

TRICKS AND TREATS

ARETHE - STORY 008

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Candies and Fun

The cool night wind blew past Nina, cutting through the fabric of her chosen costume for the night – a white hand towel, trimmed and shaped into the perfect low-effort apparel for Samhain. Halloween, as the locals called it. They had adjusted their usual festivities to their new environment, taking full joy from a nice and cool night. It was fun, a coincidence that the denizens of their world celebrated roughly the same holidays as the Humans of earth they enjoyed snacking on and toying with so much.

“How fairs the night, sister?” Sylvia said as she fluttered closer – wearing a far more intricate outfit.

Blue overalls, a horizontally striped shirt, modeled after the Good Guy doll ‘Chucky’. She fluttered next to the small ghost flying through the air, soaring over the heads of children and adults all dressed up in their own mischievous outfits. After hearing this question, Nina carefully fluttered to a stop and pulled out her plastic pumpkin filled with candies – and a few shrunken Humans that had haphazardly fallen into the realm.

“Quite well, the winds are with me it seems~” Nina said cheerfully, still hidden behind her white ghost outfit. A chill of soothing pleasure ran up her spine as her insole tag-along reached his fifth climax during the night’s festivities, lifting her spirits even more.

“Oh!” Sylvia squeaked happily, fluttering up when she saw the humans in her container, “Where did you find those humans? Can I have one?”

“Of course!” Nina replied, pulling a squirming woman from the bucket of candy. The human screamed and squeaked even louder when she saw how high up into the air she was, only to be handed to another Fae dressed as Chucky, “I believe these lost souls meddled with powers beyond their abilities, with the veil so thin this night, we may find more anon. How’s Caitlin’s beloved pet?”

“Happy and alive.”

Sylvia happily took the screaming and squirming human, and without any fanfare, tossed her into her mouth. The human squeaked again when flying through the air, though her unintelligible words were cut off by the closing of Sylvia’s lips, sealing the tiny human into her fate. After the snack was safely inside her mouth, Sylvia gently patted the pouch on her overalls. The top of brown hair, along with a pair of striking silvery-gray eyes peeking to the world around her.

“Alive yes. Happy, debatable,” Em said from the pouch.

A R E T H E

The woman in Sylvia's mouth struggled against her, the squeaks and screams audible even to Emora though faint and distant. That was, until she heard a single, 'crunch'. It sent a chill up her spine, especially since the screaming immediately ceased afterwards. There were a few more soft crunches, followed by the giant Fae's contented sigh.

"Careful~" Sylvia threatened, though she didn't elaborate any more than a smirk down to Em. The diminutive woman looked up to her captor, to see blood staining her teeth.

"Oh yes. I'm happy. Joy of joys, night of nights," Emora replied half-heartedly, "Fuckin' end me."

"Kay!" Sylvia said happily, reaching down to her pouch only to get her hand smacked by Nina.

"The High Priestess wouldn't like that, what if she doesn't come back?"

"Katri doesn't hold grudges," Sylvia pouted.

“Well, I forbid it.”

“On what authority?”

“That I have more candy than you! And a few more human snackies. You can have... Two of my three if you spare the special one.”

“What’s so special about her anyway!”

“High Priestess Katri has decreed her safety. That’s pretty special! And besides I’m a ghost and I say so.”

“Cinnamon sticks.” Sylvia groaned, letting out a sigh. “Fine. But only if you give me three human snackies.”

“But I only have three left! That’s not fair. You have to abide by her rules like I do!”

“Fine. Two and a half.”

“Deal.”

As Sylvia reached a hand out, Nina pulled out two more of the tiny humans and tossed them in. One bald man and the other a woman with long black hair. They scrambled to keep their footing as they watched the final person – another man, be pulled out by his ankle and dangled upside-down. He screamed, able to understand exactly what the two Fae were saying about them the whole time.

“Tummy-tear or halvesies?”

“Halfsies!” Sylvia squeaked happily.

“Left or right?”

“Uh... Right is right! So Right!”

With that, Nina grabbed the struggling man’s other leg. The two remaining humans watched in abject horror, and Em peeked from the pouch as Nina slowly pulled the man’s legs apart. His screaming turned from higher pitched to a deep, guttural begging groan as he was ripped in half starting at the

crotch. The two remaining humans in Sylvia's grip were immediately put into another pocket as the Fae snatched her 'half' of the man up and tossed it into her mouth...

"Vicious." Em said to herself. She felt... Safe, knowing that Katri's orders were mostly deemed law. However, after that display she thought it necessary to play along with them.

After all, if Katri decided to pull back on her protection, she was next to receive such a vicious fate. The thought was both terrifying, and made her intensely... Wet.

