

Mew and Mewtwo's foot servant

The sun's rays were getting through the trees of the Viridian forest, creating what seemed to be a light gradient as the light was selectively passing through the leaf layers that allowed it, basking the entire place into a common warm and pleasant atmosphere, as a young male trainer was wandering through the patches of tall grass with a concentrated look on his face. She had just fled a Pokemon battle and was cursing out in the open.

"God dammit! Why can't I find any shinies! The trainer scuffled and started shouting of frustration. I've been fighting for hours, yet nothing..."

What he didn't know though was that not far from him, two legendary Pokemons were wandering the forest in the search of a human. The roaming life forms were none other than a Mewtwo and a Mew, the first one was grumpy and sarcastic, while the other one was cheerful and joyful. Both were floating in the air thanks to their psychic powers.

"Do you think we can find a worthy human there?" Questioned the first Pokemon, perplex that the two would succeed in their objective.

- I'm sure there are peoples here! I've seen a very low-level trainer last time, but he was gone when I left to inform you about it. The smaller Pokemon replied, seemingly bummed out that the person he had seen wasn't here anymore.

A few minutes of research followed, until a shout of frustration was heard through the whole forest, making the smaller wide Pokemons run away as an innate response.

"Well, I think we're gonna find someone in the end..." The large Pokemon said with a sigh of relief.

Both nodded to each other before lunging towards the source of the sound at the same time, frantically scanning their environment for any presence of the human that had made the loud sound. It was only a few seconds before the source was found, as the scrawny trainer found himself in front of the legendary Mewtwo. The man's eyes widened, as he took a few seconds to come to his senses. He couldn't stop himself from shaking of excitement, as he dug out a Pokeball out of his belt and presented towards the creature, ready to press the button allowing to open it. That is when Mew reacted and quickly grabbed the ball from his trainer's hand, as a pink trail followed the flying fairy looking creature. Mew took his place right next to his bigger version, floating right next to him, as the trainer couldn't believe his eyes. Mewtwo finally raised his voice, deep and imposing, like a king talking to his servant.

"Human... What is your name?" He questioned, looking down on him.

At first, he didn't answer, as his immediate reaction was to reach his hands on his belt again to grab another Pokeball, but he was stopped down by Mewtwo who, reaching his hand towards him with a purple glow emanating from it, paralysed the man before he could do anything.

"What.Is.Your.Name." He repeated, stern and sombre, the tone of his voice sounding more like a threat than a question this time.

- My... My name... Mark... He replied with a sweatdrop rolling on his forehead when he realised the Pokemon's strength.

- I see, Mark... You're going with us. Mewtwo responded, not releasing his psychic grip on Mark. Mew, you know what to do.

- On my way! The small Pokemon exclaimed joyfully before flying in front of the trainer. Don't worry buddy, I'm sure you're gonna like it! He told the trainer he was now facing, before closing his eyes, seemingly concentrating hard on something.

As Mark was wondering what was going on, he soon found himself trapped inside a human size pink bubble, which he realised was the creation of Mew after seeing him sigh from relief after the intense effort he produced. He felt his body lift up in the air, probably controlled by Mewtwo, as Mark now had the full control of his movements again. Without a supplementary word, Mewtwo snapped his fingers, and the scenery around the three living forms changed from an emerald shined forest to a cozy living room with a red couch. Though for an unknown reason, the room felt like it was... Growing? Mark felt the whole world around him start to get bigger and bigger, or maybe... He was the one shrinking down?! The two Pokemon were bigger than before, in fact, so much bigger that he felt the size of a bug, compared to his usual perspective of the world. He must not be taller than 10 inches, as the Pokemon looked like literal giants to him now.

"W-Wait, what the hell's happening? Why am I shrinking?! What are you gonna do to me?!" Mark started shouting and energetically pushing on the sphere's boundaries from the inside. His complaints found no answers though, as both of the Pokemon simply watched, amused at the high-pitched human complaining from inside his bubble.

- Hehe, that shrinking move is from me, do you like it? Mew snickered, with a smile that looked way more sinister as it was bigger than the trainer's entire view.

- Without further ado, let's get to work. We'll start with me, is that okay? Mewtwo spoke, as the bubble lowered down on the ground, right in front of the couch, as the trainer felt his feet anchoring on the wooden floor.

He barely had the time to wonder what was going on, that Mewtwo lifted both of his two toed feet in the air, before slamming them on the bubble, surrounding it with his soles and toes, which wrinkles were almost hypnotically rolling on the surface of the sphere that was protecting Mark. He witnessed the soles wiggling and the toes spreading around the ball, while the temperature started to rise up from a smellable cheesy scent, as the man noticed the numerous sweat drops that were rolling and traveling along the psychic's tired and worn out soles. Mark could say that Mewtwo didn't walk a lot though, as he didn't notice a lot of dirt or bruises on them whatsoever. The trainer was scared, but as long as the spherical bubble was here to protect him, everything would be fine... Right?

That is at this exact moment that the protection disappeared all of a sudden, purely and simply vanishing, as Mark only had the possibility to gasp for one second, before he felt the soles of the large Pokemon apply their strength and force on top of his weak body. The pressure under the soles were enough to make him sink onto the Pokemon's light pink arches, carving his silhouette on the sole, along with the multiple wrinkles and irregularities on the psychic type's skin. Mark was expecting to eventually be crushed to death as the pressure kept growing and growing, but the flesh was actually so soft that it physically didn't hurt him. The atmosphere and temperature in there was more than potent though. Mark felt the front of his body moisten up as the foot grinded on his body in up and down motions, casually toying with his owner's newfound toy.

