

F O R G O T T E N

T R A N S I E N T - S T O R Y 0 2 7

S E A S O N I

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Caught Again

His mouth was dry, but he continued to do as he was ordered. The scent of rubber and dirt filled his little nose as he tried to choke down as much of the grit and grime as he could. Mathew's tongue slid along the diamond-shaped pattern of Nikita's shoe while she enjoyed her cigarette outside, sitting down now with her legs crossed, careful not to crush him

outright. The scent of her smoke mixed with the fresh smell of cut grass and flowers that slid through the summer air. She was alone, just enjoying a smoke as she pressed him into the cement floor beneath her.

Mathew whimpered as wind gust through the crack he inhabited. The sole of her converse was thin enough that he could feel her toes flexing, moving the surface on his body and adjusting pressure around him. His erection radiated pleasure throughout his body. Whenever he looked down towards it, he saw the edge of a diamond pattern crushing it into his stomach, the tip barely able to twitch. Every bit of dirt and grime pressed into his sensitive skin like needles. Rubber was cold, hard, and unforgiving as she toyed with him idly beneath her shoe.

Nikita remained completely silent, aside from the light puff of smoke that passed her lips. It was a wonderful day outside, and she intended to savor all the delight it had to offer on her day off. Being out here on her porch was a rewarding

experience in itself. On top of that, her favorite little crush-bug 'Vie' had returned to her. She could feel that he was there, moving beneath her foot like a little squishy rock she was pinning down.

Power was a wonderful drug.

Before she met Siv, she'd always get frustrated when she saw a human. Spray it down with Human-X and clean up the goop that was left over with a rag, stamp it quick and wipe it up, catch it in a paper towel and throw it away - alive - with the trash. But ever since? The act of ridding her home of these pests became an enthralling experience. It was almost surreal how much power she had over his life, and she reveled in it. What made Mathew special, however, was that he would remember what she did to him... Unlike the other lives she snuffed out.

Mathew watched as her foot lifted off of him, the sunlight forcing him to shield his eyes for a minute as he lay on the ground.

Naked, as usual...

As soon as his vision cleared he could see her high above. Her foot slid back, scuffing the floor slightly with her heel raised, the toe of her shoe barely touching his arm. Nikita was looking out towards the street as she inhaled the final drag of her cigarette. It casually slipped from her fingers, falling on the cement directly beside him. Ashes covered his chest, some still hot enough to burn his skin.

Without even looking, her foot lifted from the floor once again. The light, and her face, disappeared - replaced by the surface of her converse which covered everything. He let out a whimper as the sole he had been so feverishly licking clean came down to bear on him for a second. He heard her chair move as she stood up. That little stone she had pinned down

collapsed easily with a light 'pop'. Nikita closed her eyes, knowing that - though she could no longer feel him beneath her shoe, he was there. A flattened pelt of a being stuck beneath her foot. With a twist she snuffed her cigarette out, then walked off.

Her steps were light, happy and excited while Mathew stuck to her like gum. His vision was red and blurred as his eyes were forced from their sockets into the mess. There were only a few little splatters of red blood, shaped like the tread of her shoe, until enough dirt had covered him to soak up what remained. Each collision cracked more bones and squelched more organs until he was walked flat.

Errands... Then out to the bar.

She wasn't playing tonight, Siv had a solo gig. Nikita simply disregarded Mathew's existence. After the crush he was dead to her. There was no need to think about him, especially if he was just gum on her shoe now. Soul tied to the crushed

remains, Mathew was doomed to spend the evening with her. He felt every bit of dirt as it lodged itself into his form, every step and shift of weight. He could taste everything, hear everything, smell everything. Like a curse, his senses were still with him, regardless of the condition of his body.

Later that night, Nikita came home to her normal dwelling. She hopped up the stairs, having completely forgotten about the tiny creature adorning her shoe's sole. Tired, sore, all she wanted to do was lay on her couch and watch a movie. She was drunk and a little tipsy, hardly able to get the key into her house's door to let her inside. Normally she would have taken her shoes off at the door, but the thought didn't pass her alcohol-riddled mind. The Elven woman curled up on her couch, pushed a pillow behind her, and flicked the television on.

Her passenger was still very much aware though... At least until the end of her show. Pain subsided slowly as he was washed away into the tide between worlds, destined for another torturous reality.

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R E V I S E D S T O R Y

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