

THE LOST SOUL

ROUNDTABLE - STORY 002

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### ***Close, Yet Far***

"Wait!" Mathew squeaked up, gasping for breath as he looked up to the exit of the clothing store.

He was sore from landing on his back, barely back up to his feet as Emora continued onward, stepping through the automatic glass doors as Mathew ran after her as quickly as his little feet could. He had been riding in her pocket just a

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moment ago, but her fetching her cell phone from the same pocket had accidentally pulled him free and dropped him to the ground. As the glass doors shut, Mathew watched Em disappear back into the crowd. He ran over to the entrance, hopping around and trying to get the sensors to work...

Alas, he was far too small.

Bright blue hair on a light floor made him visible to anyone who might want to enter. Emora was gone, and now that a few seconds had passed he was all but sure catching up to her would be impossible. Running outside into a crowd would only turn him into a stain on a shoe. His best bet would be for Em to notice he was missing, then return to search the area for him. The little blue-haired bug turned back around to the store, and started jogging back inside. There weren't many people in the store at all... Just the owner, a purple-haired girl who looked to be in her early 20's.

Raz sighed to herself as Em left the store, coming around the counter and heading slowly toward the front of the store. Business was slow, but wasn't that always the case? It was her own fault, really. She had plenty of people streaming in, but when there were interesting-looking ones... when some looked like they would make for decent pets, she just couldn't help herself. Down they'd go, to be hidden away in the shoebox under her counter, which would later go under her bed. The result? Not a lot of repeat business. She had to almost physically fight herself not to instinctively shrink Em. Cute little thing like that... she'd have made for a great toy.

But no, she decided, she had to control herself. That said... upon seeing the bright blue... thing on the floor near the door, her first instinct was to slowly approach, peering down at it. Not entirely sure what it was...

"Hmmm..."



To the little one though... He hadn't noticed her yet. He knew she was around, but he was looking on ground level for a decent place to hide away until Em returned. His tiny feet patted on the cool floor as he peered underneath some of the nearby display stands, seeing plenty of space for him to hide out just in case. A little dusty, but not too awful.

He didn't even hear her footsteps, turning back to look to the main counter directly in front of him. The owner of the store stood there, towering only a few quick steps away from his tiny form. Her bright, purple eyes were locked on him as she slowly approached. Like a cat, waiting to pounce on her prey. Mathew froze, his blood running cold as he felt that warm, all-encompassing pleasure radiate up through his body. Naked, the little one felt his cock stiffen between his legs.

Raz's head tilted slightly as she stared at the tiny thing. Amused she stepped a little closer and crouched down, taking in Mat's full appearance. A look of surprise crossed her face,

and a grin slowly formed. He was speechless, his eyes glancing down to her sandal-clad feet as they stepped closer. Her right foot lifted, revealing a bit of gum stuck deep in the tread... And something else. A skeleton? A flash of white among the thick pink, buried deep beneath her only to disappear as her left foot slid forward. The flash of a cute, silver ring on one of her left foot's toes caught his eye as well.

"Well, well, well," she cooed, tongue slowly running against her teeth, "Aren't you a little something-something?"

Raz snickered a bit, reaching a finger down to prod at Mat. The little one fell to his back easily with the touch of her fingertip.

"Now, see, I would have remembered seeing a blue mane like that, but... I don't think you're one of mine. Care to explain yourself?"

"I... Uh~" He stammered out, clearing his throat. He didn't want to lie to her, but he didn't want to tell her that he belonged to Em right away. Just in case. "I'm just a little lost."

Then it dawned on him... 'One of hers?' What did she mean about that exactly. He pushed the blue hair from his face, his tiny brown eyes staring up at her as he clenched his teeth. His arousal was on full display now, especially since she pushed him over.

"Aww, you're lost?" she replied, her grin only getting wider seeing the erection that he'd built up, "Well, something tells me you're right where you wanna be."

Slowly, languidly, Raz stood to her full towering height above him, running a hand through her hair. Her eyes darted toward the windows. No one around. At least, none coming into the store. Perfect.

He was paralyzed.

Mathew looked up to her, watching as she stood tall casting him in shadow from the harsh shop lighting above. His heart raced, each beat sending another little pulse of pleasure through his tiny body as he watched her movements. They were alone, the occasional passerby outside the windows went on with their day, but inside the store it was just the two of them.

"Well," she said, staring him down, "we're going to have to find somewhere for you to go, aren't we?"

"S... Sure~" He whimpered out.

Raz dominated the area around him. She was small in stature, but there was something completely overwhelming about her presence. Moreso than anyone else he had encountered. If he didn't know he was immortal, he would be downright terrified of her. Now though, he was just... Curious. He knew Em wouldn't get too far without him, but at this rate. He probably wouldn't be here for her to find.

"I am at your service."

"Oho, you have no idea." she replied with a chortle. The towering young woman slid her foot out from her sandal slowly before settling it on the ground. Stooping down, she snatched up Mat's tiny body in her hand and brought it over to the sandal, the warmth and heat radiating off of it. Hearing her foot step onto the ground sent a chill throughout Mathew's entire body. His paralysis turned into a trance until her fingertips clamped around his shoulders.

"This'll do." she said simply as she dropped him onto the well-worn solebed. The dark imprint made it evident that these were sandals she wore very often.

He couldn't even struggle as he was discarded, falling and rolling toward the heel of her strapped sandal. Her warmth was all-encompassing, the sweet smell of her sweat filled the air as Mathew looked up to see her sole eclipse the sky. Without any further fanfare, she slid her foot back into her



sandal, sandwiching him between the warm, damp sandal solebed and the heavy, sweaty sole that now rested atop him. Before he could react, the warm skin of her heel pressed him down onto his back, pinning him between her and the well-used sole. There wasn't much time for him to do anything as he felt her heel grind into his little cock, sending another blast of pleasure through him. She wasn't teasing him though. His right hand was free, and he could still see up from the edge of her sandal. While the pressure wasn't overwhelmingly intense, he could feel her movements controlling his breath. He licked, tasting the sweat that adorned her heel as he did his best to kneed and massage her... After a few seconds of worship, he heard the door open.

