**Spyro Steps on a Bug**

Synopsis: Spyro the Dragon seizes the opportunity to flex his size and superiority over his tiny dragonfly friend, Sparx, and treat them like the foot-worshipping insole he’d always secretly wanted.  
  
Disclaimer:  
–Forced Paw Worship  
–Dirt/Musk/Sweat (Light)  
–Micro/Regular  
–Soft Trample  
–Spyro (Dom)  
–Sparx (Sub)   
  
Nestled along the coastline of Dragon Shores – one in the myriad of Dragon Realms – is a cove secluded away from the theme park and main resort attractions. Tropic palms fan out in the warm breeze, splaying shade across the beachfront. Here in this scenic place a small purple dragon has earned his right to relaxation after enduring many long adventures and scarring battles throughout his life. Sun rays kiss upon his violet scales. His yellow spiked crest and orange-webbed wings glint in the midday warmth as the quadruped wanders the grassy banks shouldering the sand dunes. The ocean in his view sparkles in velvet blue. Gems of sapphire, emerald and ruby litter the landscape around him, tempting any would-be explorers. While normally Spyro could never ignore a gem he’d decided he was done with adventuring today. The golden dragonfly fluttering after him is in full agreement.  
  
"Huh, well, this seems as good a spot as any?" Spyro pads one front paw against the springy green grass, testing it for dampness and comfort alike. He then tosses himself backwards and reclines up against the base of a palm tree.   
 Sparx buzzes delightedly, chirping his unintelligible agreement. His natural glow leaves a swirling trail in the air as he flies in circular motions, each time sweeping closer and closer to the ground. Sporting an affable grin, Spyro stretches out his stubby legs and rests his hind paws into the ground gratefully indulging in the feeling of sumptuous grass matting underfoot. Clawed hands cross over his yellow underbelly. His tail snakes away to the side. Sounds of crashing waves and hissing sea foam fill the air. Spyro decides on breathing slowly and calmly, shuttering his eyes and enjoying the tranquillity around him for everything it’s worth.  
  
Between Spyro's feet and the edge of the bank there sits a modestly sized rock which juts from the grass some many inches ahead of his soles, posing itself as an ideal footrest. Spyro raises his brow when he sees this, and so he curiously tilts his feet back exposing his plump tender soles into the air. His tongue sticks out the side of his mouth. His legs extend until they strain but his intentions of pressing both soles against the sun-baked stone are in vain. If only the dragon was bigger, (and more matured like the others in the land), he could reach it! He hates feeling smaller than everyone else. After all his heroic deeds a part of him knows he has earned the right to feel superior, at least every once in a while, but his body has yet to catch up.  
  
The luminescent dragonfly is especially giddy with the scenery around them; unaffected by thoughts of insecurity or size-based emasculation like his fire-breathing friend. Sparx is so distracted by these idle joys that he doesn’t realize the place he has chosen to land and rest is the grassy patch between his friend's looming hind paws – to the left – and the rock to his right, each of which are relatively large in his perspective. Sparx pays them no mind, even as they appear like walls of warm fleshy purple just big enough to cover his entire being. For now though he merrily lies on his back and watches the clouds passing by in the blue sky far above, without another thought.  
 Spyro cannot currently see his dragonfly companion but he could see a healthy auric glow emanating in front of his own paws, illuminating the surrounding grass blades. It brings to mind a memory of ‘Artisans Homeland’ when he had absent-mindedly stepped on the poor dragonfly, sticking Sparx flat to his sole. While he had apologized to no end in that moment, Spyro kept hidden the secret pleasure he had felt from the experience. Squashing his helpless little buddy underfoot had crowned him with a sense of addictive sovereignty. Since that time he’d managed to avoid walking over Sparx again, perhaps subconsciously trying to ignore the temptation to do so, but right now that insect is vulnerably laid in profile at his feet – stretched out with their tail by Spyro's left heel and their head by Spyro's right heel – and the young dragon is feeling that stir of feelings deep inside him again.   
 The dragon chews his lip. A concerned frown is present. *‘Whoa, I don’t really wanna hurt my friend, do I?’* He thinks to himself, curling his six toes tentatively in the process, *‘Or… do I? It did feel kind of nice being the big guy for once! Ugh, jeez… I’m starting to sound like Ripto!’*  
 Spyro distracts himself from these thoughts by playfully rubbing his horns back against the trunk of the palm tree, grazing its tough fibres. He gazes dreamily at the long fronds above, watching them dance in the gentle winds. Smells of sand and sea spray creep into his flaring nostrils. Seagulls squawk in the far-off distance. All this idyllic imagery and the seasonal heat soon proves enough to make both dragon and dragonfly dozy, lidding their eyes more and more with interjecting yawns until eventually they succumb to a daytime slumber.  
  
