

Goddess Gatomon (Giga Giantess, Lotsa Footplay)

Goddess Gatomon

The past few years had been something of a tricky time for Takeru 'TK' Takeshi. No longer a child, he was now an eighteen year old adult mired with all different kinds of responsibilities. Still, it was the weekend, and he had some time to himself. What better way to clear his mind than by taking a walk? With his hands stuck in his pockets, the blonde-haired male walked down the streets of Highton View Terrace, wearing a green jacket and brown cargo pants. There was a slight chill in the air, but he was happy and content.

Then, all of a sudden, the streets that he was walking down were replaced with something else entirely. Something much more enormous. Something much more strange. Something that smelled far, far fouler than the smog-infused streets of his hometown. The happy and content feeling was quickly whisked away with one of pure terror.

At first, he thought that he was stood upon a great, white, grassy plain. Blades of something soft, tufty, and white spread across the front of TK's vision, stretching onward for what looked like miles and miles, a landscape of pure white that seemed to curve upward like a gentle, but enormous hill. Far, far in the distance, he could see that the landscape ended with three slightly pudgy peaks, each of them tipped with what looked like a great, jet black claw.

But that wasn't the most striking thing about TK's new world. There was a dank, musky odor here that smelled like week - no - month old gym socks. The second that he appeared here, it hit him straight in the nostrils. The bitter, nasty scent of feet swam around his head,

filling his lungs and rolling over his taste buds. He raised a hand to cover his nose and mouth, yet the pungent stench still managed to infiltrate the gaps between his fingers. He squeezed harder, to the point where it was difficult to breathe, and yet, the smell still made it through.

Where was he? And why did it smell like dirty feet?

Shuddering, TK instinctively took a step backward, though he didn't realise that the surface beneath him was wobbly and unsure. His feet stumbled and he fell onto his rear, losing the breath in his lungs. He spared a moment to glance downward, and he noticed that the ground underneath him was not white like the landscape spread in front of him, but a bright pink. It felt soft to the touch, and yet ... there was a coarseness to it, too. He saw puddles of something gooey and thick oozing out of it. The perfectly circular, moist pink pad stretched out into the distance, though it didn't spread as far as the white, vast hill in front of him.

Suddenly, his attention was caught by a strange noise. It sounded like a rumble coming from the world's largest diesel engine, a deep, throaty noise that caused the ground underneath him to quake. He heard a swish, something carving through the air, and then, he heard a voice, louder than anything he'd heard before, a cute, girlish voice that sounded as if it had been amplified by a thousand megaphones. It filled his ears and consumed his mind, and, for a moment, he sat there in fear, not daring to seek out the source of the terrible noise.

"Hello there, little one," the voice said. The words rang in TK's mind.

The voice came from above. Trembling, and gathering all of his courage, TK looked upward. He saw the vast, white landscape in front of him change more and more as he craned his neck higher and higher. The hill in front of him was not the only part of his landscape, no. As his eyes travelled higher and higher, he saw that he was sat upon something alive, something feline, something that stretched upward like a vast, brilliant mountain, and only when his neck was bent as far back as it could go did he see the face of it.

It was a Gatomon. The largest Gatomon that he'd ever seen. Her wide, blue, feline eyes were fixed upon his tiny form. TK knew that he couldn't have been more than a speck to her. It was a wonder that she could see him without a microscope. Everything clicked into place. What was in front of him weren't hills, no. What was in front of him was an enormous foot, and he was crouched upon the very base of the Gatomon's sole.

"Hey!" the Gatomon called. TK reached up to cover his ears. The cat's voice was so loud. Feminine, and yet it sounded like crashing rocks, a literal landslide. "Hey, you stupid little idiot! I'm talking to you! Maybe I oughta just flip my foot over and crush you!"

Should TK respond to her threat? Looking at her face, absolutely. At first glance, the Gatomon had seemed impassive, almost bored, but now, she looked pissed. Like something very, very bad would happen if he didn't open his mouth to respond to her. But how could she possibly hear him, even if he were to talk? He was a speck of dust and she was a literal mountain of fur and flesh.

TK quickly decided that the best thing to do was to at least try. It was either that or He opened his mouth to address the titanic feline, but as he pulled in breath, the nasty taste of foot odor filled his mouth and rolled over his taste buds, making him wretch in disgust. Rather than words, TK choked and spluttered, throwing both hands onto his face in an attempt to block her odors out. The words that he had planned to say came out as a little more than a high-pitched, spluttering whine.

Fortunately for him, the Gatomon's face changed from angered to amused. Apparently, TK nearly losing his lunch because of her foul, miles long feet was a pretty good joke to the mountainous feline! Her foot quaked underneath him with her terrifying, gut wrenching boom of a laugh. Beneath TK's hands and knees, he could feel the creature's titanic sole quiver and ripple as if the earth itself were being torn apart.

"What's wrong, pipsqueak? Can't handle the divine odor of my feet?" Gatomon said between chuckles. "Well, you'd better grow a stronger stomach and get used to it, 'cause you aren't going anywhere!"

TK's stomach jolted again, but not because of the feline's stink. No, this time, it was out of pure anxiety. With wide, blue eyes, he craned his neck upward to look at the vast face of his captor. "Please," he whined. He hated how pathetic he sounded. How insignificant. But how could he not sound pathetic? His trusty Patomon was nowhere in sight, and he was nothing more than a speck of dirt upon an enormous furry heel. "Please, you have to let me go home. Everyone is going to be worried about me."

"I don't care," Gatomon replied. "This is my world, little bug." Her great eyes lidded above him, as if she were looking down at him with an immense amount of sarcastic pity. "But I will give you a chance to go home. Mm. But you're gonna have to beg a little harder for it, I think."

TK was at least grateful that she could hear him somehow, though it was a small reassurance. The Digidestined male most certainly did not want to fold and beg any more than he already had to this cruel Digimon, but he quickly realised that he didn't have a choice. Lowering his head, he pressed his nose against the grimy, gross landmass of a pink paw pad and bowed his back, pressing her hands firmly against her squishy heel.

"Please. Please, I'll do anything ... g-great Gatomon. Please, please, please spare me, please let me go!"

