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S E A S O N I

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Humans of Lore

The sharp pains and pulsing agony from bones breaking and organs liquefying in his body subsided, like being lowered into a cool pool of water. He was dead, once again sent into the stream between each of these strange universes as he felt his body becoming more accustomed to his new status quo. Mathew was changing, physically as well as mentally ~ He could feel he

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was becoming less human and more of an object, something else entirely. Was it on a genetic level? Or was it simply his imagination? The more he died, the more his body transformed into this new end state.

Soft, smooth skin pinched around his abdomen in the darkness, then a silky warmth spread down his back. It wasn't another human's touch, it was far too slick and smooth for that.

"Aww, you're back!" An excited and sweet voice cut through the darkness.

His vision came back to him in a blur, all he could tell of the creature holding him now, was the color of their skin - Light blue and gray.

"I wonder if all humans come back... Maybe there's more of you somewhere? I mean, everyone says humans are just made up."

"Whn..." Mathew groaned, but she didn't hear him. The first thing she noticed was his erection perking back up.

"Oh wow! No way, you're excited? I mean, you licked my foot before which I wasn't really expecting but... Do feet turn all humans on?" She said with excitement in her tone.

Mat's vision came back to him in full once more, his tiny eyes looking around to where he was now. She sat alone on a couch which appeared to be in the main room of an apartment. He recognized her easily - it was the Dogshark Mall-worker who had flattened him in her shoe. He didn't say anything, clearing his throat lightly as he lay on her silky palm. By the time his focus was back on the woman that had him, her soft and silky fingertip slid up the underside of his erection in a tease. He sharply inhaled, squirming lightly in her palm as he gathered himself once more. Spreading his legs out on instinct, he watched the small finger slide back down, engulfing the throbbing little appendage. Another overwhelming blast of

pleasure washed over him, causing him to quiver and shake in her hand.

"Well, you're totally mine now so I'm going to call you 'Squishy' - because you obviously like getting smushed. I mean, you're totally turned on and like, at work you were licking my foot even though they get super gross. I shower every morning I promise, AND every night and my feet still get all gross. That's being a shark for you! If you like it though that's on you. I mean as long as you don't do anything too weird Vincent won't mind you being around every so often. He's totally this really cute leopard guy I work with, and maybe I'll like... Share you with him or something. Maybe if I tell him I have a human he'll date me?" She excitedly said, rambling on with an overabundance of excitement, "I'm gonna be turning 19 in a few months, I still don't have a car though. He does! Even if we don't date or anything he's still like, my bestest friend ever."

In truth, Mathew only caught about half of what she was saying. The concept of being used by the two of them was madly arousing to the little one though. He whimpered to himself as she idly rambled to him, her finger still assaulting the erection making focus something he couldn't manage to achieve in the moment. It was like she was petting him with her finger, watching him squirm and gasp for air as her finger toyed with his little body. He had been through such a whirlwind of pleasure and pain so far and the sensations were only getting more intense.

"Can you believe they're going to make us wear uniforms soon at the mall? I loved wearing my dress and such, I think it's cute. Name tags and a lanyard should be good enough, right? Gross... Oh, I think you'll like Vincent's paws if he ever got to use you. I don't know for sure but he's a guy, so they must really smell bad right? Anyways, sorry for rambling about stuff. I got like, three messages to respond to and I need to check out my

FaceJournal and maybe catch up on a few videos. Oh! I can take a picture of you when I squish you later, you'll come back right? Never mind... Uhm..." She paused, her over-excited tone still seeping through as she looked to the red sneakers adorning her feet, "I know, I mean, for now like - Today was really long and stuff, you really seemed to like licking my feet earlier and it felt weird and cute. Maybe you can clean up the grossness? Like a pre-shower or something. I mean, socks always get super uncomfortably sticky on me because I'm a shark and my skin's weird so I don't use them."

Before Mat could respond, the little finger on his erection gently pinned it to his belly. She giggled, looking at her question as more rhetorical and not expecting a real response. Humans couldn't talk anyway, right? They could just squeak and chirp and squirm. After a second of feeling the little thing pulse under her fingertip, she reached down to her shoe, which was already unlaced. The Dogfish gal easily slid her right foot

out. She kept her left one in the shoe for later, ensuring Mathew would have a fresh breath of the smell he apparently liked so much.

"I know you haven't said anything but like, I think I know you so, so well and you'll like this right? Sure you will."

She carefully leaned forward, setting her hand down on the table for Mathew to stand up. His legs were shaking from the pleasure, but he was able to get up and hop off her palm onto the table itself. Just as he did, he saw her lean back to get comfortable in her couch position - The couch itself was a bit smaller than average, only big enough to seat two normal sized folks. She couldn't even sit back all the way on it, having to lean back as her right leg lifted to reveal her toes.

"Air conditioning's the greatest isn't it? I know you probably still don't understand me or anything but I totally get you, I promise. See? If I just..."

She slid her foot forward, the slimy heel dragging along the surface of her table until her sole was near him. It towered over his tiny body, instantly changing the environment from cool and nice to humid and muggy. Mathew's first breath nearly made him gag as he looked up to the slick, shining, slightly dirty skin wall. As her toes flexed, the smooth skin rippled like waves in the ocean. Without hesitating, Mat stepped forward. He pressed his face into her skin, using his entire body to try and massage.

"Yeah!" She said, peeking around her foot with a shy smile, "See Squishy? I totally really just get you get you. I know it can be like, super awkward to do weird stuff like lick someone's foot but you don't have to feel bad around me, okay? Humans are so cool, all you wanna do is help me relax, yeah?"

Then, Mathew began to lick. He closed his eyes to keep the salty grime out of them. The taste was amazing - Salty with a tinge of sweet, along with a slightly... Fishy aftertaste? He could

feel whatever sludge her sole's skin produce slide down his throat with each passing lick, though his stomach didn't churn. If anything, it made him hungry - Like taking the first bite of a fancy meal, the scents only urging him to continue licking.

"So gonna flatten you later though," She happily cooed before returning to her texts.

Mathew didn't care, the overwhelming drive that was becoming stronger and stronger with each passing death had overtaken him...

Her threat was a promise of greater pleasure to come.

Art By: Ubiquitous Toxicity

Story By: AnirusFere

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