

FIRST CRUSH OF 2016
TRANSIENT - STORY 013

SEASON I

I



Flattened Into the New Year

While everyone else enjoyed champagne and each others company, all Mathew could enjoy was the salty taste of sweat as he licked the ball of Jenny's foot. Other friends had gathered around to chat, drink, and spend time with her. Throughout the night, she'd adjusted her feet on the table so the little one

T R A N S I E N T

could reach every point on each foot. He obediently served her, and after the first interaction, nobody even acknowledged his existence.

This was normal.

A tiny man here wasn't anything new or exciting. Jenny had pulled her feet back, resting them on the table's edge so the ball of her foot was still accessible to Mathew. While he was aroused, he was well disciplined, never touching himself, only allowing a sharp inhale when the tip of his erection so happened to grace her skin. He wasn't here for himself, not for his own pleasures, he was here to make Jenny's night a better one. Conversations filled the air around him, jovial laughter and chatting, about mundane things - things he didn't pry on.

"It's starting!" Someone shouted.

Jenny's feet slipped down from the edge as she stood up, casually dropping a hand to grab onto Mathew's hair. He

choked back a squeak, not wanting to be rude and harm the atmosphere of the party. Swinging in her grip, she walked over to stand in front of a large television screen. She'd finished her drinks for now. The moment she came to a stop, Mathew felt her let go. He tumbled to the floor, spiraling down to land straight on his neck. It craned to the side in a series of snaps that shook all the way through his spine.

Gasping for air, twitching, now in agony yet still hopelessly aroused - Mathew looked up to Jenny, who wasn't even really paying attention to him. Her focus was on the television. Shadow slid over him as her right foot covered his body momentarily, patting onto the ground. She drug him closer, keeping him near. His pained little form rolled to a stop on his back again, before the ball of her foot became his whole world again. They were all chatting idly among each other, a sea of voices so distant yet so close. Words he understood, yet they drifted over him in faint murmurs, their lack of care for his

pathetic body only stirring him on as the newscast continued.
Warm skin pinned him to the floor, making it difficult to
breathe.

5...

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2016~

S E A S O N I

Squelch!

The space he occupied closed. He watched her skin make contact with the ground, sealing off all light as pressure poured onto him like a wave of agony. Muscle pulled from bone as his body spread thin, gripping onto the skin that was crushing him as organs spewed from his side only to be smashed as well. He heard the air wheeze from his lungs in a pathetic squeak before being silenced. Jenny's foot lifted a mere second after, taking his body along with it in her jovial and celebratory dance. There was a burst of light, everything was fuzzy and blurred, then another squelching crunch as his vision faded to black.

Tiny beings like him here seemed to be a dime a dozen, by their dismissive and casual attitude towards him. After a few more drinks he was forgotten there, slipped into the darkness of her UGGs near the couch.

What remained of his body, joined the witch's insole...

Art By: JamesMason0

Story By: AnirusFere

Mathew (c) AnirusFere

Jenny (c) Amanardra

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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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