How pathetic he sounded. TK had learned over the years to not be a coward, to be strong like his older brother, to be a fighter. Now, though, he felt like he was before he became Digidestined, a meek, shy, and worthless little child. That feeling was amplified when he heard the Gatomon groan angrily above him, a sure sign that his begging wasn't anywhere near good enough.

"Great? You really think that's how good I am, huh? Just 'great'? I don't think you understand, tiny! I'm not just great, I'm a deity, a Goddess! I hold all of reality in the palm of my hand," Gatomon

scoffed. "And you're not even kissing my divine heel while you beg? Tch! I oughta just crush you right now and go find myself a worthy subject! You're pathetic!"

"N-no! Please!" TK begged, very much not wanting to be crushed beneath her sweaty, mountain of a foot. Seeking her forgiveness, he pushed his lips against her heel. The taste of her acrid, foul foot slime coated his lips, and yet he pushed onward, the fear of his own demise propelling him to do something truly disgusting. The miserable feeling of weakness twisted in his gut once again, making him feel far smaller than he already was. "I'm sorry, Goddess! Y-you are a deity! You deserve far more respect than ... than ... a speck like me could provide! But, please! Have mercy on me!"

This time, TK did not hear an annoyed growl. Instead, he heard a bored sigh. He wasn't sure if that was an improvement or not. "I suppose that was a little bit better. But was it good enough to spare you a crushing?" Her great, vast eyes looked down at the shivering speck on her heel. Her gigantic tongue clicked several times within her mouth, as if she were really thinking about what to do with him. The truth was, she'd already decided. Like the cat she was, she was merely toying with her prey.

"Fine. I'll spare you. But you're going to have to prove yourself to me, pipsqueak."

TK sighed with relief at her judgement. He lifted his face, covered in Gatomon's sweat, from her heel, but he didn't look up at her. He didn't dare. His pathetic display had bought him some time, though.

He focused on being grateful for that. With a little more time, he might be able to get out of this situation without making a total embarrassment of himself.

"A-anything," TK said. "I'll do anything to prove myself to you. Anything you desire, Goddess."

"Of course you will," Gatomon said firmly. "Now. You see my toes, tiny? All those miles and miles away?"

TK lifted his gaze just a little more, once again looking over the vast expanse of the Gatomon's foot, a literal landscape of curves and white fur. Far, far in the distance, just like he said, he saw her three, pudgy toes, each one capped off with a black, peak-like claw. As he stared at them, Gatomon wriggled them slightly to prove her point. Such a simple motion was enough to shake TK's world as muscle and tendon far bigger than he shifted underneath him with the gentle movement of her feet. He nodded his head submissively to show that he did, indeed, see the impossibly huge toes.

"You're gonna go all the way up to those and climb them. You have, I dunno, hm ... let's say ... twenty four hours to reach them? If you can manage that, then I'll send you back home, back to your lame little family and your lame little life."

TK's stomach twisted into a knot. How was he supposed to accomplish that? Her toes were literally miles away, and her deep,

fuzzy fur would no doubt slow his progress. And if she so much as tilted her great foot over that timespan, then he would go tumbling down them. On his knees, he remained frozen on her foot, truly terrified by the titanic task that she'd just placed upon him. It was impossible. But there was no way that he could negotiate with her. Thanks to her bloated ego, she'd likely crush him if he so much as questioned her.

"Well? Time's ticking, you moron! You'd better get on with it and start moving, before I get bored!"

It was time to throw his fear away. He'd done it before, so many times. He was strong. He wasn't a weakling like he was when he was a child, he had grown so much due to the trials that he had faced. He just had to see this as yet another trial. Bravely, TK pulled himself to his feet. He just had to take this one step at a time, right?

Standing upon her squishy heel was much like standing on a poorly inflated bouncy castle. The floor beneath him was squishy, moist, and unsure. As TK made his first few steps forward, he stumbled across the vast expanse of her pink, plump heel awkwardly. He had to hold his arms out at either side of himself for balance as he took short, nervous steps forward. The lack of balance was far from the worst part, however. He knew, miles and miles above, that the Gatomon, his new Goddess, was watching his every awkward movement and judging his pathetic, slow-moving crawl across her foot.

No more than a few tiptoed steps into his journey, TK planted his foot into a deep puddle of viscous sweat and slipped on it, sending him

crashing face first into it. In panic, he opened his mouth, drawing the vile, thick sweat down his throat, forcing him to swallow it before he breathed it in and choked himself. Coughing and spluttering, he pulled his head from the puddle. His vision was blurry, his stomach was filled with a vile, acrid sweat that felt like it was burning it from the inside out. All he wanted to do was stay on his knees, vomit. Curl into a ball and await to be crushed.

"Pathetic. You'll never make it to my toes at this rate," Gatomon crooned, lifting a clawed paw to her face to inspect it, acting as if she were already losing interest in the impossible task that she'd laid out before him.

The Gatomon's cruel words did not crush TK. Instead, they filled him with determination. He was not pathetic. He was a fighter, a brave warrior. He was not going to stay on his knees and await his death, he was going to conquer the challenge in front of him and prove that he was something. Gritting his teeth and spitting out a mouthful of her sweat, he pulled his body fully from the puddle and lifted himself to his feet. He could do this. Brimming with a newfound confidence, he began to step forward again. This time, he did not use his arms for balance. He strode forward across her pink, fleshy heel, intending to get the valley of long, grass-like fur that awaited him at the edge of it.

Far, far above, Gatomon wrinkled her truly titanic nose as she watched the tiny Digidestined's quickening advance across her pink, squishy heel. This would not do at all. Gatomon fully intended for TK to fail. Fortunately, she had the entirety of reality at her command. But she would not summon his first obstacle just yet. For now, she would patiently watch and allow the tiny male to gain some

confidence. It would be all the more fun to crush him when he truly believed in himself, after all.

So, TK continued onward, step after step. After a long, two hour journey, he finally managed to make it to the edge of her pink heel, and onto the cusp of the white, furry plains that made up the majority of her landmass-like foot. Here, he allowed himself a break. He fell to his knees, covered from head to toe in a combination of his own sweat and the Gatomons, and fell upon his back, feeling the white, soft fur envelop him like blades of grass. The air here was just as foul, and her fur was in no great shape seeing it up close. It had become crusty with sweat. But somehow, TK was beginning to get used to it. Over the past couple of hours, the stench had become his world.

