

SHORT PROBLEMS
TRANSIENT - STORY 015

SEASON I

I



Short Life ~ Revenge

Standing at a mere four feet tall, Sandra had worn the title of 'Short' all her life. Freshly 18 years of age and just reaching into her senior year at such a size was a traumatic experience, and after graduation things didn't seem to get better. Taunting and teasing had turned her into a meek little wallflower, shying away from people and large groups forsake her work schedule. People she went to school with still found her at work when

T R A N S I E N T

they hung out at the mall together wandering the shops. She was anxiety riddled, filled with doubts.

Until she found a new creature on the way to the city bus this morning...

It was in the grass, cute blue hair and a naked little body - Horribly aroused, which made her laugh. She beckoned it over like a small animal, luring it in with treats before asking it about itself. Only getting little squeaks in return, the strange one demonstrated by hugging the toe of her shoe and pretending to step on a 'bug' on the ground. It wanted her to squish it? The suggestion made her scoff at first. She no longer carried a backpack, and didn't carry a purse into her work at the local mall. Ideas fluttered about how she would bring it through her day, then back home with her, and what she could do with such a cute little... Then she realized as she plucked it from the floor - She found someone smaller than her for a change.

It was aroused, squirming like a little doll as her slick fingers slid over its body. She used its erection like a fidget toy for her thumb as she thought. Perhaps its squeaks were a language the humans had all to themselves? With a shy little smile she looked it over, remembering the little one's wishes as she fiddled with it. Every time she asked about being stepped on, it nodded with fervor. Doubts set aside now, this little thing would take the place of every person who has ever picked on her in her life. What better place to stow someone of such little importance than in her sweaty little shoe. The Dogshark never wore socks anyway, so her slick skin always had some sort of sweaty slime built up and a strong smell. With a casual shrug, she pulled her heel free from the confines of her red converse shoes. With a casual grace she dropped it inside, watching her new toy plummet past her heel, sprawling out on the deep heel imprint of the shoes she wore all throughout high school and now into her work life.

Mathew whimpered as he rolled to his back, looking at the slick skin that loomed over him. Cute white freckle-like dots were scattered over her smooth arch, which rippled slightly near the center as she peered down at him. He gasped, breathing in the toxic air sent chills of pleasure through his body. With a light moan, Mathew sat up, pushing his face into the slick skin of her arch and earning a cute giggle from her. Even if he was supposed to be an avatar of everyone who as wronged her, it seemed to like it. Light faded as her heel covered the opening, before slipping inside with a 'thud'. He was trapped beneath the Dogshark girl's arch, his erection screaming in pleasure with every minute movement she made. The texture between her skin and a normal human's was night and day - He was under a slippery, slimy, smooth sole now.

Sandra felt empowered. She was careful about how she stepped though, purposefully rolling her foot to the side so she didn't kill her new friendly insole. Each step forced him to let

out a puff of air, and she could feel it gagging in a breath as her foot would lift. The smell must have been absolutely awful, but it literally asked for it, so she didn't think about that much. It squirmed and squeezed around her sole as she stood on her stool at the register, always sure to keep her heel raised and weight on the other foot. Mathew even managed to coax a giggle out of the little one after a rough encounter with a customer when she started to feel him lick. The end of the day came and its squirming had slowed, beaten down by her walking and working at the mall.

She didn't own a car, so she used public transit and her own two feet to get around the city. Sandra could feel it licking when it could, but a few casual pops and snaps made her nervous. It never seemed frantic or anything, so she assumed it was alright - like the popping from someone snapping their knuckles or something. Cautious steps turned to a full, regular gait, getting more comfortable with it underneath her. She was

light after all, how could she possibly do damage to something by stepping on it? She couldn't even squish bugs without trying most of the time.

Jogging home happily from the bus stop on the city sidewalk, she felt a more defined pop beneath her foot. The sensation shot a chill up her own tiny spine and she shuffled to sit down to check up on her companion. Popping her heel out she looked to what remained in shock. There it was, crushed like an insect. She could feel its lungs weakly pumping in air, its tongue still pressed against her skin as it licked and kissed. Its erection was still there as well, strong as ever despite his terrible state. Intestines were pressed against her sweaty sole, dangling down from its slick surface.

Glancing around once more to see if anyone took notice of the carnage, she let out a gentle sigh. It must have known the dangers before telling her it wanted to be stepped on with the little stampy motion, right? This was its fault, not hers. With

a shy smile and a wave, she slipped her heel back in, then resumed her happy skip towards home. It was already too far gone to save, so she might as well give it a proper grave.

Mathew felt every skip in her step, every pounding hop as she made her way to her house. Slowly the pain began to subside as the sound of his breaking bones and squelching organs faded. When the Dogshark got home she hopped straight to her phone, letting his body roast on her sole like a bug to be washed down the drain later in her shower.

'Hopefully it's not the only one of its kind', she thought...
'Maybe I'll see it again.'

Art By: Ubiquitous Toxicity

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

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