

S U P P O R T   O P S

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## ***Doppelganger Fun***

Mathew's tiny muscles ached as he crawled up the side of the wall, using a cord hanging down from the back of a computer station to do so. He was not built for climbing, or really, extremely physical labor. Even moving around as a tiny, shrunken guy was taxing on the little one. But he persevered,

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eventually getting to the ledge of the room's window. Instantly, a wave of intense, cold air washed over him like he walked into a freezer. Exceptionally thick glass separated him from the outside world. Blowing snow covered most of the ground in the bright, arctic tundra. There were plenty of buildings, shaped like strange round-cornered rectangles with no actual visible entrance to speak of.

'Exterior Habitation Unit' was written on the side, with a logo that read 'Highwater'.

The tiny, blue haired man took in a deep breath, seeing soldiers in deeply covering white winter weather gear wandering about in the distance. A futuristic aircraft was parked on a helipad, with a few workers covering its wings with de-icing liquid while others moved things around. He was obviously deep inside a military base, in... Siberia? Alaska? He had no idea...

"Hmm?" He heard a sweet voice come from behind him.

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As he turned around, soft fingers wrapped around his abdomen and lifted him up. He could see himself in the light reflection of big, round glasses. Brown eyes gazed back at him, along with long, blue hair that fell down over her shoulders – which sported the same purple open triad design as his own. He could see on her right hand, as well, was a black triskelion. As a wave of pleasure washed over the tiny man's core, he looked back into her eyes, seeing his own reflection as he blushed and became intensely erect.

“Fascinating...” She said, but without saying another word, she walked over to her bed and took a seat.

Rolling over to the other side, the blue-haired woman set Mathew down next to her computer and started typing away. Mathew watched, seeing her type her name into a spot, “Brittany R.”

Then, for a moment, she noticed he was watching the screen.

“No! Bad... Uh. Anomaly. Look the other way or I’ll squish you.”

Mathew looked up to her for a moment, blushing deeply as a wave of pleasure washed over him again. She noticed his cock twitch when she said that, and his shy reaction, before raising a brow. She blushed a little too, giving a chuckle before she continued to speak down to him.

“I saw that,” She said, “You know, being squished would hurt. Like a lot, right?”

“Yeah,” Mathew said with a nod, “I’ve been squished before, a lot.”

“Squeak squeaker, squeaken?” She replied, “I can’t hear a *WORD* you said little dude. Hold on a sec. And don’t look, I was serious about the squishing part. You see the wrong thing and I’m required to snuff you out.”

Mathew nodded, before turning away and sitting down.

Her eyes flicked back and forth for a moment, before she shifted to sit up cross-legged in her bed. The blue-haired woman looked down to Mathew as he looked back at her, before logging out and bringing back up the code she was working on earlier. Nothing classified. Letting out a little sigh, she reached down with her index finger and pushed Mathew to his back. Then, she got in close, feeling his cock pulsing against her fingertip.

“Just a press and you’re *SPLURT*.” She teased, getting Mathew to squirm a little. She laughed in response, “You’re not a registered anomaly. So you’re either new, or you erased your entry in the database. You’re lucky, too – No outgoing missions for me to monitor, so nothing to get in the way of making a database entry for you.”

Mathew nodded, giving the tip of her finger a lick.

“Cute. My name’s Brittany. Yes, like the place. Supposed to be Britany but... Ah well, I don’t need to explain that shit to you. So, one lick yes, two licks no. Understand?”

Mathew gently licked the tip of her finger once.

“Good. You’re loving this, aren’t you?”

*One lick...*

“You like feet? Like, being stepped on. Smell. That sorta thing?”

*One lick...*

“You realize that kills people your size, right?”

*One lick...*

“I’m going to turn you over to the research department after this. See if there’s a way we can use you for the greater good of the corporation. We’ve got other anomalies in our service that help out a lot, so if you’re a good little bug maybe you’ll survive.”