He closed his eyes, and allowed himself to take in a deep breath, tainted with her odour. For the first time since he'd arrived here, he allowed himself a smile. His entire body ached from his journey, and he still had so much foot left to cover, but this? This was progress.

Then, in the distance, he heard a voice. It sounded incredibly familiar. A male, an older male. He pulled his head up from the fur that he was laid in and sat up, pulling himself to his feet to look around for the source. He knew that voice, but it couldn't be him.

The voice sounded just like his older brother Matt. He scanned the horizon that was the Gatomon's foot, still stretching forward for miles, and miles, and miles. But he saw him. He saw his blonde hair, his confident pose. His brother was here too. His hands turned into tight

fists at his side, and he began to run toward him, calling his name loudly to try and attract his attention.

"Matt! Matt!"

He didn't want Matt to be here. He didn't want Matt to have to suffer at the hands of this cruel, awful Gatomon. But at least he wasn't alone. He took great pleasure in that fact. His older brother was here. With Matt present, he might stand a chance at fighting this creature, rather than giving in to her ridiculous mission! But as TK got closer and closer to his brother, he quickly realised that it was nothing more than an illusion. The vision of Matt faded, and for a moment, TK wondered if he was going insane. Then, behind him, he heard a voice. A voice that was not Matt's.

It was Gatomon's voice. But it sounded different. Loud, but somehow quieter, and closer. TK froze on the spot, his clenched fists shooting open to reveal sweaty palms. All of a sudden, he felt his newfound confidence leave him.

"Aw, well, well, well! Turns out that your big brother isn't here after all, pipsqueak!"

With Gatomon's words ringing in his ears, TK turned around. In front of him was not the Gatomon who captured him, or at the very least, not the Gatomon who's foot that he was currently stood upon. What was in front of him was a Gatomon who was much smaller than the

one who held him captive, but that didn't mean that she was regular sized. No. TK was about two inches tall compared to this Gatomon, about the size of a very small action figure. To the larger Gatomon, well ... TK had no idea how to measure his size compared to her. Compared to the larger Gatomon, he was practically microscopic.

Not that it mattered. Whether he was two inches tall or the size of a baby gnat, he knew that he stood no chance against either Gatomon. He turned around and tried to flee, to run forward, but before he got very far, he felt the smaller Gatomon's claws pinch against the back of his jacket, yanking him backward and into the air. His limbs flail wildly in an attempt to break free of his hold, but it was no good. Her deadly, black claws extended and wrapped around his waist. He was so small that she didn't even need to use her fingers.

"Oh, God! Matt, Matt! Where did you go? Help me!" TK cried out. Trapped, and high above the ground that was the gigantic Gatomon's foot, he felt even more helpless than he did when he first got here.

"That's right! Keep crying for your big brother, you little nerd! He ain't coming! He was just a trap to lure you in so that I could getcha!"

Gatomon turned TK around, her claws pinching against his middle, forcing his body to face hers, a vast expanse that was similar to the size of an office block. In front of the 'smaller' Gatomon's face, TK froze in terror. Her mouth was split from ear to ear, giving him a Cheshire Cat-like grin. He dared to look upward, and saw the Goddess of a Gatomon grinning down at him. It was clear that she

was in control of this other Gatomon somehow. Perhaps it was through those reality bending powers that she'd talked about earlier?

The larger Gatomon did not speak, however. The smaller one continued to mock him. "Aw, what's wrong? You gonna wet your pants? You look so scared, and you don't even know that I'm here to give you a big favour! See, you've done so well gettin' up that heel that our Goddess has decided to reward you!"

"R-reward?" TK muttered. He didn't like the sounds of that at all.

"Right! A reward! You've come so far and so quickly that you must be drenched in sweat, right? Well, our Goddess has decided that you've earned yourself a nice little bath! A hot, wet, sticky, slurpy bath ..."
Gatomon said. With every word that left her mouth, she sounded more and more excited. By the end, she sounded absolutely gleeful.

TK shook his head from side to side. Whatever this bath was, he doubted that the reward was genuine. But his protests mattered little. The smaller Gatomon, now in complete control of him, lifted her other hand upward and extended her claws. The young Digidestined thought that this was the end. She was going to end his life with her claws. It was not going to be a regular bath, no, it was going to be a bloodbath.

But her claws, despite being fierce and sharp, did not harm him. At least, not physically. Rather than dig into his flesh, they dug into his

clothing, tearing his shrunken clothes clean off his body. He felt the hot, moist, sweaty air make direct contact with his bare skin for the first time as every stitch was torn from him in a single, greedy pull, shredding his clothes and making them useless. His cock, utterly limp out of pure anxiety, dangled freely between his legs. TK was a big believer in shaving. There wasn't a single puff of blonde hair above his cock, nor on his testicles.

"Hehe! What a cute little dick that you have," Gatomon said mockingly.

A blush crept over TK's face. His arms were pinned to his side thanks to the claws around his waist. As much as he wanted to cover himself up, he couldn't. He felt and saw the smaller Gatomon's cruel gaze upon his limp, unimpressive shaft. After a few seconds of eyeing it up, she licked her lips, her coarse tongue grooming over them and moistening them with more saliva than TK cared to think about.

"Well! As much as I'd like to stare at your cock until you die of embarrassment, it's bath time, my little blonde cutie!"

Her feline maw opened proper, and all of a sudden, TK was staring down upon the pink, wet abyss that was her throat. He could see it pulse and throb, even from his lofty position above it. Her tongue, no doubt raspy, coarse, and feline waggled down below, flicking from from the roof of her mouth back down to base, creating webs of gooey saliva that spread across her mouth like a big, slimy net. That mouth was big enough to consume him, to swallow him whole, and that was only if he made it past her sharp teeth.

And TK was headed straight for it. The Gatomon's cruel hand began to lower him closer and closer to her steaming maw. Hot, nasty smelling breath began to wash over his tiny, quivering, and very naked form. Worst of all, because of the view of the vast swath of wet pink mouth, because of the hot air that was blowing over his crotch, and just simply because of the overwhelming anxiety that was going through him, TK could feel blood flowing to his groin. His miniscule member began to plump up in the face of his terrible fate, cock stiffening between his legs.

