

ELAIN'S LITTLE CHERRY

TRANSIENT - STORY 046

SEASON III

I



T R A N S I E N T

Hoofjam

"Hm, I'm sure I was up to page thirty."

The Deer-Lynx mused to herself; her thick yet soft Scottish accent trailing off as she fell silent, throwing another cherry of deep crimson between her swiftly-parting lips of pink; closing just as fast as they opened as the cherry's fate was sealed. Behind that cute face - coated in a thin layer of light orange fur with a beige-white undertone that ran along the lower part of her jaw - the juicy orb of fruit found itself in a hostile environment that was like a wide-spanning cavern.

Of course, it was almost completely lightless.. but one would be able to feel the sheer weight of boiling moisture in the air; alongside the glistening sheen of saliva that covered the pink flesh of the Deer-Lynx's maw. While the palette was hard, the insides of the cheeks were wonderfully soft and plush, consisting of simple flesh without muscle or hardened matter.. while the bottom of the maw beneath that firm mass of muscle and tissue called a tongue - where the saliva pooled beneath it - felt more like a waterbed as the muscles twitched and flinched in several motions at once.

And all while a firm row of shining white teeth lined the upper and lower jaw of their owner's mouth, it was needless to state the obvious as that same cherry that was dispensed casually upon the top of the Deer-Lynx's tongue begun to make quick work of it. At first, the fleshy muscle caressed and slathered around it, soaking it with that saliva as the Deer-Lynx begun to suck on the lovely flavour she was extracting

from it.. letting out delighted mumbles as tears in the surface of the cherry started to appear, causing the red filling to trickle out.

"Hmmp~"

Not only was Elain's train of thought found itself focused into finishing her after-class studies, but she kept any other part of her subconscious that wasn't paying attention instead dulled with her idle cherry-popping. Warmly smiling as she powered through the late evening of a busy day.

The Deer-Lynx lived in a modest accommodation, a dormitory consisting of a shared living space that was a relatively small; square-shaped room. With the entryway door against the wall at the back behind her, Elain simply continued, having sat herself sideways with her right half laid upon the comforting, brown leather of the sofa; her left hand occasionally stretching out to the glass bowl filled with cherries, left upon the wooden coffee table in front of her.

Elain had not bothered to change out into new clothes; still wearing her pink short-skirted dress that ran down just to knees; accompanied with a pair of pink-and-white striped stockings that ended at her double hoof-toed feet. She had only removed her brown jacket; resting her head atop of the discarded article on the back of the sofa while her upper body laid back against the sofa's arm side her. With fur cuffs around the wrists and neck - alongside it's expensive price tag - it was one of the Deer-Lynx's favourite jackets.

The evening sun shone through the windows before her, Elain simply enjoying the radiating warmth the rays kissed her with while scribbling a few notes on her study book, looking between that and her notebook of references, both laid upon the table as well. For a moment, the Deer-Lynx twiddled her pencil between her orange-furred fingers; clacking the side of the pencil against her nails that - much like a Humans - ran

along the top of her natural-black fingertips.. only to curve up and along the very end of the digit.

It was a natural feature of the Hybrid's, sharing the same dark material as her hoof-toed feet that she idly dragged across the white-carpeted flooring beneath the sofa. Her feet were much alike the typical plantigrade shape that many Interspecies shared with their Human counterparts.. although instead of the ball and toes of her feet being more comparable to a paw, the toes were instead two hooved digits that crowned the orange-furred top and fluffy white sole of the Deer-Lynx's foot.

In all honesty, Elain could admit that the black keratin of her hoof-toed feet were.. slightly marred, a tad scratched.

The Deer-Lynx frowned, somewhat out of annoyance. She hated such blemishes; despite the generally dull reception that her nerves would receive when the cloven digits actually touched or felt anything.. it didn't stop Elain from personally

feeling dirty at the slightest thought of her feet being unkempt. She took thorough care of every inch of herself, using several fur-softening soaps and fragrant lotions.. not to mention her bushy white hair of thick curls that ran down to her shoulders that so mercifully helped hide those stubby, dark beige antlers that poked out from her forehead.

Anytime someone saw them, they asked if she was a boy.. and she didn't exactly like when people made that assumption. While antlers were an indication of a male for her species, her genetic composition as a Hybrid meant certain features came to be, such as her stubby antlers. Of course, her more Feline features did show off in turn, it was evidently noticeable in how her fur looked and shaped itself upon her body; instead of the fine, thin coating of fur.. Elain's hide was thicker, sharper.. puffing out along the shoulders and upper arms; not to mention her collarbone and neck area.

