

L I L I T H ' S   E X P E R I M E N T S

T R A N S I E N T   -   S T O R Y   0 0 8

---

S E A S O N   I

I



TRANSIENT

## ***An Open Mind***

**0.000n**

The scale beneath Mathew's tiny body was reset after he was put to rest atop the cold surface. It sent chills up his spine as he lay there, his body quaking in anticipation for what was about to happen. Lilith was incredibly calculating to him it seemed, he was nothing more than a test subject after she discovered him lurking about in her labs. Now, she was testing something she was curious about with his tiny and frail form - It's durability.

He hadn't put up a fight. In fact, this test was partially his idea - He was curious as well, and she wasn't oblivious to his arousal. She slipped off her shoes and set them aside, flexing her toes behind the nylon she wore. With clipboard in one hand, and pen in the other, she prepared to record the results. Mathew watched as she scribbled something down, her feet on either side of the scale he was placed on. The little one swallowed deeply as her foot lifted over him, the scent from her shoes lofting over his body. A tinge of familiar pleasure rolled up his spine, though he stayed as still as he possibly could - not wanting a shake or a shiver to throw off the pressure calculations.

At this point in time the pain was something he was starting to cope with, even crave just as much as the pleasure. Pure thrill, a lustful adrenaline rush that came from the sensations he was about to feel. Air turned acrid and humid, tinged with sweat from a long day on her feet until this point.

As her skin molded down around him, trapping him beneath the ball of her foot, Mathew took his last deep breath in - savoring the smell. She was well taken care of, clean, but even the faintest warmth from an average day was overwhelming at Mathew's size. Unable to hold back, Mathew whimpered out a light moan, not moving an inch still as his lungs emptied for the last time.

25.004n, the scale bounced up slightly as weight began to push down on him. He was unable to breathe, pleasure rocking his tiny form as the muggy nylon pressed into his skin. The humidity began to warm the scale at his back as he lay there waiting for the inevitable. His tiny eyes rolled back into his head, face forced to the side, glasses creaking under the pressure.

32.008n, the scale moved more as his chest compressed to the point his bones were creaking. He felt his body begin to flatten out, his skeleton expanding outward as jolts of pain

started shooting through him like lightning. Fractures, spreading throughout his body. His hips began to bow outward, abdomen spread out as organs searched for a place to be.

**40.095n**, the scale said, and his tiny body began to collapse. Lilith didn't say a word as she felt him begin to pop and compress, his body giving way beneath the ball of her foot as she sat on her chair. Coldly she began to scribble bits of notes, looking to her clipboard as she kept such a steady, professional, careful pressure on her willing test subject. Mathew's mouth was forced open as he felt his glasses pop off his face, his skull beginning to stretch out as the pressure mixed pleasure and pain in a whirlwind of sensations throughout his body. Salty taste from her gentle sweat mixed onto his tongue with his own blood.

**48.022n**, the scale read as Mathew's body flattened with a satisfying crunch.

**Peak!**, it read, flashing a little sign prompting Lilith to write down that number on her paperwork. Mathew's body had given way, his insides forced their way out of his hips in a single 'pop' as his skull collapsed. The contents of his tiny mind spewed from the back of his head as every exposed and unclothed bit of his form was reduced to a stringy, bloody mass. Lilith moved her clipboard out of the way, looking down to her foot as she slowly lifted it off of Mathew. Strings of blood came with her nylons as she examined the flattened carcass on the pressure pad, his mouth and tongue pressed clean out of his lips unnaturally. He was still alive, a soul forced to experience his own aftermath directly, barely able to see her toes as they flexed beyond the nylon. Her foot at an angle, his blood on her sole.

*Experiment complete:*

Subject deceased @ 48.022n Force

48.022n Force = **10.795lbs**

Subject - Weak..

T R A N S I E N T



**Art By:** HedgieVamp

**Story By:** AnirusFere

Mathew (c) AnirusFere

Lilith (c) HedgieVamp

All Rights Reserved

*Commissioned work - I did not create this image.*

**O R I G I N A L   S T O R Y**

*Jul 2, 2016 02:24 AM*

**R E V I S E D   S T O R Y**

*May 16, 2025 09:48 AM*

**S E A S O N   I**