough to pierce outside of the sounds of wetness sliding against me. I find myself falling into a sort of trance, perhaps a similar state to what I had been before I 'woke up'. Unlike before though, I never become unaware. I am always conscious of Janie around me. That feeling of ownership, of domination continues and I have to wonder if she knows I am here. Or am I nothing but a speck of dust to her? A secret admirer locked away against her own body without her even realising. Both ideas filled me with pleasure and a strange sort of anticipation. Being so small, nobody else, not even Janie herself, would be more intimately familiar with her pussy now. I knew it better than any and yet, I was helpless and that helplessness filled me with a sort of excitement, knowing I was totally at her mercy.

It is not all pleasure though, after what feels like an eternity the smell and taste begin to permeate my very being. The smell dominated me from within. What had started as a comfortable heat inside he turned to an almost painful burn. I was so hot and the air so thick, yet I could do nothing to free myself. The fabric that bound me tightened and loosened with each step she took but never enough to allow me freedom. Even if it did, I was crushed against her pussy lips, there was no way to move even if I could wiggle my limbs free. After

an eternity, I was given a brief reprise. I felt myself pulled away, peeled off the sticky dampness that coated her inner skin and pulled away. I fell away to the white tiled floor and for a few moments, I had a taste of fresh air once more. I was so soaked with her juices though that I was barely able to taste them. The cool tiles of the bathroom floor were cold and white it was pleasant for a moment. I soon began to miss my cosy new home between her legs. Without her body heat the juices around me began to dry and harden further, further trapping me in place. There was a loud sound of crashing waves and then all too quickly I was being pulled back into place. I no longer knew how to feel about it; on the one hand I longed to be near her, the warmth, the taste, it was all so lovely. But on the other it was smothering, my brain could barely function inside her folds. How I felt mattered not though, Janie still showed no signs of seeing me. She pulled her panties back on with all the care that one would, which is to say none. One more I found myself pressed against her pussy and forced to spend hours pressed up against her, becoming slowly mad from the sheer intensity of her scent and taste all around me.

I cannot be sure when something shifts, it happens slowly, perhaps even over the course of hours but by the time I notice it is too late. Her slickness is getting stronger. Slowly but surely the heat of her skin is increasing and her juices begin to flow. Growing from the natural dampness that is always present between a lady's legs to something more. The juices become just that, dribbling liberally from her hole and drowning me in slickness. Somehow though, this does not stop my senses from working. I no longer need to breathe but that doesn't stop me from opening my mouth to fully taste the juices that flow across me. The panties begin to stretch and warp more often, I am crushed against her fully as Janie pushes her crotch down hard on whatever it is she is sitting on. I am awash in sensations; smell, tastes, touches, it is a miracle I cannot see in this hot darkness or I may just pass out from overstimulation.

Perhaps it was the sheer amount of stimulation I was receiving but it took an embarrassingly long time to realise what was happening and when I did I felt a bolt of excitement shoot through me. Janie was getting horny; and here I was experiencing it first hand from the most intimate and private of places. I felt so...naughty like the ultimate voyeur. I revelled in the subtle changes I could feel; the increased heat, the smoother texture her juices took on as more and more flowed. As she shifted in her seat I was pressed and squeezed, pulled and caressed between the fabric that bound me and her walls. If I thought I was soaked before it was nothing compared to now. I felt as though I were almost becoming part of her, rather than the panties. Eventually there was a sound and a small amount of light peered through by fabric. A moment later there was a pressure at my back as her fingers pressed into the front of her panties and began to rub. I was crushed into her folds as they got sicker and sicker by the moment. The silky fabric already soaked through and sopping

wet glided across her smooth skin and I felt the vibrations spread through her to me as she began to moan.

Back and forth I went, from clit to hole as she rubbed slowly up and down her slit. As I came to rest against her clit I reached out as best I could to caress it and give what extra pleasure I could. It was huge compared to me, I doubt Janie could feel my tiny hands pressing to the soft flesh but I did it all the same. I wanted to give her as much pleasure as possible, this was my purpose, I was sure, though I had no idea why. I was rewarded with another trip down her folds, the skin, while smooth with slickness, had a ribbed, slightly rough texture that sent pleasure all throughout my strange half fabric submerged body. I wondered if it were possible for me to cum. I didn't think so. I was as much material and silk as I was man, if I ever was a man to begin with. Somehow the knowledge that there was no release in sight, that I would have to ensure endless teasing with no release made me even more excited.

We came to her hole and she pressed the fabric toward it. In the gloom I could only just make out the red darkness ahead and see the folded fabric mountains slowly disappearing up and into it. I was along for the ride, slowly, aching slowly, rising toward the entrance that so intrigued me. As I slipped inside I moaned, a tiny sound that nobody but me could hear. The skin outside was warm but the inside was so tight and hot it was overwhelming. I slowly ascended, into total darkness, pressed against her inner walls. Inside her pussy pulsed and clenched, squeezing me to her so hard I swore I was going to meld with her flesh and become a part of her rather than the panties. That did not happen though, inside I was drawn out, only to thrust inside once more.