When Spyro awakens two hours later he finds his hand-paws are still crossed across his stomach and his legs are still contentedly stretched out. His miniature friend still snoozes away comfortably positioned where he was last left. Sparx looks even more like an easy target now that he’s entirely unconscious; susceptible prey for the dragon to flex their dominance over. Again those same urges to roll Sparx around underfoot have returned to the forefront of his mind… only this time he struggles to ignore them.   
 Spyro parts his jaws emphasizing a fictitious yawn, (knowing he would need his ‘scheme’ to seem accidental at first). Pretending to be half-conscious, he slumps further down the base of the tree and slowly slides his paws forward, scrunching his arches and flexing his plump, purple bulbous toes. Wrinkles appear in his soles, bunching tightly for such a typically smooth surface area. The scaly flesh – more like softened satin here on the soles – is teeming with the summery warmth. In response to the rustling of two heels pushing ever closer through the grass, Sparx is agitated from his nap. The dragonfly’s eyes snap open. At first his actions are indolent until a shapely shadow cascades over him, followed by the veering image of two dragon soles. Immediately the tiny creature panics, unsure of how he might urgently appeal to the ‘sleeping’ dragon’s attention!  
 Spyro has to stifle any impish snickering but he still cannot prevent his smug leer spreading from cheek to cheek. Quickly but candidly he flattens his left foot down and stamps it firmly into the ground, pretending not to notice that the entire lower half of his friend lies in the impact zone. That meaty, pudgy little dragon sole curls down over Sparx's slender body and suffuses all three toes across the ground, separating them by a wide margin. Spyro’s eyes become a vivid purple tint. He slowly massages the soil and grass with his digits. Green blades bristle up in between them almost causing him to giggle. Sparx's lower half is squashed safely into the pit of the paw, moulding under the weight of the instep.   
  
