

H U B R I S

T R A N S I E N T - S T O R Y 0 2 3

S E A S O N I

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TRANSIENT

Overconfident Immortality

"That's the address..." She said as she stood in her home, ear pressed against the glass screen of her cell phone.

Mathew cautiously stepped over the body of another crushed, shrunken person, their face smeared into an unrecognizable pelt without eyes. Blood had gone, skin formed to a zig-zag like print, it had been here for quite some time. As he looked up to the woman who owned the house, he felt a rush of adrenaline and desire flow through him. The tread of her sandal matched what was on the body. She'd stepped on them, whoever it was.

Without fear, the tiny, blue-haired person approached her sandal. Her heel idly bobbed as she laughed, arms folded overhead. Carefully, Mathew crawled up over the edge and slid onto his back in the small space provided by her raised heel. With each beat of his tiny heart, a mixture of overly addictive, intense pleasure and adrenaline pulsed through his body. The further he went into his new array of lives spanning across universe after universe, the more reckless he became.

The more he accepted his place beneath the people he came into contact with,

There had to be a reason he was experiencing this, and perhaps complete and total acceptance was the proper way forward. Besides, once she felt him, she was sure to react somehow. He lay on his back as she continued her conversation, his eyes picking up on every minute detail of her incredibly soft sole. Teasingly her heel would drop down, only a few inches before lifting back up. Each time the skin of her

arch would tap the tip of his erection, jolting a blast of pleasure through his body. He was far, far more sensitive now than he had ever been before. Again and again the dropping heel would threaten to take him away, stopping to idly hover over him, keeping him in a state of constant anticipation of his inevitable demise.

"Melanie..." He heard her mention her name to the person over the phone.

And with that, he knew exactly who he was beneath. As soon as he came to that realization, the heel that teased him so well a moment ago fell. Her skin engulfed him, pinning him down and making it nearly impossible for him to draw in breath. She didn't crush him though... Melanie hadn't skipped a beat in what she was saying, and the way her toes curled, the way her skin rippled over his body - She knew he was there. A lift of her heel was enough to allow him to take in a sharp breath, only for it to be jettisoned from his body with a sharper

press. She wasn't concerned with his plight. His tormentor reveled in it.

All he could hear were muffled voices at this point as his head was forced to the side. His tiny eyes bulged from his skull, which began to oblong beneath the pressure, threatening to splatter like a grape. Bones popped out of joint before splintering and fracturing as muscle tore from bone simply through pressure alone. It wasn't long before his side split, allowing his insides a route to escape. Just as his vision began to blur and fade, her foot lifted. He could see some blood staining her skin, but he was stuck to her sandal's sole.

~Clap~

The heel of the sandal slapped up against her skin, batting Mathew back into her soft sole for a moment as her foot slid through the air. Pressure rolled up his body in her stride, fracturing his tiny skull and dislocating his jaw before every rib in his chest shattered almost at once. His tiny hips, without the

support of muscle from his abdomen and the bowels within, snapped apart at the tailbone.

~Clap~

Pleasure that was so intense was replaced by an overwhelming pain as he was mercilessly trodden upon. With another sickening squelch, his vision faded to black once more. That was the beginning of a long day, though she never took the time to clean him off. She walked on his carcass, flattening it carelessly into the sole of her sandal as she went about her business. When Melanie finally got home, her feet felt great - A result of walking on Mathew's body all day. She simply kicked off her sandal and walked away.

It was just a bug after all, if she walked on it long enough, it would go away on its own...

Art By: JamesMason0

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Mathew (c) AnirusFere
Melanie (c) JamesMason0
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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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R E V I S E D S T O R Y

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