

OUT OF SIGHT
TRANSIENT - STORY 029

SEASON I

I



Beginning of the Band

The smell of acid subsided, replaced with the stench of foot odor. Mathew took in a deep breath, feeling a chill run up his spine as pleasure washed over him. Exhaling was shaky as he slowly regained his sight. The first thing he saw were the indents her toes had worn into the inside of her shoe. Looking

down his tiny body he saw his throbbing erection between his legs and the opening to her footwear.

Mathew didn't move much. He took a deep breath of the humid air and stretched. It was... Strange to enjoy such things after having experienced such intense pain. Moments like this had become his only true reprieve from the agony of being killed, an addiction that was fueling him. He was a living oxymoron and he loved it, savoring every second of his own deaths at the hands of others as though it was a wonderfully intoxicating drug. All he wanted to do now was turn that focus on other people, to do what he could to make their lives better at his expense.

"Dammit, I'm late. Hope they haven't started practice without me," Nikita said to herself as she rushed over to her converse.

She slipped her feet in one after the other. Quickly she tied her shoes, feeling a person-shaped thing moving beneath her

left foot's arch. She sneered, knowing exactly what it was in her shoe as she shifted her weight around on it. Nikita could feel its body teasingly compress and squirm, its hands push against her in defiance, grip into her sock and feebly attempt to pull itself out from underneath her. There was an air flow from its lungs, little huffs that pierced the white fabric of her sock as she toyed with its breaths. The only reason it hadn't collapsed was by her grace.

"Well that was a stupid place to be... Lucky for you, only a mistake you can make once, dumbass." She sharply said down to her shoe, tapping her foot on the ground.

Careful not to crush the human in her shoe outright, she walked over to her backpack filled with new lyrics to the band's songs. They still needed a name - But they were still in the beginning stages of forming and she was already sweating bullets at the thought of singing in front of a crowd of people.

They'd start like most usually do, locally. In a small tavern or pub, then work their way out from there.

As she jogged along the sidewalk, the care she took in keeping the 'lump' in her shoe alive faded. Her footsteps became full strides. Rolling pressure crushed down on it. First, the squirming stopped, reduced to twitching as it was pressed thinner and thinner with each step. Likely spasms from a dying little bug-brain, little funny motions that made her snicker. Mathew's fate was nothing more than a funny story she told the others when she arrived, an unlucky human that got caught in a shoe. The night went well - They hadn't waited for her to start their practice, but it didn't matter much. When she arrived and the band was all together, they played throughout the night. They gathered in a barn on the outskirts of town, far enough away from anyone so their music wouldn't bother a soul.

She had done a marvelous job, or so her band-mates said. They were going to be doing their first set in a few months and needed to get everything ready for that. With any luck, the girls would be out of their little corner jobs and traveling across the world for a living. Not drunk this time, the key to her home slid in easily. She peeled off her shoes, having completely forgotten about the stupid 'passenger' she had for the day. Nikita turned on her gaming console and TV, then almost fell onto the floor with the controller in hand. She lazily crossed her legs, leaning back against the side of her couch as the game company's logo filled the screen.

A flex of her toes, the ripple of fabric, her feet airing out and cooling off. Mathew had no choice but to suffer, crushed against the drying fabric of her arch as she idly played her games. All he could do was hope that he shifted to another realm soon...

But that time didn't come quickly. Only when the socks were dropped into the wash was he allowed to continue his adventure through realities...

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R E V I S E D S T O R Y

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