

Girl with a Pearl Clit Ring

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for Kathryn Salamander

Description

FAUSTIAN bargains with creatures fae and daemonic—good idea, or great idea? In this story, Lara the jackalope has made just such a deal. In exchange for “paying back” the vulpine fae creature Alannah, Lara’s been gifted with a decade—a whole decade!—of artistic genius. She’s gone from small time artist to world-renown in the past ten years, but ten years are up, and Alannah has been quietly watching for that decade. The fox spirit is patient, but she *will* be paid back!

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SOFT rustling of leaves filled the air as Lara bounded from the back of the mansion, rushing into the nearby woods. The bunny’s heart was pounding as she, like her non-sapient ancestors, fled from the visage of an indomitable, predatory fox. Exactly ten years, accurate to the second, the fae vulpine had returned to the world, eager to be paid back for the intervening decade of wonders.

Alannah had been completely true to her word, in Lara’s room, the computer sat at a

picture, half-finished, that showed the same finesse and perfection—the same genius—that had marked the past decade of the bunny’s work. It would never be finished, an ellipsis to the genius of the bunny’s life and a poignant reminder of her disappearance.

The fox pursued Lara at a steady pace, letting the bunny draw away into the woods, only to hop closer, passing through any trees or obstacles in the way as she let her long-eared prey run itself down. Two powerful legs, covered in comfortable sweatpants for wearing around the home, pounded soft rabbit feet into the forest floor, pressing Lara onwards as she struggled to get away from the grinning fox.

She taunted Lara, thinking her teasing right into the poor bunny’s brain, «Come dear! You signed, you signed, you signed! You signed in blood! You signed in your soul! You signed with ink that could bind a god!»

Lara wanted to scream in horror at the realization that the fox was in her head, but instead found herself tripped on a small stone. Her foot throbbed from stubbing a

toe as she tumbled, head-over-heels down the small embankment and face-first into the tiny creek that ran through the remote property.

She was soaked to the core as her arms shot out into the pebbles under the water, forcing her up. A knee jerked to her belly to force her to stand again, but she realized she was somehow awash with a pale glow in the moonless night. She looked up to the far bank, seeing the feral fox spirit sitting there, watching her. Alannah was wordless as she let Lara consider her next move.

Lara hesitated. Running was useless, pleading was useless, and fighting was especially useless. There was no option available to her, no way to escape repaying the fox and completing the contract.

«We *are* going to Arcadia, dearest. You *must* pay.»

The bunny shuddered at the thought. A decade of finally being able to perfect her craft had seemed so unobtainable as to be more than worth what seemed minor repayment terms, but the approach of the appointed time had left her knees weak and her eyes full of tears as the fox approached her, stepping lightly to walk across the water of the creek. Ripples in water washed over Lara's knees, and soon she was staring up into the declined muzzle of the fox.

«Naked, please.»

Lara sobbed a bit, terrified as she stripped off the sweater and then her sweatpants. After a piercing stare, her panties joined the other two garmets in floating downstream, leaving her wet fur bare to the air as the fox appraised her.

«Good. Very good.»

A spectral tail—one of Alannah's nine—flicked across Lara's breasts. The tender areolae stiffened slightly in the cool air at the soft attentions of the fox.

«It won't hurt when I break you.»

Lara didn't have a chance to scream as the water around her body grew as hard as concrete, freezing her in place while the fox got started on preparing her for transit. Alannah left nothing untouched, a vulpine muzzle explored everywhere on her, even her private folds and breasts, before she licked her lips and gave the bunny a kiss.

Lara felt as something large and soft pressed into her mouth, expanding slowly. The perfect mirror of a vulpine cock, but modelled in soft, sticky latex. It lengthened to the back of her throat, making her gag, while the knotted end near her buck teeth expanded rapidly, locking the cock-gag into place in her face. Her cheeks bulged as the latex crept slowly across her face, sealing the cock-gag in place while she sputtered and gagged around the intrusion.

The bunny shook in place, trapped as a vulpine paw pressed slowly down her neck and chest, dragging with it the pure white latex that was slowly encasing her. As the lance passed between her breasts, it slowly pressed out, coating her wet fur so tightly as to press all of the water free. Pinned where she was, Lara could only breathe deeply through her nose with her throat stretched lewdly around the gag.

Alannah's paw stopped right above Lara's groin—the latex flowed gently across her belly and across her back, slowly ad-

vancing down her arms. The fluid solidified tight and firm, and then began pulling her body into a new shape. As it covered more, she was forced more and more securely into a kneeling position before the fox with her arms straight and tightly bound behind her back. Her hands—so critical to her artwork—were soon encased in mittens, rendering her unable to grip anything, even if she were able to move under her own volition.