"Alright, here's what we're gonna do. You will be serving our feet from now on. That includes smells, kisses, licks... Everything you can think of~"

The sole grinded on the poor little man's unwilling body, rolling him around under the large area, hosting the shrunken down body between each singular wrinkle, acting like a warm blanket covering and depositing their strong scent and sweat onto the clothes, skin, and hairs of the squishy foot toy. The human would travel through the strong yet narrow and firmer heel of the Pokemon before being pushed around onto his smooth sole area, from which his body would constantly find himself caressed by the tender flesh of Mewtwo's playful paw. He would finally end up under the bridge of Mewtwo's large toe balls, squished around as the weight flattened right on his body, the warm atmosphere and tense smell sucking all his energy away from him. He felt the toes slide sideways on the ground, and as the Pokemon would sometimes apply all of his weight on the tip of one of his single toes, he occasionally felt an unbearable pressure applied on him. Unable to do anything else, Mark remember what Mewtwo had told him, and hoping that it would appease him, he reluctantly opened his mouth and started showering the smelly foot with kisses, sinking his hands into the surface as his hands were almost disappearing in it. He was travelled through the entire sole again, this time making sure to give the appropriate worship to the dominant creature, who moaned as a response. His lips were basically sinking into the velvet texture as much as the hands, as with each kiss came a lick that gathered a strong mix of a bitter and salty taste invade his mouth and mind, an ever growing atmosphere which started to make the trainer barely conscious very fast, as he has been breathing this atmosphere for a very long time without a breath of fresh air.

Mewtwo noticed Mark's sudden limpness and decided to lift up his foot to give the trainer a break, as he fell to the ground, panting and dripping with sweat. The Pokémon kept wiggling his toes at the human, while looking at Mewtwo with a frustrated expression.

"Hey, are you sure we should keep him? He isn't very durable..." He said with concern to his pink flying friend.

- Well, maybe we should have started with MY feet! Yours are so smelly, it's unbearable to an unprepared servant. It's his first service, after all, we should start with me! Mew responded with the same enthusiasm that he had always been showing.

- ...Fine, do so. I just wanted to be the first, for once... He admitted, crossing his arms and blushing shamefully.

- Yay! Don't worry, you'll get your turn~ Mew replied before wiggling his delicate toes in front of Mewtwo's face, unintentionally tempting him, where Mew just wanted to cheer up his friend.

- A-Anyway, just go, I'll watch you two...

- Alright! The smaller Pokémon flew to the ground, as he was too high for the trainer to even see his soles.

As Mark was still laying down, he noticed the silhouette of the cheerful Pokemon invade his vision. Despite Mew being in the shorter spectrum, his size compared to Mark was significant, as the "little" creature lifted up one his soles above the trainer, showing him that he was about the size of that foot. His eyes were fixating on that three toes foot and that central pad which had a darker hue. The digits wiggled, as they were occasionally duplicating in Mark's vision as he was still as hazy as when Mewtwo lifted up his foot. While Mewtwo had a more direct approach towards his foot servant, Mew instead decided to gently lower his sole down, gradually immersing the human into the damp atmosphere of his looming sole. Even though there was still a hint of a cheesy scent to them, Mark could notice a major downgrade in terms of smell than for Mewtwo's feet, as the way more bearable earthy scent felt like a breath of fresh air to him. Mew didn't lower the foot down to

completely smother him though, he either lowered it down just enough to gently tap the tip of Mark's nose, moving his foot around to let it travel the entire area. The trainer didn't think it was even possible, but Mew's sole felt even softer than his companion's, as he wasn't even aware that it was actually slowly pressing down as the soles slid on his nostrils, welcoming the face with the sea of wrinkles that he had now been accustomed to.

"Good, now, lick my foot, would you?" Mew ordered in a somewhat slack manner, while pushing his foot further down, while Mark was witnessing the footprints of Mew getting closer and closer to him.

The human didn't have any desire to do so, but deep under the scented atmosphere of the Pokemon's sole, he took out his tongue and started lapping at the passing foot, leaving warm trails of saliva on the smooth surface, following the rounded shape of Mew's lengthy shaped foot. It wasn't long before he was brought to the Pokemon's toe area, where the smell started to feel way more disturbingly cheesy. Mew pushed the trainer under the toe bridge of his first toe, forcing his face to latch onto the dampened surface that was the home of most of Mew's foot sweat that had proven itself to be very discrete on the sole area. It wasn't like Mewtwo's foot smell however, and Mark, despite not feeling happy about his situation, kept gathering and collecting each individual drop, while the flesh was rubbing his face and forehead. These actions were rewarded by the very distinct sounds of Mew murring and moaning from the feeling, while he heard a loud thump, probably meaning he had sat down, his sole still facing the ground. Mark's vision suddenly lit up, as he was faced with the living room's roof and Mew's face looking down on him, while the Pokemon's toes splayed, exposing his moistened face between the two first digits, face which Mew looked at with a cute smile on his face. The trainer understood the message, as he reluctantly stuck out his tongue to repeatedly lap at the giant toe gap. The warmth and damp atmosphere, although rendered more bearable by the direct possibility to gather fresh air to refuel, the heat and scent emanating from the Pokemon's lowest body part was immersing him into a damp universe where he felt his brain fill itself with the raunchy atmosphere; while his multiple licks left numerous spots and trails of watering saliva and showing the cleaned skin in small trails like a brush painting over a canvas. The licks made Mew moan a bit from the pleasure, as his sensitive toes were wiggling, slightly tickled by the moist warm organ. Once the cleaning was finished between one toe, the Pokemon grinded his soles on Mark's body, sliding the trainer between the second and third toe to resume his cleaning, this time worshipping the other gap, whose drops of sweat were visible to Mark, given his smaller size. The licks continued, while the pink creature was gently rubbing his toes on the trainer's cheeks, seemingly content with the attention he was giving.