A shrill, terrified buzzing noise resonates from the bug! "VvrRRRrr?!!" He shrieks, not in pain but certainly in surprise, and speaks in a series of whizzing hums and noises purportedly understood by his dragon companion. The translation of this noise is as follows: "Spyro, lift your foot! My tail is trapped! You have to wake up man, you’re crushing me here!"  
 But Spyro is ambivalent towards the beggary. He simply closes his eyes, grins even wider and simulates sleep. At least this way he can feign innocence later. In the meantime Sparx tries to wriggle his tail-end out from under the foot but it’s insulating and all-too heavy for his weak bug spirit. Fretfully he lifts his weary head and pushes at the edge of the foot with his insignificant limbs. The violet flesh indeed budges and ripples as he shoves against it, however Sparx is too underwhelmed to lift away the entire appendage. He can only lie here, flap his wings in a buzzing fret and endure under the incredible body warmth of Spyro. The bug still grunts and groans loudly in the hopes of 'waking' his friend, but to no avail. Just when he believes his situation cannot get any worse the other vast paw, (to the left of his head), decides to mimic the actions of the first and press itself down flat over top of him!   
 "No, Spyro, no, watch out!" Cries the glowing insect in his own chirping melody; eyes bulging with terror. The foot tips forward regardless, aiming straight for the rest of his entire body. Sparx's picturesque view of the sky and the clouds becomes engulfed by a canopy of glistening, rubbery sole. As it lowers over his head and chest Sparx’s view becomes one solid shade of shadowed purple. He can see the creases and the density and every scaly detail. Then, suddenly, everything goes black.  
 ***\*FWOOM!\****  
 Together both feet pave the rest of the bug down in a condensed but ultimately harmless squish. Spyro draws in a quiet breath of satisfaction as he buries his friend underfoot, rejoicing in the pulpy sensation submitting to his weight. The twitches and squirms under the width of both hind paws is rewarding enough that he has already abandoned any guilt. Obnoxiously, Spyro tucks both hands behind his head. They interlock at the fingers pushing on the yellow crest that runs down the rear of his skull. Both knees are perked up. His paws, positioned side by side, cram closely together rubbing their edges with a soft scaly rustle so that they can effectively blanket the little insect and keep it snuffed out of sight, buried in cosy darkness. All six toes curl forward again and dig their white claws into the soil. Sparx's head feels like a spongy lump under the arch of his right paw. Spyro feels it necessary to exert copious amounts of pressure and stamp this portion of his friend down with added infliction, rubbing their skull into the dirt.  
 Sparx is smothered and ground. His face is being wiped from right to left under the grip of his friend's arch while the other paw begins rolling back in the opposite direction, churning his body like a rag in need of wringing. The moving surfaces squeak like rubber under friction. The purple faceful is both humiliating and senselessly degrading. An intense heat radiates through the flesh making Sparx feel claustrophobic. His wings spasm in a failed attempt to flutter but they’re just as buried as the rest of him.  A sweet aroma has begun filling this lightless and limited space around him, smelling of wild berries and shredded grass. The bug is aching all over. Never has he felt so useless while trapped here with the balls of the feet to his immediate right and the heels to his immediate left. Were it not for the slightest rise in Spyro’s insteps offering the smallest amount of alleviation, Sparx may well have become a juicy stain beneath them.  
 Spyro snickers under his breath. Periodically he pushes down his weight and channels it through his squat legs, pedalling Sparx and squeezing the dignity out of him bit by bit. All the fidgeting and moaning from under his feet soon becomes but a background distraction that Spyro learns to ignore. Instead of giving his friend any real acknowledgement he wants to focus on the lush hills in his periphery, closing in around the cove and protecting it from the outside world. This was the intended purpose of their vacation, after all.   
  
An idyllic half an hour passes by. Not once does the dragon care to lift his feet or give Sparx any fresh air to breathe. He has left the bug smearing pitifully under the interchanging rhythm of his ever-kneading or steamrolling soles. The purpose here is to sap the bug of its energy so that it won’t immediately fly out of reach when he peels his appendages away. Spyro stretches out his stubby arms and yawns legitimately this time. Gradually, with a clumsy sideways roll and a long groan, he clambers back to his usual quadruped pose planting all four paws into the grassy ground. Although the bug does not stay attached to his feet and instead remains gasping and weathered in the bottoms of two deep paw prints, (perfectly sunken into the earth), Sparx is too weakened and disorientated to react when the weight lifts away at long last. His vision is slow to readjust but through the dizzying blurs he is blinded by overhead sunlight. He lays here across the width of these prints, flat as a discarded gum wrapper.   
 Still upholding the guise of an innocent friend, Spyro looks around with false bewilderment and calls out for his 'long lost' companion. "Sparx? Where are ya buddy? Huh, guess he mustn’t be around… must’ve flown off to see the sights!"   
 The mangled Sparx gazes weakly over to the small dragon standing nearby and realizes this may be an opportunity to escape from the ground level, and hopefully scold his buddy face to face for once again ‘accidentally’ treading him down underfoot. With this in mind he languidly turns himself over and lies on his belly, (his face now directed into the big dirty paw prints), and he begins to drag himself slowly and painfully away. It isn't that he knows of Spyro's mischievous intentions, or that he has any fear of him, but more because he doesn’t want to get accidentally stomped again and needs to recover his strength in a safer place.  
  
