

INTO THE DMZ
TRANSIENT - STORY 049

SEASON III

I



TRANSIENT

ExOps Sole Support

En Route to Korean Demilitarized Zone

08:05 UTC / 17:05 Local (PT)

Jennifer Mui sat alone in the allied C-17 Globemaster, with the occasional rattle of equipment on shelves from the turbulence her only companion for the trip. She was silent, sitting prim and proper as her eyes drifted over her environment for the hundredth time it seemed. Latched securely was a Humvee near the back, there were grenades and a single standard issue M4A1 Carbine locked up nearby. It didn't take long for her to become very familiar with her

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surroundings. While she still had a few more hours in flight before she reached her infiltration destination in the Korean Demilitarized Zone, she knew it would be anything but boring.

Adrenaline.

It was the countdown time before a mission. In roughly three hours, she'd be in combat. Heated firefights, rushing through barricades, helping various factions. She knew a lot about what she was getting into – Hunting down the Deck of 52, ultimately trying to take down General Choi Song, the infamous 'Ace of Spades'. A one-woman army sent in to do what others could not. Wouldn't have it any other way, really. Others were just liabilities in the field, complications to get in her way. She was well trained for this mission though; it wasn't her first rodeo. Formerly part of Her Majesty's Armed Forces, the Special Air Service, and finally MI6. They didn't pay well enough for her liking though, so here she was – A valued

member of Executive Operations, or ExOps for short, about to drop into one of the most heated regions in the world, alone – forsake her support operative.

At this point, she didn't know who that would be. ExOps had several available for operations, though there was one in particular she was hoping for that she'd worked with in the past in Iraq. Either way, she had some time to kill, and thinking about the mission at hand was how she'd do it...

Normally...

She was familiar with everything around her, hyper-aware of her surroundings. Something was new though, something on the floor nearby. Her eye was immediately drawn to a bright blue streak of... Something, moving around on the floor. It moved with purpose though, not just an errant piece of trash that had fallen from one of the supply crates nearby.

What was it? A bug? Literal or figurative, a listening device or an insect. She watched the way it moved, taking note of every feature.

Human?

“When my support operative contacts me,” Jennifer said, raising a brow, “I’ll have to inform them of the insect infestation here. Dreadful.”

Mathew stopped in his tracks, looking up to the giant woman sitting in the middle of the room. She had a soothing British accent, black hair, and was sitting alone on a single unfolded red chair from the wall. As the aircraft hit more turbulence, both of them shook in tandem. She leaned forward, eyes trailing down Mathew’s tiny body, then back up. He was definitely human, and the moment she noticed him, she saw an erection begin to form. Naked, aroused, and intensely strange. He moved forward, approaching the Mercenary until he neared the toe of her combat boot.

Reaching forward when he neared, Jennifer snatched Mathew up from the floor with ease. Her gloved hands wrapping around his tiny, struggling body. He was turned over, poked, prodded, moved and twisted as she examined him.

“That is, if it’s still a problem by then. Hours to kill before we reach the DMZ, perhaps I should spend them on something more unique.”

“If you wish,” Mathew whimpered out, “I’d be happy to help. My name’s-”

“So it speaks?” Mui said, interrupting him, “Unfortunately for it, I don’t need a pet sidekick and I can’t think of a good reason to let a stowaway explore unabated. Especially if I don’t know its intent.”

Masterfully, she moved her fingers around Mathew’s body, folding him in half backwards at the spine. She began to press, bending him to the point of agony. He panted, whimpering and squirming against her. However, the little erection

twitching between his legs remained there, completely unfazed by the stress she was putting him under.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to...”

“Become my toy for this evening’s events? Whether you meant to or not, here you are. Time for a little pest control.”

