

LEARNING LIMITATIONS

BUFFY'S BUGS - STORY 002

BUFFY'S BUGS



Accidents & Fun

It was about time for her to return~

Mathew sat in the entry hallway watching the large door in front of him with anticipation. After having been found, Buffy still had a full day ahead of her. She had to go, leaving Mathew alone at the house the entire day up until that evening. He was eager to show her what he could do, how he could 'please' her. She was a personal trainer; she had appointments to keep and

B U F F Y ' S B U G S

things to do. Meanwhile, he was simply a bug, waiting his chance to prove himself to someone far superior.

The door opened, and Mathew's heart jolted. Buffy stepped through, wearing a beautiful pair of boots. She groaned, obviously stressed from her day.

"Jesus," She said with a sigh, taking off her boots, "Ugh. After scrubbing the floors at the fucking gym all day, I am disgusting. Oh my god."

Mathew sat where he was. He was ready to work, an erection already forming as he watched her bare feet slap down onto the hard floor. She wasn't looking down though. Each pat of her soles on the surface sent chills up Mat's spine as he imagined her walking past, chasing after her to wherever she decided to rest or clean up. It was almost as though she had forgotten him in the midst of her long day. Her foot lifted up over him, casting him in shadow before the ball settled onto his front. Cross-legged, he was slammed to his back and pressed

into the floor. His legs stayed as they were, buckling under the pressure in a heartbeat.

Splat.

Her weight had shifted onto him. It was far too much for the little one to bear, and she didn't realize until it was too late. Unable to see anything anymore, Mathew felt her foot moving on him, only able to hear in muffled tones and noises. There was something different this time though, something strange by comparison to most of the times he'd experienced being crushed to death.

"Mat?!" She said with a gasp, "Wh... What in the? Oh my god, Mat! Oh... You, you're squished! Oh my god. What am I supposed to do? Oh my god he said he was immortal. I knew there was no such thing, he lied to me and now my little friend is dead. Oh my god. Oh shit. Oh shit. I guess, I'll just peel him off?"

He felt her fingertips pinch around the crushed remains of his tiny skull. His skin peeled up, body twitching slightly as he was slowly removed from the floor. It was intense, painful, and in his own strange way, pleasurable to experience being pulled up like gum. His body mostly resembled a cartoonish figure, splattered with blood and flat like a little pancake.

“Oh my god. Aw, Mat!”

She cradled what was left of his former self in her hand. He could feel the warmth of her skin, every little shift of her hand moving his broken form around. It felt as though he was more like dough than an actual living, breathing person – or the remains of a person.

“Oh my god. Oh, shit. Aw my god. Does this count as murder? I mean he’s supposed to be immortal, oh god.”

He had planned to have a more controlled demonstration of his abilities, something after some time spent in her reality. Perhaps even find a way to meet up with Em again before being

sent off to another reality – But here they were... In the entryway of her home, learning the hard way. He wondered if, while he was gone, before he returned, if she'd truly think she killed him. How she'd handle that sort of stress, and he felt bad for leaving in such an intense way this reality. It wasn't something he could change now, however. Wrong place, wrong time, one step and he was gone... Then, he started to reform. His body started to piece itself back together. Light emerged from her palm, slightly obscuring everything.

“Wait...” She said to herself as she watched.

He was alive again. Here...

It was different for him as well. Normally, he'd be sent into another reality, flowing along the cosmos to another person who would end him. However, for some reason he was stuck here. His body reformed, putting itself together as he lay in her palm. Aroused, unharmed, and ready for more...

“Mat? Mat! You’re... Are you serious right now? Oh my god, are you serious right now? Are you serious, Mat... You have an erection?”

Shyly, he waved up to her, unable to truly cover his shame as she held him in her palm. There was no more pain from the crush, only pleasure and memories of having been stepped on. Mathew shifted, nervously smiling up to her, hoping he didn’t cross a line with what happened to his tiny body beneath her foot.

“Oh my god, you are serious,” Buffy’s tone turned from worried and scolding, to a slightly mischievous and soft edge. She looked him over for a few seconds more, turning her hand to get a better angle on his little, throbbing erection, “You really are here for my pleasure. What am I going to do with you, oh my god. You like me stepping on you. I didn’t think somebody like you could bleed so much... But also...”

Mathew's eyes widened as her other hand came over him. There was no reaction he could take, no diving off at the last second – not that he'd want to. He felt her skin engulf him, pushing him flat in an instant. His tiny bones began to pop and snap as she twisted, squelching his little form into a mashed mess. Pleasure turned to agony in a heartbeat. As she lifted up her hand, satisfied with the devastation she caused to his little form, Mathew's corpse stuck to her other palm. He could hear her laugh, a delighted tone, one far better than the shock and concern from before.

All he wanted to do was make the people around him happy, help them relax... Especially if that meant the destruction of his tiny body. This form he took now, seemed exceptionally adept at such a task.

"Oh, you're really stuck," She said, peeling him off like the gum he was, "Oh wow."

He was still sentient. Still alive, still aware. His body had taken on some strange properties here in this reality. He was more pliable, more ‘fun’ to toy with it seemed. She set what remained of him back in her other hand, molding him with ease as his blood covered both of her palms. As she spoke, she slid his body in between her index finger and thumb. The motion was jarring. Holding onto him, he could feel intense waves of pleasure wash over him. He wanted to squirm and squeak, but there was nothing he could do. He was just a mold of a person now, like literal putty in her hands.

“Well, I suppose we can see what kind of a... Mess we get you into now. Can’t we?”

