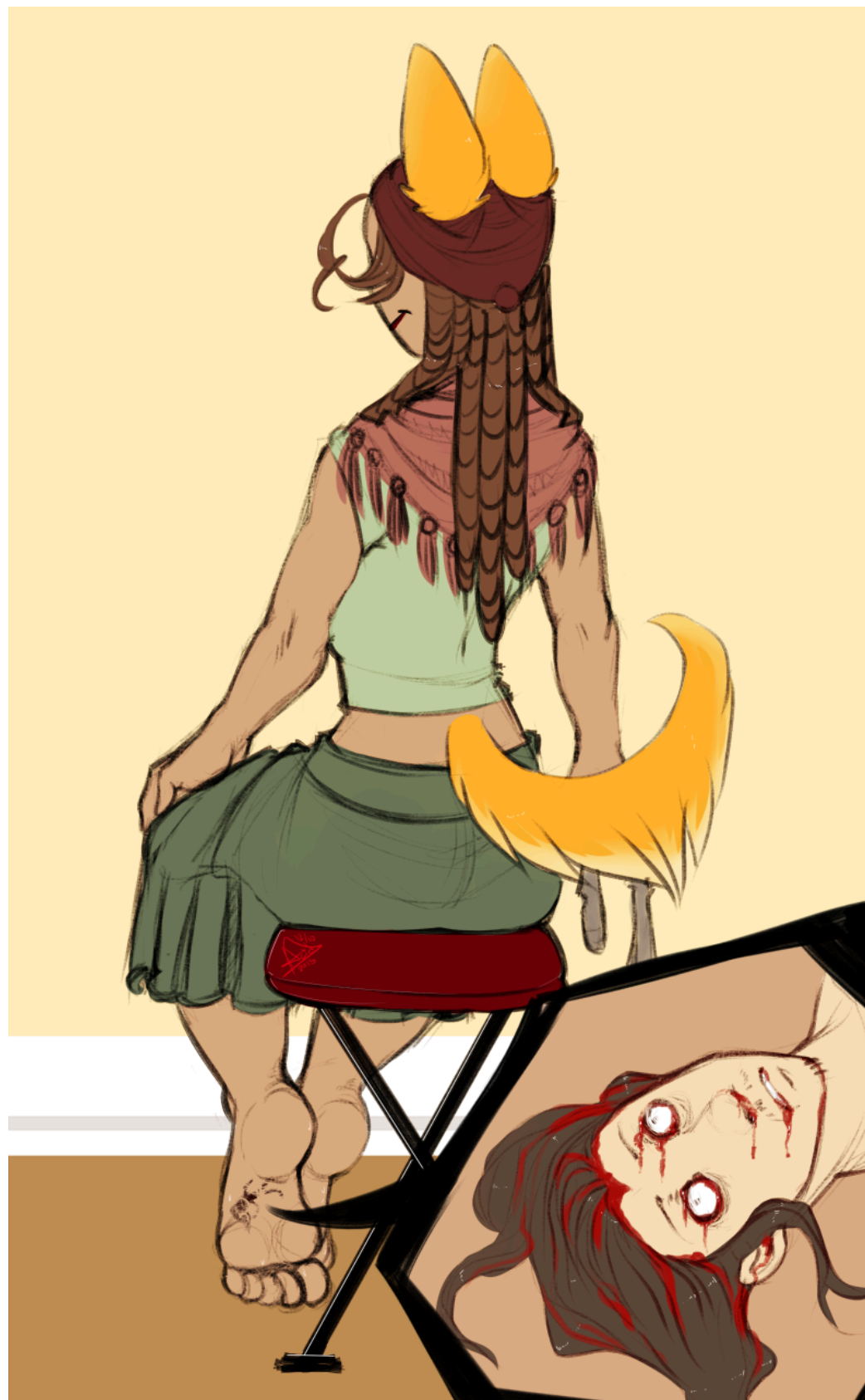


ELISSIA'S STOW AWAY
TRANSIENT - STORY O I I

SEASON I

I



T R A N S I E N T

Games of Risk

Her insole was soft, but that wasn't forgiving.

It felt like an eternity trapped in a torture chamber as each step the young Dingo took broke another bone he didn't know he even had. Mathew's body was twisted uncomfortably beneath her stride, flattened more and more with each casual step she took upon his broken form. Sweat burned his eyes as he struggled to breathe, his head cocked back against the inside wall of her stocking as the fabric accumulated sweat. His chest and everything else was devastated, his tiny organs struggled to keep him alive as his skin bulged and stretched under her weight.

S E A S O N I

However, throughout the entire day he managed to cling to life - Stuck to the underside of Elissia's foot as her day continued on.

Blood seeped from his eyes, his nose, and even his hairline as his skull cracked open. His skin struggled to keep everything inside, but by the end of the day what remained was barely enough to keep his tiny body functioning. There was nearly nothing left other than two struggling little lungs and a heart that barely beat. With his diaphragm completely smashed, he was relying on her strides to huff in and breathe the muggy air.

This time, however, he was not a victim - not by her will or happenstance. His time being toyed with by Ash and his past lives have all but dissolved any fears he had before. Now, instead of being afraid of the pain, he craved it. His eyes were wide, though he could hardly see as light flooded his vision again. She had kicked her shoes off to the side, and gently began rolling her stockings off her feet to relax...

Unaware of Mathew's willing plight beneath her. The sweat and grime from her day made it hard for her to tell what he truly was. Still alive only through the power of something higher than himself, he was like sentient grime. Throughout the day, he refrained from squirming - not wanting to bother Elissia with his troubles. She didn't need to see what he had become. Barefoot now, all that held him in place was the sweat and grime as she walked. Each step loosened its grip, before finally he was left in her wake. Mathew looked up pitifully, unable to breathe now that she had gone.

His body started to slowly shut down.

A few lifetimes ago he would have attempted to enlist her aid - But now, he was simply a tiny spot of debris on her floor. His life in her world faded quickly after she left him there, the massive blood loss through his system had done him in. Slowly, he felt sleep take him.

Why did she not feel him inside her sock? Someone else had a hand in his fate, an unseen entity manipulating perception and senses for her own amusement.

Just a day survived underfoot was a good run. Now, it was off to the next reality.

To see what it had in store.

Art By: HedgieVamp

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Mathew (c) AnirusFere
Elissia (c) HedgieVamp
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Commissioned work - I did not create this image.

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REVISED STORY

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