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ROC'S REST

Pleasant Greeting

Leather surrounded Mathew's tiny body as he felt himself being jostled around, before a sharp jolt of excruciating pain ripped through him. The motions of whatever prison he was in had slammed him down on something hard, right between his tiny legs. The little one whimpered, pushing down on a strange etched stone he had inadvertently straddled, before being lifted back up again by gravity as the pouch owner jumped over something. He came back down, his back smacking into whatever it was he had hit earlier, gasping for air and wheezing before he saw a pair of blue fingers pull open the top. Another rock, this one a shimmering, vibrant green came over the opening and fell in. It landed on his chest, knocking the wind out of him as Sai's golden eyes gazed in for just a moment.

"Heheh," She snickered to herself, patting her pouch, "You humies sure do get everywhere, doncha' squirts?"

Mathew could hear the sound of running water as Sai took off in a sprint. She seemed exceptionally energetic, running through the woods and hopping over things. It was pure agony for Mathew though, as each step jostled the emerald on his chest again and again, smashing it down onto him, grinding into his crotch. He wasn't being thrown around as much, but he was being slowly ground down between the stones and whatever else she had lingering in this little pouch. However, there was a strange, overwhelming pleasure to it. The emerald ground down on the soft, smooth stone below, trapping Mathew's arousal in between. Just her movement, the twisting and turning of her running, created a relentless onslaught against his cock. He whimpered, feeling his arousal being twisted and ground between the two stones, until he couldn't take it anymore. With bruised, fractured little bones, the tiny climaxed.

Sai was having the time of her life. She adored the Sunset Mountains, in the specific area they had managed to settle down

in. Having abilities of her own to protect herself if needed, she wasn't too worried about any of the local flora and fauna. In fact, she had even become friends with some of the local Gnolls! In being here, Roc's Rest had made the area safer overall for every traveler passing through. She hopped to a stop, finding the area she was looking for.

Mathew watched as the opening shed light on him again. There was a slight glow beneath the rocks, but she didn't notice it. Her fingers were all that entered, pinching down on his hair before yanking him upward. It felt like she was about to scalp him with the movement as his tiny heart skipped a beat. What little glow that remained on his cock was barely enough to be seen among the dirt as she tossed Mathew to the ground. He rolled to his back, coughing and sputtering before looking around. A beautiful waterfall, the mountains in the distance. It was absolutely picturesque...

The Tiefling sat down, her tail swaying as she set her foot right onto Mathew and leaned back. She kept him between her toes, gripping his tiny body again and again as she simply enjoyed her time out in nature. Her own heart fluttered when she felt a bone snap in Mathew's arm, urging her to twist his unharmed one in between her toes and squeeze until it snapped as well. She could feel him squirm, though it was absolutely pathetic. Then, she too felt the tiny prick between his legs. She snickered again, shaking her head a little as she looked back over the waterfalls.

"Humans..." She scoffed, slowly grinding her foot forward into the smooth, flat stone until she finally felt him slip underneath.

That's when she pinned him down. She was seated so she could crush him if she wanted to, but she just let her foot's weight do the work. Relaxing, she leaned back and watched the waterfall, feeling Mat's body slowly compress. She savored

every snap, every pop, every crack as she forced his face into the stone below... Once she had her fill of the area though, she simply stood up. She could feel Mathew panic a little as the ball of her foot rolled over him. His tiny arm flailed slightly as he was completely engulfed. What little fight he still had left in him was snuffed out as she lifted up her heel. Slowly, she savored her little addiction, taking in the sensation of his tiny body resisting, the pressure mounting, before...

Pop...

A subtle little crunch, followed by a warmth. Snuffed out beneath the Tiefling. She felt a sense of power rush through her, that pleasing feeling when everything just seemed to go the way she wanted it to. Maybe it was her infernal blood, maybe it was something else – but there was nothing more relaxing to her than the feeling of a human's body resisting, just before that moment when they pop. The tiny twitches afterwards,

then... She just left them, every time. She never bothered wiping them off.

They'd come off eventually, anyway...

Two Days Later...

Sai sat near Roc's Rest, leaning against a mossy rock with her feet up and crossed. The sun was setting, framing the mountains behind her in beautiful light as it slowly descended. She'd had a long day, and with everything mostly taken care of inside, she was free to relax and enjoy her evening outside of the place she called her home. She had a satchel with her of trinkets she'd been toying with – mostly little puzzles. Physical ones, twisting and pushing buttons to try and get them to open up, following cryptic little etched markings in each point. They were supposed to be difficult, and she liked the challenge. Her

toes gently flexed, still able to feel the little pelt of Mathew's remains on the ball of her foot. His corpse was rolled just perfectly, so that if she scrunched her toes, she'd be able to engulf him with her pinky.

Little did she know, he was still alive. Technically. Unable to move, all Mathew could do was see, experience what it was like to be sentient grime on the bottom of a Tiefling's foot. Each time her toes flexed, he saw her pinky toe and first come down around him. He felt it squeeze him, though there was no blood left for her to squeeze out. It had already all gone, dried and smashed into the floor, replaced with dust as his soul was bound to nothing more than a shadow of what he once was.

"Lo there!" A voice shouted from the distance. The head of a caravan it seemed, clad in armor, "We're in need of room and board, have you any?"

"Always a've room for more at Roc's Rest!" She shouted back, tucking her pouch away, "How many are ya?"

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“Fourteen, plus horses and cattle.”

“We’ve got a lil’ pasture out back and plenty of space for you and yours!” Sai shouted again, hopping to her feet.

Mathew saw the ground coming again, feeling a blast of pressure as the grass smashed into his pelt. She ran over, fast enough for the caravan leader to reach for their sword. However, before they could draw, Sai had already come around behind them, poked at their back, and hopped in front.

“Y’see a bit tense, friend! Ten silver a night a head, only breakfast is on the house. Two silvers a massage, one for a dip in the springs. If you wanna’ add humans to the massage, extra 50 copper.”

“Human massage?” The caravan owner said. He let out a sigh, he was an elf though he looked dirty and tired, “That does sound nice. What say you all?”

The elven caravan leader turned back to his people, who all seemed to be in agreement. Some were in the wagon behind their horses, but everyone who was in earshot had cast their lot. He turned back to the Tiefling and smiled, nodding in her direction.

“Your prices seem fair, Tiefling! Such a strange coincidence that your establishment has humans as a feature. One had fallen in my boot before our travels, I’d never thought to crush them before – but this one survived quite some time before I reduced it to nothing. Oddly soothing.”

“You’re just gonna melt when you see all the things we can make a human do to help you relax, darlin’” She cooed, her tail running up the caravan leader’s back before she jogged forward, smashing her foot right down on Mathew once more...

Still alive, Just a soul bound to her sole.

R O C ’ S R E S T

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