Physically speaking, Elain wasn't as slender and petite as most Interspecies of her type.. she carried a particular, 'thickness', in form.. even if she was still two or three heads taller than most Felines. Briefly flicking her tongue - now coated in splattered juices of cherry - against her molars.. she could still feel her sharp teeth.. another trait of her father's heritage, rather than her mother's. For a moment, the Deer-Lynx paused.. realizing that she had been playing with that single cherry in her mouth for quite a few minutes! A blush started to appear across her cheeks, realizing how brutally she had her way with it. Squeezing it coldly in her tongue's coiling grasp before forcing it against her teeth; repeatedly impaling it before a firm and final pop between her fangs.

She certainly inherited some those, 'Feline urges', or so she had come familiar with. Not only with how the Deer-Lynx treated her food.. but also in an unaware fashion as she continued to brutally pound and squeeze the soles of her feet

into her blue-haired victim, shivers running up her spine as she subconsciously registered the squirming of the Human underfoot.

For Mathew, it drove the point all the more further at how unknowingly sadistic his captor was, laying sideways upon the sofa above him while her hoof-toed feet had their way with him. If Elain was any the wiser - or even knew that the little Human was present - she'd so adamantly keep her feet on the sofa while making sure she knew exactly where he was! Or even in the case she accidentally squished him underfoot, she would swiftly pull her sole off his body before picking him up and gently hugging him in her tender grasp, making sure that he wasn't hurt.

Elain was simply too sweet and kind.. even if she would somehow be aware that the blue-haired, dimensional intruder not only was immortal but outright enjoyed the pain and pleasure of being snuffed out in such violent manners.. it

would still break the Deer-Lynx's heart to even know she slightly bruised him.

But in this scenario - completely unaware - she was nothing short of an embodiment of cruelty.. even if it was unintentional. The Humans of this world were very similar to Mat, equally tiny in scale as they were the small ones in this reality.. albeit even a Human in this place was twice the height of the blue-haired interloper. Looks aside, they also seemed to have a natural resilience that made Mathew look more like a bug than anything else, as a Human in this world could endure being squished under the weight of an Interspecies - this world's word for their giant counterparts - while practically flattening them and standing only on one foot.. and said Human would just feel rather sore from it all, if only a bit bruised!

Elain popped another cherry into her mouth, this time simply swallowing it as she felt the tiny thing travel down her

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throat after a soft; feminine gulp that even Mathew could hear. . all while he was currently pinned back-first upon the floor while the fuzzy; firm ball of the Deer-Lynx's right foot grinded itself down upon him.

The scent of fruity freshness overwhelmed his lungs, making it the only thing that the buds in his mouth could taste when he gasped for air, every time his captor's foot twisted itself sideways caused him to exhale out of sheer pressure. Of course, there was an underlying scent of worn leather and a somewhat sour, vanilla sweatiness.. mixing rather strangely as a byproduct of a long day walking on foot, wearing a set of flip-flops with a hook that was strapped over the top of the foot to the base of the insole where the ankles lay.

And while the fur of Elain's foot was relatively soft and dry, Mathew's body was sweltering from the sheer amount of heat he was forced to endure! Coming from both the rays of evening sunlight piercing through the window; illuminating the floor

around him, the Deer-Lynx had a natural amount of bodily warmth that - even in the approach to winter - still kept her rather warm. It was only more arousing of an experience for Mat that he felt his manhood being tickled and caressed by thick strands of fuzz while the sole oppressing him continued to grind left-to-right against the floor.

He was completely nude, having found himself in such state of nakedness when he first awoke in this world. He couldn't even create any makeshift coverings, as Elain liked to clean on the regular.. picking up even the smallest of crumbs as fast as the Deer-Lynx's fully-fledged, Feline sibling would drop them as she munched on crisps and the like.

As far as Mathew knew, Elain's sister was called Bridget.. and despite the two butting heads on more than one occasion, they still loved the other in a way only sisters could.

Interrupting Mat out of his thoughts, Elain began to change tactics. The Deer-Lynx getting more focused into her

studying, her right foot begun to slide backwards against the carpeted flooring, creating a cascade of ruffling and vibrations that were more like earthquakes for her Human captive's ears.

