

Return to the Digiworld

The purple night sky led the way to a bright blue sea unobstructed by clouds as morning was slowly rising up above the dense forest. Along with the squirrels, foxes and deers whose daily life resumed, Vharr opened his eyes from the high branch that he was resting on. The amber orbits turned to various directions to look at their surroundings, before the crimson dragon who they belonged to nonchalantly got up and stretched with a yawn, in the same way that a cat would do. He looked down at the wildlife that was under his protection. The animals were going about their business, unable to see the protector who was looking at them with a content stare. Thanks to his guardian status, Vharr was invisible to the animals, who would probably run away instantly due to the imposing stature of the four legged creature. His imposing size, even without his wings spread, were enough to scare even the more dangerous looking creatures. Not being seen didn't matter to Vharr though. He was happy to see that the peace in the forest was preserved, and that no threats had come to jeopardize it during the night. He slightly smiled and then flew down, walking along the unaware crowd of other quadrupeds.

Like every morning, he made his round across the forest, checking for any potential threats to repel. He didn't know why though, but on this special day, Vharr's brain felt... Clouded, as if he was sleepy. He found himself surprised at his momentary losses of focus and the few times when he got startled by what turned out to only be the silhouette of a tree. Despite the apparent peacefulness of the woods surrounding, he couldn't help but feel like he was forgetting something. That is only when he arrived to an intersection between three roads that he got a flash. He briefly saw a spark emanating from the ground a few feet away from him and rushed towards it, as if it had just become the most important thing in the world. But once he arrived, there was nothing but blades of grass protruding from the soil. Intrigued, he turned his head around, noticing that no animals was around, causing silent eeriness to weight onto Vharr's shoulders. It was like he was here, but not completely. How strange...

Quickly, his train of thought was stopped when he saw another flash in the distance, seeming to call him from between the distant trunks. Once again, he felt this urge to run towards it, but yet again, there was nothing on the ground when he actually arrived. Then another flash attracted him away, then another one, and without realising it, the dragon was following a trail of flashes, unaware that they had been set to force him to follow a certain path.

He got out of the woods and found himself at the border of a clearing, in the middle of which was resting a single, massive tree. A flash emanated from its base, and the dragon followed it, but this time... There was actually something. He looked down on the ground at what seemed to be a human-made device, similar to what they'd call a "Watch", puzzled. A square shaped black screen and a single red button was displayed on its face. A button... That's when Vharr remembered everything that happened, no earlier than the day before.

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All the images flashed inside his head one after the others, as if he was reliving the entire situation. He remembered those two dragon creatures, Dorugamon and Dorugremon. He remembered the deep rumbling voice of the bigger one and the more ecstatic voice of the smaller one. Then... He remembered his time under both of those creatures' paws, the intelligible pleasure that he felt while being gently overpowered by the soft flesh of their delicate soles. He remembered everything about them, their taste, their smell, their softness, and then those words flashed inside his brain, as if someone was explicitly saying them.

"We can always call him back whenever we want"

Everything was clear for Vharr now, this device was the same that got him into this strange world where this surreal experience took place the day before. And he was now being called by them a second time, as he would just have to press that button to reply to this call, right? He hesitated for a moment. He was still in guarding duty, and leaving it for this lust would be in complete contradiction with his work as a guardian. Even worse, it could even be a trap. What if that first experience was only a way to test the strength of this world's creatures? If that was the case, he had completely failed the test and would have to get ready for an assault any time now. Even then... Wouldn't they have attacked during the night if the dragon had shown them such a pitiful view of his strength?

The crimson dragon wished he could give this matter a bit more thought, but the screen suddenly shined brighter than anything he had seen before. The light forced him to close his eyes to protect his sensitive retinas, yet he knew what was going to happen now.

"B-But, I didn't press that button!" He tried to cry out in an unintelligible growl, as he tried to run away, taking a direction that he assumed to be the opposite one to that cursed watch. He couldn't fly as he was currently blind, but he had wandered around the forest for years now and knew everything about its topology. He knew that after a few steps, he'd just have to slide to the left to get back to the woods where he came from...

But this is not what happened. Instead of sweeping through the air like he expected, Vharr was stopped on the spot as he bonked his head against an unknown mellow surface sending him backwards as he fell onto his back. The dragon risked opening his eyes again, and was met with a white snout watching over him.

"O-Oh no! I'm sorry, a-are you okay?!" He heard as the head tilted to the side and a golden yellow eye was now looking at him with concern.

Vharr didn't reply as he quickly got up, ready to take an aggressive stance at the beast that would probably tower over him. What he saw instead was a creature, not taller than one of his legs, awkwardly standing in the way. The white snout he saw was just the tip of the muzzle of a mostly purple coloured creature. It was on the border between a ferret and a dragon, with long pointy ears and a bushy tail that ended in white fur, matching with the colour of his stomach and of the end of his arms and legs. The dragon also noticed the triangular shaped gem that seemed encrusted into his

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forehead. This was nowhere close to one of the creatures living in his forest, so Vharr could only assume one thing.

“...I’m back in this strange world, aren’t I?”

“Y-Yes...” The small critter replied while shyly looking down.

“...I see.” Vharr replied more calmly than his interlocutor was expecting. “And who are you? Why am I here? How do I get out?”

“We brought you here because Dorumon has a request.” A familiar third voice echoed as a response, before a tall silhouette suddenly appeared behind Vharr.

It was DoruGreymon, the tall dragon Digimon that had brought him here the first time. He was as intimidating as the first day, unaware that he was menacingly towering over his interlocutor.

