

P A L M P L A Y

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S E A S O N I

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Playful Affections

"You're a strange looking human..." A soft voice slid through the darkness.

Mathew stirred, his senses slowly coming back to him. Touch came first - There was a gentle, soft warmth that radiated across his backside as he lay. Slowly his vision came back to him. Light ringing in his ears subsided. Pleasure radiated throughout his body as he recounted the shrine

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maiden, who had disregarded the red smudge on her tabi's heel as a berry. His breaths were uneasy as a light whimper fell from his lips. He had a strange feeling the Miko was someone important, someone who could actually help him... Perhaps someday he would get another chance to talk to her, but for now he had a more pressing issue at hand.

"Ughn... Who?" Mat whimpered, blinking lightly as he looked up to a pair of red eyes gazing down at him.

Light blue hair cascaded over her shoulders as her pointed ears peeked through the strands, revealing she was not a human by any means. She smiled, her lips parting enough to show a sharp fang as well to add to the menacing yet gentle visage. He was in a bedroom of some sort with her, alone - Perhaps he had come back to life on the ground and was snatched up by her? The walls were fairly bare, but there was a bed she was sitting on along with a table and computer in the corner.

"It speaks?" She replied with a slight bit of shock, though her smile never wavered, "And I see it's... Happy. Humans usually aren't so excited to see an Elven. Maybe it has a deathwish?"

"What's going on?" Mathew whimpered, "Do you know what's happening to me?"

The young looking Elven woman slid her fingers up between Mathew's legs. He instantly slid away in shock, gripping onto her finger for support as they curled up to slow his retreat. Gently her probing fingertip slid across his erection, petting it like one would pet the back of a dog's neck. He gasped in pleasure, arching his back as he let out a gentle moan. All the tension in his body melted away, and he lay in her palm, allowing her to use him as she pleased.

"Or perhaps it bumped its head and forgot, aww. What a cute little squeak," The Elf said as she continued to rub his arousal, watching him twitch and squirm in pleasure.

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He didn't speak any more, he simply allowed himself to be toyed with by her.

"Blue hair is cute too... Alright, since you're a bit unique I'll give you a name. It's kinda inconsequential because you'll be dead by the end of the night anyway but..."

She paused, not letting Mathew protest to being renamed as she continued to mount more and more pleasure on him. Every time he tried to speak, she'd press a little harder, cutting him off as she thought of a name for her newfound pet.

"Vieryon. You'll be 'Vie', that's a cute name. I'm Nikita, your tormentor for this evening," She continued, smirking a cruel and sadistic smirk down to him, "I hope you have a high pain tolerance..."

He looked to his left, over the index finger with a ring, to the ground below. Although it was easily missed, a little red smudge against the hardwood floor brought his attention right

to it. Another human, its pelt of a body flat on the floor and twisted.

He wasn't the only human in this world...

Art By: JamesMason0

Story By: AnirusFere

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

*Jul 2, 2016 02:31 PM**

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May 17, 2025 9:10 PM

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