

# Walking Distances

**Game:** Super Smash Bros Brawl

**Characters:** Link X Pit

**Contains:** yaoi (Lime), smelling

It was yet another one of those days. Two epic warriors on two fated noble quests eventually intertwine and do battle with each other not knowing that one or the other has nothing to do with their quest. These two noble heroes each have their own storylines for generations to read. Each of these heroes has a distinct goal that is common.

Now Pit was a boy who happened to be one of those heroes on an epic journey. His appearance was young and fresh, his brown hair waving in the wind. His face was smooth and determined, smiling with confidence as he took on his foe. His clothing was reminiscent of a toga, if it weren't for the short length and the undergarments that covered a section of his thighs. He wore a pair of sandals which exposed his large, active feet. His distinct feature was his pair of wings, which, paired with his bow/blades, gave him a sort of cupid-like appearance.

Link was a young man who happened to be the other boy in this duel. His appearance was, as his counterpart, young and fresh, his blonde hair waving in the wind. His face was, too, smooth and determined, yet he gazed expressionlessly at his opponent as he sparred. His clothing was like that of an elfin warrior of legend, complete with a green blouse and stocking cap, along with long stockings and boots. His ears pointed out, furthering his elfish appearance. He wielded an arsenal of weapons that seemed to be pulled out of nowhere: a shield, a boomerang that summoned a miniature tornado, a bow and arrow, a metal arm that latched to edges, a bag of bombs, and, most importantly, a large sword with a purple handle.

The two warriors battled in a thick, green, jungle-like setting. The trees seemed to serve as platforms to their endless duel. Pit had an advantage, given his ability to fly short distances. He simply leaped into the air, floated to a higher branch on a tree, and aim his magical blue arrows at Link as he climbed slowly up. Link sharply dodged these and pulled out his own bow, aiming it directly at Pit's forehead. Link let the arrow fly through the air, aimed directly toward Pit. Pit leaped from the tree and glided directly toward Link, separating his bow into two daggers, and made a stabbing motion as he swooped down onto his foe. Link quickly pulled out his Master Sword to block such a threatening attempt. Pit immediately flipped backward and landed on his feet, staring his enemy down.

"Enemy of Palutena!" Pit screamed, pointing his finger at Link. "You will tell me where the Goddess of Angel Land is before I slice you down into little pieces!"

Link, not expecting to have dialogue with this ruthless foe (who made no sense to him whatsoever) turned to him and gave a stunned look of confusion.

"Huh?" Pit asked, lowering his weapons. "Your tricks won't work on me, demon! I seek the Goddess Palutena! I know you and the forces of evil are holding her from me, so back down and I won't kill you!"

"Why did you automatically assume I was your enemy?" Link asked with confusion.

"Well, uh..." Pit was stuttering, scratching his brain. "Well, why did you attack me then?"

"Because you came out of nowhere, shooting arrows at me while I was roaming the forest looking for my next dungeon!" Link answered.

"So, you're not an enemy of Palutena?" Pit asked.

"Who is Palutena? I'm on a quest to free the Kingdom of Hyrule from Twilight and rescue Princess Zelda." Link stated.

"Ahh, I see." Pit said, his wings sinking in embarrassment. "I'm so terribly sorry for trying to kill you. I don't get out much, and when I do, I'm usually fighting enemies. I'm so used to everything around me trying to kill me."

"Tell me about it," Link said. "I mean, just once I'd like to study wildlife without it having an evil inclination inside of it that makes it want to kill me."

Pit, growing excited at this, flew quickly toward Link and landed before him, gazing into his deep blue eyes with such affirmation. Link smiled and looked at him with a slight weirdness.

"Finally, someone who understands exactly what I've been going through! I mean, having to fight all of these enemies day after day, left and right, again and again. Half of them look exactly the same, right?"

"Yes!" Link replied. "I mean, how many Moblins all dress the same? Don't they have an original bone in their bodies? And how many dead people turn out to be zombies with gigantic swords?"

"You have it lucky. I fight snakes mostly. Purple snakes. Which is a shame, because I like snakes?" Pit said. He was eyeballing Link's figure, then shyly turning his cheek.