The little Human was unable to escape, being caught up in the movements, being kept in one place against the floor while Elain's sole dragged itself backwards, the fur continuing rubbing in a continuous downwards motion that forced his manhood between his legs.. leaving a trickle of sticky; slightly-glowing blue liquid that was coerced from his most intimate appendage.

Needless to say, Elain started to feel herself getting more.. relaxed.. in a strange turn of events. Of course, it was a simple byproduct from Mathew's climactic juices and in no way a natural thing of the Deer-Lynx simply finding a comfortable position. She even started to feel slightly hazy as her right foot started to more slowly kick itself back, hovering into the air to bob up and down in a repeated motion.

Mathew was left on the floor, burdened with fatigue that left him immobile in tired limpness; panting heavily as remnants of his slowly built-up excitement that was ultimately denied the final push for release had begun to trickle out from his manhood.. all while he was forced to stare up at that same foot that was now taunting him.

But then a familiar shadow came down, a glimmer of eagerness returning into Mat's eyes as he saw the hoof-toed sole of Elain's left foot shooting down towards him!-

Thump!

Mat opened his eyes.. he was still alive? Notably, he wasn't even in any pain! He should have been crushed flat, rendered into a smear by the force that the Deer-Lynx exerted so candidly upon him.. only to find out that - as he looked around - she didn't actually step on him.. at least, not technically. Flanking either sides of him were sharply flat, smooth walls of black keratin!

Looking backwards, the little Human realized he found himself between his captor's cloven toes. His surroundings formed something comparable to an urban alleyway, with the open space just behind Mat; the evening rays of sunlight touching his bare back. Then, looking forwards fully, Mat was met the fleshy; fur-coated wall - that was the dead end part of the urban alleyway analogy - that was hidden between the Deer-Lynx's toes in all moments they kept closed and touching together. It was likely a somewhat unnatural movement for Elain's digits to assume, as a deep inhale far above Mathew gave the impression that his captor was simply stretching herself out.

But now - revealed to him as her digits were stretched outwards - Mathew had a perfect view at what that particular area of Elain that likely everyone saw the least of looked like, where the pillar at the toe end of a sandal for anyone else's foot would press up against. In Elain's case, she couldn't wear those

types of sandals or flip-flops, always mentioning how they never were comfortable when her keratin toes closed together; leaving that strip of leather pressed in such an agitating manner against the gap of her digits.

Of course, while just as fascinating for a sight and place for Mat to find himself in, it was as equally dangerous.. as it would take a simple movement for Elain's toes to close back together - like a crushing weight of some junkyard machine that compressed cars into flattened pancakes - to ultimately pop the blue-haired intruder like a grape!

Not that Mat was even thinking about that.. his arousal lingered in his body; all he could think of was trying to fully satiate his desire and need for release. And so like a moth to a flame, Mathew shakily brought himself upright and walked towards the furry wall-

Clomp!

The little Human was only a few steps before reaching relative safety.. only for it all to be in vain as he took too long, as the keratin walls suddenly shot inwards, slamming together and sandwiching Mat brutally between them! Fortunately, Elain moved so slowly - and yet being so comparatively fast for Mat's eyes - that she only pushed Mathew around as he found himself completely immobilized, his back and front now forcibly compressed by those cold; hard walls of his captor's cloven toes.. ever so incredibly lucky for not only being alive, but that the worse he was left with was an aching bruising as he got caught between them.

It wasn't that bad, either.. as besides the looming threat of being killed so brutally, there was still a sliver of light that reigned down from above Mat's head.. his tiny body of flesh acting as a divider that was barely anything of a millimeter or such, keeping his captor's toes from fully pressing together.

Unfortunately for Mathew, Elain quickly noticed.

"Hmmp.. hng~"

Her subconscious mind registered the strange feeling of a force keeping the toes of her left foot separate, not fully coming into contact with the other. At first, Elain's brows furrowed as she suckled on another cherry, not even beginning to chew or swallow before tossing another to join her maw. She began to play with them between her mouth, having fun bumping them between each other while the keratin digits of her left foot began to squeeze inwards.

It was anything but painless for Mat.

He wasn't sure if Elain was simply ignoring his cries or was just that oblivious to what must have been tiny; whimpering squeaks from the little Human as the skin of both his front and back was met with the living walls squeezing inwards, followed by a light snap that was one of Mathew's ribs cracking from the pressure. Just then, the pressure stopped; giving the

Deer-Lynx's captive a chance to breath.. only for her candid torture to resume.