Satisfied with the toe cleaning, Mew lifted up his sole, revealing the moist body and clothes of the trainer under its shadow, before planting it once again on the ground, pinning Mark under his creamy sole. The Pokemon then lifted up his paw to look at the human's imprint on his foot, making sure he was well carved into the soft fleshy surface, before planting his soles together, smushing the victim between the two smooth and silky textures. Mark's mind was slowly filling up with the musky and warm atmosphere, smothered, sandwiched, and played with between the two flesh layers, which were rubbing and grinding against each other, bringing Mark to slide between the entire sole area, brought around by the folding and unfolding sea of wrinkles taking him like a storm. He felt his body smushed between the heel pads of the Pokemon, which texture was a bit more leathery than the rest of the paws, and which smell was way more potent, as it had the occasion to lodge itself between the seams of the texture. Actually, the clouding smell reminded him of the one of Mewtwo's, as his mind started to wander off again, but this time not going as far as to lose all grip on reality. This forced trip lasted for a while, travelling back and forth between the creature's arch, soles, heel pads, eventually getting pushed around by the long toes of the Pokemon's right set of

toes, pushing him deep into the surface of the opposing foot's toe bridge each time he risked falling off. As more and more time passed, Mark started to feel used to this dampening place he was forced in, pushed around between the wrinkles, forming a trail tunnel behind his way, which would almost immediately close off. The owner of the feet that were currently playing with him giggled, feeling the sensitive pressure points of his feet being pushed around and the different nodes of his feet being untangled by the tiny ball that was the human, who could only hear the pulsating sound of the Pokemon's muscles and tendons work and rubble on him, any exterior sound coming out as very muffled and largely inaudible due to Mark's ears getting almost constantly played with. Finally, after a few minutes that seemed to be an eternity, the two paws withdrew from each other, as Mark, back stuck deep in the sole as a print on the little Pokemon's body part, finally got the occasion to inhale a grasp of pure air. Mew lowered his head and looked at Mark's state from under his soles with a curious expression, which then turned to contentment as Mark's mind was effectively dulled from the foot play he had been victim to.

"Alright, I think that's enough now~" He told his friend, who had been interestingly watching the entire time.

- Finally! I was really close to looking for someone else on my side. Mewtwo gnarled, still pouting.

- I'm sorry... But to my defence, he's a very good pressure relieve! Mew responded apologetically.

- Oh well... At least I can have my fun now. The paler Pokemon turned his head towards the little human, before grinning in a confident way.

He took off the couch to directly seat on the wooden ground, extending his legs towards Mew's large pair of feet which was about twice as big as his partner's. The two shared a wink at each other, before Mark helplessly watched Mewtwo's toe toed foot press against him, catching him between the two different soles, who had both a different temperature, smell and texture. He felt the intense stench of Mewtwo's worn out soles catch his nose again, although this time, it strangely seems to smell less bad than when he was under the mighty Pokemon's sole last time, or at least, way more manageable, probably thanks to Mew's "Preparation". The two soles rubbed against each other, grinding and slowly unlodging the human from the imprint he had made on Mew's sole overtime, only to be carefully and expertly transmitted to the other Pokemon's, face first into the rougher yet more flexible surface. A batch of air hit Mark's back as Mew retracted his sole, snickering a bit as he looked at the small trainer get dragged by the bigger Pokemon's foot, who now had a smile on his face, happy to receive the gift from his little friend.

While Mew kept joyfully giggling as the crevice that had formed on his sole, caused by the trainer's pressure, started to bulge and regain its original form, Mewtwo's foot, on his side, felt Mark effectively sink into its pillow flesh, cradled by the wrinkles pushing him around and keeping him from simply falling off. The big Pokemon slammed his sole onto the ground, bringing the human with it, and started grinding the smooth body part of his against the ground in a back and forth motion. The trainer found himself dragged around, while still being forced to face the Pokemon's sweaty sole, massaged and rubbed by the soft surface pushing hard on him, forcing his head in the imprint that he had created, deeply lodged into the warm cavern of Mewtwo's soles. He felt his body slide along with the foot, ultimately pushed by the ever continuing movements as all he could do was watch at the foot imprints move around before his eyes like an hypnotising spiral, and soon enough found himself nose deep between the Pokemon's damp toes, a drop of sweat falling right on his forehead to mark the human as if he was a possession at this point. In fact, that's probably what the two Pokemons thought of him as, because as Mark was stuck having to sniff and feel the warmth and stench of the Pokemon's strong foot, the two were casually discussing, not even giving an attention

to him other than an eventual toes wiggle or tease. This was soon to change though, as Mewtwo suddenly squeezed his two spherical toes, forcefully squeezing Mark's cheeks and tainting them with the musk of the pressing digits. Mark gasped in surprise, much to his dismay, as a wave of the rancid smell found its way inside the human's mouth, staining his teeth, throat and lungs with this intense earthy smell that had cooked between Mewtwo's smooth digits. While his vision was partially covered by the giant's toes as if surrounded by walls, the centre part of Mark's vision was clear, and what he could see from this little hole of clarity was the stern Pokemon's face looking right at him, not without a hint of lust in his stare.

"You'd better lick if you want out of them" Mark heard, although his ears were muffled by the walls pushing his cheeks.