The flattened form of his body was somewhat rigid, enough for her to be able to hold and bend between her fingers. Bones were crushed, organs squelched, all contained in the exterior layer of his putty-like skin. He could hear her, but he couldn’t see very well, and what he could hear was muffled and

hard to discern. She dropped him, his body spiraling through the air... A flash of light, and he was healed, in time to land on his back. He gasped for air, looking up to her with his erection in full as she lay down next to him. Shaking like a leaf, all he could feel now was intense pleasure.

Buffy's long, tiring day was behind her. Now, he was her focus, something to relax with.

"Yeah, I bet you're aroused – Aren't you?" She said, "Let's see what more you can do, huh?"

Her hand shifted over him, finger cocking back. The nail landed square between his legs, sending a jolt of pain and pleasure rocketing through him and sliding him across the floor. Another hit sent him spiraling away, tumbling as he gasped and whimpered for air, squirming in agony. The erection didn't go away, in fact, it was stronger than ever now. She drug him back, setting him right where he was as her fingertip hovered over his face.

Engulfed. He couldn't breathe. He just lay there, allowing her to do what she wanted to him. His body twitched as she spun him around, fingertip shifting lower. As she touched the tip of his erection he gasped, his whimpers of pleasure getting a passing giggle from her before she shifted to sit upright. Her foot came over him, great toe hovering over his face.

The smell~ It was divine, a scent from her long day out. The toe was larger than his skull, covering his entire face as he simply lay there. The pressure threatened to crush his skull as the tacky skin lifted, followed by more laughter. He was her toy, her little pet to do with as she pleased – And she knew what buttons he liked pressed. Then, she turned him around. He looked down his body to her as the same toe that engulfed his face was now hovering over his legs. The soft skin touched his erection, lifting once before pressing down harder.

“What if I just... Crushed your body? And decapitated you by squishing.”

As she spoke, the pressure built. Mathew gasped out, his chin pressed into the tip of her toe as the rest of his body was pressed down into the unyielding floor. He could feel his bones snap and shatter, crunching as he slowly flattened out. Blood welled up in his mouth as she laughed. As he spread out more, her first toe dug into his form. He could feel blood pooling around beneath him.

“Oh my gosh~” She cooed.

Her foot lifted, and he came with it. He couldn't speak now, couldn't breathe, all he could do was look around and make little expressions of pain and pleasure. With his body broken he could do nothing. Her foot came back down, discarding what was left as her toes toyed with his remains. Then, she shifted forward slightly. The ball of her foot engulfed his face, forcing his mouth open as his nose was buried into her skin. She slid him back and forth.

Squelch.

Her toes met the floor. His head popped like a tiny grape, not resisting for more than a second as she pressed down on him.

He could tell she was enjoying this, far more than the average person might. He was her toy, her foot ground him down, twisting and moving, squishing him deeper and deeper into the new strange form he now occupied. All Mathew could feel now was a strange mix of pleasure and pain, all he could hear was his own body squelching, what little bones remained intact were slowly being broken and smashed.

Kneading...

She started to knead on him. It was an intense sensation; each press was like a jolt of overwhelming pleasure to him as she started to speak. He could still hear her, though her voice was muffled. Buffy continued to knead, pressing, twisting, grinding him further into paste as she spoke.

“Ugh... Wow...” She said with fascination, “You... Oh man, not only are you covered in your own blood, but you have a full day’s worth of sweat and God knows what else on you. And you’re just... Smushed. You’re so smushed, oh my god. How do you like the stench of my boots being rubbed deep into your squished flesh? Let’s get some heel action.”

She lifted her foot.

Mathew couldn’t see. He was as close as you could get to a sentient blob of skin and flesh now, mashed and kneaded into the floor. He felt her heel smash down on what used to be his legs, before lifting and kneading into his chest, dragging back down and smearing him into the floor more and more. Then she slid her foot back again, digging her toes into him and smearing him around, churning what remained of his body into an unrecognizable layer of skin and bone. The organs that were once inside his body were pulped too far beyond recognition now. There was no sense of self, no sense of where

his limbs were now, everything was just mashed and mushed into a single strange twist of sensation.

“Yes,” She said with a laugh, “Oh my gosh, I’m going to be scraping you off of my floor for days.”

She continued. Twisting, smashing, toying with his body. Rubbing, slapping her foot down. The longer she worked at him, the less he could feel of his old body.

“Oh my goodness! There’s no more Mat? What ever am I going to do now?”

He could feel himself between her toes, feel parts of himself in the cracks between the tiles, spread thin into the paste of blood that was left on the floor.

“His guts are everywhere,” She said, then she just rested her foot on what remained until she was satisfied, “Well then...”

As she lifted her foot, that glowing, healing light engulfed Mathew once more. He could feel his body regaining form, his

sensations resuming, a feeling of normality in what he truly was. He swore one sensation was a hand, but when it came back to him, it was surely his right foot instead. It was strange to be pulped down to such an intense degree, so flat and mashed that you lose all sense of self, only to be reformed again. He watched her foot lift, felt her fingers wrap around him, and lift his newly formed, quivering, aroused body into the air once again.

“I’m glad you enjoyed yourself, I did too” she said as she saw him, his erection still throbbing as he lay gasping and whimpering. Her thumb brushed the side of his face as she continued speaking, “This is... This is going to be interesting, little guy. It’s good to see you back, Mat... And, fully in-tact I see.”

Mathew smiled up to her. Content, warm, whole and happy.

“Okay, so you can handle a lot... But let’s see how good you are at actually getting the job done, shall we?”

Her pinky and ring finger wrapped down around his legs, before lifting back up.

“Are you up for the task, little guy?”

Mathew nodded, and she laughed. Immediately, she closed her fist around him. Agony, crushing pain, pleasure beyond his wildest imagination. His new form was a curse of sorts, his new powers here in this reality, and only in this reality, were so strange. He was ready...

“Excellent...” She cooed, savoring his crunching little body...

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Mathew (c) AnirusFere

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