Then, he was dropped. After a brief moment of freefall, the Digidestined male landed on Gatomon's wet tongue. Her saliva coated his naked body immediately, not only coating his underside in her saliva, but, thanks to a few thick globs dripping from the roof of her mouth, he soon found the rest of his body submerged in her spit. Desperately, TK scrambled across her tongue, moving on his hands and knees to make his way toward her still open mouth, to leap out and to flee.

Before he could get too close, however, her mouth slammed closed in front of him, the sound of her sharp teeth colliding sounding like falling rocks. His world was now not only wet and dangerously hot, but also, dark. All he could feel was the coarse writhe of the barbed tongue beneath him, and all he could hear was the pulse of the Gatomon's heart, the gurgle of her stomach below, a stomach that was no doubt eager to digest him.

And through all of that, despite his fear, despite his disgust, he could feel his dick throbbing with pleasure between his legs, painfully

aroused by his deadly predicament. It was a fact that brought TK a great deal of shame. How could he be hard at a time like this? A time where his life was literally dangling in the balance? He couldn't stop his hips from moving, from humping against her raspy tongue, feeling taste buds and barbs roll across his stiff, tiny length.

Then, TK's world changed in an instant. He felt her tongue flick underneath him, throwing his tiny body from her tongue and sending it crashing into the inside of her left cheek, his body far too small to create so much as a bump on the outside of it. He felt her tongue's tip against his back, squishing his body and moving it across the inside of her cheek. While TK's body screamed out in agony from the sensation, his cock lurched in pleasure.

Just as quickly as he'd been moved, his body shifted again, falling back onto her tongue. It didn't remain there for long before Gatomon smacked him against the inside of her right cheek. This time, he felt his body briefly scrape across her dangerous teeth, leaving no lasting damage, but reminding him, for a moment, that she could end him in an instant. Once more, her enormous, slimy, hot tongue raked his miniscule body from the left side of her cheek to the right.

He couldn't hold it in anymore. He couldn't deny his body the pleasure that it desired. As TK was thrown from her right cheek and back to the center of the cruel Gatomon's mouth, his cock violently exploded against her tongue, racking his tiny body with pleasurable convulsions. For a moment, he felt nothing but sheer, blissful pleasure, the dangerous world around him forgotten as his dick seemed to unleash a tidal wave of semen across a tongue that, for a brief moment, he recognised as beautiful. He felt his balls clench and

churn as they vied to empty his entire sac, shooting waves of pleasure up his spine in the same moment.

"Eww! Gross!" the Gatomon cried, around a mouthful of Digidestined. "I can't believe you just came in my mouth, you little freak!"

The shame that he felt doubled. Was he just a little freak? In this moment, TK certainly felt like it.

The white, sticky puddle that he'd created upon her tongue was nothing at all, however, even if, to TK, he felt like he'd spewed liters of his cream upon her muscle. Outside, Gatomon could barely taste his salty load. Her focus was never on giving the Digidestined pleasure, after all. Knowing that he had cum, however, she doubled her torturous efforts.

Just as soon as his orgasm had calmed, he felt Gatomon's tongue writhe underneath him again, smacking him against her left cheek once more. Now, though, the Gatomon was giving TK's tiny body no mercy. Before, there had been some pause between the Gatomon's swirling so that TK could catch his breath, but now, her swirling turned aggressive. TK felt himself caught up in a literal whirlpool of spit that was swirled around the Gatomon's enormous maw, like he was inside of a gigantic, disgusting washing machine. His body twirled around in her mouth. Any time he tried to scream, breathe, or otherwise struggle, he felt his mouth and nostrils fill with her thick, feline saliva, clogging his mouth and filling his lungs.

The torture went on for mere minutes, but to TK, it felt like years. After the intense swirling, TK's tiny body had become intimate with every inch of the feline's maw, coated with an oceans worth of saliva. The Gatomon finally drew tired of torturing her new pet in such a way, however. It was time to let him continue his journey, though not before punishing him for that highly indecent little orgasm that he'd fouled her divine mouth with.

Still inside of Gatomon's maw, TK felt his body roll across her tongue and push against her lips. Saliva collected around him. With a purse of her lips, Gatomon spat the tiny blonde boy out onto paw. She could see that the male looked completely spent, physically and mentally. He was curled into a small, saliva-covered ball on her palm. His body was shivering, though there were no noticeable marks or scratches upon him. In that regard, the Gatomon had been very careful.

TK blearily opened up his eyes. Around him, he could see the two gigantic Gatomon's again. One held him in her palm, while the other, much, much bigger, was staring down upon him with her keen, blue, feline eyes. Both were smirking with pure joy, evidently thrilled by the psychological pain that was being forced upon him.

"Hope you enjoyed your bath!" said the smaller Gatomon. "But for now, I think it's time for me to say goodbye! Oh, but there is just one more little thing that I'd like to bestow upon ya before I leave!"

Tired, TK looked up. His weary heart began to pound hard within his chest. What was next? What other horror could this nasty Digimon

have for him? With his vision blurred by saliva, he watched as the Gatomon lifted one titanic finger to her nostril, sealing one side of it off entirely. Then, sucking in a great breath through the open one, she suddenly snorted, sending a great glob of snot down upon his tiny body, encasing it within green mucus. Then, as if he actually were an unsightly booger, she flicked his tiny body from her palm and back down toward the other, larger Gatomon's foot, before disappearing into a cloud of smoke.

TK did not see any of that, however. His world was filled with thick green. He could barely even open his eyes. All he felt was an impact against him as he was flicked, and then another as he came crashing down into the familiar world of his Goddess' landscape of a foot. His arms were pinned tightly down to either side of him. He writhed and wriggled in an attempt to get free, but the mucus was thick and sticky, and his struggles did him no good at all. No matter how hard he jerked his arms, no matter how hard he punched against the snot, he was powerless to do anything about it. But he had to escape. He had to. Even though he'd been turned into a booger, even though he'd been treated like a piece of candy, TK's soul still burned with a warrior's spirit.