She scoffed to herself, shaking her head before leaning forward even more. Letting her grip loosen on Mathew, she watched as he plummeted to the floor between her leather combat boots. He hit hard, bouncing slightly as he landed directly on his back. Gasping for air, Mathew whimpered to himself. Her right boot slid over, immediately covering his arm and pressing down until he felt his skin begin to buckle under the pressure. He was still aroused, incredibly turned on by what was happening. Jennifer watched his reactions as she threatened to smash his limb. Instead of trying to pull away as she expected, Mathew curled up and began kissing the edge of

her boot's sole. She smirked, taken aback by his tenacity as he began to lick.

"Not much to lick up there I'm afraid," She said, "I take proper care of my equipment. Boots included, and the mission's yet to begin."

"I'm not cleaning," Mathew replied calmly, cuddling up closer to her shoe. His erection slid between the edge of her tread as he moved, disappearing from sight.

"You also seem to have no sense of self preservation, how you've survived to become what you are now to this point is baffling."

Without warning, she lifted her foot and moved it over him entirely. Mathew watched as the dusty, worn tread of her boot came down. While she did a great job cleaning her boot, it was still showing its age – Soft, rounded tread edges scuffed from countless other missions she'd been on. With ExOps or otherwise. There was intense history to be had beneath these

shoes, and as Mathew imagined, she was about to make even more history soon. He felt an intense sense of honor, like he was about to become part of that history underfoot, all she needed to do was lift her heel and press down. She gave him enough space to try and flee, not pinning him entirely as his erection twitched into another groove of her combat boot's tread.

Tap.

Air rushed from his lungs as her boot fell onto him. He felt his entire body compress, her tread molding into his skin with the intense hit. There was a flash of stars, a surge of pain, and an overwhelming wave of pleasure that all hit him at once.

Tap, Tap.

"You really aren't going to run away, are you?" She said, moving her boot off of him entirely now, "Walking out in the open, then moving directly towards me? That doesn't scream 'Intelligence operative' to me, or spy. You don't move like you

have military experience as well. I can't let you leave though, on the off chance you are one of Song's assets..."

"I understand," Mathew replied, laying on his back, "I'm here to help you pass the time then."

The tip of her boot slid over his legs, nudging his erection. The moment it made contact; Mathew gasped in pain through clenched teeth. He writhed, his movements causing Jennifer to smirk to herself. Leaning back, she lifted up her shoe, unzipped the interior zipper, then cracked off her boot. Mathew watched, unable to see her face from his position. All he could see was her sock-clad foot slipping free from its confines. As she set her boot aside, Mathew watched her foot come down. He quivered with anticipation, eyes locked on the surface that disappeared beneath the fabric. She did the same with the other boot, and all Mathew did was watch and wait. When her boots were set off to the side, Mathew watched as she leaned back into her chair entirely.

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“I can-” Mathew began.

Warm fabric from her left foot engulfed his entire body, cutting him off from speaking. He could feel the sole of her foot beyond the fabric as she flexed her toes. The pressure was intense, but not enough to suffocate him. His chest struggled to expand as he tried to take in deep, long breaths of the smell. Fresh linen, a hint of lavender, hot leather, and sweat. While her mission hadn’t started yet, she had still been up and about for quite some time to this point. Quivering with pleasure, Mat simply lay there and allowed her to rest her foot on him.

“I wonder if you’re worth anything,” Jennifer mused, “Perhaps I can trade you for a nice pair of shoes. New combat boots? A shiny car may be out of the question, nobody in their right mind would pay top dollar for something so pathetic.”

Mathew quivered with pleasure as her foot slid back, the soft fabric grinding into his body, her warmth radiating over him. He felt her toes slide over his face, dragging down to his

cock before resting on his lower half. Instead of trying to flee, Mathew curled up, kissing at the tip of her foot as she leaned forward just enough to see him.

“I was going to try and extort you for money, but look at you. You probably don’t have a penny to your name, and I’m too expensive for you.”

Mathew nodded.

“So you truly are worthless... So I’m going to give you something worthwhile to do.”