Reluctant at first, he eventually stuck out his tongue and started lapping between the Pokemon's toes like a dog, gathering the multiple hints of dirt and dust from the day. This got a muffled moan to come out of Mewtwo's mouth, who bashfully blushed at the realisation of the sound he had just made. All of a sudden, Mew's eye appeared right in front of Mark's vision, right in front of him. He attentively looked at the work the human was doing, before snickering and leaning back on Mewtwo's foot, leaving his large feet dangle on the trainer's face while he was doing his work. Like a lid closing a jar, Mew's feet started to cover the only part of the trainer's vision allowing him to see the exterior, replacing it with the pink surface, or more precisely, the darker pink heel pad of the Pokemon, which leathery texture wriggled around with the rest of the foot. Now entirely cut off from the outside world, the trainer was witnessing the fog of both Pokemon's foot smell invading the environment around him, and he was feeling the temperature significantly rise up all around it, soon covering his entire body with his own sweat on top of the Pokemons', as Mew's foot covering the sky like a roof allowed its forming sweat to directly fall on Mark's forehead, giving him a "Breeze" of the little creature's smell. He kept licking for a few minutes, until the part was completely clean and glistening with saliva in this dark cave Mark was caught in. Mewtwo's digits wiggled, occasionally rubbing and caressing the trainer's cheeks with their swift movement, before the micro heard the echoes of the two Pokemons' voices. His fleshy enclosure kept him from understanding what was said, but he still figured it was a conversation, as both Pokemons' respective tones were alternating, while the toes kept massaging the human's face, a situation which at this point didn't feel really uncomfortable for him as he just waited in the hopes that the conversation was about releasing him. A glimpse of light peeking from Mew's spread toes gave him a glimpse of hope, as Mew's turquoise eye looked through the hole for a few seconds, before retreating. Mark felt the bigger Pokemon's sole retreat, letting go of its grasp on the trainer as it caressed his body from his chest to his toes on its way back. A wave of fresh air layered over Mark's now exposed body, giving him a relieving feeling that traversed his entire body, as if he had drunk a glass of water after an intense effort. With more space to move around, he stood up, stretched, and as he was about to run towards the exit that had been opened by the removal of Mewtwo's foot, the darkness invaded his surroundings again. In a skilful manner, Mew and Mewtwo cooperated and cupped their soles together, in a way to form a fleshy dome around the trainer's now more mobile body, with Mew and Mewtwo's intertwined soles and toes serving as walls keeping the trainer from escaping. A beam of light excluded from one side again, as a voice accompanied it.

"We've noticed you weren't really comfortable with being squished around..." He heard the pink Pokemon announce.

- We figured a cell would be more adequate for you... Mewtwo continued his friend's speech.

- Here's the deal: We'll let you go if you completely clean our feet. Kissing, licking, sucking, all of that~ Mew gleefully finished, as the dome's wall twitched a bit.

- You don't get to refuse anyway. Mewtwo added, before the hole closed itself again.

Now completely surrounded by darkness, the unwilling human had at least one objective to accomplish if he hoped to regain his freedom. Carefully walking and groping to not bump or trip in this black void, the human's hands soon found themselves touching a warm and smooth surface, which he supposed to be one of the Pokemon's feet, and by the rougher texture, Mark came to the conclusion that it was one of Mewtwo's. As he started kneading his hands into the soft wall, he felt its surface twitch a bit, causing an earthy scent to reach his nose. He kept rubbing and pushing his hands on the Pokemon's smooth toes, his eyes progressively getting used to the darkness, letting him discern the shape of the toe he was currently rubbing. Mark then pushed himself into the hole that was Mewtwo's undertoe area, undergoing their strong smell and moist sweaty texture again as he started kissing the strong bridges of the Pokemon's toes. His lips planted themselves into the smooth wall, kneading into it and sinking into the awaiting flesh, twitching a bit as a response. The human kept his smooching worship for a minute, before Mewtwo, seemingly wanting more, scrunched his toes on the trainer's body, trapping and squeezing him in this enclosed space for him to deepen his service, which he did, sticking out his tongue and dragging it across the available zone, gathering the dust and dirt that was emanating from them. Mewtwo moaned a bit at the feeling of the wet saliva covering and sliding down his digits, while he kept squeezing the poor human's body very tight, pushing and rolling him around with his toes, making him face multiple zones of these digits to serve and worship, which he kept doing, not without a hint of uneasiness. The licking over, Mark was finally liberated by the sticky toes who had warmed and soaked up his clothes and skin. After catching his breath, Mark reluctantly moved towards the tender sole which wrinkles were fluently forming and disappearing with each of their bearer's slightest movement, before sliding his tongue and lapping at the wide creamy zone, squeezing and inserting his slimy tongue between each pair of wrinkles he could see, collecting and gathering each speck of dirt or sweat that could have lodged itself into this warm space. The scent started infiltrating Mark's lungs again, and although it wasn't as unbearable as last time, the trainer's mind felt itself fading a bit at the invading smell that was marking itself of his brain permanently, as if the trainer was the raunchy feet's possession. Time went by and Mark kept working on the Mewtwo's feet, soon arriving to his heel and giving it the same treatment than the rest of the now almost completely saliva soaked surface. He felt the stronger heel give a bit more resistance as his tongue couldn't sink in it as much as the other parts of the foot, yet he continued his work like the obedient micro that he actually was.