Naturally Sparx remains unaware that those vibrant purple eyes are locked on him this entire time, merely pretending not to see him crawling away. Spyro plays his role and grins subtly, calling out once again. "Sparx, c’mon buddy, we can't leave until I find ya! Are you playing a trick on me? Well, guess I better start moving until I find him!"  
 After saying this Spyro raises his left forepaw into the air high above the yellow dragonfly, once again blanketing them in shadow and splaying his round toe digits in an ambiguous taunt. Sparx sees the halo of darkness around him and gulps, nervously. His wings are still too damaged to fly so he instead tries to escape the landing zone of Spyro’s footfall by turning himself and crawling in the opposite direction; back over the paw prints. He realizes quite quickly that his head is now positioned in the toe webbing of the dragon's tracks. Three craterous dents in the grass signify where the toes had previously settled. Moving himself away doesn’t appear to matter. The insect’s body shivers when that same shadow drifts back over him once again, following his every move. Small crumbs of dirt sprinkle down on his back, falling from the dragon’s wriggling toes. Spyro simply moves his fore-paw through the air continually positioning it overhead wherever the bug crawls, always keeping them as his main target for impact. Now, conveniently, Spyro’s paw aloft lines up perfectly with the imprint below where Sparx has dragged himself into.  
 "Hm, I guess he's not here! Oh well. I just hope the little guy’s gonna be okay, wherever he is."  
 These are the last words muttered by the dragon before he excitedly slams his fore-paw down over the length of the dragonfly; squashing him once again and rubbing him face-first into the dirt, making Sparx eat the surface of the print involuntarily. The bug's wings splay out in pained alarm. His eyes are bugged. His body is pancaked under the weight. The muscles of Spyro's palm are just as warm, snug and thick as those on the bottoms of his back feet. Teasingly the dragon rubs his fore-paw back and forth giving Sparx a most intense back massage, which leaves the insect nauseous and groaning under the buried mass of purple meat.   
  
Now that Sparx is flattened, Spyro continues to walk onwards past the trampled insect as if their agony means nothing. The fore-paw peels away from the now deepened imprint, raining more sludgy dirt. It carries forward through the air with a relative ‘whoosh’ of airflow which only Sparx can hear at his diminutive size. Thunderous vibrations resonate in the ground around him. What remains is a thin film of bug-shaped body twitching painfully in its place, stomped down enough they have no physical consistency or plumpness and lay with a mouthful of dirt grains. Sparx only has enough time to lift his groggy head out of the ground and glance briefly at the backs of Spyro's forelegs now thankfully ahead of him, while underbelly bridges overhead. It doesn’t dawn on Sparx that the hind paws have yet to pass over him too.   
 ***\*SSSCRUNCH!\****  
 Succulent sole flesh hammers down violently over the back of the bug's head driving his face back into the paw print groove where it had only just left, smothering him into earthy soil that insulates him from popping under the sudden blast of weight and warmth. Sparx winces; his vision blacked out once again. The squishing torment doesn’t seem to end. He is only pushed deeper and his limits are constrained even further. Spyro’s sole has engulfed him and showed him how inferior a bug can be, even to a juvenile dragon.  
  
The hind paw steps away but not without pulling on Sparx’s body like an industrial press coated in adhesive paste. Sunlight infiltrates into the paw print as the toes unlatch from the dirt dents. The sound of flesh ripping up from the soil is deafening and crunchy in Sparx’s hearing. The dragonfly blinks dreamily. He tries to budge but he feels uniquely stiff and immobile. Suddenly the rest of the sole wrenches up into the air and this is when the dragonfly realizes his view of the ground is rapidly drawing further and further away, disorienting him until he feels sick with confusion. He is lifting high into the air!   
 This guttural contortion of perspective can mean one thing only… that he is stuck under the dragon's sole, glued into the hot taut flesh along with the residue dirt pulled from the print. Sparx can do nothing but gulp and buzz in abject terror. As a creature of flight he shouldn’t normally feel queasy nor afraid of moving through the air, even at this skewed angle, but it is the lack of control which scares him most. On top of this, Sparx only had a short second to consider the fact that what goes up must come down, especially when concerning a foot.   
  
