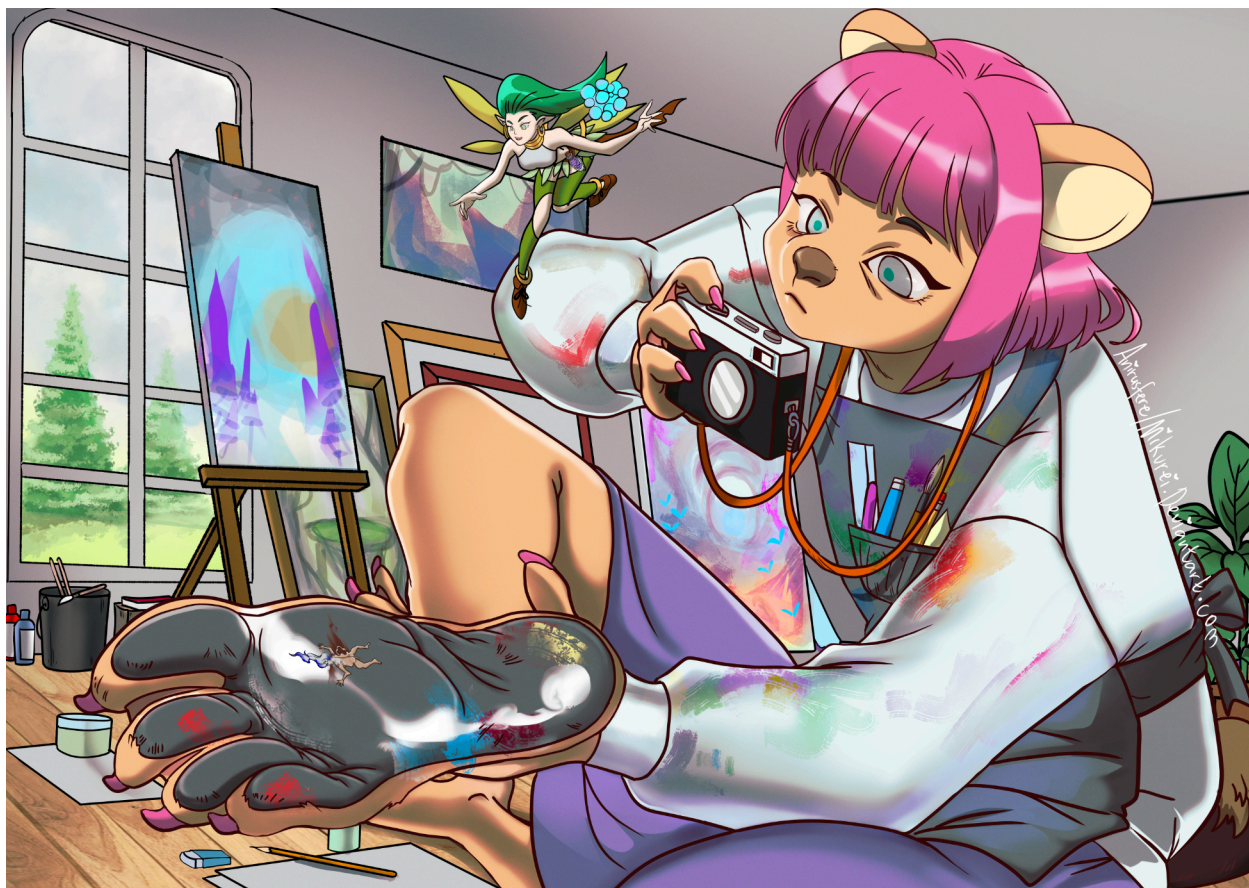


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Crushing Beauty

Katrina walked out onto the balcony of her wooden home, overlooking a lovely window that had a nice view of a lake surrounded by woodlands. She had a cup of glowing, blue liquid in her hands with a bit of whipped cream dashed on top. Happily, the Fae took a sip of the warm, sweet liquid as she

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leaned onto the railing of her hand-made home. She could hear the larger denizens of the house moving around, the creak of wooden floorboards in some rooms and the happy giggles and laughs of a found family of friends enjoying each others company. It was a lovely morning – Her daughters were asleep in their rooms still.

