

COMFORT CRUSH

BLAZING PAWPRINTS - STORY 002

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Well Worn

“You sure you can fly straight? I see you swerving,” Terra jested as she soared through the night’s air holding her take-out bag at her side.

“Ha-ha, very funny,” Ignis groaned, sticking his tongue out at his younger sister as he flew at her side, “I didn’t even feel that drink. What a waste of money.”

“Won’t break Hera’s bank, that’s for sure. Come on, I’m just teasing.”

Terra swerved in the air, knocking her shoulder into Ignis’ and forcing him to twirl, holding his own leftovers container in his arms. He spun, but the motion was exceptionally controlled, even without being ready for his sister’s playful impact. He grumbled, quickly peeking inside his container to see that his meal had indeed been jostled around. The tiny portion of steak was sitting in mashed potatoes. He was about to scold her, looking up in time to see her cut in front of him again. The visage of Blazer Castle etched into the night’s starry sky was blocked by the underside of Terra’s paw.

He could see little splatters, some that even looked like they were in the shape of a person. Just a split second of the sight, before she stamped her paw down on Iggy’s face. She giggled as he made a squeaking noise. Using her brother’s face

as a springboard, Terra jumped forward and rocketed towards a section of spire that she called her own home.

“Terra!” He growled playfully, darting forward to fly after her.

“Keep up!”

He chased her around her spire to the top as they flew around the outside of the darkened castle, passing by window after window both lit and dim. She eventually pulled away from him, losing him enough to land on a long walkway and duck behind one of the castle’s battlements. She kept down as the light surrounding Ignis’ form illuminated the area around him, stifling a laugh as the 7-and-a-half foot tall dragon sped by. He darted around the tower near his own wing of the house, looking for Terra as she hopped back up. Spotting her off in the distance, Ignis sighed, shook his head, and let his sister speed off back to her own wing of the house with that particular victory in tow.

With his leftovers under his arm, he looked back to the kingdom they lived in. Prifma was a beautiful place, a mixture of medieval architecture and lovely modern structures. A pair of roads circled the city, and he could see a major river that ran through the center of town. The area around the river was almost exclusively designated for park space, allowing trees and other animals to thrive. There were some boats on the river, with tech lanterns flickering, and the roads that ran through the techno-medieval city were alight with vehicles going from place to place. Off in the distance, he could see the mountains punctuated by beautiful stars that littered the sky.

He let the light fade away around him, before ducking into his bedroom's window and landing. Ignis chose to wear his shoes today. As his paws hit the ground, he stepped out of them, stretched, and walked over towards his bed with leftovers still in hand.

Meanwhile

The smell of musk and sweat was paralyzing to the tiny being as he lay surrounded by pink fabric. It wasn't that the owner was unkempt, just that the slippers were well worn and loved. By the looks of the room he was in, the owner didn't seem to be a slob of any sort. Half of him wanted to keep laying on his back, on the heel of the slipper, basking in the smells and sensation. The knowledge that, whoever owned this pair of footwear, would easily destroy him if they didn't notice his presence. He had reformed with his makeshift grass loincloth, which did a poor job at hiding his arousal that poked through the blades.

He had reformed nearly an hour ago, though he hadn't gotten the will to move. After having been trampled for what seemed like an eternity on a treadmill, just relaxing somewhere

and basking in someone's scent was intoxicating. He almost didn't hear the owner of the home arrive, only noticing when Ignis stepped around the corner of his bed. He was enormous, easily 7 or 8 foot tall in comparison to other giants he'd been around. Mathew pushed himself up onto his elbows, watching as the giant dragon man stepped forward. He slipped his other slipper on first, and Mathew's heart skipped a beat. There was a moment where he instinctively was going to roll off the slipper, but that moment came and went.

Ignis' toes tapped the top of the slipper Mathew was in, the main pad of his paw pressing deep into the fabric and shrouding him in looming shadow. He looked up in abject awe, seeing the rippling fur that ran all the way to Ignis' heel. Then, the slipper slid back, and Mathew rolled to lay face-down on the slipper. He could feel his arousal press into the worn fabric and dried sweat, he could smell and feel countless years worth of use before Ignis' heel came down.

“Hmm?” Ignis rose a brow, looking down to his slipper.
“Dammit. I don’t wanna replace these...”

He could feel Mathew between the arch of his left paw, though he passed it off as a fold in the fabric. Maybe even a tear. Instead of looking, Ignis shifted his weight onto the tear, patting his foot down a few times...

Mathew felt the entire weight of the man on his body. Instantly he collapsed, splattering down into the fabric of Ignis’ slipper. As his paw lifted a little, he saw the light grace his eyes once more, before another painful crunch. Much like his experience on the treadmill though, he was trapped, his soul tied to the flattened pelt beneath Ignis’ paw as he stamped his foot down a few more times to get rid of the fold. The dampness was masked by his own sweat from wearing his shoes, and with Mathew flat, he thought nothing of it.

With that catastrophe out of the way, he walked to his kitchen, put away his leftovers, and went back to his room to spend the rest of his night in solitude...

Relaxing, without noticing Mathew's ever-flattening corpse grinding down further and further into the fabric of his slipper...

Art By: Ozdra

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Terra, Iggy, Hera, and World are (c) Ignis Blazer

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