

COZY COMPANION

AGGRESSIVELY GENTLE - STORY 001

AGGRESSIVELY GENTLE



Relaxing Rain

The light, echoing patter of rain falling down over the large metal awning filled the air as Madaya stood alone, leaning against the side of her cart's open stall window. Every two seconds the neon sign on the side of her home on wheels would flicker on with a dull hum that complimented the pouring rain. She held

A G G R E S S I V E L Y G E N T L E

her phone in hand, scrolling through messages and other things to keep her mind occupied as she gently tapped her platform shoe on the ground. There were far more technologically advanced devices out there - Implants, holo-coms, but she wasn't nearly rich enough to be able to afford anything like that. Aside from her phone, she had a special golden tiara with a sweeping digital screen across the top of her head. A fancy dash-triangle-dash symbol flickered on the holographic screen, surrounded with brackets to make a cute 'bored' face. The dashes turned to small o's every so often like it was blinking, and it bounced up and down across the holographic blue field.

All the technology in the world, the most comfortable accommodations, the best entertainment in the history of all life on the planet - only afforded to those with means. Those allowed to travel from city to city, outside the walls. A travel visa was expensive, after all. She glanced up from her phone, her golden eyes trailing to the last customer as he finished up

his meal. His right arm was robotic, bare-bones and skeletal - the cheap sort. It seized up as he slid the bowl forward for a moment, just a small glitch in the mechanism he hardly noticed. While the arm was skeletal and low-grade, she always thought they seemed a bit more personal that way. He'd spent time painting it, decorating it to his own specifications - not like the boutique ones you'd get in the upper levels.

"I'd better get home, I'll be missed," The man said, rolling his neck before smirking over to Madaya. He tossed an extra credit chip down, "My wife may think I'm having an affair, bahaha!"

"Glad you liked!" Madaya said in a chipper tone.

Slipping her old-school phone into her pocket, she hopped over to the construction worker. She took the bowl first, setting it into a sink behind her before checking the credit chip - An extra 15 creds! A series of pink hearts popped up on her

hairpiece, flickering along from one side to the other and fading to purple just before the end.

“Good enough to get me in trouble,” He laughed, patting the table and stepping out into the rain.

“That’s so sweet! Don’t melt out there, it’s wet!”

“After today, the rain feels wonderful. See you around!” He replied.

He waved goodbye without looking back to Madaya as she reached up to pull down the awning’s support. The ground of the construction site was exceptionally muddy, and today was pretty difficult. A single, large wall-mounted corner fan was the only thing keeping the heat in check. It was muggy, and her forehead was slick with sweat. Like most days though, really. She unplugged the neon sign from the wall so it wouldn’t keep flashing, then pushed her way through a cloth partition to the single center-mounted cab of her vehicle. Rain rolled down the curved glass in front of her, which looked more like a small

airplane cockpit than an actual car. She slipped into the driver's seat, pressed a button on the dashboard, and the light hum of the engine came to life. The steering column was only a half wheel as she shifted into gear, slid her foot forward, and pressed on the gas - only to hear a tiny squeak in return. The vehicle started moving, so she kept it depressed for a moment.

Below though, was something stranger than she could imagine.

Mathew could hardly breathe as the underside of Madaya's platform boot pressed into him. He wrapped his tiny arm around the side of her boot, peeking out from beneath it to the driver. The tiny being couldn't get enough air in to shout up to her. He was far too small for her to really hear him as well, or so he thought. He could feel the light hum of the electric engine radiate through his back as her noodle shop moved into the rainy city streets... He'd just been in the wrong place at the wrong time, and now - with her idle movements, he was slowly

pushed further underneath her footwear. Directly into the center of her boot over time as the speed increased and decreased every so often...

Later - 2am

The overhang of trees still caught the light aura of the city's glow on their damp surroundings. Madaya looked out over the one small alcove of plant life in the bustling city. It was a place she always liked to park at night. In a way, it was almost like her own home. A little Zen garden for her soul. It overlooked the city proper, with the leaves partially obscuring the sky. Not that there was much to see in that department tonight, aside from the occasional flash of lightning. Madaya walked to the back of her vehicle, pulling off her boots and tossing them aside. Thin golden chains and rings jingled around her ankles and the top of her feet with each step. There was an upper level

towards the back with a small bed bunk she slept in, beneath that were cooking and food supplies along with all her other personal effects, which were few and far between.

Shadowing her, was the tiny pattering of feet. The rain masked it while she stretched her arms upward, going up on her tip-toes. Below, Mathew was close. He saw her heels raise up, clad in stirrup leggings still from being trapped deep inside her platform boots all day. He survived her driving, though it got his tiny body a little... Worked up.

Squeak!

Mathew shouted up to her, and she heard it. She looked back to the front of the vehicle curiously, then to the dishes. A digital 'pouting' face came across her hairpiece visor as she contemplated taking care of them... She shifted her foot to the right, but unbeknownst to her, Mathew had approached. Her foot landed right on him, pinning him beneath the humid arch of her stirrup. A digital exclamation point popped up over her

head as her eyes widened, lifting her foot up to see what she stepped on. Probably some dropped food from the day... Bright blue-and-white dough.

“I need to clean this place up,” She complained to herself as she knelt down, peeling the dropped ingredients from the ground.

Her thumb pressed into Mathew’s arousal as she pinched him, causing him to squirm. The sensation immediately caught her off guard. She squeaked, a group of three exclamation points popped up over her head as she dropped Mathew to the ground. She saw him land on his back, gasping for air and immediately crouched down to get a better look at him...

