

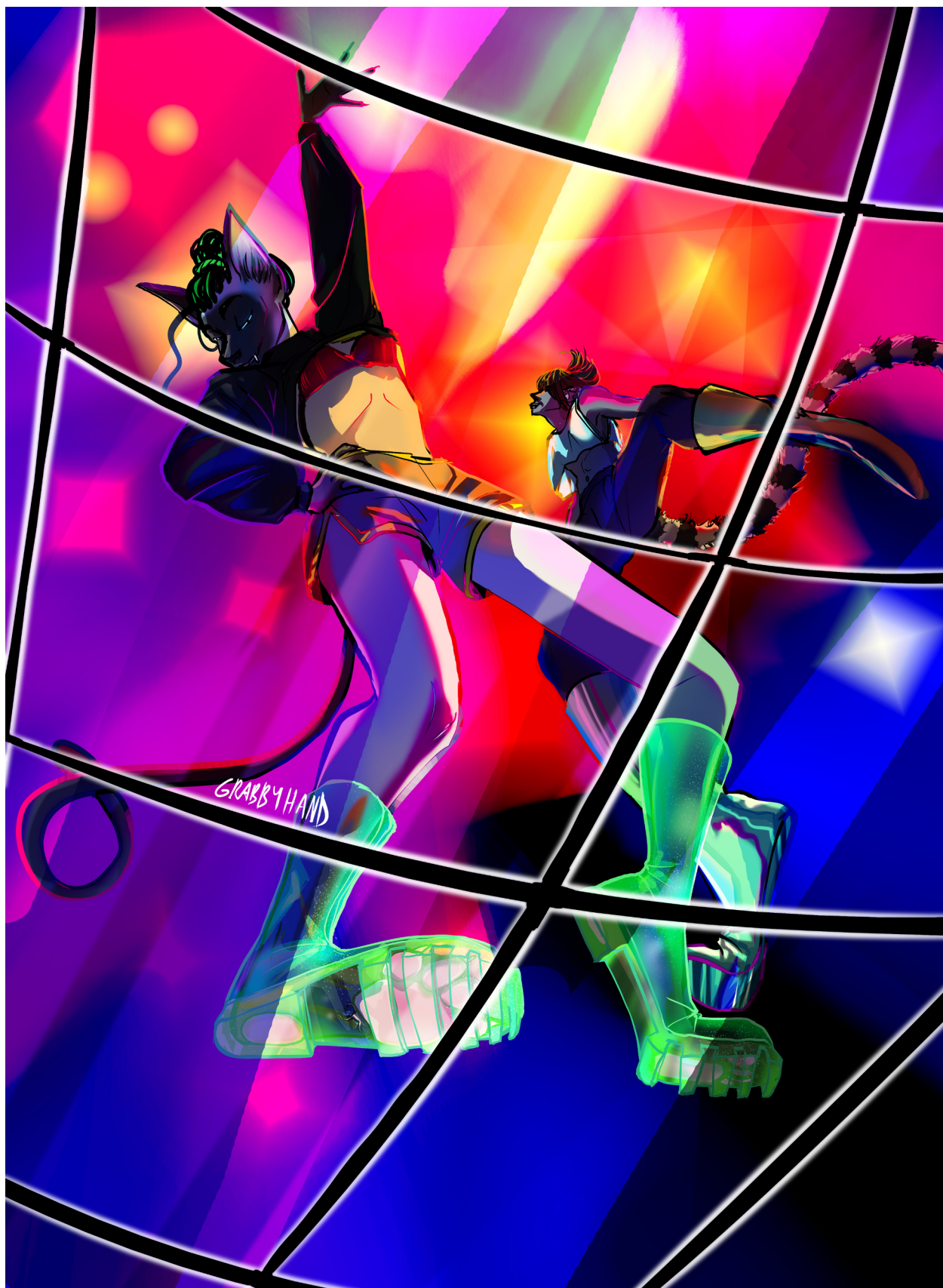
R A V E T I M E

M I K A - S T O R Y 0 0 3

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M I K A

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MIKA

## ***Rough Dance***

White-hot sparks flecked off onto Mika's skin as she pushed a cart past one of the welding machines. Sweat covered her face, glistening off her gray skin as she moved along near the end of her shift. With the last pallet of the day in place, she stepped back, pulling the machine she used to assist her work from underneath it a second before her co-worker pushed theirs into place.