Link gazed at Pit's figure as well, paying close attention to those two nicely shaped feet. His eyes gazed at Pit, who he caught staring at him with large, fixated eyes.

"I think I've made a friend!" Pit said, running toward Link and embracing him tightly.

Link embraced his new partner a bit cautiously, wondering if anyone else in the woods besides the animals was watching. The two shyly leaped apart before anything else could happen.

"So, which directions are you headed?" Pit asked Link.

"Um, well, I'm kind of lost in this forest actually." Link replied.

"I was hoping to ask you for directions out of here," Pit said, staring at his feet with disappointment.

"Sorry to disappoint," Link said.

Suddenly, the sky darkened. With a loud clash, a roar of thunder echoed throughout the forest. One drop. Two drops. Three drops. Seven drops. Twenty thousand drops. One million drops. The heavens

quickly opened up, draining onto the land below. The forest floor became muddy and damp, and the tree branch where the two heroes stood became slippery.

“Ahh!” Link screamed, losing his footing and sliding off of the tree.

Pit reacted to the fall by reaching out to grab his falling comrade. Pit struggled to hold Link’s weight, his grip loosing and Link’s hand slipping. Pit suddenly lost his balance, and the two plummeted toward the ground. Link, still holding on to Pit, pulled out his Clawshot. With this device, he pointed toward the nearest the branch and fired it out, pulling the winged boy toward him quickly. The claw gripped onto the side of the tree and the two swung toward the trunk. Link’s feet stuck forward and planted on the side of the tree. Pit, whose head was buried in Link’s chest, looked upward with amazement.

“We did it!” Pit screamed! He buried his cheek against Link’s and smirked with such joy.

“Easy now!” Link said, pushing a button that slowly lowered them down toward the ground ten feet below. Having reached the bottom, Link released Pit and retracted the clawshot. “By the way, how come you didn’t just fly down to safety?”

Pit, not wanting to answer the question properly, turned toward his new friend with a new statement. “We never really introduced ourselves. My names Pit, just Pit.”

“Pit, huh?” Link asked. “Well, that name’s not as odd as mine. My name is Link. Just Link.”

“Hmm... nice to meet you Link!” Pit said, reaching out and grabbing Link’s hand, kissing it gently.

Link blushed bright red and pulled his hand away quickly. “What was that?”

“That was a special greeting between friends, Link.” Pit explained, not sure what the problem was. “That greeting is for the closest friends!”

Link giggled and held his shocked pose. “Hehehe, well, thanks I guess. But, in this world, that greeting’s a bit different in meaning.”

The two noticed the rain starting to pour harder, soaking the two.

“We should seek shelter, and quickly!” Pit exclaimed over the roar of the rain.

“Follow me! I discovered this log-cabin not too far from here where we can wait it out!” Link said, running ahead in the opposite direction.

So, now the two heroes of the story have established a bond between each other. Not only have these two been assigned similar quests, but they both have fought the same repetitive evils time and time again. Pit, not having been out and about for a good while, sought this as an opportunity to forge a relationship with someone he found pleasant. Link, not having any associates who understood his trials, sought this as an opportunity to bond with someone who had similar problems. Overall, the underlying tone was true for both. You’ll see.

“I see the cabin ahead!” Link stated.

"Thank the Gods," Pit said, floating behind Link quickly.

The cabin was small and cozy in appearance. In reality, it looked like a dump. How desperate these two were was apparent. The rain began to pour in their section of the forest, and they needed to find shelter. Link opened up the door and kept it open for Pit to enter, who then shut it after entering. The two were wet from head to toe, and the cabin was dark and dry.

"Hang on," Link said, pulling out a small lamp and pouring in a large amount of oil, lighting the entire room. "That should do it."

"Thank you, Link," Pit said. "You're a lifesaver. I don't know what we would've done."

"There's a fireplace with some fresh wood I put in there early." Link said, walking in his damp boots toward the fireplace and pouring some oil on the wood. The wood instantly lit up and warmed the entire room.

"Now we can dry off." Pit said, scooting in toward the fire in his wet clothing.