He had no other choice. He had to chew his way out of here. Underneath the great glob of mucus, TK opened his mouth and bit down, tearing off an impressive chunk of snot with his teeth. Unable to spit it out, he was forced to swallow it down, chewing it and allowing it to slide down his throat, where it plopped into his foot sweat filled stomach. Another bite, another chew, another tear, another sickly swallow. The plucky Digidestined ate as much snot as he could, and then some.

Gradually, he felt it's hold slipping away from him, enough so that he could move his hands, his legs. With his stomach packed with Gatomon snot, he fiercely thrust his arms outward and broke the booger's hold upon his arms and legs. Coughing, wheezing, and retching, he pulled himself back onto his feet. His body still had trails of thick, green mucus across it, but he could move. He did his best to wipe his body clean, to flick the snot away from him, and then he looked out at the journey ahead of him. There was still so much foot to cover, and time was still ticking. Out of breath, and far, far more weary than he was an hour ago, TK began to put one foot in front of the other, forcing himself to continue onward.

Up above, he heard Gatomon let out a cruel, nasty giggle at his expense. She'd just watched him eat snot, after all! Her laughter was so deep, so cruel, that he felt it tingle at his soul, reminding him, once again, that he was nothing more than a speck. Nothing more than a giant feline's plaything. Nothing more than a subject of a cruel Goddess. Despite the shame burning in his gut, he forced himself to continue onward, even if the odds were stacked against him. He had to win. He must.

For another two hours, his journey went on interrupted. Now completely naked, TK traipsed across the stinky landmass that was the Gatomon's upturned foot. He was moving further and further away from her heel. Despite the fact that his body ached and his spirit was broken, he managed to climb the valleys of her sole and make it further and further toward her toes. Now, they were clearly visible. They were still many, many miles away, but with the time that he had left remaining, he was certain that he could make it. The scent of foul, stinky sweat began to become thicker and thicker. No doubt, the true source of it was between the toes that he was heading

toward. But TK did not allow himself to wretch. He was filled with determination.

But as he continued to walk, the scenery around him changed. The furred valleys of Gatomon's sweaty, furred arch began to fade away, becoming replaced by ... something else entirely. The sweat was replaced with a much nicer scent, the steamy scent of flowers and of pure, clean water. Was he losing his mind? Had he already lost his mind? TK, at this point, wasn't sure. Whether he was losing his mind or not, TK was no longer stood upon the shaky ground that was Gatomon's paw, but instead, he was inside of a spa. There was no Gatomon here, or at least, she wasn't visible, but there was another Digimon lounging inside one of the baths.

Much to TK's horror, this Digimon wasn't normal sized, either. The Digimon was an Agumon, and he was just as tall, if not taller, than the Gatomon that had shoved him into her mouth. Compared to this Agumon, TK knew that he was only roughly an inch tall. The Agumon was sat within a gigantic tub, his legs and feet spread out onto the ground, turned upward. They looked like small islands to the shrunken Digidestined, who stood at the very base of them.

Then, despite the fact that he couldn't see her, TK heard Gatomon speak. Was this another one of her 'rewards'? No doubt, from somewhere where he couldn't see her, the Goddess of a Gatomon was watching this entire scene unfold. "Welcome to my spa! I saw that you were doing really well, so I figured that you were due some rest and relaxation, pipsqueak!"

The Agumon's gigantic, reptilian eyes moved downward to stare at TK, and the shrunken Digidestined couldn't help but shudder. He saw a wicked grin spread across the Agumon's great, yellow muzzle. In that exact moment, TK knew that he wouldn't be getting any rest or relaxation in this spa. No, he knew that he was in for the exact opposite. This Agumon intended to torture him, just like every other gigantic Digimon today.

"Aw, hi! Ain't you cute?" came the booming voice of the Agumon, his mischievous eyes lighting up with glee. "Y'know, s'no fair that Gatomon is the only one that gets to play with you! I want a turn on the little human toy, too!"

The little human toy. Was that all he was to these Digimon? A plaything? TK felt his entire body grow cold, as if he'd been submerged in ice cold water. Trembling, he kept his head raised, fixed upon the Agumon who was so intent upon torturing him.

TK watched with wide eyes as the Agumon's hand removed itself from the water with a great splash, his palm wet. Enormous, claw-like fingers wriggled in the air, freeing themselves of great drops of water that splashed down on the ground below, creating deep puddles on the concrete ground near TK. Then, it swooped through the air. A great shadow was cast above TK as Agumon's hand began to lower toward him, clearly intent on picking him up.

As the hand approached, a tremendously large, yellow index finger and thumb reaching out for the Digidestined, TK did not budge an inch. Whether this was out of fear, or out of bravery, even he wasn't

certain. He just knew, deep down, that there was little point running. To him, the Agumon was an enormous, apex predator, and he knew that he was little more than prey. He would have to play whatever game the giant reptile had in store for him, whether he liked it or not.

His stomach dropped as claws wrapped around him. Unlike when he had been caught in Gatomon's clutches, he did not struggle. He knew that his capture was completely unfightable. Instead, TK merely closed his eyes and attempted to focus on his breathing, to calm himself. The Agumon who held him was disappointed, to say the least. After all, it wasn't any fun if the human toy didn't fight. The Digimon clearly wouldn't intimidate him on shock value alone. He'd need to remind this little one of his size.

TK was surprised to feel his feet land upon solid ground again so soon. Had he passed the test? Had his bravery won him the favour of this enormous Agumon? As his eyes slid open, he realised that was most certainly not the case. The Agumon had placed him upon the base of his enormous, yellow, and scaly heel, still upturned above the water. Unlike Gatomon's, which was practically a country all by itself, Agumon's merely looked like a deserted island in the middle of a vast sea. And while there was the ever present scent of pungent sweat in the air, it was not quite as magnified as the felines, either.

TK wouldn't have been intimidated by it, frankly. He'd stood upon much worse today. But, as he looked upward from the Agumon's gigantic foot, all the way up at his enormous face, he saw a wicked glint in the reptile's eye. For a moment, the two of them looked at each other, eye to eye, and, in that moment, TK's blood began to run cold. A fight or flight sensation kicked up within him, and his body, no

longer guided by bravery, chose what it thought was the only sensible option - flee.

