

THE MORE, THE MERRIER
BUFFY'S BUGS - STORY 006

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Reunited

Emora was nothing, if not a good tracker.

Unlike Mathew she was well trained and disciplined through military service and more. It took her a while to track down the individual who Mathew was taken by, but when she did, she decided to follow. She remembered the bag, remembered the person – but what she didn't know off the bat, was that Mathew was there as well – trapped inside Buffy's

B U F F Y ' S B U G S

sneaker. Stowing away was easy. She avoided being crushed by the various objects, finding herself trapped in a discarded gym sock as she was brought back to Buffy's home...

The next day, she crawled out towards the entrance. She was working to get herself free of her prison, when she heard the door slide open. Everything shook before light flooded into the back once again, and she was looking square in the eyes of the person who took Mathew away from her.

"Oh my god," Buffy said, gasping, "What... What is this? There's... Two of you? What the... Hell..."

She reached in, plucking Em out of the bag with ease. Emora let her, her tiny size making running an impossibility from someone determined to collect her. She rolled into Buffy's palm as the giant woman looked her over.

"I... Uh... Mat, you didn't tell me you had a friend, or that there was more of you. I- God, you're so tiny!"

She picked Mat up from the floor, holding them both up so she could address her toys at the same time.

“Like, I’m afraid to drop you. I mean I guess I could squish you... But... I...”

“I swear I tried,” Mathew said, getting a sideye from Em before she looked up to Buffy.

“My name’s Emora!” She shouted as loud as she could. Buffy brought her closer to hear as she continued, “Em’ if you’d like.”

“Your name is Em?” Buffy asked, holding each pinched between her fingertips, “Well where have you been all my life, for one. Mat definitely needs some female influence.”

“Well, I bet he was busy, and I’m sure you know ALL about him now, judging by that hard-on he has. Typical.”

“Ugh, I know, boys, right? But... Nevermind that, how did you get into my gym bag?”

“Don’t worry, I’m not trying to steal anything. Mat back, maybe,” Em shouted up as Buffy brought her closer to listen, “I’m here to help too, just like him!”

“You’re here to help out?” Buffy said, “Well, uh... What do you think about that, Mat?”

“Absolutely!” He shouted, “You have no idea how much I missed her. She means the world to me.”

A bright smile washed over Em’s face as she looked in his direction. He looked back, smiling in return.

“You uh... You’re immortal too now, right? She’s not going to just like, kill you or something?”

“Yeah. It’s weird, a couple of people stepped on me at the-”

“You know what? I’m glad we’re all on the same page. You could use some feminine influence. But listen, Em. I’m gonna need to test you just like I tested Mat, it’s only fair. Okay?”

Em nodded...

“Perfect. I’m glad we’re all on the same page. I guess... I’ll put you guys, here?”

She set both Mat and Em aside in the fibers of the carpet nearby. Immediately, the two went to each other, taking each other into a tight embrace. They didn’t say anything before Em looked up to see the underside of a sneaker coming for them both. She shoved Mat back, away from the danger. He fell between the two shoes, safely nestled on the carpet as he heard a light crunching, cracking noise nearby.

“Oops!” Buffy squeaked. She lifted up her shoe, revealing a slightly mangled brown-haired woman in the carpet, “Didn’t mean ta’ almost lose you guys... But I suppose your training now begins.”

Mathew got up, going to Em’s side and helping her to her feet.

“Are you alright?” He asked, and she nodded.

“It’ll take more than that to kill m-”

Thump...

The shoe came back down, smashing them both into the carpet in a heartbeat. Buffy didn’t heal either of them, letting them both simply exist as broken, squished little beings as she lifted them up and sat down in a different part of her room. She set her shoes in front of her, playing with the two between her fingertips as she looked down to them in her grip.

“Squished to little pancakes. Just how I like them~” She cooed, separating the two. Buffy took the half-crushed Em, dangling her over her left shoe by her ankle, “Alright Em, I’m going to put you – in here...”

She fell. Em squeaked, landing in the heel section. Gasping for air in the humid environment, injured severely and unable to heal without Buffy’s blessing, she watched from her vantage point inside of the gym shoe.

“Am I going in too? With h-”

“Mat, you’re gonna have to wait, for one,” Buffy scolded him, “Stop being impatient!”

He watched her slip her foot into the same shoe Em was inside. She was crawling, pulling herself up towards the toe section – not with ease, but at a fast enough speed that by the time Buffy put her foot inside with her, she was in a relatively safe spot. Buffy’s toes squeezed around her, burying her in sweaty flesh as Mathew watched from outside. He was aroused, knowing Em was likely just as turned on by the situation as he was.... Which was absolutely true, Em squirmed, wet and quivering from her new position beneath Buffy’s foot. What’s better, she now knew where Mat was, and that he was safe – relatively speaking...

