

W O R K D A Y ' S   E N D

M I K A   -   S T O R Y   O O I

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## ***Rough Test***

Mika was tired - She hadn't gotten much sleep, and the morning seemed to come far too quickly as she sat in her chair with a cup of coffee. She woke up too early for her liking, and even after mostly getting ready for her 14 hour shift at the factory, there was still half an hour left before she had to actually leave. Her long, striped tail slid across the ground as her feet were kicked up on the small table in front of her. Half asleep, the smell of her hot java was slowly getting her moving.

Then, she saw something - It was small, a naked figurine standing on her table next to her feet. It had blue hair and pale

skin, a tiny human that was posed like it was looking up at the underside of her sole. The lighting in the room wasn't that great, but even with that she could make out the little tattoos on the human doll's shoulders as she flexed her rough toes.

"Aria and her fucking dolls," She scoffed, sliding her foot over to the thing.

As it fell over, she slid her foot back so that the doll was pinned beneath her foot and reached for the remote control nearby for her television. She could feel it move against her calloused, cracked soles and swayed her long ringed tail across the floor a bit. It felt nice, whatever she did must have activated it because it was squirming in response to her touch. Whenever the doll's arousal slid across the softer parts of her skin, she felt it. Having something down there to rub her feet on felt somewhat nice since she hardly ever took care of them. She knew they likely reeked, and with how much she was on them, they were rough and tough.

As she flipped through channels and sipped on her coffee, she continued gently kneading the tiny doll across her wrapped feet. It moved and shifted, its body surprisingly soft and squishy, and there was even a bit of dampness like it was simulating licking her. The sensation was almost putting her back to sleep until she realized the time to leave was fast approaching. Mika slipped her feet off the little one, finally leaning forward to give it a quick look-over to see if she broke her friend's toy. But what she saw was a bit more...

*Realistic...*

Mathew slowly sat up, his body somewhat scratched up and dirtied by her attentions. She was speechless until she noticed his arousal was still there, along with a small bit of glowing liquid that adorned the tip of his little member. Mika quickly shifted her ankle to see some of the very same liquid on her sole and laughed, then reached down to pick the tiny person up.

"Shit - I thought you were a toy," She said with a chuckle, "I'd ask what you're doing around my feet, but..."

Before he could respond, as she rolled him in her palm, she gently slid her fingertip over his arousal to coax him into squirming some more. He whimpered gently, looking up through parted blue hair to the giant half-orc who held him in her hand. She was smiling wide, her tusks on full display along with her white teeth.

"Y-Yeah..." Mat whimpered.

"Aren't you worried I'll squish you?"

"Not at all. It'd actually be an honor to be crushed by you."

"An honor?!" Mika laughed again, "How does a bug like you survive for as long as you have if you're turned on by being toejam?"

"I'm immortal - I'll always come back."

"Really?" She said, grabbing a pair of dirty socks from nearby with her free hand, "Well I gotta' go to work little dude. You can stay here if you w-"

"You can take me with you and test me out if you'd like. Inside your sock."

She paused for a minute, looking to the ragged white pair of socks she had just gathered. They were far from clean, and the little blue-haired human had just spent half an hour underneath her. With a smirk and a shrug of her shoulders, she casually dropped the tiny creature into one of the socks and pulled it tight onto her left foot.

"Whatever, your funeral," She jested as she felt him struggle to reach the safety of her toes.

She didn't wait for him to get to a safe spot. Instead, she reached over to the pair of boots she kept nearby and slipped them on as well. He was lucky enough to tuck himself up underneath her digits, which flexed and gripped around his

little body. She could feel the dirt grinding around on his little arousal, which was forced up between two of her toes. A small puff of air from his lungs was expelled as her weight settled onto him. Admittedly, she was curious to know if he'd be able to survive a day of work on a heavy automotive line.

"Good luck," She cooed as she grabbed her work shirt, tossed it on, and headed out the door.

### **\*15 Hours Later\***

Coated in sweat, Mika felt somewhat numb to the world as she walked up to her home. She had gotten used to feeling Mathew underneath her toes as she moved around the sweltering factory floor hauling crates of heavy metal parts. Whenever she got a chance during the day to toy with him, just a bit of movement from her toes was enough to get him to



squirm with - what she assumed to be - pleasure. Things got more hectic and involved toward the end of her shift, and she had all but forgotten him when she had to focus on the tasks at hand.

And now, it was like he didn't exist. There was nothing under her toes to remind her as she wandered into her home and flopped down onto her chair. She cracked her boots off, setting them aside before peeling her socks off and hanging them up to dry. The air smelled like motor oil and grease mixed with sweat, but she had become so used to it that it didn't bother her one bit. Lazily, Mika kicked her feet up on the table and grabbed her remote to turn on the television.

"Damn..." She said to herself, letting out a sigh before she noticed an odd colored stain on one of her socks.

Blood? With a grumble, she checked the bottom of her left foot to see if she had cut herself or something. Her tired, groggy demeanor changed almost immediately when she saw

Mathew's body flattened deep into her skin. He had been crushed to death, and she still couldn't feel him on the bottom of her sole. Parts of him were stuck in the cracks of her skin, while there was still a slight trail of faintly glowing blue blood that had almost faded entirely.

"Poor bastard," She chuckled, before getting an idea, "Sofia and Aria need to see this!"

She fished out her phone with her left hand and opened up the camera app, smiling an amused smile as she held her foot still with her right hand. It was a bit awkward to get everything into place for her to be able to actually take the picture she wanted, but she eventually managed to angle everything perfectly. With a snap of a photo, she kicked her feet back up and opened up a group chat with her two best friends.

**Mika:** Hey lovelies. I have something to show you.

**Aria:** Ay. Just finished practice at dojo. What's up?

**Sofia:** Oh hiiii you two.

**Mika:** Aria, know those little dolls you play with?

**Aria:** Ya

**Mika:** I found a tiny human that size. He was totally into my feet.

**Aria:** Your feet?

**Sofia:** No wayyyy

**Aria:** Wut did you do with him?

**Mika:** Wore in sock all day at work.

**Aria:** RIP

**Sofia:** Prolly died of the smell, no offense.

**Mika:** Yeah, he splat. Wanna see?

**Aria:** YES

**Sofia:** YES

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Mika watched as the bar slid across the screen under the picture of Mathew's crushed corpse she just took, all the while gently bobbing her foot and humming to herself. It took a few seconds, but it eventually sent to the group.

**Aria:** HAHAAH FLAT. Jealous of u. If that's fake it's really gud but damn, he's really ground in there.

**Sofia:** Aww those guts r so cute. Like a little beetle r something.

**Mika:** Lil dude said he is immortal.

**Aria:** Looks dead af to me.

**Sofia:** I call first dibs if he comes back. If u wanna share.

**Mika:** I'll probably play a bit with him if he comes back but maybe you can get next time?

**Aria:** U gonna wipe him off?

**Mika:** Hell no, will fall off eventually lol.

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With her feet up and the television in the background, Mika continued chatting with her friends - Plotting future tortures, and enjoying the potential someone like Mat could bring to their friend group.

**Art By:** Spelledeg

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**ORIGINAL STORY**

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