The left toe begun to flex upwards, the right toe flexing downwards.. what was a simple movement resulted in something far worse for Mathew, as the bare flesh of his body was met with painful amounts of friction that not only scraped against his form, but also channeled a burning level of heat upon him! While both this sensation and method of inflicted pain was new to Mat, he couldn't help himself as he moaned between sharp gasps of shock while his manhood was grinded downwards and upwards, giving him a full rubbing-down as if his body was being pressed into sandpaper on both sides!

It only got worse as Mat climaxed, unable to contain himself when he was subjected to this new sensation.. despite the many deaths he endured, this one was very unique. The resulting trickling of glowing blue liquid slathered into the keratin walls, spreading further and further across the surface

of both sides that rubbed around Mat's lower half., the Deer-Lynx finding herself once more focused in a trance of excitement; now only more fervently rubbing her hoof-toed feet together.

That just made it worse for Mathew.

If Elain said that she took so much care of her hooves that they were as sleek and polished as a car, she wouldn't be lying., although it was those two flat walls that comprised the insides of her digits where she didn't pay too much attention to. Despite that smooth and almost car-like sheen that Mat enjoyed touching and feeling on the exterior of the Deer-Lynx's toes, these interior walls were rougher, more jagged., and it became tenfold more intense as Elain fidgeted with her toes!

Mat's skin was being shredded, practically rendered from the flesh and muscle of his body as a few bones snapped and cracked violently from the exerting pressure., but it was

primarily from the way that Elain's toes shifted up and down that brought him unbelievable amounts of pain. His hair had been nearly completely torn from his scalp, the bone of his skull starting to show.

It was like peeling a tomato, or a carrot.. only the method of peeling was nothing but sheer; constant rubbing of a surface that felt even worse than sandpaper.. not to mention the jagged bits that cut like daggers into Mathew's flesh as they ran up and down, slicing into him like the swings of axes while any amount of skin he had was only covering the sides of his arms and legs.. his front and back was nought but raw; exposed flesh, bleeding and tearing at the tendons as more and more of Mat's body was carved away like how the waves of the ocean lashed at the cliffside of a rocky beach.

Combined with the friction that was next to burning, Mat was subjected to nothing short of torture as he was being grinded down, a sliver of flesh as thin as paper being scraped

off his body every time the rough surfaces caressed into him. The blood and flesh that was torn off him didn't save him, just slightly dull the sharpness as that dry, sandpaper-like wall was now bloody and soaking wet.. but still shaving him down nonetheless.

To top it all off, Elain was completely unaware of the sheer brutality that she was displaying! Mathew didn't stop climaxing either, his mind completely at a loss to the wonder and pain that-

"Elain, I'm back!"

"H-Huh!?"

It ended swiftly. Mat's existence for a few minutes was nought but being slowly grinded away.. that was, up until the door at the back of the room clicked open before being swiftly slammed shut, causing the Deer-Lynx to jump upright as she

instinctively brought her hooved toes together with full force as-

Splat!

It wasn't visible to the outside world, but as Elain sat up on the sofa, planting both of her feet properly on the floor.. Mat's body was completely flattened between those rough walls of black keratin that were the insides of the Deer-Lynx's left foot's toes.

Meanwhile, to the outside world, Elain turned her head around, smiling as she saw her half-sister walking in; having closed the door behind her.

"Hey, sis! How was the gym?"

Elain wasn't as physically active as her sibling.. but she still wanted to know how Bridget's day actually went. By the looks of it, the Lynx was exhausted! Every inch of her body - consisting of beige-orange fur with a secondary white colour -

was matted in glistening sweat! It didn't help that the full-on Lynx tomboy had a thick hide of fur.

"S-Sweet! Ah, d-did a few laps with.. th-that Mouse guy, Ch-Christopher.."

The Deer-Lynx blinked rapidly for a few seconds, tilting her head.

"You mean.. Christopher, as in.. one of Katherine's sons? Our assistant headteacher?"

Elain's eyes of emerald looked back into Bridget's sapphire ones as she stood upright, the two sisters making eye contact. The Lynx tomboy wore naught but a pair of blue boxer shorts that barely went halfway down her thighs; alongside a tank top of white that.. looked more so greyish with how sweaty it was. There wasn't much left to the imagination in regards to Bridget's muscled, well-toned body.. her coating of fur still showing off her muscles underneath; especially her subtle six-

pack. All the while she wore a set of toeless blue sneakers that showed off her five-toed, paw-like feet as the tomboy slung a rucksack over her shoulders.