That Night

"Good job girls!" Katri said as she landed, fluttering her wings on their tiny wooden deck as the remainder of her coven flew in and landed around her, "Once again the winds favor our bounty I see~"

A R E T H E

“I found two humans!” Sylvia said, pulling the two humans from her pocket out to show Katri.

“Liar, liar, on a pyre!” Nina squeaked, “I found the two betwixt her fingers!”

“Then why does she have em?” Tyra said, her costume a lightly dressed clown.

Emilia had already scurried off to her bedchambers with her haul, eager to play with the candies sizes as she disappeared around a corner. Meanwhile, Katri, Tyra, Nina, and Sylvia all walked together into their living area.

“Extortion~” Sylvia cooed as she shoved the two doomed humans back into her pocket, “Bright mind, lovely appearance and blessings of the-“

“Humanbringer, Snackgiver, Nina the all powerful,” Nina replied in a smug tone, pulling up her cloak of white to reveal

herself more. A snickers bar fell out of her pumpkin candy container as she knelt down and pulled off her slippers.

Mathew had been trapped under Nina's feet the entire time, though her slippers had been magically cushioned to protect him from death. As she pulled off her slippers, Mathew came with the sole of her foot. The tiny blue-haired man fell almost immediately, rolling to his back on the floor. His crotch was covered in the glowing, bright blue liquid from multiple climaxes throughout the night. He felt spent, all he could smell was Nina's sweat, and now he looked up to see Sylvia standing over him. Emora had taken his place as favored toy, relegating him to a life as an idle object to them. They didn't speak of him unless they desired his nectar. He was just a thing to them, panting on the floor. Sylvia didn't even glance as she stepped out of her red converse, her bare feet reeking of death it seemed. Helpless, Mathew lay still as she set her right foot down on him, pinning him to the floor completely. He knew

A R E T H E

I I

his place though. What little space he had to work, he licked and licked, taking in the salty sweat of the Fae's skin as she chuckled and giggled with her coven sisters.

"May I care for the cute one tonight?" Nina asked.

"Candy?" Sylvia replied.

"The deal has been struck." Nina replied, pulling out a bar of chocolate and handing it to Sylvia.

"I can hardly believe we made it into that party undetected!" Sylvia laughed, "Such lovely tasty treasures."

Sylvia's foot pressed and rocked around Mathew's body, breaking bone easily as he lay there helpless. He gasped for air, grunting and making cute noises each time another jolt of pain racked his body. Then, as Sylvia pulled Emora from the front pocket of her overalls, her foot shifted on Mathew's body to devastating effect. His legs were smashed almost instantly, the pressure rolling up his body into his chest as his organs were

pressed up through his diaphragm. His right arm weakly reached up, pressing into the skin of her sole as the ball of her foot compressed him like a tube of toothpaste. His eyes bulged from his skull, his tongue pressed past his teeth as his lungs emptied in a deep wheezing whimper. He could feel blood draining from the pressure behind his eyes and mouth as her foot rocked over him, her toes raised as she continued his torture without care. A single, final squirt of glowing blue nectar adorned her skin before his lower half was entirely demolished...

“Drunk folks are easy marks for mischief!” Nina laughed along as well. “Will you come with me, so that we may share our treats and properly enjoy the cute one?”

While Sylvia deeply enjoyed the sensation of Mathew’s bones breaking beneath her feet, she paid him no attention. He was serving his purpose as he always has, as the object he rightfully is. His vision was blurred before his eyes popped

from his skull as the Fae violently shifted the pressure on him, only for her toes to finally come down.

“Naturally~”

Sylvia stepped forward, off of Mathew entirely. However, the rolling pressure left him a shattered mess. He was alive, his eyes were pressed from his broken skull and his jaw was shattered. Laying on the floor, he couldn't breathe. His diaphragm was destroyed, his intestines were pressed into his chest cavity and with the last step, burst from beneath his arms. All he could do was twitch on the floor, as everyone completely ignored him.

“Tyra my dear,” Katri said, stepping forward and beckoning her to follow, “Would you assist me in a ritual tonight using some of the reserve Aetherial Nectar?”

Mathew felt her foot land on his already crushed left arm, further smashing it into the ground as she walked past. He

could hear the skin squish sharply underneath the weight of the Fae's solid shoe. Tyra followed, nodding in response to the request. Her foot landed on Mathew's lower half, beneath his chest. He felt what was remaining in his abdomen press into his torso, expanding it with a visceral crunching noise. However, through magic or luck, his heart still pulsed. His lungs ceased, it felt as though he had been buried alive – trapped in agonizing darkness. Lack of air could never take him, so he was doomed to remain on the Arethe Coven's floor.

Ignored, used, though intensely satisfied.

Art By: Mikurei

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Oct 30, 2023 10:03 AM

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