She leaned back again, lifting her foot off of Mathew’s tiny body before running a finger along her Achilles tendon. Mathew watched as she slowly peeled off her sock, revealing her bare foot. Instead of setting it down next to him, the tiny one was engulfed entirely in warm skin and a deafening slap. He struggled to breathe, whimpering and squirming in pleasure as her foot shifted over his body. She was adjusting, moving, doing something he couldn’t see. All he could see now

was the layer of skin covering his tiny body, all he could smell now was the natural scent of her feet tinged with lavender soap and leather. It was warm, slightly musky, and soft – well taken care of despite her intense career. Now buried beneath the foot of a career Mercenary, all Mat could think to do was massage. He squirmed, pushing his knees into the skin of her arch, kissing the ball of her foot, his arms kneaded up and around her sole. All of the movements of his hip were just incidental, every time even the tiniest shift happened a blast of pleasure rolled through him.

“Seems you understand your end of the bargain,” Mui cooed, “If you can’t pay me, I suppose there are other ways to use you.”

Her foot ground down on Mathew’s body. He felt his lungs empty as her soft, hot skin pressed over him like a wave. Continuing to try his best, Mathew twitched and massaged into her, fighting against his own mind now as the Mercenary’s

skin assaulted his erection. He couldn't breathe in when she pressed, huffing in lungfuls of air when her foot would lift. Again and again, his skin began to feel raw as she worked her foot into him, focusing his body into her arch as deep as she could without any real regard for his safety.

Light flooded his eyes again as the aircraft they were in jerked around slightly. He could hear the supplies in the back of the vehicle jostle slightly, boxes banging into each other, and all he could see were her feet. Both bare now, her boots were set back and off to the side. She slid her right foot forward, pressing her heel between Mathew's legs. It was enough to pin his entire erection down, painfully compressing his most sensitive place as his legs spread to allow her to do it.

He didn't stop though. A massive mix of pleasure and pain was overwhelming every bit of his body. With both hands he reached up, kneading into her skin with all the strength he could muster. Jennifer didn't speak to him anymore. She

simply sat back and enjoyed her massage. Mathew leaned forward, burying his face into her skin. He kissed, he rubbed, he licked and did everything he possibly could to help sooth her and prepare her for what was to come.

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10:08 UTC / 19:08 Local (PT)

Mathew had started to slow down slightly.

Throughout the entire trip there, Mui was silent. She sat back, enjoying every sensation of Mathew beneath her skin as he worked diligently. Whenever she was satisfied with his work on one foot, she'd slide the other over him. All things must come to an end though, and there was no real reason she could

think of to keep Mathew around. She could feel him, aroused, but he never actually climaxed.

Kept right on the edge, never allowed to go over...

‘Tragic,’ she thought to herself, ‘Too bad it’s not just a little smaller...’

Jennifer could feel it though. They were getting close. Something changed, however – Shortly after she thought about Mathew’s size, she could feel him begin to diminish. Trapped under the heel of her left foot, he continued to work and squirm, her idle weight on him increasing relative to his smaller size. He was much taller a moment ago, big enough to massage, but now he was hardly three centimeters tall, maybe even one and a half. She cocked her foot to the side, looking down to the now insect-sized toy she’d been using.

“Sorry to say, you’re of absolutely no use to me at that size,” She cooed.

Unfazed by the threat, Mathew crawled over to her heel. He took in deep breaths still, licking kissing. She slid her foot back, engulfing his entire body in her pinky toe. Just as he emerged from the other side, she watched as a stream of blue liquid spat from between his legs.

“To the last, I see... Well, I could at least give you a proper sendoff.”

With that, she reached down. She was careful, gingerly rolling Mathew onto her palm. She didn't touch the blue liquid, not entirely sure what it was. Mathew felt his entire world spinning as he was lifted and brought over towards her right boot. Despite the care she showed him a second ago, the moment she pulled her balled-up sock free from her footwear, she simply dropped him inside. He landed on his head with a thud, hearing a snap reverberate up through his neck as a series of crunches rolled down his spine. He felt woozy, the air stale and filled with musk, though it wasn't hot. It was the same

temperature as the exterior, simply tinged with the smell of her previous missions. Mathew gasped for air, twitching in the heel of her boot as she watched her don her footwear. She put on the left boot first, purposefully positioning the right so he could watch her.