"Hey gov'nah," Em said as she entered, the bag she had purchased a few small items in earlier still dangling from her arm and a phone in hand, "Hope I'm not bothering you. Just got some time to kill."

He only caught a small glimpse of her as he licked Raz's heel, feeling his little body pinned beneath the young shop owner. Em's sudden reappearance caught Raz somewhat offguard. She pressed her foot a bit more firmly into her sandal as she gave Em a grin. "Not at all, not at all, always glad to see you around."

The almost eager licking Raz felt from Mat caused a shiver to run through her body. This was... different. Not that she hadn't had tinies licking her feet before, of course, it was just that they were normally... desperate. They were usually sobbing, crying, pleading for mercy, willing to debase and humiliate themselves for her amusement on the chance that she might spare them. This one... she supposed he really meant it when he said he was at her service. Not even a command out of her and he'd already started licking. Air wheezed from Mathews lungs as her heel pressed down, forcing his face in between the back of her heel and a lip on the sandal. No matter

how hard he tried, he simply couldn't take a breath in. His entire body was, for the most part, underneath her apart from his face and his right arm. He could hear Em's voice... She had come back for him, but there was no way for him to get her attention. His tiny, free hand didn't struggle or claw at her.

Instead, it kneaded at her heel, and he used his last bit of motion to continue licking at her skin.

"Thanks," Em said with a bright smile.

She had her eyes on the ground a little, scanning for her lost toy as she walked over to the left near a row of purses on a series of shelves. Mathew wasn't exactly an easy tiny to miss with his bright blue hair, and she couldn't exactly just let Raz know she was looking for him.

"Hey, I've got a question for ya," Em asked, "What time do you close up? I'm going off to a park outside of town that apparently has a really neat hangout that's free to the public.

Open air, comfortable seats, or so I hear. Wanted to scout it out before I planned anything there. If ya' want you can tag along."

"Oh, that sounds like fun!" Raz exclaimed, clapping her hands a few times, "Honestly, I can probably close up whenever. Business is pretty slow right now."

She smiled thinly as she watched Em scan the floor. Oho... so that's where her new toy came from, was it? Someone else had these kinds of powers. Interesting. Very interesting. She would have to keep a closer eye on Emora. Raz lifted her heel slightly, only to press it right back down onto Mat's puny body, sandwiching him down again. Well, her new fast friend wouldn't be finding her little toy anytime soon. Though she could always get her acquainted with her other heel.

'Mm... later.' she thought.

Mathew gasped for air the moment he was able to, his face pressed into the edge of Raz's heel as his tiny, kneading hand continued its work. He didn't have enough time to do anything other than squeak out a raspy wheeze as her heel came back down. She was unwittingly working him up to climax, forcing him to squirm and writhe under her every chance he got as her tough, yet soft heel pressed back down on him.

Crunch

That pleasure turned to pain in an instant as he felt, of all the bones beneath her, his right hip shatter into pieces. Immediately it felt like he needed to throw up as he was immobilized, his free hand gently patting at her heel as more of his little bones popped under the pressure - And, he could tell by how her heel was resting in the sandal, she hadn't even truly put her full weight on him. He wouldn't last more than a second if she had.

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"You know where the state park is? Lilac State Preserve or something like that, just south of town?" Em asked, glancing across the ground every so often in an idle search for her pet before looking back up to Raz who was still in the center of the shop. She glanced down to the purple-haired girl's feet briefly, but was too far away to notice Mathew's tiny arm and face as he stared back at her from his crack in her sandal.

"Sure, I know exactly where you're talking about." Raz gave a small nod, watching her movements carefully. She suppressed the urge to giggle as Em continued to look around for Mat, idly flexing her toes in her sandal when she watched the young woman's gaze reach her toes.

She'd also had to resist gasping when she felt Mat's bones crunch beneath her heel. It wasn't a new sensation but always one she relished. And to do so right in front of his little keeper without her even knowing? Oh, but that made it that much more delicious. She was so close to him, but still so far.

She couldn't hold herself back any longer. She strode toward Em, letting her weight fall heavily with each step, easily feeling the little blue-haired bug crunch further beneath her.

"Tell you what," she said, allowing her grin to fully spread on her face, "Let me get my keys, and we'll head over right now."

**Lift**

**Crunch!**

The first step was enough to devastate Mathew's little body. He felt the air escape his lungs in a dire, grotesque gasp as her heel pulverized him. His hand slid down, landing in a pool of his own blood as he felt his intestines press up into the space afforded by her heel. His head was spinning, pressed painfully between her heel and the edge of Raz's sandal as she casually strode over. His tiny, helpless lungs wheezed in when her foot lifted, but not by his own doing. He felt the air suck into him

as his weak hand reached up, touching her heel, leaving a handprint before...

## **Squelch**

His vision began to fade as the force of her heel casually pressing down on him destroyed him. His arm fell back, limp and twitching as the pressure forced his eyeball from his skull. Another squelching step, after another squelching step, absolutely destroyed the tiny being beneath Raz's heel.

"Maybe we should stop and get a bite to eat before we get over there. I was thinking abo-."

He could hear Em, so close... Yet so far, as Raz's heel pressed the life from his tiny, insignificant body...

**The story is a lightly altered transcript of a roleplay  
between Rastle and myself for this image specifically! We  
hope you enjoy**

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