

Neela sighed as she wandered around the beach alone. The young woman had a pretty bad day earlier this week, and hasn't really recovered from it since. One of her favorite hobbies was going along the beach, crushing all the shrunken people she could find. It was cruel and torturous for the little ones, but a guilty pleasure of hers.

But there was a fatal problem with that hobby. Neela Fantaw, while drop dead gorgeous...was only a couple inches tall. Due to a mix up, she was registered for her insurance while she was only an inch tall. So now, every time she's revived, she's still small by default.

So the only way she can crush some pathetic little insects is if they're already smaller than her. While she had the ability to shrink other people...they would need to be her size for it to even work. If she tried to shrink someone that was still normal size, she would barely get them a couple of inches down before they simply squished her themselves.

Most of the time, she didn't have much trouble finding victims for herself. People that were visiting the beach usually came in groups around their same size. Normal sized with normal sized, smalls with smalls.

As long as she avoided the groups of the larger people, she wouldn't be crushed underfoot. It wasn't a perfect system. There were larger people that had the same hobby as hers, and looked around for people to crush underfoot.

But that's where her boy toys came into play.

Neela was hot. She knew it, and wasn't afraid to flaunt it. Flawless tan skin, a curvy body, and perfect hair. All she had to do is blow a kiss to someone with her thick lips, and they were enchanted.

So she tried to always keep a boy toy around when she had the chance. A little affection was all it took to keep some company. And whenever someone tried to find tinies to kill, she could use him like a shield while she ran to safety.

It worked maybe half the time, but it at least kept her from dying every time.

But earlier this week, she made a mistake. Neela and her newest boytoy (she hardly ever remembered their names) targeted a skinny guy they saw walking around the beach. She was planning on watching the boy toy knock him out before she would shrink him and finish the job.

But that was before she learned he was genuinely meeting some normal sized people there. As soon as they were spotted bullying the shrimpy guy, they were quickly loomed over by a couple.

A gorgeous woman and a well sculpted young man. While Neela was considering using the boy toy as a meat shield, the dark haired giantess quickly crushed them both under her foot. No toying, no pleasure, just a swift death as revenge for her friend.

Neela was quickly revived at the nearest center. Which was when she found out that her boy toy was someone stupid enough not to buy insurance despite being tiny like her.

So now, she was single.

Walking up and down the beach, Neela couldn't find anyone her size or smaller for the past few days. It was like someone had snatched them all up for themselves, leaving her with nothing!

No tinies to crush under her perfect feet.

No boys to pick up as meat shields.

All she could really do was tan all alone. While she liked maintaining a good tan, it was a little bring with nothing else to do.

And today was not much different. She was wandering around the hot sands, looking for something interesting. Surely there was someone out there that could end this week's shitty streak?

While she was thinking that, she saw something that made her heart freeze.

"Oh, come on Don! It's summer! What's wrong with coming back to the beach?" a lovely woman with dark hair exclaimed.

"I mean, we were just here a few days ago. And not to mention Simon nearly got crushed. This place is full of assholes" a muscular young man said. He was looking a little reluctant, but was still bushing a bit as his girlfriend hurried them along.

Neela watched as the woman who had crushed her underfoot a few days ago was dragging her boyfriend by the arm back onto the beach. She grit her teeth as she glared at the happy couple. Back in her territory.

The girlfriend dragged the guy across the beach before settling into a spot, kinda near where they were stationed the first time. They spread out their beach towel and got comfortable, laying out in the sand.

Neela didn't even realize she had been following them until the giantess rolled over, getting within a few feet of her. The tan tiny scrambled back a bit, hiding behind a nearby dune. The last thing she needed was to be spotted and crushed once again.

She wasn't even sure why she was watching them. Maybe hoping for a chance of revenge? That would be nearly impossible. She couldn't shrink them herself. And with their current size difference, the most she could do was knock over their sunscreen bottle.

Not exactly equal payback for murdering her latest boytoy. If only someone would come along and just shrink them both for her. Then she'd make this bitch pay....

But no one else came along. Rather, something else interesting happened instead.

Marissa rolled over onto her back, enjoying the summer sun. This heat was doing wonders for her tan. Plus, she was feeling pretty sexy in her bright pink bikini.

But Don was being a bit of a grumpy lump. Apparently going to the beach more than once a week was a chore for him. He was mostly sliding through his phone, or looking around at the other sights.

Honestly, it was still nice of him to come along with her even though he didn't want to. That's one of the reasons she loved him, he was always so considerate with her. She just wished that she could make his time here at the beach a bit more enjoyable...

With a smile on her face, Marissa thought of a fun idea. She took a deep breath and began to shrink herself. In under a minute, she was about an inch tall.

Don was completely unaware that she had shrunk herself, still scrolling through his phone as he waited for the day to end. Marissa smiled to herself as she walked towards his side of the beach towel. Surely he couldn't stay pouting if he got a nice little surprise inside his swim trunks~

But her plan was quickly interrupted as she felt herself shrinking again.

“What the fuck?” she said aloud.

This wasn't right, she stopped shrinking herself already! And she didn't have a cold today...which meant that someone else was shrinking her!

Soon enough, she was smaller than a speck of dust. Don looked like an entire mountain range to her now! And a shiver ran down her spine as a shadow suddenly loomed over her...

“Remember me, bitch?” a cocky voice sneered. Marissa turned around and looked up at the woman standing over her. Honestly...she couldn't really remember her. The tan woman was vaguely familiar... but that was the extent of her memory.

Neela frowned as the woman looked confused by her statement. Did this chick really not remember her?! It seems her expression exposed her frustration as the little bitch suddenly turned to run away.