“That’s good,” Buffy said, tapping her foot as she felt Em squirming beneath her.

“Aren’t you gonna wear socks?” Mathew asked when he got close enough to her ear during her idle movements.

“Oh yeah, no. There’s no socks for you guys today,” She said, smacking her other shoe down next to the one Em was trapped inside, “only the sweatiest of torture for you.”

With a smirk, she tossed Mathew inside her right shoe. He wasn’t as quick, managing to get trapped underneath the arch of her foot.

“Y’know, and then after. We could always have some more coffee. Yeah?” She laughed, “Ahh, this is gonna be such an intense workout. Do you know how many appointments I have?”

As she stood up, Mathew felt his body squelch down into her shoe’s sole. It was far less forgiving than the fluff of her boots. He felt his bones squish down, her arch burying into his flesh as Em struggled to stick between her toes in safety. They were both in abject agony, awash with pain and pleasure. Em’s

mind was starting to fail her, leaving her a quivering little pile of mush between Buffy's digits while Mathew could hardly comprehend the intense pressure of her arch bearing down on him.

"I'm working twelve hours straight," She said, walking around and stepping to get both of them to feel comfortable to her, "How's it feel in there, guys? Well... I can't hear any complaints."

Thirteen Hours Later.

"Ugh, what a long day," Buffy said as she entered the room, dropping her bag and kicking it into the closet, "So sweaty, so tired... Ugh... Such a long day at work."

She sat down, pumping her feet into the carpet. The pressure alternated, one press on Em's side, the next on

Mathew's... Buffy was happy though, now she had a living being in both of her shoes – along with her every step of the way. Mathew had slid down her foot further, moving towards her heel while Emora was jammed directly into the webbing of her toes. She was immobile, crushed, a quivering mess of sentient stuff plastered to Buffy's weary skin. The constant walking had slid her down to her pinky toe, jamming her in the tightest space available.

"You know. Just one weight at a time. Making the world a stronger place," She said, before smacking her feet onto the ground harder, "Let's see what we got here... Let's see the damage!"

Mathew was easy to spot near her heel. A bright blue speck of hair and flesh. As she groaned in pleasure, she set her heel on the carpet, splaying and flexing her toes through the air as she relaxed – finally home after such a hard day.

“Yes... Gotta air it out~” She cooed, and Mathew’s flattened pelt of a sentient little body fell off to the ground. Her foot twisted to the side so she could see, “How ya’ doin’ Mat?”

She plucked him up from the ground, looking him over with glee in her eyes as she dangled him from a twisted, broken little leg.

“You didn’t die on me, did you?” She asked, bringing him up closer to talk to what remained.

“I...” He barely stammered out, his voice gurgling and deep from internal damage, “I’m doing... Okay.”

“What’s that? You’re doin’ okay?” She said, bringing him back between her toes, “Well good, you can just go... Right back there! Enjoy...”

She smashed him deeper into the space between her toes, enjoying the sensation of bones that were still in tact getting

popped and snapped. His lungs finally gave up, splattering into nothing as he was diminished to toe jam.

“But the real question is, how did Em do?” She asked as she cracked off her other shoe, “There’s nothing quite like taking your shoes off at the end of the day... I”

Something was wrong. She looked to the bottom of her foot and saw nothing, no tiny splatters, no body stuck like Mathew was. There was a second of panic in her as she started to frantically look around for the missing little being.

“Em? Where... Where are you?” She said, before checking her foot and splaying her toes. There she was, nestled and twisted into the space between her pinky toe and the ball of her foot. Em looked back, barely able to breathe as she twitched in agony, “There you are. You got really comfortable in my toes, that is not a pretty place to be. But I’m glad you’ve made yourself at home. So... How did both of you do?”

She slid her feet forward, flexing her toes, grinding them into her two toys which twitched and quivered beneath each of her soles.

“I would give it, a B+. You know my feet do really hurt right now. I’ve been doing so much... So how ‘bout we start, with testing how good both of you can rub my feet!”

Mathew and Em both healed in place. They were sore, tired, both driven mad by the pleasure they were exposed to. As she moved, they did all they could to stay between her toes. Both of them immediately got to work, losing themselves in between Buffy’s toes as she flexed them.

“And now there’s two of you!” She said with a laugh, “Which means, I’m going to have double the pleasure. Aren’t you both so lucky? I know I am... If you are anything close to as trained as Mat is – which let’s face it, I bet you are. I’m going to be in for such a treat...”

Thus began their new lives, together, beneath the feet of
Buffy – their new owner...

Video By: Bella Carnage (Instagram)

Story By: AnirusFere / Bella Carnage

Mathew (c) AnirusFere

Buffy (c) Bella Carnage

Emora (c) PixieTech

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Commissioned work - I did not create this video.

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