Brittany's fingertip slid down to Mathew's arousal, gently toying with it. She giggled when she saw him start to squirm, before speaking up once again.

"I want you to stop squirming. Stay as still as you possibly can, no matter what I do to you."

Mathew immediately complied. As she continued to toy with his arousal, the pleasure became intensely overwhelming. He wanted nothing more than to squirm, to relieve some of that tension, but there was nothing he could do. He grit his teeth, huffing through his nose as she continued assaulting his arousal. His eyes trailed down, seeing the length of his tiny body, watching as his arousal slipped around her fingertip. It disappeared, being rubbed until finally the pleasure was too much. Glowing blue liquid shot onto her fingertip, and immediately, she responded.

"Woah," She squeaked, bringing her fingers up and toying with the liquid, "That felt amazing... I think I have a

suggestion for when I send you in... For what you can do for us, that is.”

Mathew nodded, which she saw. Carelessly, Brittany snagged Mathew up by his leg and tossed him onto her bed. The tiny man rolled a little, coming to rest on his back as she positioned herself with her feet on either side of him. Smell radiated from her dark, blue socks as her toes flexed. Immediately, Mathew took in a deep breath, wandering over towards her right foot. She watched, stifling a laugh as she felt Mathew’s tiny nose press into the fabric. Just the smallest disturbance, along with the tiniest bit of air passing through.

“Dude. Those socks are ripe. I’ve been wearing them for a bit, just been lazy. You really ARE into this.”

Without saying another word, she rolled her foot over him. She took in the sensation of a tiny man squirming against the ball of her foot. His breath on her sock, the little twitches of pleasure. Gently she began to massage and grind into him,

twisting him like a cigarette, curling her toes around him. She felt surges of energy rushing through herself as well – not because of his cum, but because of the power she felt over the little being. Then, she brought her heel up, and began peeling off her sock. With Mathew still pinned under her, she slowly pulled her sock down her foot, rolling it up. She lifted her foot enough for the fabric to pass over him, dragging it along his cock as she revealed her bare skin. The moment her foot was free, she set it back down and felt another squirt of pleasure. A jolt of positive energy washed over her, and she moved her foot to the side to see his little mess.

“Damn...” She whimpered out, reaching over for some tissue. She brought it down, cleaning her foot off as well as Mathew’s cock, before going back to work, “I’d like to see how many times I can get you to do that, before I send you off to the real eggheads...”

Then, she began to grind her foot into him some more. Pushing down, kneading into the squirming little toy. She sent him into another world of pleasure and ecstasy, cleaning up the mess every time he came. Eventually, hours later, with a saturated tissue, she rolled her foot to the side to see him stuck there, his legs beneath the side of her foot, cum dripping down his cock as he shook in abject pleasure.

“You’re going to be so useful to us... Consider yourself property of the Highwater Corporation.”

Brittany held onto the glowing tissue, before bringing it back over Mathew’s little body to wipe him clean again. She could hear a little squeak of pleasure come from him as she did so, the soft fabric rubbing against his arousal continued to keep him cripplingly aroused. Flexing her toes again, Brittany grabbed a radio from behind her computer monitor with her free hand. She was quiet enough to keep Mathew from hearing what she was saying, though he heard the chirps of her radio

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before she finally set it back to where it was. Without saying another word, she reached down, gently rubbing on Mathew's cock for a few seconds before the door to her room opened up.

Two uniformed scientists walked in. One had two glass jars, and they were followed by a soldier in full gear. Immediately, metal tweezers gripped around Mathew's arm, plucking him up and discarding him into the cramped glass container. Brittany gave them the sample-coated glass vial, before washing her hands and foot with a cleaning agent. Mat couldn't hear what they were saying to each other before he was put away in a sealed, dark container...

*And carried off to be studied.*

**Art By:** Polyphius

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*Commissioned work - I did not create this image.*

**O R I G I N A L   S T O R Y**

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