She shuddered as Alannah pawed slowly over her lower lips, letting the coating slowly work its way over, around, and even into the bunny's vulva. Lewdly, it pressed her open and apart, exposing her completely to the fox's attention. She shook as a single claw pressed into her clitoris at the same time that a large ball of latex forced its way into her. Slowly, the latex took the shape of a vulpine phallus matching the one in her muzzle, even as that claw continued to torment, tease, and torture her love button.

She squealed especially loud as the latex forced a small string through her poor clitoris, piercing it and opening the piercing hole for Alannah to hang a sizeable black south-sea pearl pendant. It tugged on the poor bunny with its weight, making her legs shake wildly, only to be slowly encased in the white latex just as firmly as the layers of nacre encased the pearl hanging from her.

Her head shook back and forth as the latex worked its way down her rear and across her thighs, rapidly penetrating her backside just as it had her puss and mouth. The feeling of three artificially large vulpine

shafts—knot and all—throbbing inside her, combined with the tugging of the pearl on her clit, made her want to scream, but every time she approached an explosive release, the latex dulled the sensation and reduced the throbbing just enough to keep her from passing over. Instead, she was treated to the feeling of the latex pushing her into a seizure position before her new fae owner.

Alannah smiled as all but the top of Lara's head was now covered. The fox leaned in and nibbled gently on the base of one of the bunny's ears, whispering afterwards to her. Real, spoken words for the now cherished pet. "Ten years as mine in Arcadia. Three-thousand-six-hundred-and-fifty days. There is a mountain there, a hundred miles tall, a hundred miles wide. Every thousand of your years, a little bird visits it to sharpen it's beak. When the mountain is worn away... that is a single day in Arcadia."

Lara's eyes were wide as she did the mental math, realizing that eternity at the hands of the fox awaited her. She did not get a chance to protest before the latex began to crawl upwards, slowly covering her face, then her ears and antlers. She was totally helpless as the last parts of her body were completely encased and locked away from the cool night air, leaving her a white shell of a bunny with her only defining feature the priceless pearl teasing her most tender place.

Three teasing shafts in her throbbed as the latex slowly worked its way into her ears, teasing her with whispers as it went.

"Good bunny. Good girl. Lovely bunny. Never cum."

Alannah watched from outside, smiling and circling her new toy, teasing it with her tails as the bunny was reprogrammed to obey her completely and eagerly.

Lara's life began to flash before her eyes—not because she was dying, but because the latex was recording everything about her, taking every memory of her life and filtering it down into the mystic pearl hanging from her teased, shuddering body. Her childhood was the first to go, followed then by her memories of school. Slowly, each experience of her life swirled around the drain of her shaking head and teased body, flowing down and filling the pearl, leaving her less and less whole.

The slow draining of her life's memories was paired with the latex working extra hard to force her right to the edge of arousal, refusing to let her peak as it whispered and teased and remade her in the mold set for her by Alannah. "Good girl. Right on edge. Forever. Never cum. Lovely bunny."

A soft vulpine tail teased slowly down between Lara's pert breasts as she shook in her new suit. The latex refused to let up in the slightest, simply pumping the poor bunny higher and higher without ever letting her reach a peak. Her arousal and pleasure was turned against her, making it harder to think—harder to resist as her college years and adulthood drained away like the rest of her memories, leaving her a quivering mess trapped in the moment of her torment.

Lara could not even remember how she had gotten into this position. She could only shake, groan, and roll her hips as she tried to reach a peak the suit refused to give her. Her new owner gave her a lick to the back of the head, and soon the poor girl's identity began to join her memories. Her clitoris throbbed and her fox-cock filled holes burned with denial as she forgot who she was.

Inexorably, she sank lower and lower into a state of pure, uninterrupted need as she was slowly reduced. With her memories and identity gone, Alannah and the suit had only to slowly drain and erase poor Lara's personality, and she proved no more resistant to that than she did any of the other conditioning.

Her body tensed each time she approached the edge, only to be backed off yet again and driven yet higher. Alannah nibbled her neck and body, still circling and taunting her. Lara shuddered when the last of her personality drained into the pearl, followed by the soft dripping free of her free will, leaving her a broken, controlled pet for Alannah to do with as she pleased.

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TIME passed exceedingly slowly for the new drone. Without any reference to the passing of time other than counting the number of declined orgasms—and with her memory of those muddled—the bunny-drone barely noticed as she was moved into a position sitting on the floor of the fox spirit's royal chambers, deep inside

Arcadia. She had no memory of the real world as she waited eagerly on hands and knees for her mistress to use her, and she had no thoughts to distract her from her need or the whispering in her ears telling her not to cum and to remain a good girl, a good bunny.

