

# SCOUTING

ROUNDTABLE - STORY 003

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## ***Locations***

Mathew gasped as he lay on the ground, still aroused from the situation he had left in his previous life. The feeling of being crushed beneath Raz's heel, hearing Em speaking so close to him. He sat up, putting his face in his hands as he took a deep, disheartened breath. He'd finally gotten back into the same world Em was in, and now he had been tossed back into the void. He could return to her in a few more deaths, or a few

T R A N S I E N T

dozen, or a few hundred. There was no telling where he was now, what world he had come back to life in. He just sat there for a moment - before taking in a deep breath and pushing himself up to his feet.

He looked up and around, seeing the sky off in the distance beyond a painted cement structure. There were a few nice chairs and couches nearby, lit with fancy waterproof lights with well maintained plants and a neat wooden fence across one side. The place seemed to be very high-end, and he was much smaller this time than he had been in his previous life. With his heart fluttering, Mathew stepped out from beneath the cover of the couch he had been beneath, getting a grander scale of where he was. He could see grass, trees off in the distance, a beautiful outdoor location near a path that seemed to be well maintained.

"This wasn't too hard to find," Em said, looking up to the fancy gazebo-like structure, "I think it's supposed to be

maintained by the staff as a nice rest area for people visiting. I'm friends with the guy who runs security for the area, he said as long as we don't trash anything we can come out here and hang out anytime. I just never actually saw the place in person."

Em smiled to Raz, leading her to the main entrance to the gazebo. As she stepped up onto the wooden floor, she looked around to the plants and nice lights. It was only big enough for a group of seven or eight people to comfortably hang out at, but that was more than enough.

Raz returned the smile as she came up to lean against the couch. She took a long, slow look at everything, taking in the area and the atmosphere, but only really half-thinking about the get-together that Em was talking about. In truth, there was a small frustration that was eating away at her. The poor sap that she had played with at the store had long since turned to mush, she was certain. Oh well. He ended up under her heel,



it wasn't like she was expecting him to make it home to the shoebox or anything.

But still, her toes had started to get a bit twitchy.

There would be someone else around here she could dwindle down to size. She would hate to have to tap Em for that already, especially with the talk of a meetup later. She couldn't push her luck just yet. Idly, her eyes scanned the ground, where she thought she caught sight of... wait... was that... blue hair?

Hearing Em's voice immediately perked the little one up as his pace quickened, jogging closer to the middle of the room as he watched her step up into the gazebo. Her converse shoes pressed into the wood, then onto the weatherproof carpet-like floor where he was. Coming back in the same universe, near the same people, was an incredibly rare thing for him. He almost didn't notice Raz as she walked over to the couch, until her sandal nearly patted down on his little body in passing and

knocking him to his back. He gasped, looking up to see Em's shoe come down close enough to his hair to pull some of the blue strands down under her weight in passing.

As she meandered to the back, Em gently patted one of the seats - she had plans after coming out here to make the day a bit more exciting for her and her new friend, a few other hot-spots to hit up outside of just checking this place out. As Em looked over the accommodations, Mathew looked back to the sandals of the woman that had crushed him so handily earlier... Still intensely aroused, the little one took a few gentle steps back from her, feeling a wash of pleasure radiating through his body as he imagined himself beneath her once again.

"Ah shit," Em said, patting her pocket a second before looking back to Raz, "Sorry Gov'nah. I have to run back to my car real quick, forgot my phone and wanted to get a few pictures of the place. Did you leave anything back there you might want me to grab while I'm heading back?"

As she spoke, she walked back over she nearly stepped on Mathew again - her heel landing on the tip of his right index finger enough to hurt, but not really injure. She glanced over her shoulder as she got to the edge of the gazebo, looking to Raz for an answer.

Raz's eyes fell on Mat, down on the ground, and her eyes widened slightly. Quickly, her gaze shot up to Em and she gave an embarrassed smile. "I think I might've left my phone in the car, if you could just give a look over..."

Shifting her position, Raz stepped down just before Mathew, her sandal and foot big enough to block him from Em's sight. She was going to get to the bottom of this and she didn't need his little owner interfering...

"Kay then," Em said with a chuckle, "I don't feel as bad. I'll give your car a once-over and see what I find. Shouldn't take too long."

With that, Em was off. Mathew was just about to get up to say something with Raz's sandal-clad heel came to rest in front of him. His heart skipped a beat again as he saw his own dried blood on her heel, and the new ashen outline where his arm once was. He never had come back so quickly in the same world before, to see what happened to his remains after he passed on. He remembered that his arm was dangling free of the sandal a little, and now it just looked like a shadowy bit of discoloration.

He couldn't see Em as she left, but now it was clear - He was alone with Raz, smaller than before, and at her mercy...

Raz smiled toward Em's back before she turned around slowly, setting her feet on either side of Mathew's tiny form and crouched down over him, staring him down with curiosity. .. and not unlike a predator eyeing up prey.

"Well, well, well..." she practically purred, "Now this is a surprise. Not only are you not one of mine but you seem to be back in action. Right where you left off, practically."

Laying on his back, Mathew propped himself up slightly on his elbows. One of her sandals lifted over him as she repositioned, exposing a tiny's skeleton stuck in gum once again before her weight settled next to his little body. He inched away a little, though the movement was almost negligible as he watched her crouch down. He was blushing deeply, an obvious arousal between his tiny legs as he lay there helpless on the floor.