"H-Him! Yeah.. lil' runt beat me, three out of five laps around the.. gym building.."

"He beat you? Isn't he.. a head or so shorter than you?"

While it wasn't necessarily a matter of height, Mice Interspecies were.. notably short, perhaps even the shortest of individual species out of them all; while it didn't make them any less as people, it did mean they lacked in a few metaphorical departments. The Lynx's ears twitched, their owner unable to hold back in grumpily purring as a response.

"He's training to be a constable, of course the lil' bugger's gonna be fast!"

Bridget then gave a dismissive wave, immediately turning and walking to the door on her immediate right, taking no

pause to open it and partially reveal a white-tiled bathroom within.. only to pause as the Lynx turned to face her sister once again.

"Oh, if Christopher knocks on the door.. tell him I'm not doing it."

The way that Bridget spoke those words sounded.. flustered? Elain could only imagine the reasons why, but the slight blushing beneath her half-sister's fur-soaked cheeks only gave her much more curiosity to wonder why!

"D-Don't ask.. what it is."

And with that, the Lynx walked into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.. leaving the Deer-Lynx rather confused as she turned back to face the coffee table, only shrugging her shoulders as she did.

"Okay? Eh, might as well finish up my notes."

Chatting to herself, Elain leaned forward, starting to resume on her notes.. only to slowly pause as her brows furrowed, her eyes squinting.. and her ears picking up that strange, sqluelching sound as the hooved toes of her left foot started to rub together.

"What the?!"

Elain pushed herself against the sofa before kicking both of her bare feet up, planting them by their heels upon the wooden edge of the coffee table as she once more leaned her upper body forward; using her fingers to hold and pull the toes of her left foot apart.. a look of surprise and shock suddenly appearing across her face.

"Oh!- Ah, ew.."

What remained of Mathew was nothing short of what a crime gang would prefer of someone - a completely unidentifiable, splattered stain of blood that dribbled down the

length of the walls that were the insides of Elain's toes; all while bits of meaty chunks were scattered here and there.. and while there were bits of bone fragments, they were too small for the Deer-Lynx to notice.

"Must have dropped a cherry on the floor.."

Elain only looked with disgust as she was about to let go of her toes.. only to pause when she noticed tiny slivers of.. blue.. in the remains of what she assumed was a cherry, alongside some juicy parts of the crimson sweetness to be.. almost glowing a blue colour. Her eyes started to widen, a look of concern on her face as she turned to face the bowl of cherries on the coffee table; leaning in to take a closer look. She stared for a moment, before focusing back onto the scene between her toes.

"Maybe I should.. throw them away.. just in case.."

With that said, the Deer-Lynx stood up on her feet, scowling in slight disgust as she consciously felt - of course unknowingly - Mat's remains splatter and squish out flatter between her toes as they pressed together while she hastily took the bowl of cherry in her hands. While Mat's body was destroyed, his spirit remained.. and he couldn't help but find how Elain reacted to be so cute.. he perhaps was slightly glad that she dismissed what could barely be called a body as a cherry she dropped on the floor.

Each step she took, she turned Mat further and further into nothing but a wet smear as she walked to the back of the dorm, close to the door leading outside; the same one that Bridget walked in through, only to step over to - of which was to the left of one's perspective when entering - the set-up kitchen area, hastily dumping the contents of the cherry bowl into a black-plastic bin.. before focusing back to down to her feet.

"Bridget would't mind.."

Elain placed the now-empty cherry bowl on the countertop before turning around, walking towards the door of the bathroom, pausing to briefly knock.

"Bridget? I'm just coming in to.. wash something!"

"Whaat!?"

Then the Deer-Lynx opened the door, entering the bathroom. As she walked in, she let out a sigh of relief, seeing that Bridget had the decency to slide the white curtains of the bath as it lay at the other end of the rectangular-shaped bathroom.

"What're ya' up to, now? Can't ya' see I'm busy? Ya' gonna tell me off for not properly putting stuff in a pile, again?"

