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New Experiences

The smell of the Fae's used socks had become Mathew's entire life when not in use. The tiny being was trapped, the air was stale and thin inside his little glass bottle. No air holes made sure that Mathew's state of lethargy would be

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permanent, as the longer he'd stay inside his glass prison, the more air he'd use up. Eventually, there would be nothing but the stench of Fae feet. He had stopped breathing long ago now, having been jostled around in his toxic place days on end. That, and the constant state of arousal they kept him in. There was no pain in it, only unending, unyielding, maddening pleasure. And unless they were collecting what he produced, they never allowed him to finish.

When the air ran out, when he suffocated, he became immobile. Alive, aware, but paralyzed. Muscles seized, hugging onto Katri's toe-print laden sock...

He could hear muffled noises through the glass. The Fae had another plan for him it would seem. Then, a strange magic washed over him. He knew whatever they did would be temporary, all the magic they used seemed to be forsake a few of the more powerful spells the Fae Matron knew.

Then, in a flash, he was free. Air graced his lungs once more as he gasped a raspy gasp in. The deep sound of music pulsing around him energized his tiny body, though it would be a while before he was able to move on his own power again.

Staring upward, he was able to see the flashing lights. He could see giants meandering around – Animal-folk, Elves, Druids, Reptilians, and plenty of others he couldn't recognize. He knew he was in danger. The other thing that kept him in place, was the constant state of arousal he was in.

Enzi was having a fantastic night. Sweet Beans had closed for the night, and the pub down the street was open for business. To make things better, it was St. Patrick's Day! Time to get absolutely shitfaced. This was the first year she was able to actually go out and party, so she was planning on living it up. She'd never had a cocktail in her life, and by this point, she'd tried a few.

First, was the Vesper Martini. Which, she absolutely hated. However, she finished it because it felt strong, and she was a tough feline!

Second, she tried a Boston Sour – A fast favorite! Nice, the flavor was beautiful. It made her tail sway quick!

Third, Sex on the Beach – If the Boston Sour was a favorite, this was absolutely to die for! Dessert in a glass.

“Sounds like you like sweet drinks, eh?” The bartender, a grizzled old wolf said to her across the bar as she leaned on the edge finishing off the rest of her Sex on the Beach. “No shame in that!”

“It’s just so good! What’s your name?”

“It’s a lot of people’s favorite drink. Especially folks who don’t really like the hard stuff.” The man said, “Name’s Geovany.”

“Oh, Neat! Like the leader of--”

“Different spelling, but yeah! Like that bloke.”

“Got another somethin’ for me to try? Surprise me.”

“Well, It’s St. Patrick’s Day, so something green would probably be in order!” Geo said as he turned around to grab some more things, “So. A little bit of this, a little bit of that.”

He threw some stuff together in a Boston shaker, slammed the two halves together, and started shaking. Nothing exceptionally fancy, though he did have good form – shaking over the right shoulder, then over the left, in a specific pattern. After a bit, he pulled out a nice glass and slid it in front of her. Bright green liquid streamed out, filling the glass up to the rim before he rinsed out his shaker. He then topped it with a four-leaf clover he pulled from the fridge.

“Is this real?” Enzi asked.

“Nah, the clover is edible though. It’s apple-flavored candy. What you have here, is an Appletini~”

“Sounds delicious! Oh, and...” She asked, pointing to a bottle on the wall of apple flavored liqueur, “Can I have that too?”

“You know what a hangover is, kid?” He asked with a laugh, “You can, it’s not got a lot left in it. I’ll have to charge you for what’s left.”

“I’m here to party, I’ll regret later,” She said, before taking her first sip of the Appletini. Once again, her eyes lit up, “Phenomenal!”

“Here ya go,” He said, sliding the whole bottle over to her, “I’m cutting you off after this though. Enjoy the night.”

“Awwwww, fine.” She giggled, before taking her appletini and bottle back to the dance floor.

Mathew couldn’t move as he watched a couple walk over him. He didn’t recognize them, as they passed – a cheetah man, along with a well-dressed fox. They had both nearly

stepped on him, fueling his arousal as he lay helpless on the ground. Before he knew it though, there was a white snow leopard who wandered over. She had a glass in one hand, and a bottle in the other. Big, round glasses, and bare paw.

Mathew's heart raced as she stepped forward. Though he wasn't lucky this time, or perhaps he was exceptionally lucky. The main pad of her right paw slammed down on him, smashing him slightly. He let out an involuntary squeak as bones shattered, partially flattening the tiny being and leaving a splatter of blood on her paw as it lifted. To the beat of the song playing in the background, she danced. Her paw lifted, before falling down again, crushing him beneath her heel. This time though, not only did he flatten out, but an intense pleasure washed over his body. The pain disappeared, replaced only by the full-body sensation of an intense, otherworldly pleasure as a squirt of glowing blood pushed from his crushed form.

As she lifted her paw, he... Was still alive? Reformed, come back to life again as her paw came back down on him. He whimpered out a squeak, lifting a hand as she stamped back down on him. No pain, only intense, maddening pleasure. Immediately, she squeezed another climax out of the little being. The spell the Fae put on him worked it would seem – instant revival, intense pleasure, and he was helpless to stop it from happening.

“This feels so good!” Enzi laughed, drinking from her bottle.

She didn’t know any better. This was her first real time out partying, she’d just become of age this year and was absolutely taken aback by everything. The glowing splats of energy on the bottom of her paw, to her, just seemed like the high she was expecting from being drunk. Each time she stamped down on Mathew, crushing him down, the tiny being squeezed out another climax. Another burst of energy and pleasure, pushing

her on to drink and enjoy her night. Again and again, her paw pounded down on the tiny being. Again and again, she received boost after boost...

Before finally, the spell's power had waned. Mathew looked up to her paws as she lifted her right paw over him. He could feel the pain and soreness wash over his body this time. He knew the spell was gone, and this was the last step. Crippled by sensation, unable to even really think, he watched as her heel came down. He felt the overwhelming pain wash over him as her heel smashed him into the ground. She lifted her other paw, unwittingly showing off the splatters of blood and glowing liquid. As Mathew's body smashed flat, her night was just beginning.

Mathew's corpse went with her though, sticking steadfast to her heel this time.

The more she danced, the more ground-in he became, until he was nothing but a smear on her pristine paw pad.

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