After his work on one of the bigger Pokemon's foot, making it glisten with the wet human's saliva and probably reflect with the ambient light if there was any, Mark turned to his right, where the wall facing him was a much more saturated pink colour, although almost completely toned down by the ambient obscurity. With Mewtwo's foot scent still covering his body, Mark approached the three toed zone, sensing Mew's smell coming towards him. This foot was much easier to approach though, with a scent that was present yet less intense than the other Pokemon's, so the trainer found it much easier to just flop on the surface and start lapping obediently, this time starting at the heel, giving a taste at the small Pokemon's heel pad. It was a way saltier part than Mark thought it would be, as his mouth was invaded by the saline drops depositing themselves on his tongue almost on their own, while its leathery texture invited Mark's face in a welcoming embrace when he would just push his face against the pad, sinking into it in order to provide more thorough licks. He rubbed and licked the centre as well as the edges of this pad, sensing the texture difference between the leathery cushion and the organic skin of the rest of Mew's foot. This continued for a few minutes

until the pad was free of any imperfections, as Mark continued upwards the Pokemon's large flexible sole. The wrinkles swayed and danced hypnotically at the trainer's moist and warm organ travelling through the multiple wrinkles and footprints of the large pink sole, softly caressing and rubbing on the human's face with each subtle movement, making their owner giggle and snicker a bit out of ticklishness. The worship continued and changed place as Mew's toes now swiftly wiggling around invited the trainer to take his worship there. Mew splayed his toes around, as a little hole showed between two of the digits, letting a single ray of light traverse into the dark cave that Mark was stuck into.

"Heh, you deserve a bit of fresh air... Take a breather here~" Mewtwo giggled, twitching his sole a bit while gently approaching the window to the outside world from between his long digits.

Mew didn't need to say it twice, as Mark rushed towards the little hole with all his might, poking his head out as it was the only thing that the hole's size allowed him to stick out. He grasped a big batch of fresh air, reinvigorating his entire body and mind from the clouded secluded space of the Pokemon's two pairs of feet. It was when he started breathing at an appropriate rate again that Mark felt the two digits squeeze his head, immersing him into their cheesy and salty smell again, as they pushed Mark into the prison again, despite his pleas. Now, not only was the trainer back inside, but his head was stuck between the two slowest smelly psychic Pokemon's toes, as he mechanically started licking again with a whine coming from his mouth. Mark felt the smooth texture rub on the top and bottom of his head, as they were twitching and wiggling around in pleasure when receiving the human's lapping tongue on them. The trainer's own sweat started to meddle with the toes', as the enclosed space his face was stuck in was even warmer than when he was just under the dome formed by the creatures' feet. He felt his hairs become wetter and wetter, greased by Mew's flexible digits, while his chin sunk deeper and deeper into the surface, forcing him to explore new areas of the pink Pokemon's toes. With the little movement he had, Mark could slightly tilt his head sideways, causing his cheeks to get in direct contact with the digits' flesh, before licking as much of a large area as he could, leaving a long trail of saliva to dry along the hot surface, soon covered by a second layer of that same liquid penetrating through Mew's tender foot skin. The laps lasted for a few minutes and with a swift motion of his delicate digits, Mew stuck the trainer's head in the organic cave that was the area between his two higher set of toes, lifting the rest of Mark's body up as he was now standing upright. The same scene took place, with the trainer sinking deeper and deeper into the entrancing surface, slithering his slimy tongue along the infinity of foot prints and wrinkles that such a tender skin allowed, kneading into the surface like a pillow, on which he felt his face get warmer and more comfortable than ever before. It was if he was melting into the surface, his body getting pushed into the dexterous digits that scrunched around his entire back, in the same way that Mewtwo's toes had trapped him earlier, except that the more numerous toe number allowed for more wiggling and Mark felt his back being showered by multiple taps and drums of the spheres that were Mew's toe tips, caressing and rubbing his cloth in a nurturing manner while he kept working on his objective, which was rendering the macro Pokemon's foot spotless.

His cleaning finished, Mark felt Mew release his grasp on the human's head, as he fell down to the ground, panting heavily from the lack of "Sane" air he had been put into for so long. The Pokemon's didn't seem to want to give him a rest though, as they both moved their feet closer to Mark's panned body, as the fleshy seemed to be slowly closing in on him from the trainer's point of view, causing a wave of panic to fill his entire being. As he had understood the message, he quickly got up and jumped on Mewtwo's second sole, immediately starting to lap away at the smooth and curvy surface of the bigger Pokemon, just like he did with the other ones. Mewtwo's feet seemed to have stopped their progression, but Mew's feet kept closing and giving Mark a space that started to

become more and more narrow, as they stopped their progression when Mark only had a small corridor of the width of his body to move himself in. Mew's walls seemed to dynamically adapt themselves to the trainer's needs, as they would shift depending on the zone of Mewtwo's foot that Mark had to lick and kiss, leaving countless traces of saliva on the cushiony texture. Mark went from licking Mewtwo's arches and soles to giving his heel the same treatment, without forgetting the awkwardly placed third digit of the Pokemon, as he had to stand on the tip of his own toes to get to the desired area. He then moved to the toe area, as the pink walls were pushing him right in front of the digits zone. Mark winced at the specks of dust and sweat that hadn't been taken care of yet, when Mew suddenly pushed the top of his toes on the trainer's back, forcing him into the soft pillow surface of the bigger Pokemon's digits. Trapped there by the wall that had closed on him and was now sandwiching him between the two smelly layers, Mark stick out his tongue once again, aware of what he had to do. The air was full of the Pokemon's cheesy foot scent, and the trainer felt himself breathing more and more heavily as the prison he was in seemed to get tighter and tighter around him, constraining and depriving him of the air he was breathing not even a minute ago. The trainer wiggled his body, as both a primitive reflex and a search for a comfortable pose, unintentionally rubbing and giving a pleasing feeling to the two Pokemon who were moaning from pleasure at the small human kneading into the tired surface of their pampered soles. Mew's toes, full of dexterity, did a good job at manipulating Mark between them again, as he was expertly dragging his submissive body around the surfaces he needed to lick, from one digits to the gap between two of them, much more potent and sweatier than the rest of Mewtwo's foot, before finally pushing him against the second digit for him to lick and give a thorough cleaning to.

