

E M O R A

T R A N S I E N T - S T O R Y 0 4 7

S E A S O N I I I

I



TRANSIENT

Fateful Meeting

Emora's low-tops tapped the concrete as she walked along. Half a mile back to her home from where she was dropped off. By the time she pushed her way through the door, the heat had gotten to her. She let out a heavy sigh, wiping the sweat from her frazzled bangs and forehead before heading down the hall.

She pushed the door open to her study, and shut it behind her, then let the bag she'd been carrying drop to the carpet with a sigh.

"Holy crap, it is hot," She grumbled.

Lazily she made her way over and hit the power switch on her PC, then simply sat down on her chair to relax.

“Take me out of the oven, I’m cooked,” She smirked to herself at her own joke, closing her eyes and listening to the fans whirr to life on the machine.

Mathew hadn’t been able to get his bearings yet. His body wasn’t responding, still trapped in a state of recovery from his previous life. He lay there, out in an open desk next to an older looking PC monitor and mouse. The mousepad he was on was soft though, a nice reprieve.

Emora’s chair squeaked slightly as she swiveled, rolling back just a little. Mathew hadn’t noticed her until that moment, his mind coming to him slowly. Then, he pushed himself to his feet. Noticing the little figure on her mousepad getting up, she lifted her legs and set her shoes on either side of him. Each heel landed with a gentle thump, though the weight would have been enough to crush him had she wanted to. The

little one stumbled and almost fell as the enormous shoes were placed on either side of his diminutive form. The appendage between his legs immediately stiffened as pleasure began to radiate through his body with each beat of his tiny heart. As she looked down, Mat looked back in stunned silence. Emora's feet felt hot inside, the warmth and sun from her day contained in them as the rubber of her low tops met the heavy wooden desk. The dirty soles towering to each side of the little one, and a way through to see her flushed face.

“Look whose awake! You must have slept through the entire day... That's cool. How are you feeling, shortstuff?”

She wiggled her feet a little, squeaking the rubber on the wood. Slipping her hands behind her head, she simply watched. He was so little, but there was no missing that hair. The cool part was that she had full control, not even the sort she had to argue. She didn't know how, she just did. It was like

a dream and waking up made it real, but here he was. Simply smiling and watching, she thought over those feelings.

“So how does it feel being so small?” She asked as he stood up.

She moved her shoe a little, nudging him with the side and forcing him to stumble into the other. Unable to keep himself from working, Mathew immediately pressed himself against the underside of her heel and began to lick the dirt away. He didn't care what she may have stepped in, he simply did it. Lick after lick, the little one tried his best to please the woman that had so much power over him. He didn't know who she was, he didn't even know her name. He just wanted to do as she pleased, and the presence of her shoes made him immediately think this was the right thing to do.

Emora raised an eyebrow as the little blue-haired pet immediately began to lick her shoe. She kept them clean... ish. Walking to and fro from work meant they were a bit beaten

but she didn't have anything too untoward under there. Still, watching him lick the dirt from the sole of her shoe made her smile. She moved the other and turned it so there was nowhere to go but against the sole of her shoe.

"Mmm, you like that, don't you? It must be really hot, I feel like they are baking in there. But you just keep on going... don't hold back. I know you want to taste where I've walked with your whole body."

As requested, the little one continued to lick at the bottom of her shoes. He ran his tongue along the tread, picking up every bit of dirt that he could until his mouth became dry. He continued, pressing his body against the underside of her shoe. There was a splattered insect there as well, which inherently made him jealous... Instead of licking that area though, he pulled it off of the underside of her shoe and tossed it over the edge of the desk to the ground below. The idea of being inside really drove him mad though. He wanted to roast in there, to

die of heat exhaustion under her toes, though he knew better. He couldn't die of heat exhaustion, but he could continue to worship.

He was a very dedicated little thing. She simply smiled as she drew one foot away, then leaned up a little.

“Alright... Stop,” She said, expecting it to be a tough order to follow. She smiled and watched.