"Good thing we ran," Link said. "Any longer and the rain would have been worse."

"Yeah. My feet are killing me." Pit said. He reached over and slowly untied his sandals, the bandages peeling off of skin as if they were stuck on him for a long time. He removed them both and exposed his wet soles, the aroma filling the room. Pit flayed his toes outward and reached his feet toward the fireplace, allowing the radiant heat to dry them off. "This feels so good, Link. You should try it."

"With pleasure," Link said. Link continued to stare at Pit's bare feet, the scent floating off of them invigorating and arousing to him. He wished for them to be close, but reasons he could not explain. He reached over and pulled off his damp boots, placing them to the side and sticking out his clean, white feet. He wiggled his toes, noticing Pit's stares, and placed one over the other, making a motion with the toes to come hither.

Pit immediately shook the notion of approaching Link's feet, even though every hormonal impulse in his young body told him "YES, DO IT." Pit simply gazed at Link's feet with desire. They appeared soft and tasteful. Despite the size difference between the two, Link being taller by half a foot, Pit's feet equaled in size.

Suddenly, Link had a devious idea.

"Pit, you don't know much about our customs much, right?" Link asked.

"What makes you say that?" Pit asked.

"The way you kissed my hand earlier."

"Oh, yes. If that offended you, please tell me, I don't know a lot about signals and body language."

"It's fine. In fact, where I come from, this is how we show appreciation," Link said.

Slowly, Link crawled toward Pit's waiting feet. He lifted Pit's right foot in the air by the heel, slowly watching it's actions as he gazed into it lovingly. He savored the moment, watching it as he sat there. Suddenly, Link leaned forward and sniffed deeply at his toes. The aroma was potent, and oh so

appetizing. Link's salivating tongue stuck out, and he pressed it into Pit's deep, thick soles, rubbing it deeply into the foot as his hands gently stroked the top. Link's tongue journeyed upward toward the toes. Pit spread his toes and moaned as Link lapped at his feet, worshipping them with such lust.

"You're world has the best ways of expressing appreciation," Pit said, blushing brightly and growing harder by the second.

Link's tongue licked up the toes and he stared into Pit's eyes longingly. Pit knew at once, he wasn't a complete idiot. This wasn't a usual custom for Earth dwellers. Link had a fetish for feet, and he was taking all of his lust and releasing it onto his body. He lifted his left foot and pressed it into Link's face, covering his eyes.

"Now, appreciate the other, please." Pit said.

Link smiled and held his tongue out, licking it around Pit's sole as he massaged the other one deeply. Pit's toes wiggled and he leaned back, moaning loudly as he grew harder and harder with each passionate passing of his tongue. Link repeated these steps, licking, sniffing, and gazing at the large, deep feet before him.

"Now, Pit, you can show appreciation to me," Link said, smiling as he switched his position. He now laid on his back with his two feet resting on top of Pit's chest.

Pit at first was taken aback by the odor of the feet. They smelled as if they had not been freed in a good while. The smell quickly turned into an aphrodisiac, turning the angelic boy into a dog in heat. His tongue quickly came out, and he lifted Link's right foot, licking into it from the heel to the toe. Link's foot wiggled slightly as the lick gave him a tickle that was light. He giggled a bit, but soon turned to moaning as Pit's tongue turned into a masseuse. He felt the tongue bury into his sole and lick all around the toes. Pit seemed naturally good at this. Link soon allowed Pit to seize hold of his other foot. Pit held them both together by the ankles, pressing his face into the thick soles and rubbing them all around his face.

Link could not control himself. This boy was just too cute to be left alone. He removes his stocking cap and slowly slipped off his shirt, exposing his lean muscular torso. Slowly, Link's leggings came down. He had this large bulge that seemed to poke out of his undergarment. Pit saw this bulge and immediately leaned forward toward it.

"Uh-uh-uh," Link teased, pushing his head back with his foot. "I want those feet on there."

"You want them on there?" Pit asked in an innocent kind of way.

"Yes, my friend."