The bunny drone waited in darkness and sensory deprivation, nothing to focus on but the whispers, the feeling of her throat stretched around a throbbing fox-toy-gag, the feeling of two identical shafts teasing her pussy and ass to their limits, and above all else, the feeling of a pearl of incomparable value and mass dangling from the most absolutely sensitive part of her body. Every shudder or spasm in her body sent it swinging back and forth, tugging and teasing her clit and eliciting even more jerks and twitches—the cycle was endless.

Somehow, the drone knew that inside that pearl was her memories, her personality, her identity, and even her very soul. What she did not know was that while she was in this state, totally mindless and obedient, the parts of her in that precious stone could sense and feel—subjectively and objectively—everything that was done to her.

Every second of the torture she was undergoing was delicious, her shuddering body and the dangling pearl just the outside of a mass of astral energy pent up and knotted over itself in the power of the fox-spirit's control. Every vibration feed and empowered the fox. Every second paid back the poor bunny's debt a tiny fraction more. Someday, she might actually pay back the

principal. For now, there was interest to work through.

Alannah seemed to ignore the bunny for a while at first, letting the corruptive reality of Arcadia soak into to the jackalope's body, cementing it as a toy of one of the ranking fae. Only after a time did Alannah gently and carefully pass the black mother-of-pearl collar around the bunny-drone's neck. The seamless band stood out starkly against the plain white latex of the bunny's body, marking her as the fox spirit's property.

Some time later, the quivering bunny received identical bands on her wrists and ankles, completing the look of a latex drone in Alannah's service. The bunny drone thought nothing of it, being unable, but the position drove the poor pearl-dweller wild with the realization of how thoroughly owned she now was.

The first attentions from the fox to the poor bunny were gentle. Using the bunny as a pillow or a doll, sleeping next to her for unmeasurable stretches of time, nibbling playfully on ears, paws, and other extremities. The most lewd thing that the fox directly did was bat playfully at the clit-pearl from time to time, sending sharp stabs of pleasure straight to the bunny-drone's gut.

Eventually, the fox began to make more direct and lewd use of her drone pet. First, it was grinding her groin against the softer parts of the bunny. Eventually, she allowed the bunny to enjoy the feeling of her mouth gag swelling as a fox cock explored along with the toy.

Only after much of this training and teasing did Alannah finally mount her toy. It

was not a hurried affair, nor was it rough. The bunny felt herself pushed to all fours and the sliding of the full weight of the fox. Alannah nibbled playfully and kindly at the drone's ears and antler-bases while gently toying her own shaft deep into her toy's folds and backdoor.

The bunnydrone shook as she was taken, body on fire as her pleasures were pushed higher. Each thrust not only filled and taunted her, but also shook the heavy pearl, swinging her soul back and forth off her clitoris, making the little button jump and tug. The pleasure burned across her body, ever closer, ever higher, and refusing to ever cross the threshold into orgasm. Inside the pearl, Lara knew her mind risked being obliterated if that orgasm ever came, but the pearl could not help but quiver ever so slightly as the fox used her, filling her and extracting massive payments of pleasure and subservience for each and every yoctosecond of the decade she had spent between signing the contract and finally becoming the property of the fox.

There was no screaming, no look of bliss, no outward sign other than the swelling of a knot deep inside the drone's puss to indicate that Alannah had finally claimed her pet. Warmth—but not an iota of relief—filled the belly of the thoroughly owned drone. She let out just a whimper as the fox whispered calmly to her. Alannah's voice was loving and admiring, even as she demanded service.

"Your 'decade' in Arcadia starts now, dearie."

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STILL, the fox denied the bunny any kind of release, teasing her intensely and without interruption. Slowly, the drone descended into the madness that warped all mortals in Arcadia—a stark hedonism that was utterly irresistible and nigh incurable. Eventually, despite the need, the bunny began not even wishing for the denied orgasms to finally be delivered—so deep was the addiction to the teasing that the fox brought.

After a few centuries or days, the fox finally spoke again to her quivering, submissive pet. «Dearie, you seem to love it here.»

Only a telepathic entity could know if the nodding from the bunny was concious or due to the endless torment of the latex suit. Alannah knew.

«Nod if you want to stay here forever with me.»

The nodding had not stopped.

Only a telepathic entity could know if the drone meant it. Alannah knew.

«No. Not the drone. Nod if *you* want to stay here forever with me.»

The pearl shook in affirmation.

Only a telepathic entity could know if Lara meant it. Alannah knew.

«No. Not the character. Nod if *you* want to stay here forever with me.»

Only you know your response, but an affirmation means one—and only one—release.

Alannah knows.

