

L A T E N I G H T G A M E G R I N D

A R E T H E - S T O R Y 0 0 7

A R E T H E

I



Lending Relaxation

The air was incredibly thin in the glass prison attached to Katri's hip, and what little air he could breathe was tinged deeply with the smell of foot sweat and grime. Nina's ripe socks surrounded him, keeping him safe from being jostled around

A R E T H E

and injured, and keeping him in a perpetual state of arousal. Unlike a normal human, it never hurt him to stay in that state – his arousal was just a lightning rod for pleasure and the gentle jostling always kept him right towards the edge. Never enough stimulation to push him over, just enough stimulation against his sensitive region to keep him ready for them.

Today was intensely long, basking in the trapped heat of the sock before the cork opened and he was discarded. He gasped for air, wheezing and breathing in deeply as Katri's fingers waved over his body. Arcs of light danced around him, though when he tried to move the very same magic kept him bound with his arms and legs spread out. It was dark as well, likely night or a sealed room with no windows.

“H...” Mathew tried to speak, “How may I serve?”

Katri didn't respond more than a scoff as she stepped forward. Her green hair cascaded down over her face as the soft moccasin stepped directly onto Mathew's sensitive cock. She

could see Mathew's body twitch, curling in on itself as she began to twist her foot down on his arousal like snuffing out a cigarette. Meanwhile, Mathew tried to ascertain where he was...

There was a thick smell that was different than the socks. Musk, fur, sweat. Earthier than Nina's socks. Mathew grit his teeth, letting out a squeaking whimper as he pathetically tried to writhe against the High Priestess' magic. He made it a game to do his best to keep himself from climaxing, but they had become intensely efficient in getting what they wanted. In no time, a splatter of glowing blue 'Aetherial Nectar' spread across Mathew's abdomen.

With that, Katri stepped forward. All of her weight pressed onto his cock, before she stepped directly onto his face. He saw the underside of her moccasin up close as her wings fluttered, and she took flight again.

No praise, no fanfare.

13 Hours Later.

“Maybe you should take a break, lass?” Caitlin said, sitting next to a short wolfess who sat at her computer.

“No. Too much work to do.” The wolfess replied.

“Astrid...” Caitlin said, “I know you’re doing important super-secret security things. I get that, but maybe some time in my garden would help you focus when you get back into the grind?”

“I have energy drinks, and Katri’s help with that.”

Astrid wore a pink tanktop with wide shoulders over a puffy white long-sleeved shirt, and bright blue pants. On her wrists and ankles were black spiked leather bands, and adorning her paws were a pair of white, beat up adorable bunny slippers that

she had worn every day for the last decade or two. They were showing their wear, but being able to work from home meant her house slippers got plenty of use. Today, she was working on a soothing high of epic proportions – courtesy of Katri and her tricks.

“Please?”

With a long, suffering sigh, Astrid closed her eyes. She slid her chair back a little, minimizing all of the windows she had active before locking the computer’s access with a few mouse clicks. She had a very robust 21 character password she used, and extra security programs installed beyond what was available to the general public.

“Fine,” Astrid said, standing up.

Behind her square glasses, the black slits of her pink eyes dilated slightly when she both felt – and heard – a small pop in her left slipper. It felt **amazing**. She took in a deep breath,

flexed her paws toes inside her bunny slippers, and let the soothing energy wash over her.

“I’ll let you borrow my new pet for a bit too~ She’s a good little lass.”

“Is it a rock again?” Astrid said, her voice deadpan as she started walking towards the sliding glass door at the back of her room. “Or a bird, or something equally Caitlin specific?”

“It’s a human~”

“Why are humans in my house? Do I have an infestation?” Astrid said sternly, folding her arms as she shifted her weight onto her left paw. A few more tiny pops jolted up through her body.

“Ya know the Fae like their human snacks. But no! This one’s a wee bit different.” Caitlin said, walking through the open glass door. “Her name’s Emora, and she’s my little toe bitch.”

“Those were certainly words.” Astrid said, closing the door behind her.

“Look!” Caitlin said, lifting her sandal up from the ground. She lifted her toes up to reveal Emora laying beneath them, her neck tied up to a string around the stirrup strap of her sandal while her ankles were bound together. With the aid of a little Fae magic keeping her in place, the tiny woman was essentially a part of Caitlin’s sandal whenever she wanted her there.

“I. Hate. Humans.” Astrid groaned, “You know this. She’s disgusting.”

“She’s special! Katri gave her to me and now she’s like, all of ours!”

“What do you even do with a pet human?”

Astrid followed Caitlin into her garden, taking a deep breath of the sweet-smelling air. Flowers all around tinged the area with a lovely, crafted mixture of scents that were custom

designed to make people feel at ease. Almost on que, a white dove fluttered down and landed on Caitlin's left horn.

"Well normally I just kill em, since that's their place in the chain of things. Humans are vermin, their purpose is to feed my flowers, and entertain us with their dying breaths."

"Yet you keep this one... Why?"

"The speccy lass squeaks funny around feet, gets her all wet and flustered."

"She has a fetish. Crush it more."

"Don't kinkshame!"

"People. I don't kinkshame people. People can do whatever the fuck they want. I've stepped on people for a few bucks before, doesn't bother me a bit. If you wanted to huff my paws while I work? Fine, cute. Whatever. Bugs with fetishes creep me the fuck out. Crush it more."

“I think before ya pass judgment on the little lass you should feel the benefit she has on offer.”