Spyro relishes having a lesser being pasted across the sole of his foot, unable to escape. Finally after many years of merely being ankle-height to some of the elder dragons, Spyro could feel like an ample predator with power over someone else’s life. Using this newfound energy, the dragon is all-too pleased to stomp his paw back into the ground and squeeze his dragonfly insole down against the grass, grinding them into the springy bed, staining their body in green blemishes, treating Sparx like a spent cigarette that needed snuffing. In order to look inconspicuous he doesn’t spend any excessive amounts of time per footfall and decides instead to walk at a casual, indifferent pace.  
 Constantly - over and over - Sparx is hoisted up into the air with a facedown view of the ground and then swiftly stamped down into it. He is driven into the earth time and time again feeling that foot flesh mould around him and compress, soaking him in its natural warmth, while he takes in facefuls of mucky ground. Eventually the dragonfly is bruised, aching, numb and depleted of hope. Spyro walks around for fifteen minutes still pretending to search for his underfoot-friend.   
 Each time his hind leg lifts for another step Sparx tried desperately to buzz and chirp for help. Of course, Spyro does hear these pleas before he muffles them down under another footfall and ignores them entirely. Eventually the dragon wanders back to his chosen relaxation earlier. By now Sparx’s noises have subsided into fizzled-out whimpers but Spyro can still delight in the sounds of this pliant, crackly creature caught.   
  
Spyro returns to his original place of rest but before lounging indolently against the palm tree’s trunk again, he first scrapes his vacant foot on the ground in growing anticipation and propels himself forward towards the aforementioned rock; sprinting on all fours and head-charging it with enough blunt force that it budges forward closer towards the tree, shortening the gap. Now when the dragon resumes his position with both hands tucked behind his head again, he can comfortably extend his legs and finally reach that footrest rock.   
 Spyro, smiling innocently, kicks his left foot up crossing it and propping it atop his knee, balancing it on its heel. The sole is exposed, revealing its glowing prize plastered deep upon its plush purple underside. Sparx is too weary to speak. His enfeebled wings convulse in stunted flutters, every so often. Though not for reasons of bruising, the dragonfly’s body has organically transitioned to a shade of azure blue all across his exoskeleton; a natural indication of taking damage in this mystic world. At least while the paw is here high off the ground Sparx can pretend to enjoy the summer breeze and the horizon of twinkling ocean waters beyond.  
 Spyro sighs jovially and mutters, “I guess I’ll just have to find him later! Poor guy’s so puny I just hope nobody’s stepped on him!”  
  
Sparx's head is positioned directly under the dragon’s fat rounded toes, which gleam their purple lustre in the sunlight. Spyro utilises this positioning to taunt him. With a smirk he wiggles all three digits before scrunching them forward, rippling the tenderness of his sole scales. Sparx is thrust into a panic when he feels the flesh shifting and descending upon the top of his head. Suddenly, like a garage door closing, the entire toe wraps forward and curls inward towards his face tightly squeezing in the folds of indigo. The back of Sparx's skull is wedged against the base of Spyro's toe. The rest of the digit smothers his face and obstructs his view.   
 It curls so intensely that the chunky white claw veers over his heaving thorax. The bug is swallowed in the gripping textures, temperatures and sweet berry smelling overtones. At first the toe’s surface brushes lightly against his face and pats his features with pillowy comfort. He tries to turn his head but the toes bends even tighter and clamps in place like the lowering of a drawbridge gate. The dragonfly's suffocating head is completely engulfed and his body is only visible from the neck-down. Spyro cannot help but chuckle. Though he often enjoyed tormenting the sheep in his homeland, chasing them or igniting their wool for easy amusement, this is the dragon’s first experience of truly dominating someone more sentient. The thrill is indescribable. He wants to keep Sparx's as an insole prisoner for as long as possible.   
 "Boy, it sure is toasty today! I hope I don't work up a nasty sweat!" He says aloud so that Sparx can hear him even from within the depths of these balled-up toes. The bug is now too petrified to struggle or thrash, knowing that the dragon’s toe claw may dig into his spindly torso should he tempt it.   
  
