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Beauty in Nature

Caitlin's fingertips explored every bit of Emora's tiny body as the little one squirmed uncomfortably against her. It was completely futile, nothing Em could do would ever amount to the strength a full sized being had over her. The red-headed Elven woman looked down to her new toy through her big, round glasses, tilting her head a little as a green-haired Fae sat on her antler.

"You still must **share** our little dearie," Katrina said, holding onto the fuzzy antler as it moved, "But I feel like she's destined to be your beloved pet. Do take care with her though, I know not if she'll return to life like our pet does. Nina can mend her if she breaks, but not if you rend her spirit from her body before we can intervene."

“Hmm~” Caitlin said, pushing some hair from her face as her thumb covered Emora’s face entirely. The tiny woman began to struggle, unable to breathe as she gently batted and clawed at the Elf’s digit.

“If accidents happen, or if you must punish her...” Katri continued, “Enjoy her death.”

“I’m sure it won’t come to that, right sweetheart?” Caitlin cooed, pressing her thumb on Em’s face enough to nearly crack her neck.

The little woman squirmed and clawed at her finger, panicking at the lack of air and her creaking neck before finally being allowed to breathe. Cait felt the tiny puffs of air as Em gasped for breaths, feeling flush in the face with a chill of pleasure running up her spine. Pleasure radiated from her pelvis, the threat of death made her wet and the ease at which Cait dominated her so completely forced her to quiver in pleasure. They didn’t know if she would survive. Any moment, in this

world, could be her last. She didn't have the luxury of resurrection like Mathew – Or at least, that wasn't a certain outcome. She was terrified...

“Fuck,” She whispered softly, trying to focus on what was going on. She gasped for air, looking up to the Elven woman who awaited a response, “Fuck...”

Then, the thumb came back. She let out a little squeaking scream as her hands pushed against Caitlin's soft skin. She tried to move her head to the side, to keep her mouth or nose in a place where she could breathe, but the Elven woman's thumb was inescapable. The squeak was cut off, and all Em could see were the ridges of her thumb's print. All she could taste was the lavender hand lotion she used, that Cait made herself from the plants and ingredients in her vast gardens outside. She could feel her hand moving, dropping down before being let go. Em gasped again for air, trying to breathe just as the wind was knocked out of her. Laying on a leather surface, she wheezed

and gasped. Her eyes were open wide as she glanced around, to see the deep print of a foot all around her.

Without warning, a string wrapped around Em's abdomen and tied tight. She struggled, whimpering in pleasure and fear as she watched the string be pulled tight. It felt like it was cutting into her skin, and she knew if Caitlin wasn't careful, she could easily cut her in two. She watched it wrap around the sandal's toe thong, like a loosely fitting lifeline.

"H... Hey," Em whimpered out a little as Caitlin looked up to the Fae. They were talking, but she couldn't hear them from her spot on the sandal. "Are you sure this is..."

Then, she saw the Elf's toes slam into the arch of the sandal as her foot slid underneath a central strap. As the digits came barreling towards her, Em felt as though she was paralyzed. She was blushing, crippled with pleasure and desire for what was about to happen to her. Though a single phrase kept running through her head. 'Idontwanttodie idontwanttodie.'

It was a strange mix of terror and pleasure, she didn't want to leave, but she didn't want her life to be snuffed out in an instant. So all she could do was squeak and cower, instinctively rolling away from the woman's toes as they slid over her body. Like a constricting blanket, they gripped down on her. She felt her body pull in toward the ball of Caitlin's foot as her hair was pressed beneath the Elf's great toe. It smelled like... Dirt, lavender, with a hint of sweat that hid behind the former two smells. She could hardly breathe still, but she didn't want to do anything to face the giant being's ire.

Then, she saw Katri zip away down the hall. The Fae didn't have the jar on her hip that usually contained Mathew though, which piqued her curiosity... Where did he wind up? Was he alright? Immortal, yeah... But she still didn't want to see him be hurt, even if he craved it just as much as she did.

Meanwhile...