But at her current size, even the cloth strands on the towel was like a dense forage she had to weave her way through. But all Neela had to do was reach down and snatch her up. Holding the dark haired tiny in her fist, she glared daggers into her.

“You crushed me and boy a few days ago!” she yelled at her. A look of realization spread across the tiny woman's face.

“Ooh, you're that tiny lady. Look...I realize you must be angry with me. But to be fair, you were being assholes to my friend. So...why not just let me go and we can talk this out?” she suggested.

Neela tightened her grip, eliciting a pained yelp from her little captive.

“Let you go?! Oh no. Nonono. You're not getting off that easy you little bitch” she said, turning and walking away from the towel.

The little woman cried out to her boyfriend as they got farther away. But he couldn't hear her even when they were up close. It was impossible for him to notice her when they made their way across the beach.

Neela brought her captive to her own special spot. It was an area of the beach only a few tiny locals knew about, where there wasn't many people around while still having a good view of the ocean.

She already had a beach chair set up next to her little cooler. It was the perfect place to sit back and relax.

As she plopped her bikini clad rear on her seat, she looked down at the woman in her hands. "Look lady, either let me go or get it over with!" she yelled up. "When my boyfriend finds out what you're doing, you're gonna get smeared!"

Neela let out a hearty laugh at her pathetic attempt at intimidation.

"Yeah right. He has no idea where you are or who took you. And there's no way he's going to find us anytime soon" she sneered. "Honestly, I was planning on just crushing you. Making us even. But you're being such a rude little shit...there's no way in hell I'm going to let you off that easily" she said with a cruel smile.

With her free hand, she reached around behind the woman and ripped off her pink bikini. She let out a low whistle, catching a glimpse of her naked form before she tried to cover up with her arms. Honestly, not bad. Nowhere near as nice as herself, but not bad.

Marissa found herself blushing deeply as she tried to cover up with her hands. She grit her teeth, so frustrated with this situation. This crazy lady had just kidnapped her, and now she stripped her naked in public!

...and she couldn't help but feel a little turned on by that. She hated that she felt this way when she was tiny around other people, but couldn't help it. Still, fear of her survival was her most obvious feeling.

"Here's how it's going to go down, slut" the tan woman said to her. "You're going to be my little slave for a while. You do what I say, when I say it. If you try to resist, I'm going to crush you. One. Limb. At a time" she said with a cruel smile.

Marissa felt her heart freeze up. Just who on earth did she allow to kidnap her...?

“Your first order...is to lick my feet” she said with an amused grin. Marissa could barely process the request as she was lowered down onto the sands near this woman’s feet.

She leaned back while placing one of her enormous soles in front of her. For a few seconds, all Marissa could do was stare at her foot. It was huge compared to her insignificant form, with bits of sand clinging to her smooth skin.

“I wonder which limb I should break first...” the woman said, shooting her a small glare. Marissa snapped out of it and got to work. Leaning forward, she let out her tongue and let it run across the heel of this crazy woman’s foot.

It tasted like sweat, sand, and suntan lotion. It was an interesting combination...and Marissa continued to lick it. Rubbing her tongue along the sole of the beach bully’s foot, Marissa shuddered a little bit.

This lady had so much power over her...and she was so small in front of her. So pathetic. It was like she was nothing...

Marissa shook her head a bit. Damn it, why does she find these kinds of things so hot?!

Neela smiled and leaned back in her chair as she felt something wet against her foot.

“Yeah, that’s it bitch. Keep licking” she snickered, looking at her from above. This was exactly what she needed. A new little bitch toy to entertain her.

She couldn’t stop smiling as she thought about all the possibilities. Making this stupid little whore lick her feet would only be the beginning.

Worshipping her. Cleaning her teeth. Maybe even become a new sex toy. There were so many uses for the tiny little bitch, and Neela was going to try each and every one before she finally crushed the life out of her!

This was going to be the best summer ever~

While Neela was fantasizing of all the things she could do to little Marissa, she failed to notice the pounding footsteps getting louder and louder. And before she knew it, a bulky shadow was cast over her and her new slave.

“Hey, shrimp” a deep voice called out from above. Neela felt her blood run cold. She had heard this voice once before....

“Have you seen my girlfriend anywhere? Might have shrunk herself to about your size? Pink bikini, black hair?” Don asked, standing over Neela with his feet on either side of her chair.

Neela looked up at the cut giant with her mouth hanging open. Marissa had already jumped to her feet and started waving her arms around, trying to get his attention. No matter how good his eyes were, he wouldn't notice her at that size....right?

“I asked you a question” Don said firmly, looking down upon Neela with scorn. The little woman shook out of her thoughts and cleared her throat.

“C-can't say that I have, mister. I've just been hanging out here by myself” she lied, trying to sound innocent.

Don sighed and shook his head from side to side. Another dead end, huh? Did Marissa already get herself crushed by some rando?

Neela gulped nervously, hoping her answer would be enough for him to leave her alone.

“Well, normally I'd thank you for the help...but don't think I've forgotten about you. I remember how you were treating my friend the other day” he said, making Neela recoil. “Marissa got to crush you last time...now it's my turn” he stated coldly.

“W-wait!!” Neela yelled, holding her hands up in defense.

“Don! I'm down here! Don't!” Marissa yelled up too.

But the giant ignored them and brought his sole down upon the women. Their bodies instantly splattered against his foot and the sand. He grinded them back and forth, hoping to wipe off some of their blood on the sand.

“Guess I'll keep looking” Don said with a shrug, unaware he had killed his girlfriend underfoot himself.

Maybe he should try asking some of the other tiny beachgoers next? He wouldn't crush them unless they were little monsters like that lady.