When the totality of Mewtwo's toe sweat and dirt had been inhaled by the submissive trainer, the walls moved back and liberated Mark from his compression between the two smooth and wrinkly layers, in a way to only leave him enough space to turn around. Mew and Mewtwo's digits twitched in a cooperative motion to turn his body to the right, in front of the last paw that hadn't been touched yet, Mewtwo's second foot, before pressing again, before Mark couldn't even catch his breath, trapping inside the two hot and fleshy walls once again. Mew was pushing so much that the human's face could only turn sideways as a response to not get completely squished between the two surfaces, and as he had already stuck his worn out tongue once again, it was Mewtwo who controlled the trainer with his toes this time, inserting them between his friend's soles and pushing on the trainer's side to turn him sideways. Mark felt his feet lift up from the ground, as he felt his nose sink into Mew's heel pad, which leathery texture was waiting to be licked. The human didn't have any other choice, as the air supply he had access to was mostly filled by the Pokemon's earthy foot stench infiltrating the human's nose and lungs. Mark was moved around the cushion surface like a toy by Mewtwo's manipulating toes, as the human was doing his best to keep up with the intense pace that he was imposed by the fast travel between Mew's wrinkles, heel, arch and sole, feeling his body follow the smooth curve of the pink Pokemon's arch, delivering more and more of its worn out sweat drops onto Mark's face. Finally, the trainer was brought to Mew's toe area, where he was almost knocked out by the intense smell that hit him right in the nose, as if these toes in particular hadn't been washed for longer than the rest of his pair. Mark spent more time than expected travelling through this particularly potent zone, dragging his tired toes along the curve of each of Mew's long toe spheres and joints, gathering the sweaty bids that had the misfortune to pass under the strong licking organ.

After a few minutes of cleaning, as the toes were now clean and glistening with saliva again, Mark finally felt the pressure on his back lighten up, as Mewtwo's toes and Mew's other foot retracted, letting Mark fall to the ground after a few seconds during which he wiggle to get out of the grasp that he had left as a deep imprint under Mew's toes. He was laying on his back, desperately

gasping and panting in search of fresh air, as the foul stench had completely soaked and invaded his body, incrusting itself into him like an indelible tampon. He couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the prison walls shifting and starting to untangle, as Mew and Mewtwo liberated Mark from his cell, letting the light of the bedroom they were in lay on the human's exhausted body, looking down on him, one with the same joyful and giggly smile he always had, the other one with a neutral although pretty surprised expression. Mark felt fresh air surround his body once again, as he gasped and breathed heavily, as if trying to get as much of that purified air in his mouth and nose as possible, with a smile of beatitude on his face. This sanitized air felt like a saviour, and engulfing inside every pore of the trainer's exposed skin soon revived and cooled down his entire body, allowing him to move again, as he hazily got in a seated position, looking up at the two Pokémon who he felt immense gratitude towards for having, despite also feeling a hatred and disgust without name towards for having kidnapped and forced him into being their submissive foot pet. Feeling his lungs purified after a few seconds of intense breathing, he started to breathe normally and silently again, still looking at the two Pokémon who seemed to have a conversation, each Pokémon's face turned towards the other one.

"So, what do you think? He's pretty good, isn't he?" Mewtwo questioned his smaller friend.

- I told you he would just need some time to get used to it. Mew answered while looking at the small human. So... Do we go further? He questioned the big Pokémon.

- Yes, go ahead. Mewtwo declared, as the two Pokémon turned their head towards the trainer.

Mark gulped, feeling that his "Job" wasn't finished yet, as he got up and tried to run away. Unfortunately though, he felt his body completely paralysed, as a pink aura had set all around him, bounding his every move and forcing him to stay in an uncomfortable position. He nervously started to drift his eyes around the room, trying to find anything he could do against that, but as he kept looking at his surrounding, he couldn't help but notice the different assets of the room were getting bigger and bigger at an insane rate. "Oh no..." The trainer told himself as he realised he was being shrunk down to an even smaller size. The pink aura started turning him around, forcing his body to rotate towards the two giant creatures, as he was now only an inch tall, his size incomparable to the Pokémon's enormous feet right in front of him. He was around the same size as the beads of sweat he had been getting into his mouth and lungs earlier, and as he was trying to furiously nod horizontally in denial, he witnessed the two pairs lifting up in the air right above him to display their infinite wrinkles and show off their slender toes dancing and waving in the air, almost in an hypnotizing motion.

"Alright, who do we start with?" Mark heard Mewtwo's voice, which now sounded very deep inside his ears ask his companion, his feet turning to the other pair almost as if the two pairs were the ones discussing with each other.

- Mmmh... Well he licked mine last, so I guess we'll start with yours. The pink toes wiggled in response.

- Hehe, okay then... Mewtwo snickered, looking down at the barely discernible creature under his feet.

Mewtwo shifted around and got off from the couch he was seating at. He instead lied down on the ground on his stomach, his soles facing upright as they were casually laying down on the wooden ground. Mark felt his body ascend in the sky, before being dragged on top of the big

Pokemon's sole, as his point of view made the shifting wrinkles of the Pokemon look like giant mountains or crevices. He closed his eyes upon realising what he was going to go through.

"Aaand down you go!" Mewtwo gleefully announced, as the pink aura disappeared from around Mark, who felt his body freefalling to land onto the off-white landscape below him.