I could hear her panting gasps, monstrously loud to my tiny ears. Her fingers pressed inside her, only the thin fabric of the panties keeping skin from touching skin. I was in heaven, entering and exiting her pussy with each thrust. Were I able to cum I was sure I would. Just as fast as the leisure had come, it went away. The fingers disappeared and for a few glorious moments I was stuffed inside her, held in place only by the tightness of her pussy as it tightened around me. Then I began to slide out back into the open air as something came between me and Janie's pussy. It was skin; warm, but not nearly as lovely as the heat that emanated from between her legs. I saw a glint of black; the same polish from her toenails and then there was nothing but the rough pad of a finger pressing against me. Her hands!

My panties were pulled away to make room and now all I could do was watch as her bare fingers stroked her folds, coaxing out even more slickness before diving deep into that beautiful hole. One finger became two, then three. I could hear her moans getting shaky, her whole body was shuddering with the intensity of her ecstasy and it made my panties shake. The vibrations moved through me, leaving me dizzy and lightheaded as she continued to

pump those fingers in and out. Wetness spilled like great waves from my perspective, into the back of the panties before running down to soak over me. My vision became blurred as the vicious liquid coated my eyes and mouth; drawing me in the taste. My whole body became like a tongue, able to taste and smell making the sensations permeate not only my body but my mind. It was hard to remember a life before this moment; so strong was the feeling.

The best was yet to come though. As the sounds became louder even the thick layer of pussy juice could not muffle them. I felt my body stretch to its limits as Janie's legs spasmed, legs flying apart as far as the waistband would allow as she cried out. Another great wave, this time a concentrated stream, flowed from her hole to cover me as she came. The sounds, the moans and groans of pleasure, were like ambrosia for the soul. I knew I would treasure their memory and covet them for the rest of my existence; however long it was. After her orgasm, all became quiet. The slickness began to slide off me, giving me a perfect view of the giant woman's body from between her legs. The curves of her form were like mountains I yearned to climb, but it was not meant to be.

She sat up, towering over me as she slipped her legs out of the loops. Just like that her body warmth was gone and the slickness that had soaked me began to cool at a rapid pace. I was colder than I had been even this morning in that dark place. Those fingers and hands descended upon me, crushing me against the folds as the panties were wadded up with me still inside them. There was a moment of weightlessness; I could not see beyond the darkness as I was in the centre of the ball of fabric, but I assume this was due to me being thrown. I landed with, what seemed to me at least, a heavy thump. From outside my crusty prison I heard the sound of wicker moving and then any cracks of light disappeared. My mind was still flooded with lust and stimulation so it took me quite some time to realise where I was. A washing hamper.

In the hours that followed the juices that soaked me dried completely, leaving me unable to move at all as they held me in place like cement. The smell became more pungent, more all consuming and I found myself drifting in and out of a trance-like state; as close to sleep as I could ever manage. Hours turned to days, the only hint of time passing the occasional streak of light that made its way through the cracks in my bunched up ball. The overstimulation had been driving me mad in the best ways, now the sensory deprivation was doing the opposite. I longed for my lady, my Janie. Without her I felt adrift and without purpose. I couldn't not be sure of who or even exactly what I was but when she was there I felt at peace. Sometimes I could hear movement, the click of heels on tiled floors and I knew she was close. I treasured those times as the days mounted up. My favourite time of day swiftly became the evenings when the basket opened and extra weight crushed down on me. Not because I enjoyed the weight but because I knew she was near, I could hear the

sound of running water and knew she was showering close by. I would spend my days imagining what she looked like and wishing she could wear me there.

Eventually, I felt a shift in the ground and my world began to move again. Bundled with all the other clothes I was lifted and for one, beautiful, ephemeral moment; I was against her chest. I could feel her heart beating through the breast and skin. It was heaven and I soaked it up like my panties had her juices. The moment passed all too quickly and I found myself still once more, stuffed inside what had to be a washing machine, judging by the cool metal that pressed against my side. It was a good thing I no longer needed to breathe because soon the water was flowing over me, drawing in a constantly raging sea. The water tasted bitter, like chemicals; but in the brief moments I burst above the surface I could smell flowers and moss. The artificial scents washed away Janie's and I mourned it. These faux flowers had nothing on my wonderful woman's personal perfume.

I was not so lucky when it came time to move to the dryer. The water adhered me to another set of clothing and I was not blessed with my lady's touch. But I knew she was near and I took pleasure in that. The drying felt awful. The hot air blasted me from all sides, sending me tumbling until I could not tell up from down. There were even a few moments where some of the tiny, fluffy threads were ripped from the panties and I feared the same would happen to me. If I fell out here I would no doubt slip into the inner workings of the machine, never to find a way out or be touched by my lady again. Fortunately, I was spared such a fate. Instead when the ordeal was over I found myself pinched between two smooth, black polished nails and I sang for joy.

Gently I was folded, patted down and smoothed until I was right back in the position I started in. Lost in a sea of cold white fabric, unable to see the outside world. There was a slight glow as the light filtered through from above and for a few seconds, all was well, then I felt that weightless feeling of being dropped and I fell. Just after I landed there was a great scraping of wood and the glow was cut off, leaving me in grey darkness. A drawer, I was back with all the other panties, simply waiting until I was needed again. I had no recourse but to submit to my fate. Gone were all thoughts of what or who I may have been before I woke up in the drawer the first time; they did not matter anymore. Whether this was punishment or reward did not matter, nothing mattered except Janie. The only hope I had was that she would choose me to wear tomorrow.