Bridget's tone was somewhat accusatory in nature, but there was a subtle hint of mischief in her voice. Not only was the fully-fledged Lynx far different to Elain in body and

physical strength, but also personality. Where her half-sister was traditionally feminine and sweet, Bridget had a more tomboyish demeanor with a 'tough gal' personality to boot.

Of course, the Lynx was entirely nude, having quickly pulled off her clothes and left them in a disorderly bundle just beside the outside of the bathtub. While Bridget couldn't see anything outside as she was enclosed by three walls of marble tiling and a curtain of white, all as the refreshing warmth of the metal showerhead reigned water upon her, the Lynx's sharp senses helped her know that her half-sister was standing just outside of the bath.

"C-Can I.. just stick my foot in, please? I.. got a cherry between my toes and, well.. it's messy."

"Hah! Wait.. really? Sheesh, you're getting a bit clumsy.."

At this point, Bridget was giggling.. she always found it amusing when Elain got herself into whatever troubles she

inevitably found herself getting into. Always a bit naive. The Lynx thought to herself.. but she'd still be ready to go as far as to kill if someone tried to mess with her half-sister.

"Can't you, like.. get a toilet roll, or a towel, or something?"

"O-Oh, right.. yeah, I.. didn't think about that. Sorry, sis-"

"Y'know what? Just stick your foot in."

"W-What?"

"I said- Like, just put your foot through, let me handle it.."

The Lynx let out a grumble of annoyance. As much as her sister was sometimes a bit of an airhead, Bridget knew that Elain - even if she did a thorough cleaning of several minutes in length, she'd get into a dramatic fuss about her feet being

dirty.. which rather annoyed the Lynx when Elain threw herself into a panic.

Barely a few seconds after, the Lynx looked down to notice a hoof-toed; left foot poke from under the curtains and slide itself through along the white ceramic lips of the bathtub, coming to a halt as the ball of Elain's foot found purchase on the rim.

"You're such a clean freak.."

Bridget grumbled under her breath, although not making any effort to be quiet with her comment as she reached her left hand up to the showerhead, unlatching the head as the connecting pipe was actually designed to be like a flexible hose in comparison, allowing the Lynx to essentially handle it like a garden hose with a fancy sprinkler as she removed it from overhead, lowering it down so it begun to shower upon Elain's exposed foot - the Deer-lynx briefly flinching back as she felt

the droplets touch her foot - only to be stopped as Bridget grabbed her open left hand around the keratin toes.

"H-Hey, careful!"

"Oh, relax! You'd be fussing about this for the rest of the night if you do it yourself."

"Can you.. at least use some of my fur conditioner, please?"

"Yeah-Yeah, which one? Lavender?"

"Lavender is.. fine."

Bridget rolled her sapphire eyes, simply finding the whole ordeal annoying as she let go of Elain's foot, briefly standing upright to pick up a lilac-coloured bottle on a plastic shelf just a head above her.. only to lean back down and flick open the bottle's cap.. and squeezing a gooey trickle of pinkish liquid that splattered upon the solid top of the cloven digits, before

simply closing the bottle's cap and placing it on the rim of the bathtub against the wall behind her.

"No wonder ya' moms' favorite."

Bridget quipped, teasing her sibling as her left hand wedged itself between Elain's toes; letting the soapy liquid fall and slide between the walls of the toes' inner sides as the Lynx begun to rub and push her digits into the open gap. The Lynx frowning as the bits of red mush and water mix in and flush out and fall to the bath floor.

Perhaps Mat found it somewhat cute, being caught between the unaware antics of the Deer-Lynx and her full Lynx half-sister, the tomboy helping clean out what both thought was a crushed cherry from between Elain's cloven toes. Of course, his body was essentially being scraped and washed.. all while every time that Bridget's claws scratched and flicked against the inner keratin walls, their owner couldn't help at suppressing a slight giggle!

"H-Hey! Nahat s-so.. b-bluntly!"

"Heh, ticklish much? Reminds me of the time I had to force those hoof-cleaning caps on your feet.. you really hated that, didn't you?"

"D-Dohehen't r-remind meheh!"

It only took a few moments, but Mathew's body was fully washed and scraped away between those nervous giggles.. the Deer-Lynx taking care of her half-sister's problem that she was making so much of a fuss about.. the two having a moment of bonding as the little Human that was brutally destroyed into nothing but bits of remains was washed down the warm waters of the bathtub's shower, ending up going through the drain and down the tunneling pipes.. off to whatever other experience eagerly awaits him.

Art By: Mikurei

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