Mark reflexively screamed in terror as he saw the pale coloured ground come closer and closer to his falling body at a fast rate. He was sure that the fall would be fatal to him, so he closed his eyes, preparing for the hard impact he was about to receive from the fall as he was a few inches above the Pokemon's sole. But instead of feeling the intense pain that he was expecting, Mark instead found himself gently received on the soft and flexible skin of Mewtwo's sole acting as a mattress to soften his fall, as the trainer slightly bounced up from the surface, before laying still on the smooth ground, taking a bit of time to recover from the near death experience he just went through. After a few seconds, he stood up once again and took a look at the surrounding area around him. It was nothing but off-white mountains constantly moving, forming and distorting right in front of him in an organic manner, as a great part of the "sky" around him was covered by Mew's curious face looking down on the trainer, as he was getting his bearings. As he was getting impatient, Mewtwo scrunched his toes, causing two of those mountains to create in front and behind of the trainer, trapping him between their gigantic walls. As a response that he was taught about when being subjected to the "wrath" of one of the Pokemon's foot wrinkles, he started licking and sucking at the organic material in a fluid manner until it sunk down on the ground, satisfied of the treatment they got. Mark now knew what he had to do, and so he started travelling through Mewtwo's foot towards his heel, from where he could start another lick filled trip, this time much more precise due to the trainer's small size. Mewtwo moaned as he felt each of Mark's steps pressing and sinking into the smooth material that was his feet, sending a wave of relaxation through his entire body as the pressure was applying on the strong yet tired muscles of the Pokemon's bare feet. Once arrived at his destination, Mark knelt down and started working his tongue across the minuscule part of the fleshy organic ground that was right before him, slithering his tongue across the thousand crevices of the Pokemon's footprint, each one holding the hint of a scent that hadn't been thoroughly erased yet, as well as particles of sweat which must be the size of a mere micrometres to anyone else, while they looked like regular sized beads of water in front of the shrunk trainer's eyes, who continued his job in every inches of the ground he could work his moist and warm sweat gathering organ on. The gathering took a while, around 45 minutes to 1 hour to cover the entire pair of heels and soles of the Pokemon, a time during which the smaller sized Pokemon kept silently observing the micro human, to make sure that he was doing his foot cleaner job well, as he had shifted his position to a seated one with his paws facing the trainer in front of him, showing a preview of the next pair he would have to tend to after this current one. Mark soon arrived to the toe part of Mewtwo's gargantuan feet, as the crevice that was the gap under Mewtwo's toes was so deep that its bottom was disappearing in darkness. The trainer nervously looked at Mew, feeling observed and monitored by this omniscient gaze, looking for an answer to his worries. What he got instead was a tilt from Mewtwo, who lifted up his heel, forcing Mark to slide on a slope that was ultimately bringing him to his dark destination.

The world around Mark turned pitch black, with the only specks of visible light being at the left and right side of the infinite cavern. Although disoriented, the trainer figured that being in such a hidden area would make it possible for him to escape without anyone noticing him, but the looming blue eye of the small Pokemon dissuaded him, as this single iris pierced into the trainer's stare, clearly indicating him that all hope was vain. Discouraged, Mark lazily stuck out his tongue once again, and even though his eyes weren't adjusted to the dark yet, he walked towards the closest wall

of flesh and kept his thorough cleaning along the surface that he could reach despite his small size. The licks made Mewtwo giggle a bit, as the cave shifted and trembled with any of the slightest toe movement of their bearer. Despite these numerous inconveniences, Mark made sure to not miss any spot under the Pokemon's giant toes, monitored by Mew, who's usual childish and somewhat reassuring smile actually felt a bit scary in this particular situation. He went through each toe, carefully foraging each of the toe bridges with his tongue, before looking up into the sky as he was now wondering how to get back up the ravine. As a response, the pink aura surrounded Mark once again, and while it was pushing the trainer deep into the digit, it was also rising him up the gorge to finish its course on top of Mewtwo's left digit. Without a break, he got started on licking this area too, cleaning and removing each bead of sweat and speck of dirt that had lodged into the microscopic spaces between the Pokemon's wrinkles and footprints. This lasted for a few minutes, before Mark moved to the right toe, almost falling in the hole that was separating the two digits on his way, as unlike the soft and cushion material of Mewtwo's feet, the hard wooded floor would have probably been fatal to him. This wave of panic quickly disappeared, as Mark quickly got reminded of the mission he had with a toe wiggle that made him fall forward, face first on the digit's tender skin. He started lapping and worshipping the toe as thoroughly as before, as it almost looked like a machine mechanically doing its duty in Mew's eyes. After a few minutes, the literal entirety of Mewtwo's soles were cleaner than they had ever been before, relieved of any impurities on them.

The aura set itself around the trainer one more time, as he was lifted up from the ground once again, seeing the landscape of Mewtwo's feet disappearing under his own. He arrived at Mew's eye level, who was fixating him with a happy smile on his face. He turned his face to Mewtwo.

"So, how was he?" He asked the bigger Pokemon, who turned his body around in a cross-legged seated position.

- He's perfect, my feet have never felt so... Pure. Mewtwo responded with a calmer tone than usual, probably thanks to the trainer's dirt and foot sweat hunt.

- Alright, it's my turn, then~ Mew turned on his stomach and lied down in the same way than Mewtwo did earlier, showing the extent of his giant soles under the trainer. Mewtwo, I leave you the honor~ He teased while wiggling his toes and moving the trainer in front of the Pokemon's face, as the trainer's back was facing the air.

