

# T E R R A T R E A D S

B L A Z I N G P A W P R I N T S - S T O R Y O O I

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BLAZING PAWPRINTS

## ***Gym Accidents***

Terra took controlled, long breaths as she lay on a cushioned bench in the gym. The top of her paws were hooked around large, round pads while the bench itself was angled so her head was near the floor. Sweat beaded at the tips of her fur as she curled up again, going for yet another crunch. She had her wings wrapped around her shoulders like a cape, and her tail wrapped around her left leg tight. With almost all her goals for the day reached, the muscle groups she targeted today were all right to the point she wanted them... Aside from her abdomen, which was just a few crunches away. She'd done different exercises to target each part of her abs – after this, the rest of the time would be spent destressing and relaxing.

“Oh!” Hera said, from a nearby rowing machine. She held onto the bar attached to a string and pushed back rhythmically, “275. The restaurant was just off the ring road near Little Street.”

Terra glanced over as she continued her crunches, one earbud in her ear as music continued to play.

“Whose turn was it to pay?”

“Yours.”

“Are you sure? Didn’t we eat at Blue Lobster last time?”

Well if you knew, why’d ya ask?” Hera laughed, watching another gym-goer walk by and sit down in the next rowing machine to do her own workout – A raccoon gal, listening to her own music.

“Because I thought my FRIEND wouldn’t try to trick me into paying twice.”

“A test? How rude.”

“Nah,” Terra said between breaths, “I just remembered like, a split second after asking.”

“What are you up to over there anyway?”

“402,” Terra replied, “Going for high reps today. So what’s the place called?”

“Little Street Café,” Hera replied, just as one of her many tails got nipped by the machine’s motion. She let out a little yelp, pulling them up to her back with a huff, “They need to make these things more ‘me’-proof...”

“Multi-tail problems~” Terra jested, waving the tip of her single tail in her friend’s direction, “You talk to Iggy?”

“Oh yeah, I did... I just gotta text him the name of the place.”

Like Terra, she was breathing in a controlled manner. Sweat beads glistened on the tips of her fur as well, dropping off to the ground around her as she shook herself a little to

clean up. It poofed out her fur a little, which she patted down as she stopped using her machine and pulled out her phone. The pads of her fingertips ticked away at the screen for a moment, before she looked up the address of the place and sent the text.

Meanwhile, Terra continued, not breaking her rhythm as droplets fell around her as well. She could feel the sweat draining down her paw pads, dripping between the toe-gap pads. It wasn't that she was sweating more than the average person, she was just highly sensitive. As she finally reached her goal of 450 before laying back and taking in a long, deep breath. Her wings unfurled, laying limp on the ground next to her as her tail flopped down as well – revealing, crossed in her arms across her chest, was a 45kg weight. She pulled it off her chest and set it on the ground carefully, before spinning herself around and planting both paws on the ground. Terra could feel as the raccoon gal started her exercise, along with all the other

gym-goers nearby down to the scuttling bit of trash on the floor a few meters away. With a groan, she stood up, walked over to the bit of trash, and snatched it from the floor. The wrapper for a protein bar.

“It’s only like a 15 minute hop-flight away,” Hera said as she hopped off her machine. Terra didn’t even look in her direction, she just felt as her friend’s paws patted their way over to her – she could even feel the slight stickiness from her friend’s pads lifting up with each step.

“Favorite place of yours?” Terra asked, still listening to her music in one ear as she walked over to a nearby trash bin and tossed the wrapper.

“Oh, no. It’s the place I mentioned a few days back that I always wanted to try. Iggy said he’ll meet us there in like an hour or so.”

“Right on,” Terra replied, before leading her friend over to the treadmills. There were a few in use – all numbered on the

wall in front of them, one through fifteen. A dragoness with running shoes on had just stopped using one of the machines. She gave Terra a courtesy nod as she walked by, freeing up her favorite treadmill. “Lucky number seven~”

“Fuck yeah!” Hera said, skipping eight to hop on number nine, “Got mine too.”

All nine of Hera’s tails splayed out and fluttered behind her as she played with the controls, getting ready to walk while Terra approached her own treadmill. She could feel her paws peeling off the treadmill’s belt as she stepped forward, standing in place for a moment as she tapped her feet. There was something else on there too, shaped like... A person, maybe? Plugging her other headphone into her ear, she looked down to see the strange object. White, with blue, and green laying down.



“Pfft,” She groaned, “Why are people so fuckin’ gross, can’t pick up their own dropped fucking candy. I did my good deed for today.”

### *Three hours ago*

The only makeshift clothes he could find – blades of grass from outside fashioned into a makeshift kilt. The area had just been mowed so plenty of chopped bits were laying around for him to use. It was his usual go-to when he had a few minutes to actually make himself fairly presentable. The little blue-haired man pushed through the grass, looking up to the tall buildings around as the sun beat down. Slowly, he made his way to the sidewalk. He turned to the right, seeing the entrance to a building with several towering, fit people walking into and out of the place.

“Iron Fitness,” He said, reading the sign as one of the gymgoers walked towards him, just leaving the place. It was a massive Fox, he looked like he had just spent most of the day inside and was laughing with a friend of his as they walked by. Nowhere near Mathew, though as he watched the pair leave, he couldn’t help but look at their shoes as they trampled over pebbles and stones, “Okay, so... What do.”

