

J O G G I N G P A R T N E R

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Rough Ride

Hours at the factory had been brutal. 12 hour shifts 7 days a week working with dirty, rough machines forging hot metal pieces. It was something that Mika excelled at though, and the overtime she got from her job meant a larger paycheck when it was all said and done. She'd worked there for over a decade at this point, and she knew working sevens would eventually come to an end where she'd be able to go and enjoy a night or two with her friends. Or, she'd at least be able to get out and do something she enjoyed to do. The days went by, and after a few

months without a day of actual respite, that day finally came. No alarm woke her from her slumber, just a full nights rest.

The half-orc sighed as she sat up in her bed, slipping her feet out from beneath the dusty sheets to the ground. Still somewhat groggy, Mika made her way over to her closet to find a very specific outfit. It was fairly minimalist, just a sports bra and a matching pair of running shorts. After getting dressed, Mika spent a few more minutes limbering up and stretching before she casually walked through her unkempt home to her refrigerator. A single water bottle was all she needed, but as she turned to exit the kitchen she noticed a little tuft of blue hair.

"Oh," She stammered as a smirk crossed her lips, "So you were telling the truth. Welcome back, bug."

Mathew hadn't reformed for long in her presence as he looked up to her, unable to move still. Mika set her water bottle down next to him, her attention now completely focused on her newfound little toy. He was aroused, struggling to move

and react to her presence as the half-orc lemur cast him in shadow. Instead of waiting for him to fully recover, she pressed the tip of her rough index finger on his pelvis and gently began toying with him.

"I'm going for a jog, want to come along?"

Still unable to muster the energy to speak, the tiny blue-haired creature nodded. With that bit of affirmation, Mika plucked Mathew up from where he lay, gathered her water bottle, and walked back over to her couch. After she set down the water bottle, the half-orc lemur lifted her right foot to her knee and immediately pressed Mat's limp form into the ball of her foot. The little one wheezed as her finger pressed on his back, forcing him face-first into her cracked and calloused skin. He could hear her hum to herself as she peeled back a bit of white bandage tape and slid him down so she could trap his leg underneath it. The adhesive seemed to be fairly new, so it seemed to stick quite well still.

"Alright - You're going to be my partner buggie. I'll try to keep you alive as long as I can. Your job is to count my steps, alright? Lick once if you're ok with all this."

A few moments passed as she watched the little humanoid creature struggle to move. His tongue eventually raked across her sole, picking up grime and sweat from her previous work days - and probably a bit of ash. Mika laughed, her ringed tail swaying behind her as she reached forward and retrieved her bottle of water. As she stood up, she applied most of her weight to the blade edge of her foot and made her way toward the door to her apartment.

"You're pathetic," She cooed, shutting the door behind her.

She didn't live in a standard apartment. Mika jogged down the pristine carpeted hallway toward a large door at its end. Within a few steps she had already felt Mat's bones crack and pop, along with a tiny warm splat. The cracks and callouses of her tough feet made it difficult for her to really tell how much

damage she was doing to the little one, but that wasn't her problem. She slowed down just enough to push the door open and enter the library's enormous main hall. There were a few people studying, listening to their own music and reading books or wandering around.

"Oh, hello!" A sweet voice came from high above. "Good to see you, Mika."

The head librarian and owner of the building hovered near one of the upper levels. She was an Orchid Mantis, her voice was soft though it sounded somewhat artificial. Whenever she spoke, the lower mandibles of her jaw lowered shifted and moved, and the sounds seemed to emanate from within her. The insect-woman hovered down to fly alongside Mika as she came to a stop for a moment to speak with her friend. She chose a bit of a secluded area to do it in, away from listening ears.

"Hey Zoe. Finally got a day off - we're catching up with stock and everything so I think Sundays are probably going to be a bit more free. When do you want this month's rent?"

Now standing still, she could feel that Mathew hadn't completely been crushed in her jog thus far. Her skin was only sensitive enough to feel his arms twitching and fingers grasping at her, as well as his chest struggling to take in air. Not much more than that.

"Whenever you can get it to me dear," Zoe said, pushing her enormous golden glasses up her nose a bit, "maybe after that big rave you and Sofia were planning on together. I'd rather you have some spending money for that."

"You're sweet. Oh hey, I do have something I want to show you later, after my new toy comes back a few more times at least."

"You know where to find me," Zoe said with the sweetest smile an insectoid could muster, "Enjoy your jog, dear."

Mika waved, then jogged her way over toward the library's main exit and down the stairs. Her bare feet patted on the cement, and it didn't take long for her to completely disregard Mathew's safety for proper running posture. Heavy footfall after heavy footfall smashed down on the little one's body time and time again, grinding him into every crack and crevasse of her tough feet. More and more dirt gathered around him and all across her sole as she jogged barefoot through the park. Hours passed as Mika got into her groove, letting the jogger's high completely overwhelm her as the half-orc just kept going.

Mathew was crushed, but still conscious - for every agonizing step, as his body was demolished more and more.

By the time Mika returned to her home at the library, she had all but forgotten he existed. The half-orc lemur grabbed her tablet, plopped down on a few pillows in her bedroom, and stretched out her right leg. She fiddled around with it until she got a streaming service to work, thumbed through the options

for a few minutes, and after finally finding something she liked
- she simply sat back and enjoyed her day off.

Before she knew it, she was back to the regular grind on
Monday...

With Mat's still-sentient remains along for the ride, until
the heat and pressure of her footsteps eventually ground him
into nothing.

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O R I G I N A L S T O R Y

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