Escape was not an option, however. As TK turned on his heel and made to run away, he felt Agumon's great index finger suddenly smash down into his back. The Digidestined felt a jolt of pain course through his body as he was rudely smooshed downward by nothing more than the tip of a claw. His face made contact with the Agumon's grimy heel, and he immediately realised that he was foolish for thinking that his sweat was any better than the Gatomon's. With his face so close to it, he could scent the grime that was clogging pores beneath the Agumon's scales, a slime that was so thick that he could feel it spreading against his face.

"Think you're tough, huh?" Agumon giggled. "Well, let's see how tough ya feel after this!"

With a sweep of his finger, Agumon quickly dragged TK's tiny body from the base of his heel, and began to guide it across the length of his sole. TK's world became a blur. He could feel coarse, sweaty flesh rubbing against his face and his naked, bare body as he was forced to take a ride across the Agumon's abrasive, but squishy sole. He did not dare open his eyes, but he felt the air rush over his tiny body as he was moved effortlessly, the Agumon's finger bearing from above, while his nasty sole rubbed across his underbelly and torso, coating it in a thick glaze of foot slime.

Suddenly, his journey came to a halt, and, finally, Agumon could feel the human trembling beneath the tip of his finger. The tiny human was

scared, he was feeling hopeless. It filled the Agumon with a powerful surge of satisfaction. The ability to torture something much smaller than him brought the Digimon an endless amount of glee. Far, far above him, TK could hear this glee come to life in a series of cruel, childish giggles that now roared endlessly from the Agumon's mouth.

"Hehe! I can tell that you're not feeling so tough now! Look at how easily I can make you move around my big ol' paw!"

To prove his point, Agumon moved his finger again, swiping downward, rather than upward this time. TK's body was pushed down across Agumon's sole, toward his heel. Once again, his world was little more than a blur, a painful sensation tearing across his naked body as he was once more subjected to the Agumon's insane whims. When he reached the peak of Agumon's heel, Agumon set about moving him back to his toes, not even giving the tiny, human toy a moment to catch his breath. Then, when he reached his toes, Agumon began the agonizing process once again. At this point, he was practically treating TK's body like it was little more than a miniature foot scrub, scraping his tiny body across his enormous, uncaring foot.

TK, after a minute or two of this horrible treatment, was really close to blacking out. Moved so quickly, he could barely pull air into his lungs. Behind closed eyes, he saw stars popping into his field of vision, a sure sign that he needed much more oxygen than he was able to get right now. Lungs ached, and friction burns coated his torso and legs from his forced ascent and descent. The painful sensation began to fade as the Digimon slowly began to lose consciousness. After all he'd been through, was this how TK was going to die? Rubbed across an Agumon's heel until he was nothing?

He would fight it if he could. But he couldn't. Tiny TK was useless, he knew it. He was just a plaything, and he was about to get broken.

Just as TK was ready to give up all hope, he felt his body come to an abrupt stop. Before opening his eyes, he quickly gasped much needed air into his burning, aching lungs, willingly intaking the foul, odorous oxygen that surrounded the great Agumon's foot. Then, weakly, he opened his eyes. Agumon had brought his tiny body to rest, right between his toes. In front of him, he saw the deep crevices that laid between two of the Agumon's three, towering toes.

Then, after being given only seconds to recover, his tiny body was forced between two of the Agumon's spread, wiggling toes. His face ended up in a particularly bad clump of toejam, his mouth forced against the dirty clump of sweaty, decomposing skin cells. He felt the Digimon's finger lift from his back. It was only a brief relief. Soon after his agency was given back to him, it was taken away. The Agumon's toes closed around him at either side. Two enormous, reptilian toes closed around his tiny form, smothering him from either side.

"Too bad, little toy!" Agumon giggled. "It looks like your little journey has come to an end! Not that any of us thought that you'd make it all the way up our Goddess' gorgeous feet, anyway!"

Of course none of them did. Who would believe in a speck of a human being like him? He should've known better than to be filled with

hope. He was useless. He couldn't even make for a very durable toy.

TK felt his bones creak loudly as the Agumon's toes closed around him tighter and tighter. All of the air that he'd managed to suck in was quickly ejected from his lungs with nothing more than a simple clench of the Agumon's toes. The pressure grew tighter and tighter. He quickly felt his entire world becoming nothing more than slimy, disgusting sweat. This was it. He was not going to die atop an Agumon's heel, no, he was to die between an Agumon's stinky toes. The foul scent assaulted him from every angle, much like the Agumon's toes smothered him. There was no escape.

"Go ahead and wriggle, toy! C'mon! At least make this fun for me!"

TK wanted to lay there and die, and yet, his body responded to Agumon's command, as if he were actually a doll. Unable to help himself, the Digidestined began to wriggle between the Agumon's enormous toes, his body pointlessly struggling against the enormous walls of squishy toemeat that were now bearing into his body. Soon after he began to struggle, he couldn't. His prison became far too tight. His arms were pinned to his sides, and his legs, crushed together as the grip around him became vice-like.

As the pressure neared lethal levels, it suddenly came to a halt. The sensation of being crushed instantly faded, and any damage that had been done to his body by the Agumon's rigorous raking was healed. Even his lungs no longer burned. Had he passed away? If he had, he'd honestly be grateful. An end to this torment, finally. A smile spread across TK's face, which made him realise that he still had a

face. Something soft and fuzzy was tickling at it. Gatomon's foot fur? He couldn't be back here. He dared to sniff. A familiar, horrible odour filled his nose, and the reality of the situation sank in. Barely daring to open his eyes, he lifted his head, and saw that he was not upon the Agumon's foot anymore. He was back on top of the Gatomon's foot, back in the center of her sole.

The Digidestined felt like weeping. He would have rather died than be back here. The only relief that he could take from this was that he was no longer being crushed. At least Gatomon didn't like to grind him against her foot like the Agumon did. But it was little reconciliation. He was here, and it truly was a hopeless place.

"Let that serve as a reminder, my little pet. No matter how hard you fight, no matter how brave you feel, you will always be nothing more than a plaything," Gatomon purred, from high, high above. Her awful, mocking voice was the cherry on top of the cake that was this hell. "Now, get up and march. You still have time to make it to my toes. Or don't you want to go back home?"