If it wasn't for these toes scrunching around his skull, squeezing and clutching his face tightly, (forcing him to recoil and groan in disgust as he haplessly huffs their overpowering scent), Sparx may well have detached or at least slid down off the sole flesh by now. Spyro – purely out of boredom - breathes a small bout of fire into the air. He watches the smoke and cinders dance amongst each other before being taken by the wind. Dragon Shores itself is now but a trite bore compared to the enjoyment of toying with his friend. He tries to entertain himself by flexing his pudgy toes to give the dragonfly some fleeting gasps of fresh air before rapidly closing them back around his face and masking him in another gust of musky heat, before he can garner any time to react. The dragonfly's eyes are twitching. His expression is one of stagnant horror as he inadvertently inhales whiffs of his friend's fruity toe stink.   
  
Shortly afterwards the trio of toes begins unfurling. Purple digits peel off the supple face and ping upright once again, yet still the insect cannot unstick from the sole. Shortly thereafter the entire hind paw moves off the knee it has mounted and instead swings down towards the grassy ground again. Sparx flinches and cringes as he sees a blur of green racing closer; anticipating his body to splatter. Instead the paw lands gently on its heel slanted back on a 45° angle. Sparx is panting and gasping from the panic. While his vision shifts between clear and blurry he ogles down at the paw prints from earlier now but a messy smear in the soil. The insect looks up again seeing a wall of grey unyielding rock in front of him. He gulps nervously, changing his suspicions for what comes next, yet his thoughts mislead him once again. Instead of being squashed up against the rock surface, (for now), Sparx’s feels the paw shift and gyrate until the dragon successfully turns both legs inward toward each other, laying both paws on their side facing each other sole to sole. Spyro waits a moment, grinning arrogantly, and lets Sparx absorb the daunting sight ahead of his withered figure.   
 The dragonfly buzzes with dread. Positioned a good few inches in front of him is the other hind paw, thick and plump and staring back at him with its graciously shaped proportions. Much like the foot he is stuck upon, this other one rests horizontally with its toes stacked softly atop one another somewhere in the vicinity of Sparx’s face. Its meat is now coated in a film of dark brown dirt ingrained amid his scales, from heel to claws. Spyro had picked up the grime whilst walking around 'in search' for his friend. The visibly purple tones of the foot are blushing with warmth and sumptuousness. Though the insect doesn’t know it, an equal smattering of dirt and small smushed grass blades covers the sole around him too.   
  
Sparx knows too well what will happen next. Was all this his own fault for choosing to sleep by the dragon’s feet? Before Sparx can direct the blame of this gruelling situation, the dragon claps his feet together with expeditious speed.  
 ***\*SPWACK!\****  
 The impact, relative to the tiny bug, is like two brick walls slamming together. There is a rush of air but then within a split second Sparx is sandwiched tightly and aggressively between the soles, flat as a Band-Aid, and the oxygen is winded straight out of him rendering him a juicy breathless spasm of his former self. Never has he been so condensed in all his life, or compressed or compacted. There is virtually zero free space between the connected soles. Neither light nor air can slip between them. Sparx is entirely enveloped by the hot, soft, doughy, squishy, flesh of Spyro's two feet. The left paw pushes on his backside. The right paw smothers his front and face. The texture is clammy and grippy. It is firm and rubbery too. Sparx's vibrant wings are spread far to the left and right; their tips sticking out from between the feet. From this close in, and buried this deeply in a pool of purple muscle, a stink of olive oil becomes apparent.   
  
