

Shortlookers: Support for Lazy Roommates

by waesrty

Text:

After days of trying to find someone to go out with, Grace had managed to score a date. Sure, given her bisexuality, it should've been easy, but it was rather tough.

She reckoned that her experience was not dissimilar to that of a supermodel. Most people considered her pretty, so she had piles of men and women wanting to go out with her.

Although she never thought any of them were hot enough, that or they weren't her type. Finally, though, she had caught her eye on someone.

Today was the day that she was to meet them, with her being more than excited. Everything was going great, up until she remembered that she lived with three other people.

She was one of the shortlookers after all.

Most of her roommates were out of the house at the time, with Kali and Jake having gone to see a movie or something. Everyone but Natalie.

Though that wasn't that much of a shock, she was a homebody. Her being home shouldn't have added any difficulty in her getting ready for the date, yet it did.

Moving into the bathroom, Grace was greeted by a bunch of used clothes spread around. That and a countertop filled with open makeups and the like.

She knew instantly whose mess this was, Natalie's. Annoyed, she decided to disregard it. At least up until she noticed which makeup was used.

That slob of a roommate had gone through HER makeup. Realizing this, she got quite angry. Who did that bish think she was using HER makeup?

Now she was probably pissed. Pissed enough to partake in a little revenge. So, she snuck her way to Natalie's room and hid outside of her door.

Once she got there, she sent her roommate a text saying that she needed some help. Hearing her phone buzz, she put her ear to the door, listening to her get up and start walking to the door.

Once she was sure that she was right behind the door, she quickly swung it open, with the door hitting against the wall inside Nat's door.

Holding it against the wall for a moment, she stepped inside her room to see the damage.

On the wall was the front side of her sloppy roommate, flattened. Looking at her face, she was greeted by a shocked expression.

With a SCHRIPPPPPPPP sound, she peeled her housemate off her bedroom wall. Without a care for her, she roughly rolled up her floppy form, eliciting a slight moan from Nat, and went back to her bedroom.

Once there, she unfrilled her, holding her by the top of her head. Looking into scared eyes, she told her what was up.

"Alright, you little flat bish, you're probably wondering why I did this to you. Well, it's quite simple, honestly."

"With a slob like you, you've got to put them in something which forces them to actually work. Now, given how flat you are, I could use you as a yoga mat, or maybe a cushion.

"Although I have something more fitting for you. Since you're a homebody, you really don't have an income to help support us. So, now that you're flat, I think it's time for you to support me, hehe."

With that, Grace lay her down on a nearby table face down.

Thinking on how she was going to do it for a moment, she proceeded to fold her roommate. Starting by bringing her legs to the back of her head.

It was quickly repeated by a similar motion of bringing her ass/crotch behind her head and feet. What followed was many more folds and crushings, making sure Nat was nice and flat while folded.

Ultimately, what was left of her was her face, with most of her body layered behind it. This whole process allowed her to take out some of her anger on her, even though her main use hadn't happened yet.

Although given that she was now folded up how she wanted, it was in fact about to happen. Leaving her face up on the table, she walked across to the other side of her room and picked up one of her thick, black combat boots.

Returning to her folded and flattened roommate, she roughly picked her up before telling her, "Well, time to see how supportive you are."

With that, she shoved Nat into the boot. She pushed her down onto the insole, making sure she was flat and in place within the shoe.



Natalie was terrified of her roommate at the moment. Sure, she had been squished at her hands, as well as having made her angry before.

Yet, this. This was different. With how harshly she was treating her flattened form. That and how she decided to make her into an insole.

I mean, who did that to someone they knew? Although she didn't have any time for self-pity. In the blink of an eye, she found herself staring up out of the boot and while on the ground.

Above her was Grace, her pantyhosed-covered foot. She watched as it slammed its way down, squishing her against the boot's actual insole.

From there, she was blinded. Her entire view was filled with her roommate's foot. Despite having lost a sense, it was quite easy to follow where she was going.

All she had to do was listen to the, albeit muffled, sounds around her. So, she knew when she left their house, made it to the club, and got with her date.

During this time, she got her fair share of experiences underfoot. For one, she got to feel what being stepped on felt like. Let's just say, it didn't feel so good.

Grace wasn't that heavy a person, though, given that she was putting all her weight on the foot above, it seemed like she was. The worst part of being stepped on was feeling as her flattened body sort of shifted under the pressure.

Each footstep moved her a little. As a direct result of this, about halfway through the night, her foot managed to force her mouth open. Thanks to this, her tongue got loose.

So, for most of the date, Grace used her hosed foot to play around with her tongue, moving it about and squishing it about. That led to the worst part of this whole thing.

With her tongue out, she was forced to taste her foot. Having never had a foot fetish or anything of the sort, Nat found it intensely disgusting to have to taste her roommate's sole.

To savor the flavor of her worn hose and slightly dirty foot. That and her sweat. God, how salty it was. The longer she was worn, the more she felt as she not only tasted the sweat but absorbed it.

Along with the sweat was the general smell in the boot. It was by no means nice, but it wasn't that bad. Although by the end of the night, she was sick of it.

Whereas the date felt short for Grace, the date took ages for Nat. After all, all she had to focus on was her tormentor's foot, and that was it.

Hearing as she left the club and entered a car of some sort, Natalie just hoped that by the time she got home, she'd have cooled down.

SOME TIME LATER

"Hey, Grace, almost ready?" Kali shouted to her friend from across their shared house.

"Yeah, babe, just got to put my boots on real quick," Grace shouted back.

That was her last step in getting ready for a night of clubbing. Walking across her room, she just about put her shoes on before looking down. Inside her right boot was quite a unique insole.

It was tan, had a face, and a name. After all this time, Nat was still her insole. Natalie mentally pleaded that she'd be taken out of the boot.

It had already been a week since she was flattened, molded, and shoved in here. For a moment, it seemed that she would be.

Looking at the pair of eyes staring back at her, she remembered what led to putting her roommate under her. The eyes were pleading, wanting to be out of this.

Although they didn't work well enough, with a swift motion, Grace shoved her foot into the boot, followed by her other one.

Beneath her sole, Nat let out a sigh, preparing herself for another night of her roommates' clubbing.

"I'm coming. Just had to make sure I had the right support, hehe."