"Mika!" A deep voice shouted from behind her as she watched her pallet slide into the shipping container.

She didn't turn around. The sound of her foreman's voice was about the last thing she wanted to hear. Her soot-coated ringtail curled and swayed behind her. Glancing up to the clock nearby, she watched as the second hands slowly ticked away. Then, an enormous hand came to rest on her shoulder.

"Hey, didn't you hear me?" Her foreman said again, "You're up for another two."

Mika laughed as she turned to look up at him, still leaning on her machine. She brushed her foreman's hand off her shoulder. He was a big, burly shark just as grizzled as she was.

"I can't tonight," Mika replied, "Get one of the newbloods to fill in for me."

"You know that's not how this works."

"Alright then, I'm taking two hours of VTO. Get someone else to fill in for me, James."

“Don’t do this to me, I need you tonight. We have another seven-”

“Then you’d better get to work, huh?” Mika replied, just as the bell rang, “Would ya’ look at that?”

“Mika,” James started to say as she stepped past him, patting him on the shoulder. Before he was able to protest any more, Mika had already disappeared into the crowd of tired factory workers leaving for home.

*Half an Hour Later*

**Aria:** U gon get fired.

**Mika:** Nah, they got this

**Aria:** Irresponsibru.

**Sofia:** Cooresponsibru

**Mika:** He knew before just being asshole You comin

**Aria:** Nah. Got shiz to do.

**Mika:** Laaaame

**Sofia:** Almost thur

A soft glow from Mika's discarded phone cast over Mathew's face, just before the screen darkened from inactivity. He'd only been awake in this world for around half an hour, and just managed to gather enough energy to start moving again. Just as the screen went black, he heard the door to Mika's bedroom open. The Half-Orc was just slipping her light blue crop top on, arms over her head. She almost looked like she was on auto-pilot, having cleaned herself up just enough not to bother other people with her presence but not completely. The smell of her factory work followed her, soot and ash.

She stepped over, reached down, and grabbed her phone. Her hand brushed Mathew, knocking him to his back as she looked down to her phone and began to type on it. It took her a few seconds to look past to the table, Mathew's blue hair finally catching her attention. A smirk crossed her lips as she tilted her head.

“Hey,” Mathew shyly said up to her, laying on his back.

Mika watched as his erection formed, almost immediately when he was found. She shifted herself, not saying anything directly to him. Holding her phone in her right hand, she set her left down on the table. Mathew only had enough time to gasp out before her index finger came down between his legs. The tip was dirty, gritty, like a rough rock being rubbed into him in an attempt to keep him aroused. Each motion was gentle, but almost painful as she used her right hand’s thumb to tap on the screen and text one-handed.

“You’re gonna have a rough night, toejam,” Mika finally spoke up, smirking down to him.

“Knock knockity, knock!” A muffled, feminine voice filled the small apartment’s halls.

“Back in the bedroom!”



She was relentless. The rough tip of her finger kept grinding down between his legs, keeping him from moving. Jolts of pleasure mixed with pain as her fingertip jolted up his body all the way to his chest at times, blasting the air from his chest. Mathew could hear another set of footsteps running through her house – Lighter footsteps, quick movements. He could see her bedroom's door just beyond the left side of her fingertip as his tiny hands meekly pushed against her.

Bright, blue eyes. Sofia was a Siamese cat, with long, thin, black dreadlocks. A single bright blue one ran along the frame of her face, which sported an intensely bright smile. In contrast to Mika's lethargy, Sofia seemed like she was filled with more energy than she could run laps around the city and still be ready for whatever they had planned that night.

"Got a surprise for you, lovely!" Mika said.

Mathew, sprawled out on his back, finally felt her fingertip lift from him. He was already on the brink of a climax, his

heart racing as he took in quick breaths of air. Mika's hand gestured towards him as she stepped back.

"Ooh!" Sofia said, her voice tinged with wonder, "It is real! So cute!"

Enormous black slits focused on him. Her pupils dilated almost instantly, her face filling the sky as Mathew watched the bright blue iris almost completely disappear as she looked to him. Her dreads were pulled up into a bun, a few stragglers dangling down near him as her breath washed over him. On either side of his tiny body were her hands, soft pink pads pressed tight into the table's surface.