“I believe you’re already well acquainted with your executioner,” Mui jested, “If you pay me, I might be able to let you live a little longer. Are you sure you don’t have anything?”

Mat just lay there, twitching and sputtering, the tip of his erection glowing with his recent climax.

“Pity,” She continued.

Then, he saw the toes of her white socks over the edge. She slipped her foot inside. He could see her sole slide by, slamming into the insole’s arch as the light flashed in and out from spaces between her heel and the boot’s wall. The zipper was undone, making it easy for her to slip her foot into place.

The aircraft jostled again, rocking them both as she adjusted her foot to have him underneath her heel.

“There we are. Flying economy I see. I’ll give you a moment to really think about what’s going to happen to you...”

She crossed her legs, letting her right foot dangle down. Mathew heard her zip her boot up slowly, each latch of the zipper sending another jolt of pleasure through him.

Mathew twitched and squirmed, trying feebly to crawl further up her arch. Every time he made progress, she’d lift her foot and wiggle it until he slid back underneath her heel. It was an amusing game to her, something intensely fun to her, a beautiful pastime before going into the warzone. She didn’t acknowledge him now though, he was just a strange thing inside her boot. Leaning back, she rested her right arm over her lap, using the left to get comfortable as she stared at her boot.

Korean Demilitarized Zone

10:34 UTC / 19:34 Local

The aircraft continued to creak. Nothing new, and Mathew continued to squirm the same as he had when she just put him inside her boot. There was a soothing, massaging element to his existence there. She knew the moment she stood up he'd be gone. He was weak, there's no way he'd survive a single step under her heel, but that wasn't her problem. He was there for a reason, from now on she'd be able to see him when she put her boot on – a smear looking back up to her, a human-shaped stain she could smile down to. She hadn't moved much from where she was before, relaxing and toying with Mathew while staring at her boot.

“This is Fiona with ExOps. Do you read me? Jennifer?” A voice came over her headset.

Any anxiety over who would be running the show helping her along washed away almost instantly. It was Fiona, and that meant it was go-time. Or near. The moment Fiona finished speaking, Jennifer looked up and leaned forward slightly. She still had her legs crossed though, Mathew’s existence now secondary to her mission and survival.

“Five by five, Fiona. ETA?” She said, sitting up properly now.

“You’re about 10 minutes from the DMZ Drop Zone,” Fiona continued in her ear as Jennifer brought her left hand up to the receiver.

“Glad to hear your voice on the line. Wouldn’t have made it through Iraq without you.”

“Bet you say that to all your support operatives,” Fiona replied.

“Only the ones who save my ass.”

“Just doing my job. We’re close – You might want to get your gear together for the drop.”

Jennifer sat for just a moment more as the aircraft rocked. Then, she uncrossed her legs. Mathew began to panic underneath her heel, his hand movements becoming frantic despite his injured state. She ignored him though, standing as though there was nothing wrong at all.

Crunch.

She felt him pop underneath her heel. A tiny pebble disintegrating. Mat was still alive, barely, his body flattened and skull crushed. As she lifted her foot to take her first step, he felt her sock pull from the insole of her boot. He took in a deep, painful, gurgling breath.

Squelch. Crunch. Squish. Squelch.

Jennifer couldn't feel him anymore, but she knew he was there. A fitting sendoff for such a focused thing, so devoted to her comfort before her mission. She stood in front of her PDA across the way from where she was sitting.

"You checked out your new PDA Yet?" Fiona asked.

"Of course," Jennifer replied, shifting all her weight on her right side, "Transflective screen, high-res image, fast uplink –"

Mathew only heard Jennifer's side of the conversation through her body as her heel dug down into him. He was crushed, flattened into the insole of the Mercenary's boot. He knew his fate now, his body was going to mix with her sweat, fuse to the sole entirely.

A crushed remnant of what he used to be...

Art By: Meawt

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