

RELAXING MORNING
ROUNDTABLE - STORY 001



A Long and Lovely Night

“You’re welcome...” Iraelenna’s voice purred through the darkness, sending a chill up Mathew’s spine before an intense pleasure washed over his tiny body.

His eyes quickly shot open, but all he could do was moan and writhe in intense pleasure as he lay on a warm palm. He

T R A N S I E N T

looked down his little body, seeing a lovely French-tipped finger gently rolling his arousal around in small circles. Every so often, she tapped the tip of his arousal to send a shockwave through his little body. He was unable to move, held enraptured by whoever had him in her clutches. The finger was large enough to cover his entire lower half if she wanted to, completely dominating him with her mere touch alone.

“Took you long enough, dude,” Emora laughed, running her fingertip up Mathew’s little body to smother his face, “Thought I was gonna have to ask the succubus for a refund.”

Mathew couldn’t respond as the skin of her fingertip ground down into his face. Still somewhat writhing in pleasure, he wrapped his arms around what he could, barely able to breathe between her fingertip and the soft embrace of her palm. Trapped between two layers of skin, Mathew felt a gentle dampness on the tip of his arousal. A single glowing bead of bright blue light.

“I’m totally going to break you tonight,” She said, gently tapping her fingertip on his head, “Over, and over, and over...”

“Mmph~” Mathew moaned, “Hey.”

“Glad to see me?”

“Absolutely...” He whimpered out, giving the tip of her finger a kiss as it came to rest on his upper body. She smirked, gently running her fingertip back down to the arousal between Mathew’s legs. “I missed you so much.”

“I missed you too, govna~ Almost there annnd...” She said, focusing on Mathew’s squirming little body before she felt the glowing liquid pulse out of him onto her fingertip.

She let out a soft moan, enjoying the sensation that crawled up her arm and into her body. Gently biting her lower lip, she brought Mathew up to eye level. He could somewhat see the room around him, noting that the windows were dark with stars shining off in the distance. Em looked like she was

exhausted before she got her hands on him, but now... Energized, and ready to use him even more. He looked into her eyes, then down to her lips as she spoke. She brought him closer to her lips, teasingly so as she parted them.

“Hope you’re ready for a long night, jack. Not even death will get ya’ out of it.”

“Not even death~” Mathew whimpered as her breath washed over him, causing him to writhe.

He could feel his body return to normal, allowing him the ability to stand on his own if she allowed him. Then, her hand shifted, and Mathew was falling. He landed on the ground, directly on his head with a sickening crunch. All the mobility he had been working toward was gone, leaving him a limp little doll at Em’s feet. Without saying another word, she winked down to his tiny form, and simply stepped forward. The sole of her foot came into view, taking the little one’s breath away for a moment as he lay bleeding from his mouth on his back.

He was engulfed in her skin's soft embrace, pressing him down like a tight hug. Without much fanfare, her heel lifted and he felt his entire body collapse under her weight, smashing flat instantly.

There was a moment where it felt like that was it, floating in darkness before he felt... Upside-down, dangling with his hair falling directly towards the ground as Emora held him between her fingertips. She was still gently twisting her foot on the floor, and after she lifted it up, all that remained was a bit of intestine that was pressed from him, a splinter of bone, and a splatter of blood.

"Dude, this is fucking great," She said, before pulling Mathew's body up into her hand's fist.

He felt her fingers grip around him, those gentle French tipped nails from before digging into his body as it twisted in another sickening crunch, splattering him in her fist. Once again, Mathew awoke. This time, his tiny body was being

tossed into the air. Again and again, being caught before being tossed up, and caught again. Em laughed, dangling a little bit of intestine in front of him still attached to what was once his stomach as she allowed him to lay in her palm.

“I get to keep whatever comes out of you looks like.” She joked, “Keep what you kill.”

“Well, you just killed me twice so...”

“Fair point, jack.”

This time, instead of dropping Mathew, she gently lowered him into her slipper. With a smirk, she pressed him face down into the deep print of her slipper’s sole. She forced him to inhale, gently dragging him along before discarding him into the toe section, followed by her foot. He writhed in pleasure beneath her toes as she stood up, flexing them over him and teasing his little body...

It was, indeed, going to be a long and lovely night...

The following morning.

Emora sat on the windowsill of her living room, looking out to the fields as she held Mat by his head between her fingertips. He was exhausted, and she simply felt... Satisfied. Hundreds of little squirts later, she had used him in every way she could think of throughout the night. Thankfully, she was a creative sort – and she knew she could come up with new and inventive ways to utilize her toy for as long as they both existed. Even though neither of them got any sleep throughout the night, she still felt absolutely energized as though she had. Glowing specks of Mathew's cum dotted the skin of her foot as she basked in the sensations they gave to her. She'd crushed him on the heel of her slipper, several times inside, torn him apart limb from limb, ate him, and her mouth had a shine from

the amount of glowing liquid she had consumed – like licking a colorful candy for too long...

She slipped him between her lips, gently suckling on his body and simply enjoying the morning. Neither of them had to talk, they just enjoyed each other's company as the morning went on... She had plans for later that night though, plans that would absolutely involve him.

Art By: AnirusFere

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ORIGINAL STORY

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