Without a word, the Pokemon simply responded by putting his index finger on the trainer's back and pushing on it with a soft pressure, forcing the human down as he soon reached the centre of the smaller Pokemon's left sole, pinning Mark on it. He playfully dragged the tiny human along the Pokemon's arches, pushing him into the squishy surface for him to penetrate his tongue in the multiple crevices that were the pink Pokemon's wrinkles and footprints. Their taste was way saltier than Mewtwo's ones, as the smaller Pokemon's soles had tighter prints that stocked the sweat and dirt between them much more effectively. Mark kept lapping with his warm tongue, slowly becoming riper and riper as its prolonged usage was starting to have a toll on its moistness. However, that didn't keep the trainer from doing his job at an effective rate, as Mewtwo's rounded fingers started dragging his finger along Mew's exposed soles, pushing and kneading against them in a circular motion while avoiding its heel pad. The massage had the effect of making the pink Pokemon coo and moan from pleasure, as he was providing with numerous sparks of pleasure and bliss from the multiple nerve endings of his feet. At some points, Mewtwo would eventually stop moving and just press onto the surface as much as he could with his finger, smothering the trainer deep under it and trapping him in an intense prison of smell and warmth that invaded his entire being for a few seconds, before lightening the pressure and allowing him to breathe once again. Mewtwo felt a

certain satisfaction at the trainer's squirms under his finger when he deeply pressed into the surface of his friend's feet, so he continued for a few minutes, effectively wiping and letting the human clean the pink area with his tongue, before lifting his finger a bit, letting the human grab a big bowl of air. Mark inhaled and exhaled deeply, cooling off from the intense temperature his body was subjected to, before he felt his body, now basically engraved into the Pokemon's round digit at this point, move at a fast rate, and saw the famous heel pad he had been forced around get closer and closer to him. He took a big inspiration, already preparing for what was going to happen, as his face sunk into the leather surface, from where the more discernible cracks at least made it easier to slither a tongue between. This also had the side effect of storing more of that smell and sweat inside though, as Mark almost gagged from the cheesy scent that infiltrated his body all of a sudden. Although he thought he was basically used to the foul smell already, the trainer could feel his body trying to act in a repulsive manner, but to no avail, as it was basically paralysed by Mewtwo's digits having sunk him into their mellow tips. After a few minutes of dragging and cleaning on the pad, Mewtwo moved Mark around to the other foot's, giving him another wave of the scent and sweat gathering he was put into for a good moment now, after a few seconds of break each time the finger would travel between each of the heel pads. The cleaning lasted for a good thirty minutes, before the finger finally moved to the centre of the large pink soles once again, as Mark's vision could only look at the scrolling wrinkles and feel them flex around his face to let him pass, as if forming a path around him. Mewtwo rapidly dragged him across the entire place, letting him feel and push around the soft curvature of Mew's soles, travelling from one foot to the other in a fluid manner, without even requiring Mewtwo to lift his finger. Mark, although dazed and taken aback by the previous smell, kept rubbing his tongue across the multiple edges of the giant soles' wrinkles as his job was still far from finished. He felt Mew's arches outline his body each time he was being dragged by Mewtwo's mighty fingertips, as their passing was causing slight foot twitches from Mew, whose feet were very sensitive. This caused Mark's face to get stuck between wrinkles a lot, as they would rub and glide across his face in a fluent manner, as if giving both of his cheeks a well deserved rub, although tainting them of their sweat as well as the microscopic specks of dirt that had lodged themselves between each singular print. Mark was too small to see it, but Mewtwo, as he was sweeping along the entire width of Mew's both soles side to side, was progressively dragging him up towards the toe area, where he suddenly found himself victim to an amplified smell and feeling and warmth, as he found himself stuck in between the pink Pokemon's toes. If the sole wrinkles were slightly twitching from the stroke of earlier, Mew couldn't help wiggling his toes madly on the trainer's face as the powerful digit of the bigger Pokemon brushed along them, causing Mew to laugh uncontrollably at the same time, his voice echoing inside the entire room, as an extremely low sound was all the trainer could hear. Harnessing the numerous specks of dirt and beads of sweat around him like a magnet, Mark felt his clothes dampen again from the moisty cavern that he was forced in, the intense salty taste invading his tasted buds and the cheesy scent his nostrils were making him dizzy once again, as he had to pass all around and between Mew's six foot digits, for a moment that felt endless as the time it took to clean all the mess in this area was excruciatingly long for the trainer, as Mewtwo had clearly noticed he had to take a few breaks on multiple occasions. He would stick his finger out of the furnace of Mew's digits and let Mark relax and breathe heavily from his elevated position, before plunging into the damp toes again for another set of a worship Mark wished to have gotten over with. The worship finally ended, and an exhausted human was lifted up by Mewtwo's finger at the end of it all, while Mew started wiggling and splaying his toes in contentment, under the trainer's barely conscious eyes.

"Woah, he's... So good~" Mew panted blissfully from the feeling that had covered his body for the numerous minutes that the worship took to complete.

- I know, right? Do you think we should... Keep him? Metwo asked, turning the tip of his finger towards his face, looking at the trainer's face, shocked at the thought of having to worship these pairs of feet again.

- Oh, absolutely~ He's gonna be our personal foot toy! Mew exclaimed excitedly. I'm gonna turn him into a more fitting size for his next job~ The Pokemon continued, as the pink aura unlodged the trainer from his fleshy cave, as he started growing once again, this time reaching the size of one of Mew's feet.

The human fell to the ground with a loud "Thud", and as he was trying to get up again to try and run away, he found himself unable to do so as a large pink foot pressed onto his chest with intense pressure.

"And where do you think you're going?" The Pokemon who these large padded feet belonged to snarled, looking down on the trainer.

- I... I thought you would- Mmmph!- Mark's voice was cut off by Mew's other foot covering his face, leaving only a muffled voice to echo from his face now.

- You thought we would let you leave? Sorry, but you're just too good to let go. Mew affirmed with a content voice.

- You're our foot toy now, you should feel honoured to service our godly feet. We'll treat you well, no worries... The other Pokemon said, sitting on the couch again and propping his feet on the bottom part of the trainer's body, toes clenching around his legs. The Pokemon started grinding their soles and toes around the whining human, whose complaints were still as muffled as before.

- Well, as good as a foot servant should be, completed Mew.

THE END.