"... It's a miracle?" Mat joked half-heartedly, "Short version - I'm kinda immortal, when I die I get shunted off into another world or universe or reality to be killed again and again. Normally I don't pop back into the same reality so this is new to me too."



He wasn't sure if he was making a good decision by telling her so much, but with Em having just walked off, he didn't know what the right choice would be - So he just told her the truth, and smiled as innocently as possible.

Snickering to herself, Raz lowered herself down to a sitting position against the small table, undoing the straps on her sandals. As she did so, she glanced to Mat's tiny form and grinned, seeming to move a bit faster, until both sandals were loosened and she was able to free her feet from them.

"Interesting," she said as her heel, still spattered with Mat's blood, thumped down on the ground, the sole raised above him, "I guess you've got some time to think about why that is."

Nonchalantly, she let her foot drop down, Mat pressed in the middle of the sole.

The little one let out a tiny, chirping 'squeak' as the air rushed from his lungs. The soft skin of Raz's foot came down

quickly, slamming him to his back and spreading his arms out. His head was ringing as he was enveloped in a layer of warm, soft, slightly musky skin. The smell was divine, instantly sending chills up his spine as he lay beneath her on the floor. His tiny hands gripped at her skin, not clawing, just pressing and squirming slightly. It wasn't in an attempt to escape, it was out of pleasure. Mathew's cock was pressed into the skin as well, yearning for attention between her sole and his own stomach.

"Mmph~" Mathew whimpered, taking in shaky breaths the best that he could. He could hardly see, the light from the outside world now only a thin layer of red filtered by the giant woman who pinned him down.

So, he licked, his tiny tongue taking in the salty taste, just as he had before. He licked, and he gently kissed her sole as his tiny heart fluttered in his chest. He didn't know how long he'd

last here, or if he'd still be around when Em returned... But he did know, that his body was already in a state of ecstasy.

Raz instinctively flexed her toes, leaning back against the table, allowing a small smirk tug at her lips as she felt the tiny thing start licking and lapping against her sole. That, at least, felt familiar. She pressed her foot down some, the soft, warm sole engulfing his tiny little body, tickling his tiny cock between them.

"Sorry to say you just missed your little friend," she said with a small, contented sigh, "but probably best she doesn't know what's gonna happen to you anyway~"

Mathew could feel her skin shift as her toes flexed over him, before pressing him further into the floor. Breathing became more difficult, and the added pressure stopped his writhing in its tracks. Now, he was just forced to endure in abject pleasure, unable to move or squirm beneath her no

matter how hard he tried. His breaths were short, and all he could do was lick.

He could feel her voice reverberate through her body, shaking him to his very core. It wasn't deep or booming, more distant and muffled. Like being spoken to while underwater it seemed. He could hardly breathe, almost feeling breathless as his cock was teased by the idle pressure. Thoughts of what was to come filled his mind, pushing him further and further to the edge - and as she finished speaking, the gentle quakes were just enough. He came, in anticipation of his own little death, a glowing splatter of cum covered the space around his abdomen. Light blue, though even where he was he couldn't see anything.

"Mission accomplished!" Em shouted, holding up Raz's phone in hand. She had her own in her pocket and was jogging up the path towards the pair.

Raz looked up as she heard Em approaching, pleased with her discovery. She gave a small chuckle and lowered her voice to a whisper, out of Em's earshot. "So long, pest." she cooed, before forcefully pressing her foot down atop Mat to stand up, putting an ungodly amount of pressure down on Mat's body.

"Oh, good! You found it!" she exclaimed eagerly as Em came up to her, "Thanks so much, you're a lifesaver!"

"Found it right away, wasn't any trouble."

The little one could hear Em's voice as she shouted up, whimpering in abject pleasure as he could do nothing beneath Raz's foot. He couldn't squirm, he couldn't get enough air in his lungs to shout or scream for Em, all he could do was listen to her footsteps, feeling Raz's voice through her body as she whispered down to him. Then, the pressure increased in an instant. He felt his entire body collapse, a sickening crunch ripped through him as his skull flattened as well. He was



absolutely no match for Raz as she stood up on him, though his soul lingered...

Em handed Raz her phone then walked past her towards a nearby couch, taking a seat and crossing her legs. She pulled out her own phone, snapping a few pictures of the area before slipping it back into her pocket. She was just glad to be in a nice, calm location without any real threats.

"God this place is perfect~" Em said in an exhale, "So, how long have you had your little shop in town?"

She instinctively licked her lips as she felt Mat's body crumple beneath her foot. She refrained from grinding in, content to let her weight bear down on him and squeeze his juice out of him, once again feeling that rush of pleasure through her. Well. He was definitely good for at least that.

Raz smiled, slipping her phone into her pocket as Em settled into her seat, slowly returning to a sitting position

herself, crossing one foot under the other and propping her knee up.

"I've had it for a little while now," she replied, "the Geant brands are really hot right now, so it's kept me busy..."

Mathew's skin held together remarkably well, though he knew it was close to tearing in several spots. Blood had splattered from his mouth, eyes, and nose as the glowing juices were pressed from his cock completely. However, just beneath the skin everything was devastated. Nearly every organ had been ruptured, his tiny heart had burst and his broken skull had turned his brain to soup. When Raz's foot lifted, he only superficially returned to a three dimensional form. He couldn't breathe, and if he were a normal human being, he'd be long dead by now.

But there he was, suffering, barely able to hear as their conversation went on.

Crushed flat to the sole of Raz's foot, for a second time in the same day.

**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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**ORIGINAL STORY**

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**ROUNDTABLE**