He complied immediately... Clearing his throat, he followed her order like a good little pet. She gently picked him up, her fingertips caressing his little body with ease as he was placed on the floor. Her low-tops slid onto either side of him.

“Just stand there. I want to look at you...”

He shyly stood there, looking up to her as he felt the heat radiating around him. He was bare, his little arousal stiff between his legs as he hoped she didn't think him to be gross or disgusting for being so aroused at the situation.

"So... it didn't really take much for you to just go at it, huh? I kind of figured you were excitable, but that is insane. Good insane. The sort of idea that I always wanted a little toy grovelling at my feet."

The little one stood there, shyly holding his hands in front of him ready to cover himself at the first sign that she seemed displeased. She lifted her right foot up, slowly tapping the bottom of it atop his head. Not hard, just enough to make him duck for a moment. However, instead of ducking, the little one actually allowed her to pat the top of his head with her shoe. He was ready to be crushed, his life for her entertainment.

"I wonder if it really means anything that I walked like, a few miles at it is almost a hundred degrees outside. Black converse plus that kind of heat... oof. You probably feel it. How does that make you feel standing next to my feet? Knowing how hot and sweaty they are in these shoes?"

She knew it. She watched his little erection twitch as he shuddered slightly. That made her smile. He kept his composure like a good servant though, awaiting his next orders.

"So... you're a little foot freak, huh? Good, because otherwise this wouldn't be fun. So... I'm going to have you work for your prize. Unlace my shoes. And make sure you get your face in there, and breathe really deep. The only air you get is from my shoes."

The task was monumental. He climbed, scaling her shoe like a little ant. When he got to her shoe's lace he started to work, pulling at the string with all his might. It took a bit of doing, but he was able to eventually move the lace to the point where it came undone. He kept pulling, nearly falling off her shoe as it opened up. Using the toe of her other shoe, she braced the one Mathew was on and slid her foot out. He held

on as it shook, and the moment her foot was free from her shoe, the little one moved to the opening.

Head-first, he slipped beyond the lip so that his face was inside of her shoe, and breathed. It was hot, humid, musky, and overall it was enough to make his little heart soar.

Watching him push to the opening of the shoe made her giggle. It wasn't a want, it looked like a genuine need. With a smirk, she nudged her head to the side and cooed.

"Get a good deep breath, my other shoe is still tied. And I think that one a little tighter too. Be sure to really try."

Her smirk stayed. Knowing it would be hard for him to move, but he would obey. She watched as he followed her orders. When he was at the top, working at the laces, he tugged and pulled to no avail. He even tried to use his entire body to pry it loose, pushing an arm into the knot and twisting it up like a crowbar. Eventually he was somewhat successful, sliding

his entire body into the knot in an attempt to use his legs to kick it loose. When he got that far, he accidentally managed to tie himself up in the knot itself. Sheepishly, the little one looked up to his owner and whimpered both in pleasure and in embarrassment.

"Aww, now look what happened. A for effort, for sure. But what can I say, you aren't really very big."

Reaching down, she slowly undid the knot the rest of the way, and pulled a little on the tongue to loosen it. Then, she popped her heel out of her shoe. Just enough to show a tiny sliver of space between the sole of her shoe and the interior, her under-ankle sock felt thick... Hot, and definitely wet. But that made it better as she saw him follow her orders. With her heel free, he climbed around to the back, balancing with his hand on the back of her socked heel to keep from falling.

With a finger, she pinched and pulled her socks up a little, then shook her foot slightly. The movement sent her little blue-

haired worshiper tumbling forward, right into the opening she made with her sock. Without hesitating, she slipped her foot back in after him. She could feel his body pressed right into her instep, smirked at how firmly she had him trapped against her sole.

"There, right where you want to be. Right where you belong."

He was quaking with pleasure. Writhing in warmth, basking in the scent. Gripping the fabric of her sock, he took in deep breaths. If she stood up, he'd be crushed flat. He began to massage and nuzzle, happily working in his place.