"Already squished it twice, so I thought-"

"Can I have it tonight?" Sofia squeaked.

"I did say I had a surprise for ya, didn't I?"

Mathew watched her right hand slip over him. A soft, pillowy pink-padded fingertip came down between his legs.

They spread out under the pressure, but the sensation was like night and day. Her touch felt like silk by comparison to Mika's rough fingers. He squeaked in pleasure, squirming as she 'pet' his erection. Just before he climaxed, she pulled her finger down his body, extending her claw from its sheath. Mathew gasped, looking down to his erection as the sharpened tip nudged it from side to side with precision.

"Tonight's gonna be so fun!" Sofia said again, "What's its name?"

Mathew felt her soft fingertips grip around his right ankle. He let out a tiny yelp as he was snatched, dangling in the air a moment as he saw her shifting in place. Mika stood behind her now, watching carefully as Mathew saw her shrug.

"No clue," Mika replied with a laugh, "Pawslut tonight."

Then, Mathew fell. He tumbled down through the air, the room spun until he saw transparent walls rise up around him. The environment changed immediately as well, shifting from

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the stuffy apartment room's cool air to a thick, muggy, musky bog of heat and moisture. He landed abruptly on his back and gasped in the foul air. It smelled like feet, unmistakably so, though mixed with wet fur and a tinge of floral lotion. Energy sapped from his body it felt like as he looked around.

A jelly boot. Looking deeper inside he could see where Sofia's paw had worn deep prints into the surface, but unlike most boots – there wasn't really much breathing room in here. There weren't little holes or anything, it was just a boot made from rubber-like gel of sorts. Before he could actually get to his feet, Sofia lifted her boot and shook it, sending him tumbling deeper inside.

"I haven't seen you in *forever* girl!" Sofia said as Mathew finally settled onto his back again, "They're working you too hard at the factory."

The insole surface of the shoe was slick with sweat already, making it impossible for Mathew to keep from sliding around

as her boot shifted. Before he could really get his bearings again, Mathew saw Mika's toes press down into the surface near his feet. Her pink pads were visible, lifting as Mat watched her claws come out of their sheaths slightly. There was just enough space for him to slip underneath her toes as they came over him. The air between her digits was musky and thick, her dark fur covered his body entirely, smothering him, sending a jolt of pleasure through his entire body immediately.

*He climaxed.*

Glowing blue, energizing liquid disappeared entirely in the musky fluff. Her toes flexed and wiggled, he could feel her shudder as the liquid made contact with her skin. As he shifted to get comfortable, he could feel as Sofia's paw worked to get over him. Then, all he could see was pink. Soft, plush skin enveloped him. The bottom of her paw was intense. It was like being enveloped in a tight, velvety, moist surface pinning him down and squishing him around. His arms wrapped around

his back, almost breaking as he was smeared left and right. Her toes curled, forcing the pad to lift and ripple, grabbing his erection in the process and forcing pleasurable squirms from the little one.

“You didn’t tell me it felt so dang good,” He heard, Sofia’s voice muffled by the shuffling and squelching noises from inside her muggy, humid boot, “I think it just...”

“Climaxed?” Mika replied with a laugh, “Yeah, it’s a little perv like that. Pawslut~”

Pink skin gave way to another layer of dark fur. It draped down around his arms, across his face, burying his nose directly where her ballpad met her arch. Mathew gripped into the fur, pulling himself in deep as he took in a long breath. His body twitched as he kept himself from gagging on the stench. Neon green jelly shoes looked cool, but these boots were absolutely not breathable – like wrapping her paws in a raincoat. He was already being worked toward another climax

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as the soft strands of matted, wet fur squelched down between his legs. He could feel the tip of his erection press into the skin of her arch beyond.

“There,” Sofia said as she stamped her foot down, “That’s where I want it...”

“Comfy?”

“Oh yeah~ I can feel its cute little breaths! So adorariffic, I love it.”

The stamp had forced Mathew to gasp out. He felt her arch smash down on him, but not enough to actually do damage. As she shifted her weight onto him, his head was forced to the side. He could feel his chest compress, forcing air out of his lungs that he couldn’t get back. The longer she stood on him, the less he could breathe. He tried to take in shallow, soft breaths to no avail.