“Why?”

“Lass is made of stern stuff by my account. May even survive in Ellie’s trainers when she gets on with her jogs round the block.”

“I’d be more impressed if she could survive Faith’s boots.”

“Nothin’ can survive Faith’s boots. Biohazards.”

“Never understood why. She cleans up the same as we do.” Astrid said, shrugging slightly, “Tight leather boots, naturally smelly paws. Recipe for Human mustard gas. That woman’s paws are a war crime.”

“Spot on. Anyway, just rub the lass between your own paws while ya game. She’ll do the rest, I taught her well. And don’t turn her to goo.”

“Accidents happen.”

“If it’s no more food from the garden you’re after then by all means.”

“Fine. Fine. I’ll play with your bug tonight. She’d better not distract me though, or I will destroy her.”

“Fair play, fair play.”

That evening.

Astrid finished typing away on her keyboard, her left foot having been bobbing like mad for the last few hours of her work. Her heel raised, lifting and falling time and time again, grinding the ballpad of her paw deep into the intensely worn print. She had just finished sending a few necessary encrypted e-mails, and responded to a reported DDOS attack on one of

her clients servers, though she didn't see a spike in traffic on their servers at all. After some troubleshooting, it turned out to be a disconnected ethernet wire that had been jostled loose.

"Paranoid fucks," Astrid grumbled, turning off the company computer finally and leaning back in her cushy chair. She glanced over to a small, ornate wooden chest. It looked like a tiny D&D treasure chest with a hook latch. She reached over, undoing the latch and pulling up the lid to reveal Emora – who immediately sat up. "Rise and shine, ya little freak."

"I..."

"I, had a long as fuck day and if a single word out of your tiny, squeaky mouth is a complaint I'm throwing you into the wall. I told you to rise and shine, not talk to me. Your mistress seems to think you're magic with paws, but when I look at you all I can think about is how good it'd feel to twist you in half like the last human who snuck into my home."

Emora didn't say anything, she just sat silent in place with her legs crossed looking up to the frustrated wolfess who shifted to leaning forward in her chair, putting her fingertips on the center of her forehead.

"You heard me, I just spent the last 2 hours trying to figure out what was wrong with an annoyed client's network until I finally fuckin... talked him into checking the damn connections. I fucking *hate* it when clients won't listen, especially when a simple solution is dragged out like that. Anyway, I'm going to relax. I have junkfood, and a new Ally so... I guess on behalf of bug-with-a-fetish kind, you're going to have to prove yourself."

Emora nodded.

"Smart. Maybe there's hope for you yet. Come on."

With that, Astrid picked up the entire little container Emora was in, taking her along for the ride. On the way over,

she walked out of her bunny slippers, leaving the two spread across the floor, then nearly fell into her bean-bag chair. The orange juicebox was already there for her, as well as a bag of spicy chips – She opened the chips first, before popping a hole in the top of the juicebox with its straw. Then, she kicked her paws up onto the smaller table, leaned back, and grabbed her system. All with the Emora box in her lap. She rolled it over, shaking Em onto her lap before leaning back and grabbing her system.

“You have permission to go to my paws. You stop and perv at anything else along the way and I’m incinerating you with a lighter. Go.”

With that, she turned on her handheld console. As it powered on, she watched as Emora skillfully ran across her legs, up her knee, down to her ankle and began to climb over the leather ankle bands. Astrid kept her paws together and still as she manipulated her little handheld console, glancing down

to the screen. She could feel Em climbing the fur on top of her paws, before finally slipping in between her toes. Then, the work began! Squirming, licking, kneading, pressing her own body into place.

“Why are you so damn nimble.” She said, almost to herself, before turning her attention back to her console.

As Emora worked, eventually the idle, fidgety nature of Astrid’s paws got the better of her. Without even thinking, she took over. Her left paw slid forward, pulling Emora’s little body down her paw pad and pressing it into the warm, lightly scented flesh. She was diligent in keeping herself clean mostly, the only reason her slippers had a reek to them was their age – decades of sweat buildup and no washing. She could feel though, something stuck to her left paw – Whatever Katri had given to her was there. Some sort of magic... Something, it made her feel great throughout the day, so she didn’t mind.

Emora saw what it was though. Mathew's corpse, crushed flat onto her paw pad, ground deep into the skin. A glowing spurt of bright Aetherial Nectar between his legs, still giving the wolfess a boost in morale. Em squeaked to herself as she felt the paw smush into her back, and every so often she'd hear the slurp of a drink or the crunch of some chips over the intense sound of Astrid's game. She felt *far* from safe here, and she knew Mathew's body was doomed to disappear into a fluffy bunny grave...

But for now, she had to prove herself. By worshiping the enormous paws that controlled her.

She felt nothing but fear, and raw, deep pleasure. A wet warmth that radiated from her pelvis through the rest of her body. And the paws rough actions, forcing her hips and crotch into the warm, soft, pink pads, began to drive her insane with pleasure. The squirming became more frantic, only adding to the massage she was giving...

She was in heaven, though the fear of death always lingered.

Art By: Mikurei

Story By: AnirusFere

Mathew / The Arethe Coven / Caitlin / Astrid are (c) AnirusFere
Emora / Faith is (c) PixieTech - MissOuro
All Rights Reserved

Commissioned work - I did not create this image.

ORIGINAL STORY

Oct 26, 2023 02:20 AM

A R E T H E