

S M O K E B R E A K

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S E A S O N I

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TRANSIENT

Accidental Discoveries

He was changing, he could feel it...

The more he was killed, the more he craved the intensity of the sensations these people gave him. Wind blew past his tiny body as he stood on the cement behind Nikita, looking up to the giant goddess of an Elven woman as she spoke to Siv standing across from her. The wind's gusts were a bit chilly, but that didn't stop him from approaching her raised heel. He had no idea what the two were talking about above him, but he didn't particularly care. He was enthralled.

Slowly he crouched beneath her arch as she idly smoked her cigarette, getting his tiny nose close enough to smell.

Although the scent of sweat and musk was still strong, it wasn't overpowering... It was perfect. Walking barefoot around her home had taken away the edge of the stench, mixing it with a dusty scent - the smell of a long day. Pleasure washed over him with every beat of his heart as adrenaline coursed through his veins, knowing at any moment her heel could come down and flatten him into the concrete. With how she disposed of him earlier, he didn't think twice about his actions. He would not survive this encounter anyway, at least this time he had a choice in how he would leave this realm.

"So how much do they hurt? I mean, some people say they're terrible and others scoff at me when I ask..." Nikita asked, taking a puff of her cigarette idly as she looked into her friend's eyes.

"Depends on where you get them done, really," Siv replied, smoking a cigarette of her own, "I don't think they're as bad as

people make them out to be. I'm afraid of needles and I'm a tattoo artist, so there's that."

Mat could hear her, but from where he was all he could see was the skin of Nikita's arch.

"Really? That doesn't make any sense," Nikita replied curiously, "Isn't it just a needle being jabbed into you a bunch?"

"It's not like a hypodermic needle. The ones in the guns we use are actually bundles of needles together. Mags, liners... They don't go that deep so there's nothing to worry about there. I'm pretty gentle when it comes to tattooing people too, and if you want I'll give you an awesome discount," Siv replied with a confident smile, hand on her hip as she took another drag of her cigarette, speaking as she exhaled, "If you're worried we can do a dry run on you. Run the gun over your skin without ink so you can get a feel of what you're in for when we actually put ink into your skin."

"I feel a bit better now actually... Yeah, I want to get something on the top of my foot," Nikita replied with a smile, "Like a tree or something, Celtic-like?"

"Ah, sounds right up my alley, I th-"

Mathew had slid himself into a laying position beneath Nikita's foot, careful not to touch her skin. As he was getting comfortable, the inevitable happened. Her heel came down, forcing him flat on his back as her arch settled onto his tiny body. Air flooding from his lungs forced a muffled, pathetic squeak mixed with a sharp crunch. The cement was unforgiving, her arch's soft skin turning rock hard as her weight settled down. It was a sharp, quick motion, leaving him only somewhat conscious as her foot lifted quickly from the ground.

"What the!?" Nikita groaned, cutting Siv off as she lifted her foot up to check her arch, "Fucking horny-ass humans..."

His arm twitched, mouth plastered open though it was hard to recognize within the splatter of blood attached to her skin.

"I think humans look cute like that," Siv replied sarcastically, taking a puff from her cigarette, "Especially on your foot, shortie."

"Aheh..." Nikita said with a nervous blush.

She was about to step back down before she noticed the little mop of blood splattered on her sole. Looking for a second longer, she shrugged and stepped back down, shifting her weight more onto the little one. She felt a few more snapping pops beneath her foot as she looked up to Siv with a shy smile.

"It's still cracking," Nikita said, "Guess I'm not heavy enough to smash it in one go... That one looked familiar though."

"Hopefully next time I'll get to watch you splat it," Siv added, winking to the blue-haired Elf.

"I'd like that," Nikita replied shyly, finishing her cigarette just as Mathew's soul departed to his next life.

Art By: JamesMason0

Story By: AnirusFere

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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

May 18, 2025 10:38 PM

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