Pit's legs slowly extended over Link. One leg stretched out all the way over Link's bulge, where his foot hovered over it. Pit slowly pressed his foot onto the bulge, feeling it as it throbbed underneath the undergarment. Link moaned loudly as the boy's large, soft sole felt his member, length and all. From what Pit could feel, Link was large. Pit's toes gently caressed the tip while his heel ran across the package. It was as if his feet were the perfect size, designed solely for this purpose. Pit's other foot gently reached passed the member toward the tops of the undergarment. He gently pulled the garment down, exposing the tip of Link's member. Both feet pulled it down, and Link flipped up vertically. Pit gazed at it, placing his hands on Link's undergarments and tossing them off. He them

pressed one of his feet onto Link's member, feeling the smooth, silky fluid begin to drizzle from the tip.

"I'll give you control over me for the time being," Link stated, smiling at Pit's gorgeous feet.

Pit was in his sex drive, and his only wish was to please his master. This was his freedom. Pit's big and index toes spread and he worked Link's thing in between them, moving it up and down and spreading the fluid like a lubricant. Pit's other foot did the same and worked on the bottom half of his shaft. He then turned his feet over on their sides, the soles facing inward, and pressed them together. Link groaned as he was being worked over by this talented young artist. Pit's search for pleasure came to a high point when he pressed his left foot firmly down onto Link's member, digging the top of it into his sole and feeling it slip and slide into it. Pit's thick sole made Link cry out in joy as his pleasure came to a maximum height.

"Pit... you're so cute..." Link said.

"Thank you, Link," Pit said, slowly removing his clothing as his foot pushed into Link's private area. Pit pushed into Link harder and with greater feeling, showing that his deep, rich soles could go deeper and deeper. The feeling was indescribable. His foot made a perfect match onto Link's member so that it created the ultimate sexual pleasure for him to enjoy. Pit's other foot, thirsty for some enjoyment, pressed along Link's package, feeling the goods as he buried Link with his foot.

The time had come for Link. Link was ready to gratify himself onto Pit's foot. He was going to plant his seed where it could not grow, all for his pleasure. The pressure pushed against the doorway and wanted nothing more than to cover the boy's thick, juicy sole. Link cringed and held it in tighter. He let out a large cry, summoning all of his energy into one focal point and spewing his passion all across Pit's sole. The seed came out quickly and rapidly, filling the sole and causing Link's to slip out from under it. Pit's feet came together and pressed all ten of the toes down onto the soaked member. With each simultaneous push upward against Link's stomach, another shot spewed out and drenched the toes.

Link panted and gazed at the delicious feet before him. He continued to pant like one who had ran a mile, and stared at Pit's naked body, as well as his soaked feet. Pit's feet slowly came up toward Link's face as he took them into his mouth and sucked the seed off. Meanwhile, a sexually infused Pit demanded satisfaction.

"Now, do me," Pit said. He layed flat on the ground with his legs in the air, as if Link had any stamina left inside of him to complete the process.

"I'm so tired, Pit. What do you want me to do?" he asked.

Pit thought for a bit and then reached over toward Link's feet, handling them by the ankles once again. This time, however, Pit raised the ankles up to his face, burying himself into Link's feet and he rested the legs on his shoulders. Link had an idea of what Pit wanted to do, and frankly enough, Link wanted it badly.

"Go ahead, sexy," Link said. "Enter me."

With that command, Pit licked his lips as he slowly drove himself inside of Link's hole. Pit was already moist from the encounter with Link before, so this made things a lot easier on the boy. Link moaned

out in pleasure as Pit pushed in deeper and deeper inside. With a few simple motions, however, Pit soon planted his seed inside of Link's body, falling on top of him after pulling out.

Pit panted on top of Link and the two simply laid on top of each other, out of breath and even more wet than when they had entered. Link gently brushed Pit's hair as he slowly fell asleep over his body. Link gently kissed Pit's head and rubbed his hands across his back, knowing that they can be forever in love.

The morning came fairly quickly, and each hero was dressed and ready to exit the cabin to continue their noble quests. Though they didn't want to admit it, they may have to say goodbye at one time and part ways. However, as each gazed into each other's eyes, they knew that as long as they were "lost", they didn't have to.