At first the dragonfly's face is tucked neatly into the crevice running down the ball of one foot, but Spyro wants their face positioned elsewhere. The overly delighted dragon begins steamrolling his feet together, up and down, over and over. Sparx is helpless as the surfaces start wiping up both sides of his body in interchanging rhythm. The friction generates more heat and invites sweat. Sparx receives an abrasive faceful of the dirt imprinting these violet scales. He can smell the earth and taste the tart flavour of grass. In here it’s muggy. It’s sticky. It’s unbearable! The dragonfly hates everything about his predicament and hate is not a word he has ever fondly used in the past. Presuming somehow that Spyro was still nonethewiser to his existence, Sparx couldn’t allow this to compromise his friendship with the little fire-breather.  
  
Meanwhile, Spyro has to clamp a hand over his mouth just to stop himself from laughing at the bug’s misery. He looks down at the far end of his body where the two paws are planted face to face, sliding up and down with slick traction, grinding this bug between them for nothing more than narcissistic entertainment. During this playful torment Spyro ponders over other ways to enhance his pleasure; perhaps by buying a golden toe ring, attaching a miniature chain to it and keeping his friend leashed to it at all times. It would certainly solidify the ownership Spyro has over him.   
 The dragon keeps rubbing his soles together until the dragonfly’s body has been forcibly moved upwards worming their way close enough that his face escapes the ball of foot and instead finds itself on level with the big toes. Spyro splays his toes far apart and then scrunches them inwards until they interlock between each other fitting in a furiously tight grip. Sparx - whose head is caught in the middle of these wrestling digits – is drooling and intoxicated against his will. From behind his head one hefty toe pushes against him and lodges his face deeply between two other toes in front of him, thus parking his face right into their malleable toe webbing. It is like living in a padded cell, only one that constrains every margin of his body and face. This toe crotch is forced up against his mouth. The sides of the toes rise up the sides of his head. The toe from behind massages his scalp, heavily, all while the two soles are vicing his frail body with all their might.  
  
Spyro expels a sigh of relief when he feels his friend trapped in this toe huddle, imprisoned in the most degrading of positions. Once again the dragon idly lays one hand across his underbelly whilst nuzzling his horned head back against the palm tree. Dexterously his feet squeeze the dragonfly as if they are squeezing water from a sponge. He takes comfort in knowing that Sparx is busy sniffing his hot spicy toe crotch, no matter the consent.  
 "Heh, maybe I should get three more dragonflies; one to stick under each paw! Two for the front, one more for the back. What a treat! Heck I might even stop flying altogether if I get to walk on that with every step. Hey, Sparx, know any dragonfly friends I could meet with?" Spyro chimes, amusing himself while also thinking seriously about that same idea. Sparx is fortunately in a sound proof place between these paws and cannot hear anything except his own thumping heartbeat so the threat is lost on him.  
  
While still earnestly trying to think of a way to get his ‘unaware’ friend’s attention, Sparx conjures one particular idea although he knows how much integrity it may cost. At this rate, however, he’ll do anything to get out from in between these toasty, musky, cushiony feet. With a shudder, the bug unrolls his little tongue and starts licking up the purple toe webbing. He doesn’t just lick up its lustrous crest he also licks over it, under it, and across the width of it too. The taste is crude, like a sweet and sour oriental sauce that makes his face clench. Regardless of his instinct to stop and wretch the bug is determined to be free, hence he would need to persistently lap up every reachable speck and soak the toe webbing in his saliva. If this doesn’t earn Spyro’s attention, nothing will. Squirming and making noises has done nothing to help so far, after all.   
  