“Mmph~” Mat whimpered in agonizing pleasure, his back pressed into the dirt as he lay there.

Magic restraints had him pushed down, and a strange field of magic wrapped around his arousal. He couldn’t climax, though he had been brought to that point long ago. All he could do was lay there as Nina’s right foot pressed down onto his face. Unlike Caitlin, this Fae’s foot smelled absolutely awful. The blue-haired fluttering being directed all her weight on his skull, as she had been doing for two days straight. It was a deep, intense meditation practice that she had... Modified. Her left foot had been lifted, her wings were folded onto her back, and she had spent nearly a full 48 hours. Mathew could only

breathe through his nose as well, with his mouth having been magically shut by a small field that disallowed air from escaping.

Silent, the Fae stood upon Mathew, like a statue, until finally...

Splurt~

She allowed him to climax again, the glowing blue liquid sliding up into the air weightlessly as though they were in space. The field didn't cease, it started working Mathew back to that point as the liquid slid around to Nina's hands without touching her. The glowing liquid began to shimmer white, before disappearing into a strange mist and dissipating. Instead of drinking it, she used magic to gain all the sustenance she needed from the liquid. It didn't take long to get Mathew to the point of another climax, but just as he reached that zenith, he felt her left foot gently press onto his chest. His eyes slowly fluttered open, his face blushing as he looked up at her

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through her toes. Her foot slid back a little, her digits wrapping around his nose as she teased him.

“You’re such a good pet, yes you are~” She teased, before dragging her right foot down Mathew’s face, down his neck, past her left foot on his chest, and down to his pelvis. She stepped back, directly onto his arousal. He winced in pleasure as her wings fluttered, raising her into the air. “And you’re rewards on her way..”

Looking off in the distance, Nina seemed to be in deep thought again for a moment. Then, Mathew felt his body dragging along in the dirt. It scraped through tiny rocks and pebbles, unable to move still as the restraints kept him as part of the soil. Then, after a few seconds of thinking, Mathew slid in another direction. He whimpered, looking up to Nina who seemed to be... Positioning him in a very specific location. She didn’t say anything, just giggling happily when she figured he

was in the right spot. Then, she fluttered up to sit on a nearby dahlia and watch.

Within seconds, Mathew saw what was coming for him. Caitlin's antlers appeared over the grass line, before her smiling face and baggy shirt. She wasn't paying any attention to where she was walking as her footsteps grew nearer. Then, her right sandal kicked through the tall grass. He saw the pattern on the underside, a heart shaped peace symbol with lines reaching from the center. Nina was still watching, giggling to herself as she hid her face behind a pedal just so her eyes and the top of her hair were only visible. Helpless, Mathew could only watch as the sandal slammed down on his tiny body. A quick pop, a tiny crunch, and Nina's magic dropped. Caitlin continued walking through, and Mathew had all but disappeared. Only a kidney, and a heart-shaped print on the ground, were left of where he was. Of course, he was still alive. Half-crushed in agony on the sole of Cait's sandal as she wandered the garden.

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He let out a pleased, agonizing... Noise, a grunt of some sort cut with the gurgle of blood in his throat as he swung forward.

Crunch

Still alive, but more broken, all Mathew could do was ride along. He heard another whimper on the breeze, it sounded like Emora, but he didn't know for sure. Perhaps it was a near-death experience, his mind playing tricks on him before his body was completely destroyed. Who could say...

Squelch...

Darkness, but not death. He remained sentient, aware and awake in his own mind, trapped in a pelt of skin crushed to the sole of the Elven woman's sandal... Emora struggled to keep beneath Caitlin's toes, completely oblivious to Mathew's fate as Caitlin wandered. Hours later, the Elven woman sat upon a fallen log with a flower in hand. She was having a lovely day outside, reveling in nature as Emora struggled to keep her

sanity beneath her toes. All the while, she was concerned about Mathew, hoping he was okay even though he was crushed like an insect beneath Caitlin's other sandal...

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ORIGINAL STORY

Aug 23, 2023 04:06 AM

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