*She was suffocating him.*

Then, her foot lifted. He gasped in, taking in a deep huff of her paw funk before she immediately pumped her foot down on him, then let it up again. And again, and again. Each time he took in deep breaths she smashed them out of him. Each time she pumped her foot down on him, the fur squished down around his erection.

Lift, swing, step, huff. Lift, swing, step, huff. Mathew's grip started to falter as intense, overwhelming pleasure simply destroyed his tiny mind. He managed to get his wrists tangled enough to keep him in place. He could feel the jelly surface at his back slide around him slightly. However, something was incredibly unique about his current position by comparison to his normal experiences inside someone's boot.

He could see! He could see the world swing by; the world tinted like looking through neon green shades.

The two chatted but he couldn't hear them over the constant steps and squelching of his own body in Sofia's sweat.



It was only going to get worse, and he knew it. As the pair walked along together, each step smashed the air from Mathew's lungs, forcing him to take deep huffs of her paw funk. He was able to watch as they walked through a darkened library of sorts, then out to the streets...

#### *4 Hours Later...*

Mathew was spent. He tried his best to hold on, but he was essentially at Sofia's mercy as the pair stamped together on the dance floor. Deep, thrumming music pulsed up through his body. He wasn't even breathing on his own anymore, only allowing his lungs to fill with Sofia's steps. She'd milked him simply by walking, enjoying her night had driven him to climax after climax, again and again, brightening her mood and fueling her hyperactive energy. The more glowing liquid he gave to her, the more she'd stamp down on him.

Sofia's weight shifted down onto him as she danced. He felt each motion, deliberately focusing on him as her weight rolled over his body. Mathew gasped, even with his eyes closed the salty sweat burned them. She was trying to coax more out of him, purposefully grinding her paw into him to get him to climax.

It worked... As it had throughout the night, Mathew felt his body convulse. Bright blue liquid danced across her fur. With her prize acquired, she went back to ignoring him. All her weight shifted onto his body, keeping him from breathing at all. There was just enough pressure for him to feel the pain, feel his body compress and bones creak, but not enough to do actual damage. Jammed near her pink paw pad, he was simply in a safe space. He could watch the world go by, see all the other feet around him – boots stamping onto a dance floor, treading over dirt and debris. He even saw a bug scurry out into the mess only to be splattered by Mika's footfall.

More pleasure. More agonizing pleasure. Nothing but pleasure, the smell, the stomping. Velvety fur.

*The next morning.*

He hardly could think. All that remained was a quivering little body beneath Sofia's paw as the pair walked. Mathew watched as they walked back through a library, up a set of ornate stairs to reach the apartment area above. For them, life was slower, the sun was rising and they were ready to rest. Mat's body rolled as her soft, pink, hot pad rolled over him. The inside of her boot was a sauna, no matter how much Mathew would sweat the moisture made it worthless.

*Air conditioning...*

A cool blast wafted over him as he tumbled out of Sofia's boot into her waiting palm.

"Is it still alive?" Mika asked.

"Dunno!" Sofia squeaked happily, letting Mathew tumble to the table he started this adventure on, "Let's poke and see."

Sprawled out on his back, Mathew looked down his body in time to see Mika's rough fingertip come down towards him. The moment she touched the tip of his erection, a bright blue stream of liquid erupted. Mat squirmed, writhing like a dying bug as Mika laughed heartily.

"Holy shit it's still kicking," Mika said, "Pathetic."

That was the last coherent thing Mathew could understand. He was in such a state of pleasure, wrecked by their night, that all he could do was sputter and breathe. Having survived the night, all he needed now was time to regain his sense of self. Then, a jolt of pain hit him. Mika lifted

him from the table by his hair, sending him tumbling down into a fabric prison. Her work sock, the sweat dried from her day before. Mathew whimpered and squirmed as she crumpled him up, trapping him in the fragrant, ratty, thin fabric before tying it off. After setting him back down, she and Sofia walked off together, laughing and chatting.

Now, there was no way he'd be able to stop himself from being aroused. She kept him here, forcing him into a state of constant ecstasy, keeping him ready for when they'd play with him next...

**Art By: Spelledeg**

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