“What do you think, pet?” Katri said, “You’re going to meet another of your owners today.”

She reached down to a glass container with a musky, sweaty sock jammed inside of it. The sock was colorful, striped with shades of purple, but with the vial was corked with no holes for air. She gently shook it, seeing Mathew’s tiny body roll over as he weakly took in short breaths. There was nothing to breathe inside, just a mixture of sweaty grime and his own carbon dioxide. He was essentially paralyzed, looking up to the giant Fae that had him trapped in a glass vial attached to her hip.

“By the winds you’re so adorable, little dear,” She said with a giggle, taking another sip of her warm drink of glowing aethereal nectar.

White foam covered her top lip, which she licked off before looking back out to the room. She kept drinking, enjoying her morning beverage kept warm by her own idle magic before she saw one of the occupants walk by. An otter woman, the tallest of the home’s residents. She was coming up the stairs with paper and paint in hand, wearing an apron that had paint brushes and other assorted art supplies in a pouch on her chest. Her pink hair was shoulder length, her gray eyes focused on the door to her art studio. She had blonde fur that covered her entire body, always kept her claws painted the same shade of pink as her hair, and she wore a digital camera dangling from around her neck.

“Oh, I know you’ll love Sammi,” Katri said as she took the last swig of her drink, setting it on the ground next to her

moccasin-clad feet before the green haired Fae fluttered up into the air and zipped across the room to follow, “She’s the one who built our lovely home and takes care of us the most.”

As Katri rounded the corner, she saw Sammi stepping through the door to her studio area. The Fae quickly zipped in just as the door began to close, unnoticed by her Otter friend as she walked over to a blank easel set up in front of a window. She began to set up her paint supplies, glancing outside a few times and smiling at the pretty view before stretching her arms upward.

“Hey!” Katri said happily as she buzzed near the otter, who glanced up with a gentle smile, “I have a surprise for you.”

Sammi watched the Fae fly along, buzzing near the canvas before sitting on the top edge as she adjusted her size. The Fae grew slightly, as did Mathew and his little container as she crossed her legs and looked to her pink haired friend.

“That’s nice of you,” Sammi said, her voice low and soothing as always, “but you know you don’t have to get me anything. How is everyone this morning?”

“Oh, still asleep. And it’s really a present for all of us to use. My daughters and I still want to keep it around our home, but we’d like to share it with everyone here!”

“Well, thank you.” Sammi said sweetly as she resumed putting her art station together. She glanced up to Katri in time to see the Fae pull a vial off her hip. She couldn’t tell what was in it exactly, just something fabric-like.

“Remember how I told you about humans? Mystical pests we gather from another world called Earth for snacks and fun?”

“Yes, you’ve had a few but I’ve never seen any.”

“We have a special one. It’s our pet, and we have our sights on a feminine one to bring here as well for everyone to enjoy. You like to fiddle with things under your paws, right?”

“Absolutely,” Sammi replied as she pulled out a brush from her apron and began mixing a few paints together. Katri stopped talking for a few seconds as the otter looked to her canvas, before finally starting to run her brush along in a few long strokes.

“This one actually likes being under other beings! I was curious to know if you’d enjoy fiddling with it while you painted, to help you focus on your works.”

“Sounds adorable. Put the pest on the ground and it’ll get used whether it likes it or not. Just don’t be mad if I break it.”