TK did want to go home, obviously. But what was the point in struggling onward with this, if he was just going to be tricked at every turn? Should he just give up? No. He hadn't given up all of those years ago. He couldn't forget his brother, his friends, and their struggle in the Digital World. They wouldn't have given up. So neither would TK. Despite the fact that he'd rather just curl up into a ball and die, he gritted his teeth and pushed himself to his feet, encouraged by memories from his past. With his hands clenched at his side, and his body still completely naked, he began to traipse forward across Gatomon's heel once more, intent on arriving at his final destination - her toes.

The journey began, once again, simply. It was just a case of traversing the Gatomon's paw, of putting one foot in front of the other, of climbing up her arch. Here, the journey was at a slight incline. It felt like he was walking up the crest of a hill. The Gatomon's filthy toes drew closer and closer, no longer obscured by distance. Soon, he could clearly see the great, enormous, peak-like claws stretching out into the air. But TK knew that Gatomon had something in store for him. It wasn't a question of if she'd throw another obstacle in his path, but when. What would it be? Another giant Digimon, no doubt.

In the end, however, it was something completely different. Something completely unexpected. Rather than assault his mind, the great, deity-like Gatomon above him decided to assault his body instead. Just as he reached the crest of her enormous arch, he felt a strange, tingling sensation in his lower body, around his thighs. At first, he brushed it off as nothing more than exertion on his part. After all, he had walked many, many miles across the Gatomon's foot today, without so much as a break. And that was without speaking of his ... other encounters.

But, no. It quickly became apparent to TK that it was not exertion. The tingling began to spread from his thighs to his groin, like a feather was tickling at his manhood. Against his will, he began to feel blood flow quickly to his privates. In seconds, the young Digidestined had an erection. This was another attempt to antagonize him, he was certain. Well, he would show that Goddess of a Gatomon that he could press on, boner or no boner. But it was no good. The blood flow became so intense that TK felt his knees buckle. And, before he could push himself onto his feet, an invisible pressure slammed

against his back, burying his lower body into the soft, squishy flesh of the Gatomon's fuzzy, upper sole. With his hips pressed so taut against it, he felt his cock sink into the supple flesh beneath him. His balls were carressed by the fuzz against her heel, his miniscule shaft buried into the warm, sweaty depths of her foot.

As much as TK wanted to say that it felt horrible, it actually felt incredible. The boy let out a long, loud groan, muffled against her flesh. Feeling himself lose control, he began to hump his hips against the feline's immense paw like he was a mutt in heat, grinding his length against the soft caress of Gatomon's sole. It felt wonderful. Her footsweat created a wicked slickness that coated his cock in a dirty, grimy heat, stimulating him more and more with each thrust. His tongue lolled from his mouth in his lust, uncontrollably lapping against the dense, sweaty fur underneath it, taking her vile taste willingly into his mouth.

Why was he doing so disgusting? TK didn't even question it. He needed it. He craved her. And, before long, the inevitable happened. He felt his testicles clench harder than they ever had before. Screaming into the air, he grinded his teeth together hard as rope after rope of thick semen spewed from the tip of his agonizingly hard length. His orgasm seemed to go on endlessly, his cock erupting a seemingly endless mess of sticky goop onto her foot. He felt it pooled underneath him, against his cock, against his thighs. By the time he was done, the quantity of cum that he'd let loose was enough that his upper torso was laid in the puddle.

TK felt like he had quite literally been wrung dry. But he felt good. Blissful. This was the first time that he had felt genuinely happy since he'd woken up in this hellscape.

It only took a few choice words from his deity to knock all the wind from his sails, however.

"You're disgusting. I can't believe that you'd use my foot like that."

She was right. Of course she was. She was a Goddess, and he was nothing more than a flea. A disgusting, horny little flea that had just had what was easily the best orgasm of its worthless life upon the heel of a creature much greater than he. Suddenly, TK did not feel bliss. Any happiness gained by his orgasm was quickly replaced by misery. He didn't deserve to feel happy. That emotion was reserved for greater creatures, like the one who was currently taunting him.

"I'm ... I'm sorry, Goddess," he eventually whimpered.

"Good," Gatomon replied. "You should be sorry. Now, clean up your mess, you pathetic little worm."

Without hesitation, he immediately began to obey her. The young Digidestined slid his body downward, feeling his seed slide across his body, until his face was right above the puddle that he had created. He did not want to lap up his own cum, but, somehow, he knew that this was his place. He had made this mess on his Goddess' heel. His tongue extended and began to lick. His semen had mixed with the sweat upon her foot, making it taste so much more bitter and salty. It

did not taste good, but that did not stop TK. Without reluctance, he allowed the thick mixture to slide down his throat.

"Mmm. What a good pet you are. Cleaning up your own mess, without complaint."

Praise. TK felt his spirits lift. As if he were desperate for more assurance from his Goddess, his tongue began to lick harder, firmer. The quantity of his seed was surprising. It was almost as if he were licking at an endless puddle of it. He felt his stomach begin to bloat, but it did not stop his lapping, nor his swallowing. He had never produced this much cum before. He had never had an orgasm so intense. And it was all thanks to his Goddess' grand, almighty foot. How could he have ever hated it? Even the scent of it, which thought only hours ago was disgusting, was now, somehow, heavenly.

Eventually, the vast puddle that TK himself had been created had been slurped back into his own body. The contents that were once in his testes now filled his stomach. He was full, content. On top of her foot, he could've laid his head down and slept, immersed in her scents. Her heartbeat would've been his lullaby. But before he could settle, he heard Gatomon speak once more.

"No time for sleeping, little flea. You still have a job to do. You don't want to disappoint me, do you?"

No. TK did not want to disappoint her. He pushed his hands into either side of her foot, and stood up to his full, naked height. While home was still on his mind when it came to reaching his objective, he now had another motivator. Pleasing the Gatomon.

His legs were like jelly after his orgasm, but the sheer devotion that he now felt powered him. His steps were quicker than they ever were before, surer upon her foot. His nostrils widened as he eagerly inhaled his captor's heady scent, allowing him to breathe in and savour a smell that he once thought disgusting. If he were to fail his task, then would living here upon her sole truly be so bad? It was warm, it was comfortable, and, in it's own way, the fuzzy landscape that surrounded him was also beautiful, if completely alien.