There is a glimmer of hope. When Spyro registers what the insect is doing, his toes instinctively twitch and react in response. Sparx realises this too when the pressure around all sides of his skull closes tighter and aches more vehemently, until his face is boiling hot in their oppressive clenches. He licks faster and more passionately with longer strokes of the tongue assuming he is mere seconds away from being discovered and being granted an apology… but a minute passes by and nothing has happened. The paws have not unsealed from themselves! An agitated Sparx opens his mouth wider and suckles all along the toe crotch. He works until the corners of his mouth are sore and his tongue itches from the beads of sweat salt drizzling over his taste buds. Another minute passes, and another, until an insufferable ten minutes has passed. Sparx is sapped of energy. He is out of breath too, now sensing a swelling in his mouth from licking the harsh scales and the grits of sand and dirt ingrained among them. This particular gap in the toes is now glistening clean and sopping wet, but it’s worth nothing in terms of his liberation.   
 When the dragon first felt that slimy, ticklish slurping between his digits he was somewhat taken aback. It originated as an unusual sensation but within seconds Spyro was melting with a pleasure he didn’t know he could feel. Even his cheeks had turned rosy. He had to close his eyes to stop his eyelids from fluttering. A goofy smile spread across his face. He lay back and accepted the devoted subservience of his friend, (although Sparx's intentions were far from giving the dragon any enjoyment).   
 Gradually Spyro pulls his two soles apart though they’d resisted at first. The sweat running between their overheated surfaces had formed an adhesive bond. When they do detach however, Sparx does not stay pasted on his backside against the left sole, as he had done thus far. Instead - as Spyro discovers - Sparx is now completely attached face-first into the sole of the right foot. He is trapped against its runny, purple surface stained in dark filth with his head still contained between two of the three toes. His wings buzz and twitch some more. Seeing the bug like this only enflames Spyro's new infatuation with dominance, especially in a public environment. The dragon licks his grinning lips, deciding that it’s still too early to show any mercy. At this point he doesn’t care whether Sparx knows his actions are deliberately fetishized, or accidental and unaware.  
  
The sky is slowly rusting away, bleeding colour into its clouds as dusk starts to set. The ocean face beyond still twinkled like a sheet of jewels. Spyro straightens out his legs, still impressed by how adamantly Sparx has been glued against his sole. Now at long last the dragon extends that leg and smears it slowly against the face of the footrest rock, utilising its original intended purpose. His foot suffuses over the cool stone slope. Toes spread to emphasize their contentment. White claws curl forward and clack against its solid form. By now Sparx is no stranger to being pulverized underfoot and so he barely reacts when his backside is crushed up against the stone. Neither does he resist when he is inevitably shoved deeper into the dragon's sole meat again. Spyro wipes this foot upwards and irons his friend in place, dragging their frail physique more into the centre of his sole. Once again Sparx finds himself buried at the ball of the foot greeting the greasy, sweat-slicked scales.  
  
Spyro coyly says, "Strange… I could’a sworn I felt something move under my paw just before! I guess I won't know if it’s still there… unless it starts -licking- again. But what are the chances of that?" These words are saturated in such a deliberate inflection, targeted so that Sparx would hear them and know their duty.   
 Sparx sighs heavily. His lungs are tight. Is Spyro playing a game with him? He couldn't quite tell. He didn't want to know. Regardless of his conspiracies the dragonfly obediently repeats his actions once again sticking out his tongue and running its salivated tip up and down the tender flesh, pushing in tiny wrinkles and leaving wet marks in the wake. Blindly he washes away the salty tasting sparkles of sweat hanging off the scales. Gagging and wincing are mandatory reactions to this cruel labour. Sparx gropes at the sole, licking up the medial area. His tongue reaches far into places he never wanted it to go. Bit by bit he cleans away the smudges left there by dirt and grass. To promote his chances of catching Spyro's attention the bug even kisses and suckles, always to no avail.   
 "Ah, bummer," The dragon rolls his eyes, "I can't feel a thing! Too bad… I guess it was all just my imagination. If someone really was pinned under my foot then they just aren't trying hard enough to escape. That's okay, I got plenty more time to find where Sparx went. Five more days at Dragon Shores should be more than enough."  
 When the bug hears these muffled words through the dense foot flesh his eyes bulge in terror. Deep in his heart he knows his freedom will have to wait. Until then, Sparx the Dragonfly will have to exist as Spyro’s insole. With the taste of dragon feet already setting into his mouth, and the course rock surface scraping his backside as the paw kneaded him deeper into supple confines, Sparx knew this was going to be a very long vacation. If only he knew how long that small purple dragon intended to keep him underfoot!

**THE END**