Just then, he felt a presence behind him. Turning on his heels, Mathew was just in time to see himself cast in shadow. The tip of a shoe caught him in the face, sending him tumbling to his back as he got a glimpse of a dragoness. His heart raced; a pulse of pleasure washed over him as he felt himself hit the concrete. This was the end for him here, at least, a quick crush then a trip to another realm. As the dragoness’ foot settled down, he felt himself being squeezed between rubber, the air leaving his body for a moment as he was uncomfortably pressed down, then lifted up.

He was alive, just trapped... Stuck in her tread as the dragoness walked in for her day of work at the gym. The moment her foot came back down, the air blasted from his lungs again. The moment it lifted; he took in a deep breath. The sensation of being trampled was exceptionally arousing, trapped where he was in a state of intense pleasure.

*Now...*

Mathew lay on his back on the treadmill. He had been beaten for hours; his breath controlled tightly by the Dragoness' idle steps. Miraculously, the tiny one had survived an extended session on the treadmill under her shoes, only to be broken from his wedged position on her last step. He thought for sure a shift in her stance would have killed him, but he watched as she walked away, and someone else approached. Heavy, bare paws landed on either side of the little

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one. Air slid over him, as an intense musk filled his lungs. She had obviously been working out heavily... Looking up to her, his heart raced in his chest as her eyes locked onto him directly.

If she had focused just a little more, she would have heard his thoughts. Maybe even felt his heart beating as she stood with her paws on either side of his little body. However, tiny people like him, especially without fur, simply didn't exist in their world. Her paws stamped around him a little, each step causing Mathew to feel that intense pleasure only hidden by the carefully placed blades of chopped grass around his pelvis.

Maybe, just maybe he could get her attention.

He stood up, shouting to her and waving his arms. She felt the motion on her treadmill clearly, but passed it off as the 'candy' moving a little as the treadmill began to shift into the modes she programmed. Her paw lifted off the ground, casting Mathew in shadow as the musk encompassed his little body. It was almost paralyzing as sweat droplets fell from her fur. As

the treadmill began to move, Mathew fell forward. He yelped, just as the main pad came down on his back. Every bone in his body pulverized almost instantly as he felt blood splatter around him in a painful, agonizing crunch. All of Terra's weight fell onto him as she felt the tiny pop.

'Must have been filled with something,' She thought to herself as the tiny crunch sent a chill up her spine. It felt exceptionally good, and part of her actually liked that the Dragoness left that bit of candy behind, 'Not my problem.'

Still alive, Mathew felt his body rolling along after the step. He couldn't breathe well, his broken face pressed down into the treadmill as his feeble little lungs tried to fill. The step had nearly completely crushed him, leaving him mortally wounded. His fingers twitched; his legs twitched gently as he felt the edge of the treadmill come. Instead of falling off though, he was stuck, rolling back around to the start.

Terra knew where he was though. She could feel him on the treadmill, and... Now that she was focused on him, she could feel what she thought was a faint pulse. A strange sensation, like the tiniest of heartbeats. For a moment her mind opened to him, hearing a moment of his thoughts. The pleasure, the desire for her paws, everything.

Tinies don't exist. Humans don't exist, so she glanced to the left. Her eyes met with another gym-goer on treadmill number three, an otter man who was looking in her direction. She smiled at him nervously, attributing the sexual thoughts to him and not the sentient candy on her treadmill, assuming he saw her crush the candy and simply had a fetish. Instantly, she closed her mind off, not wanting to delve deeper. Just as the two broke eye contact, Mathew's tiny body came back around. She could feel where he was, and aimed for him directly with the same paw.

Mathew had managed to get his head shifted to the side enough to see the underside of her paw coming. He could hear her paw peel off the treadmill, before coming down with a 'pat' on him. He burst entirely this time, crushing flat as he rolled back around again and again. Each time he passed; Terra made a point to aim for his body directly. While crushed, his spirit was bound to his soul, unable to leave for the moment. He felt each step, each agonizing second as he was pulverized deeper and deeper into the treadmill.

### *An Hour Later*

Terra adored having something fun to focus on in her jog. It took half an hour of trampling down on Mathew to get him to be completely melded into the treadmill's texture to the point where she could no longer feel him. Every so often, she'd

glance down, seeing his little splatter streak by. Without having the sensations to go on, she made it a game to aim for the splatter whenever she saw it.

It was fun!

That was, until she saw Hera out of the corner of her eye. She slowed down, panting gently as her tail swayed in the air. Her paw came down on Mathew's tattoo-like body on the treadmill as she looked to her friend with a smile, pulling her ear-bud out.

"Time?"

"Yep. I've been standing here for a few seconds. Didn't you feel me?"

"I was distracted," Terra chuckled, "Focused. You know how I get."

"Who are you and what did you do with my friend?" Hera jested, "Come on, Let's go meet your bro."



As she stepped off Mathew, she revealed the bottom of her paw – covered in faded little splatters, both paw pads had mark after mark, each one lighter and lighter. Still sentient, Mathew was left on the treadmill. He'd been smashed beneath every inch of Terra's paws, her toes, the toepad pads, everything. Even places that didn't have marks. She'd squeezed the blood out of him entirely, and trampled him for more...

For two hours his soul remained, trampled by various gym-goers before finally passing into the darkness, and awakening surrounded by...

*Warm pink fluff, the smell of paw sweat...*

**Art By:** Fandroit / Quattro

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

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