TK didn't think for a moment that the great Gatomon above him might be altering his mind. To make him more pliant, to make him more submissive to her whims. The Goddess of a Digimon was, of course, doing that, but only very subtly. Part of this newfound love came from the Digidestined, too. Gatomon was merely ... hurrying the process along. After all, she did not want him to succeed at his next, and final task.

Not that he possibly could. His failure was inevitable.

Soon, TK was at the very base of Gatomon's ginormous toe. It was a steep incline that stretched upward like the face of a cliff. He had managed to make the majority of the journey on foot, but, for this final part, he would have to climb. He wasted no time in starting his task. He couldn't disappoint her by falling at the last hurdle. He reached out

and grasped onto her furred toe, burying both of his hands as deep as they could. His feet were next, pushed into her fuzz. With gritted teeth, he began to pull himself upward.

The climb was long and arduous, but after half an hour of climbing, he had finally accomplished what he thought was impossible a few hours ago. He had finally made it to the peak of Gatomon's toe. Now, thoroughly out of breath, he staggered forward and sat down, pressing his back against the Digimon's jet black claw.

Had he made it? Was it time to go home? Not yet.

"Well done, little flea. You made it to my toe with just enough time left. Had you took just a few minutes longer, then, well ... you wouldn't be alive right now," Gatomon purred, her tone light and playful. "But I'm afraid that there's one final task that you must complete before I let you go home."

Underneath his rear, TK felt Gatomon's toes shift underneath him. His world shook slightly, but his position atop her toe was relatively safe. He saw as the toes that were once spread were now pressed together firmly, creating a solid platform of four, fuzzy white toes. Still trying to catch his breath, TK remained still atop of her toe, wondering what this final task could possibly be.

"I want you to paint my claws a nice, pretty pink. You can do that for me, can't you, tiny? Of course, you might be a little too small to do it

now ... I'll have to make you a little bit bigger."

With her reality bending powers, Gatomon did just that. TK felt a strange sensation in his stomach, and then, suddenly, he wasn't a mere speck upon her toe. Rather than being flea-sized, he was now roughly two inches tall. The claw that he rested against was no longer like an imposing mountain peak. Instead, against his back, it was about three times as tall as he was. Rather than the top of her toe being like an island as it was before, it was now little more than a shelf. If she really wanted him to paint her toes, then he would have to be careful not to fall off of them, especially since they were quivering in what he could only presume was excitement.

In preparation for the task that lay ahead, TK stood up, carefully bringing himself to his feet so as to not end up falling off the edge of her toe. As he rose to his feet, an object was suddenly conjured into his hand. It was a paintbrush, the very tip of it coated in a bright, blushed pink. For a moment, with the brush in hand, he hesitated. Gatomon's grip on his mind was now so strong that he wasn't sure if he wanted to even begin this task. After all, if he did, and succeeded, he wouldn't be here anymore. Did he want to be here? It felt like it.

"What's wrong, pipsqueak? Don't you want to go home?"

Home. Yes. TK did want to go home, back to his family, back to those who loved him. Away from this cruel creature that clearly hated his guts. With a grimace, he turned around, and applied the paintbrush to the base of the claw that he was stood next to, sweeping a layer of pink across it. With that first stroke, he realised

that this task was going to be incredibly difficult. The paintbrush was heavy in his arms, and a single stroke of it didn't cover much of it at all. It dawned on him that this was a task that Gatomon could perform by herself effortlessly, in a matter of minutes. To the tiny TK, it would take a matter of hours.

Despite this, he pressed on. He coated the bottom half of the onyx nail in the sticky paint, turning it from black to pink. As he applied it, he realised that the paint was also glittery. At his height, the light bouncing off of it nearly blinded him, making his task harder than it already was. He did not need to replenish the paint on the brush at any point. It seemed to come from it infinitely. As he painted her claw, he needed to move around her toe, moving carefully, but surely. He did not want to fall from her foot. Doing so would disappoint Gatomon, and it would mean that he wouldn't be able to go home.

With the bottom half painted, TK wondered how he would be able to reach the top of Gatomon's claw. It was unclimbable, too slippery, and the brush was too short to reach the tip. Figuring that he would come back to this later, he advanced to the next claw, painting the bottom half of that blushed pink, too. On to the next he went, his arms becoming heavier and heavier, but he pressed on, painting the bottom half of her third claw, all the while wondering how he would be able to get to the very tip.

The fourth, and final claw. Perhaps Gatomon would be understanding. Perhaps Gatomon would let him go home, even though he had, effectively, done half of the task that she'd given to him. With his muscles now burning red hot, he began the laborious task of painting her final claw. The ache meant that he couldn't do it as quickly as the others. The final few strokes that he made were messy, sloppy. But it

was done. With a wheeze, he stepped backward. With the paintbrush now too heavy for him to hold, it fell from his hands, disappearing into thin air before it hit the surface of the toe beneath him.

"What a terrible, messy job. You're so stupid. You couldn't even figure out a way to paint the top half of my claws?" Gatomon chided, speaking to TK like he was an infant. "Well, I guess that's it. You're not going back home after doing a job like that. As a matter of fact, you don't deserve to be as big as you were before. You're not a flea, not a bug, no, you're more worthless than even that."

TK felt true misery. He couldn't do it. He opened his mouth to beg for a second chance, but it was far too late. He felt the tingling in his gut, and then, rather than being restored to his original height, he was made smaller, smaller than he was before, smaller that the fur on top of Gatomon's toe was now like a forest, rather than a deep grass. His tiny, speck of a body sank into it completely.

"You're pathetic," came her voice again. "You're going to live on my foot as nothing more than a tiny, worthless little parasite."

He would never see his family again. For the rest of his life, he would live as a creature that crawled amongst the thick fur of her foot, searching desperately for sweaty scraps to consume so that he could fill his belly. As much as TK wanted to escape, to return to his family and friends, he knew, deep down, that this was more than what he deserved. He was a failure, and his merciful Goddess had, at least, allowed him to live upon her foot for the rest of his days.