

A C C I D E N T

T R A N S I E N T - S T O R Y O O I

S E A S O N I

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A slow awakening ~ A painful beginning.

It was as though he was waking up for the first time. Each of his senses were coming back online, one by one. His tiny heart fluttered to life in his chest, he could hear the blood pulse through his form as his skin started to take in sensations. Pins and needles at first, all over his body until they cleared away to

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the chilling sensation of cold hardwood floor at his back. It sent a chill up his spine as he took in his first, deep breath of air and savored the sensation of it filling his lungs. His fingers twitched, then his arms and legs did the same as commands were finally received throughout his body. Reaching upward, his open eyes slowly began to register light pixel by pixel. It wasn't all at once, more like specks of stars appearing at random until they formed a cohesive picture.

There was a light haze around everything, blurred like a fog that slowly lifted to reveal the high ceiling above him. Silence gave way to a sharp, almost painful ringing for a few long moments before the sensation subsided. Mathew moved his stiff neck, looking around to see if he could find any clue of where he was, or what he was doing. The last thing he remembered was being at home, safe in a warm bed...

And now, he was here. In a strange structure, one where everything was built to comically large proportions.

Then, he heard it...

The sound of damp skin peeling off a hardwood floor. They were slow, methodical, calculated steps moving directly toward him. However, there was something off about it - something he couldn't quite place.

Lethargically, he tried to push himself to his elbows - just in time to see the source of those strange footsteps. Enormous toes brushed past his face, forcing him to fall to his back in shock as a sky of skin positioned itself perfectly over him. Time seemed to slow, allowing Mathew to take in the full majesty of what he saw.

Pristine, beautiful skin. The sole of a foot...

He lifted his arms and legs in protest as the skin came to settle down onto his little body. A massive aura of pleasure radiated from his pelvis and up his spine as he realized exactly what was about to happen.

He was being stepped on, and there was nothing he could do about it at all. His killer's weight settled down on his body, forcing his arms and legs back down until he was helplessly pinned down. Intense, climactic pleasure radiated through his form as the person's warmth encompassed him.

But the pressure didn't relent.

Slowly, painfully, his bones were pressed beyond their limits. Cracking echoed through his tiny form in a symphony of pain and agony. He could feel his skull elongate, his lungs rupture, his hips spread and snap with little to no resistance. Weight settled down onto him.

Twist...

Twist...

His legs twisted to the side, before his tormentor's foot lifted up into the air - presumably to check the damage. Floating once more, he felt himself disappear into nothingness.

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Dead again, before he could even gather where he was...

A smirk crossed Alex's lips as she lifted up her left foot, looking over her shoulder to the mess she had made of the tiny that was in her way. She flexed her toes, watching as his little limbs twitched and swayed with each ripple of her skin.

"Oops..." She chuckled, "How unfortunate for you~"

Alex walked over to a nearby box of tissues on a small brown counter. She pulled out just one, wiped Mathew's corpse off her skin, balled him up in a series of juicy cracks, and tossed the bloodied mess into the closest bin.

Then, she went about her day like nothing happened.

Art By: JamesMason0

Story By: AnirusFere

Alex is (c) JamesMason0

Mathew is (c) AnirusFere

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Commissioned work - I did not create this image.

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

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**Original Story was re-uploaded to FurAffinity. The actual art and story was done circa 2015. Real date and time of the first upload is unknown.*

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