Without hesitation, Katri dove from the panting down to the ground between Sammi’s feet. The artist didn’t even look down as she continued to paint, dipping her brush into cups of water and swapping tools between paints to get the perfect

shades exactly where she wanted them to be. Mathew gasped for air as Katri opened the container he was in, before callously turning it upside down. He fell, hitting the mouth of the glass jar before tumbling to the floor next to Sammi's paw and landing on his back. With a wink, Mathew grew to around the size of an inch before the Fae fluttered back up to the otter's shoulder and sat down.

Mathew looked up, unable to move as he watched paint drip down to the ground around him. Then, her paw lifted as she shifted herself, only bringing her paw up enough to pass his little body. He felt his arousal touch it, brushing over some blue paint that was already on the bottom of her paw. The skin was overwhelmingly soft, smelling earthy with a strong odor of lingering sweat mixed with paint fumes. The warmth and dampness told him she was wearing shoes recently as the musk surrounded his little body. Then, the pad came down. He was engulfed in a pillow of warm, damp, smelly skin that rubbed all

over his body. It slid down, gently kneading him before twisting and sliding up again.

Now that she had him, she didn't stop for a second. Her paw slid until her toes were focusing on him, ruthlessly toying with his arousal until he couldn't help himself. He squeaked in pleasure as glowing blue liquid drug across the otter's soft skin. Immediately, a magical force pulled it away from his body and out from beneath her paw – leaving him quivering in pleasure as the otter continued to toy with him. Hours passed, and she was mostly gentle as he heard the two talking high above him. Eventually, he became stuck to her skin as her paw lifted up and gently set down again. He could hear laughing, chatting, before feeling a goopy white paint cover his face and hair. She stepped into a splatter of white on the floor, which was shielded by a bit of protective canvas so the wood beneath wouldn't be stained by her art.

Sammi wasn't paying much attention to him, and he could tell. Her motions became more and more violent, pressing down and depriving him of air long enough that any normal human would have suffocated to death. His arms and legs were spread out as his face was forced deep into the fumes of white paint, nearly drowning him with each breath he tried to take in until the pressure became too much for even that. The otter was having a lovely day, and all the while, Mathew as being forced to climax again and again. Each time, Katri collected white he produced. The drying white paint almost felt like an adhesive keeping his head and hair stuck steadfast to her paw's pad as she stepped around. Then, after a whirlwind of pleasure and pain, the silky skin of the otter's foot became hard and taut. Her weight shifted on him, pushing the air from his lungs once more. This was different though, it was overwhelming. He could withstand it for a few seconds as his bones creaked, his skull deformed and eyes bulged from their sockets. Then,

as soon as a few bones broke, he felt the familiar catastrophic failure of his skeleton as he was compressed.

Too focused on her work, Sammi didn't even register that he broke. He was just a thing she was toying with after all. The artist continued to work on her painting as Katri floated nearby, watching her work as a blob of glowing liquid floated near the Fae as though it was in zero gravity. Every so often a bubble of liquid would pull from the main source, floating into the Fae's mouth before being sucked down as a nice sweet snack. When Sammi was finished with what she wanted to get done, she gathered her things and walked over to a few papers she had sprawled on the floor before sitting down cross-legged. The otter emptied her hands, about to get started on a sketch she wanted to do. As she did so, she noticed the crimson and blue splatter on her paw pad.

"Oh cute! That'll make a great shot!" She said excitedly, reaching down to her ankle with her left hand.

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She lifted up her paw and cocked it to the side, enough that she could see the sole clearly as she grabbed her camera with her free hand. Focused, the otter looked to the digital screen and fiddled with the manual settings until everything was perfect for a crystal clear image. Katri buzzed by her head, looking to Mat's crushed corpse among the splattered paint with glee.

"Are you going to wash it off?"

"No," Sammi replied, "I have work to do, I'll clean it up with the rest of the paint. Might frame this though, it's so pretty splattered there!"

Katri knew he was still there, sentient.

Trapped like crushed gum inside a splattered husk of a body.

Lost in unyielding pleasure, as part of the hex she cast on him when he first arrived.

Art By: Mikurei

Story By: AnirusFere

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