A tiny, person! HOW ADORABLE! Immediately, tiny hearts fluttered across the visor as she looked him over from head to toe.

“Oh my gosh!” She squeaked, “What kind of little bot are you?”

A G G R E S S I V E L Y G E N T L E

“H... Hi!” Mathew coughed out, looking up to her, “I’m not a bot, I don’t think at least.”

“Oh?” She said, kneeling down to be on his level, “Your programming is a bit weird. Here...”

She picked him up, cradling him in her hands as she ran her fingers over his back. Tilting her head, she tried to find the seam to access his insides - maybe she’d be able to connect physically to the little one. Rolling him to his back again, Mathew squeaked in pleasure when she ran her fingertip across his arousal.

“I’m sorry,” He apologized to her immediately, “I...”

“Adorable,” She cooed softly down to him, “You’re a very well built little thing aren’t you? Anatomically correct... I wonder what happens if I...”

She continued rubbing into his crotch, forcing him to spread his legs as the tiny man in her hand squeaked again in

pleasure. He started to squirm a little as she worked at him, coaxing him closer and closer to climax before finally achieving her goal. Bright, blue liquid squirted from his arousal, coating her index finger as he lay twitching in her palm. Immediately, a wave of soothing energy washed over her - like a sauna. Sore muscles seemed to dissipate, every bit of her just felt... Relaxed, and nice. It was a rush, but she attributed it to the little one's discovery.

“Woah~” She cooed, “Who do you belong to? Do you have an owner, little bot?”

“No?” Mathew whimpered out, his voice somewhat shaky, “Not here, at least. I uh... My name’s Mathew. I’m an immortal. A person, I think. I just came to life again here in your... Vehicle? I got stepped on by someone, they crushed me to death and I came here. When I die, I come back to life in another world... It’s okay though, I like it.”

“You poor bot,” Madaya said, shaking her head slightly, “Well. If you think you’re a person then that’s fine. You can be a tiny person, but I’m not going to squish you like your programmed memories suggest... So, little person... What’s your primary function?”

“I uh, I like being used to help the people around me relax? I’m good at taking care of feet, they’re kinda my... Primary interest, though I like being eaten too, or if you’re the more violent type, I’d willingly let you torture me... Break my bones, snap me in ha—”

“No!” Madaya squeaked, her hands gripping around Mathew as she cradled him in place, “But I am really tired... We can talk more about this up here.”

She turned back to her bunk. Climbing into the repurposed freezer unit, she pulled herself up and slid her legs into the upper bed. It was a bit stiff, but she was used to it. There wasn’t a terribly large amount of space, either. Madaya

fluffed her own pillow, sitting on top of her sheets for now as she crossed her legs and set Mathew down near the foot of her bed.

“There! So, how would you like to be used? That isn’t bone breaking.”

“I uh... I like being underfoot.”

“Feet?” Madaya replied, three question marks popping up across the visor in her hair, “Mine uh, well... It’s been a long day, they’re kinda... Ahaha. You wouldn’t like them.”

She nervously whimpered as rain streaked down the rear window of her little cubby bed. The icon above her head returned to that shy face. Leaves danced around, with the neon lights of the city still piercing through even to where they were. There was a bit of a silence, before Mathew spoke up again.

“I’m sure I would, if they’re as pretty as you are!”

“It’s the sweat, little dude. Are you programmed to care about that?”

“I adore it.”

“So it’d make you happy?” She asked, “I uh... But what if I want to make YOU relaxed, instead of you making me relaxed?”

“You could just use me to massage your feet. I’d be in my own little heaven.”

“Are you sure?” Madaya replied shyly, “We can do that. You’re really... Ah... Cute, so if that would make you happy then maybe.”

“It would, absolutely.”

“I’m talking to a bot like it’s a tiny person,” Madaya giggled, “It’s just a bot with a foot fetish... Ehheh.”

She took a small, thin pillow from behind her and slid it forward, picking Mathew up from where he stood. She then

gently lay him down on his back, bemused by her new little doll-toy... Person? She shyly lifted up her left foot over him, exposing the length of her sole to the tiny bot. Mathew visibly shifted, nearly melting as she flexed her toes over his little form.

“Did I almost make you short-circuit?” She giggled, slightly embarrassed still, “I’m sorry, I know you’re just a bot but they are really sweaty I think... Are you sure you’re sure?”

Mathew nodded, and she lowered her foot. She felt his body sink into the pillow beneath her arch, before slowly dragging her foot back on his tiny form. It felt... Good, actually. Mathew’s quivering, that tiny little poke from his arousal. She pressed a bit harder, grinding him into her arch as she looked away to the raining window, covering her face a little. Even though he was a bot, she was still... Self-conscious about the sweat. She slowly slid her foot back on him, feeling her toes drag across his body. Then, she splayed her toes out,

and slowly pushed forward. She looked down to him, still covering her face with her hand as she felt Mathew push up into her foot. His hands kneaded and massaged, and he shook with what she hoped was pleasure...

It was silent, but she was enjoying herself in a strange way. It was adorable how small he was. A humanoid form in such a tiny package. A little robot. Maybe a customer dropped him in the stand on accident and his programming got all screwy? Who knows, but for now - he was her little robo-property. Something she could protect, something that was vastly entertaining to her.

A tiny squirt against her foot, and another blast of pleasurable energy slipped through her body. She leaned back in her pillow, relaxed and soothed as she kept slowly rubbing her foot onto Mathew's tiny form...

At least the little bot was useful~

Art By: Zoodis

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O R I G I N A L S T O R Y

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