

F R O S T E D

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Festivities

“I have an idea...” The Fae said, her red eyes piercing down to the shivering little being in her palm.

Mathew’s heart raced. The cold was painful, agonizingly so, but magic kept him spread out so he couldn’t curl in to conserve his warmth. He grit his teeth, looking up to Tyra as her eyes color shifted to gold to match her hair. She crouched down, listening to the sound of her family frolicking in the snow behind her. Before he knew it, Mathew saw a heaping mound of snow lift over him. His arms remained spread out as she packed him in, creating a perfectly spherical ball of painful pressure and ice. Without the aid of magic, the naked little one would have lost all sensation in his body long ago.

All he could hear was the sound of snow carving around him, of his body's size shifting as she crafted her little work of art. He could feel his feet and arms slip free, being molded into the snow by her careful hands. The very same magic that kept Mathew feeling everything, protected her palms from feeling any of the frigid bite. It also kept him aroused, and the more the snow packed around him, the more the magics grip took hold. He couldn't move in his icy little tomb, until finally he felt her fingertips grip around his cock, pulling it free as she shaped him into the perfect little snowman.

Then, light. His head was uncovered, his long blue hair pulled free as he looked up to the giant Fae all around his tiny form. She had set him into the snow, making sure to keep his feet from touching the ground. Ice had already solidified around the rest of his tiny body as he gasped in a strange mix of pleasure and freezing pain. He wanted to squirm and

writhe, but he was completely immobilized. Now not by magic, but by the snow packed all around his tiny body.

“By the winds, what a cute little snowman,” Katri said, her green hair dangling down towards him.

With a mischievous smirk, the Fae lifted her snow covered boot over his little body. She didn’t have to do anything more than that, seeing his tiny eyes looking up to her, freezing and quivering as a stream of glowing blue liquid was sent into the snow. The mere thought of being crushed in such a sorry state was enough to send him over the edge.

“Now, lets finish this little piece of art~” Katri said, gesturing gently.

Mathew’s body began to grow again, larger and larger along with the snow around him. Before he knew it, he was at their level. The Matriarch laughed to herself as she conjured a large carrot, using her free hand to force Mathew’s mouth open. She

shoved it inside, and without having to say anything more, Mathew bit down. Not hard enough to break the carrot, just hard enough to hold it in place. Then, he watched as she brought two pieces of coal forward – one covering his left eye, then the other over his right. Magic kept them in place, blocking his vision with painful coal as he gently breathed through his nose. Fingers toyed with his exposed, freezing arousal, giving him a horrendous mix of freezing pain and intense, magic edged pleasure. He was in a state of torturous agony, and all he could hear was the fun the rest of the group was having around him. The two Fae laughing at his expense, and more footsteps all around.

“Perfect~” Katri said, kneeling down as her fingers danced along the tip of Mathew’s arousal. She worked softly to coax more of the glowing blue liquid into a glass she had conjured.

“What the fuck?” Em said, in a mix of shock and confusion as she saw the sight. She had been dominating the other Fae in

a snowball fight, enjoying her time out when the bright blue hair of the snowman caught her attention, “They didn’t...”

With a sigh, she stood up, dusted snow off her pants, and made her way over while ignoring a snowball that smacked into her back. The first actual hit any of the Fae had gotten on her, since they agreed to forsake their magic for this one game. As soon as she came around to the other side of Mathew, she saw the glowing blue orbs floating into Katri’s vial.

“Isn’t it cute!” Tyra squeaked, her eyes shimmering gold, “It makes a perfect little festive decoration for these holidays, does it not?”

Em was speechless for a second as she looked up to Mathew’s face, imagining the agonizing cold he must be enduring. Though she had a hunch he was with one of the Fae, she didn’t realize Mathew was out there with them – especially in such a sorry state. There wasn’t anything she could do for

him though, other than gently grab his hand and squeeze it – getting a squeeze in return.

“He does,” Em said, “The best.”

With that, Em went back to where she was, doing her best to enjoy the company of the Fae as she resumed her role in their snowball fight.

Later That Night

Instead of bringing him along with them, the Fae had put a small spell on the SnowMat that would allow him to return to them once he had perished. Darkness had fallen across the woodlands as ice had covered all of Mathew’s bare skin. He still couldn’t see, still couldn’t move, even moreso now. However, he could still hear. While he was the same size as the Fae who had left him there, they were still quite small in

comparison to the world around them. There was a rustle, footsteps through the snow...

A deer had wandered through, slowly walking along in the snowy path followed by several others. They wandered through, one hoof stepping right next to him. He could feel it come down on his hand, scraping the icy appendage before settling into the snow and shifting the snowman's balance. The entire thing topped over, leaving Mathew laying on his back as the remainder of the animals wandered through. One by one they walked – one stepping on his lower half, crushing his legs, while another crushed his abdomen leaving nothing but his upper body still whole. There was no splatter of blood, just a sharp crackling crunch as the frozen little one's form was shattered like a frosted leaf. The heard of deer had wandered through, leaving him partially alive to suffer for another several hours before...

“Damnit,” Em said, crouching over him, “I’m sorry Mat, I couldn’t slip away soon enough... Don’t worry. I’ll find you soon.”

Then, the sensation of Em’s boot on the side of his face, before a final, swift crunch...

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ORIGINAL STORY

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