Click. Clickclack.

She started working at her computer. Setting things up, doing something he wasn't privy to. She simply kept him there, roasting inside her shoe in temperatures far hotter than any normal person should ever be exposed to. Sweat surrounded

him, the air was hardly breathable, the pressure was intense. It was like he was buried alive under a layer of sweaty fabric, liquid squishing up near his arms.

After getting set up entirely, she pulled her foot out of her shoe. Mathew, shaking, crawled up to look out the opening of her footwear.

“Look at that,” She said, “You have no idea how cool this is for me, little dude.”

She had a headset on now, along with a joystick in her lap. Her other foot was free of its sock. Casually, she kicked over the shoe Mathew was trapped inside, forcing him to tumble out onto his back. He watched her slide her shoes away with her feet. Using the toe of her left foot, she peeled off her right foot’s sock, sole lifted above him so he could watch the entire display. He couldn’t look away, seeing her toe slide across the arch of her other foot, dragging the sock he was just underneath down only to have it discarded.

Without warning, her foot slid forward.

“Hold this,” She said.

Her heel came down between his legs, forcing them apart. He squeaked in pleasure as he felt her skin grind down onto his erection. The little one squirmed, laying back as her other foot crossed over the first at the ankle.

Then, she ignored him.

It was time to game. Mathew did all he could to lean forward, pushing his face into her heel, he kneaded and massaged into her skin. He licked, he took in deep, long breaths. He did everything he could to please her.

He was her good luck charm...

One Month Later.

“You sure, gov’nah?” Em asked, looking down to him inside her shoe, “You’re totally not going to survive this, and once you’re in there’s no going back. I’m not gonna make it fast.”

Mathew nodded.

The last light he saw was the sole of Em’s sock hovering over the entry to her shoe. She slid him forward, positioning him underneath her toes. He felt them grip into him, forcing him into the alcove they made.

“Alright... Not like I’ll be able to take you to basic anyway. I’m going to love this...”

After that moment, she no longer spoke to him directly. Mathew felt her foot swing, her toes gripping into him, the heat rising exponentially. Pleasure quickly turned to pain though. Through the chaos of her steps he felt his arm slip

under the ball of her foot, squelching down and splattering in an instant. He started to squirm, only to hear a chuckle from her. Like a shark smelling blood, her toes curled, breaking his tiny ribs and more.

Complete control. To a degree she didn't fully understand...

Mathew's size changed. He shrunk, slowly diminishing down from his former form to less than an inch tall. He didn't even notice in the chaos, but she did – he was far more comfortable...

That night...

Her day was longer today. Em had almost forgotten about him.

Almost.

She sat down in her computer chair, crossing her leg. Untying her laces, she peeled off her shoe. Immediately, she checked the bottom of her sock for the largest spot where a bloodstain would be. Still near her toes... A bit of blue hair, a hand, and his tiny right leg was still stuck to the fabric. Em pulled down the tongue of her shoe, feeling the intense, overwhelming heat that rose from the mouth.

Peering inside, she saw what remained of him.

Mathew was barely human in shape now. His body still had recognizable features; arms, legs, a head. However, like putty he had formed to the ridges of her toes perfectly. He

managed to get himself jammed underneath her great toe and first, his skull pinched up to the toe of her shoe. His tiny cock was still visible, rock-hard – it would have been between her digits all day.

“I’m never getting rid of these,” She said with a smile.

He may be dead, twisted and hardly recognizable, but now – every time she put these shoes on, she’d think of the tiny, blue haired pet she adored...

Mathew was onto his next life.

Emora was just starting hers in true, her first job – just an intermission between school and the military. She’d already talked with a recruiter for the US Army, and was in the works to get ready to fly to basic...

Art By: Meawt

Story By: AnirusFere / PixieTech

Mathew is (c) AnirusFere

Emora (c) PixieTech

All Rights Reserved

Commissioned Art - I did not create this image.

Story based on a roleplay between AnirusFere and PixieTech.

T R A N S I E N T