“Go ahead, Dorumon. Ask him.” The tall figure said to the purple creature that was still looking down.

“O... Okay...” He slowly approached the two other dragons. “Um... This is a bit sudden, but DoruGreymon and Dorugamon told me about you, and...” He was blushing madly as he continued his sentence. “Can I... Rub your paws?”

“Wh... What?” The crimson dragon was flabbergasted at that demand.

“You heard well.” DoruGreymon replied. “We have told him about you, and his dream has always been to play with dragon paws, that’s why we brought you here. Do not worry about your forest, Dorugamon is taking the charge of protecting it, and I’ll soon join him. You two can just stay here, and Dorugamon will tell me when you’re done.”

“W-Wait, I didn’t agree on anything, I need more explanations-” DoruGreymon disappeared before Vharr could finish his sentence, leaving only him and the purple Digimon in an awkward silence.

“I... I’m sorry, I know he’s very cold with other people, but... You can trust him.” He apologetically said.

“... Fine.” The dragon sat down and extended his front paws, which were of a darker red shade towards the Digimon. “It’s not like I could do anything else, so go ahead...”

Dorugamon’s eyes lit up and he immediately rushed towards the extended paws. Once he arrived in front of the bigger dragon though, he started blushing once again, hesitating. Finally, he grabbed the left paw that was presented to him and started gently rubbing it. He couldn’t do much with his three claws hands, but the pressure he was applying to the dragon was very pleasant to Vharr, whose deep rumbling moans of pleasure encouraged the Digimon to continue.

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He passed his claws between two digits of his five fingered front paw and gently started scrubbing, forwards and backwards at first, then from left to right, making sure to remove any crust that might have lodged between scales of his massive digits. Slowly but surely, he was gaining confidence and started scrubbing and massaging stronger and stronger, not hesitating to push his face forward from time to time to get a closer view of Vharr's mighty paw, sneaking in a smell or two. Even if this world was digital, the dragon could feel the streak of air sliding between the digits of his paw, and he must admit it, it was very relaxing. It tickled a bit, but it also felt good to be taken care of, once in a while. After all, he probably deserved some slack for the constant guardian work he does in the forest. For the first time since he arrived, Vharr felt relaxed, as a sigh of exhaustion left his throat. He let loose of the tense muscles of his body and flopped a bit downward, as Dorumon's face came in contact with his paw more and more often.

The rubs slowly became caresses, and the short smells turned into muzzling and kisses, accepted by both parties as they were both having their little pleasure. The slithering tongue of the Digimon finally came out. Dorumon gently licked the dragon's front paws from heel to toes, careful when reaching his sharp claws. The sensation was amazing, the wet trail left by the slender tongue stayed glistening on his paw like a moist imprint that softened any surface they found themselves on. It wasn't long before the next logical step; The purple ferret-like creature wrapped its wide maw around a few toes at the same time and started bopping up and down, coating the entire digits of his saliva, while moaning blissfully. Vharr, on the other hand, was rubbing his little worshipper's cheek with his free paws. He scratched the surface with his dexterous hand-like paws, leaving its warmth on the worshipper's fur. They don't know how long this loop had been going on for, as they had both lost any sense of time from the genuinely relaxing interaction.

But suddenly, Dorumon stopped. As if he had lost all of his gained confidence, he let go of the paws and looked down again.

"Th-Thank you for letting me do this..." Dorumon said "I-If you want to stop, that's okay... Sorry for having brought you here..." Vharr looked at the Digimon and smiled.

"You're very good at this, you know? Please continue..." He replied, laying on his back and extending his hind paws towards his new friend.

The purple Digimon's eyes widened and his mouth fell agape. Both at Vharr's response, but also as a reaction to the amazing talons that were presented to him. The toes were teasingly wiggling at his face, as to invite him to press his face deeply within those soles, linking together three long and slender toes with a heel toe that was just as flexible. It was so much more than he bargained for that he felt dizzy at the sight, and could only flop onto the awaiting surface and stick out his tongue in excitement.

He playfully snuggled with those hind paws, pressing his snout between two toes and taking a big sniff of the earthy scent that they delivered, with a wide smile and a pure moan of pleasure. Vharr could feel the air from Dorumon's nasals tickle his toes, causing a gentle twitch every once in a while. He started moaning when he felt the Digimon's saliva on his paws again, slowly covering every inch of his soles and toes. The slithering tongue travelling around his sole, toes, and talons was giving

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him a tongue bath, and every second of it was a second of pure enjoyment. He looked down and noticed the happy smile of the purple creature getting more and more indulged with his hind paws, who mixed smelling, kissing and licking to give the best treatment possible to what were the most perfect objects in the world in his eyes. The dragon got an idea and smiled.

He suddenly retreated both of his hindpaws from their biggest fan, and before the surprised worshipper could process a thing, he pressed his steamy feet onto both of the creature's cheek, drumming his toes on his face and giving him a nice cheek rub, all the while presenting his front paws again for a supplementary service. Dorumon was in pure heaven. He was blushing so mad that his face would almost look pink instead of the usual purple. Completely overwhelmed by the sensory overload of four beautiful paws pressing on every angle of his face, he just let his body go limp, his face becoming the only active part of his body. Vharr let Dorumon indulge in his biggest fantasies while wiggling all the toes of his four paws for him, and he kept cleaning and licking every part of it. Eventually, he himself flopped onto the ground, and, completely submissive, let the dragon paws play with the entirety of his body, pressing, rubbing, caressing, and squishing him in every way imaginable, while always keeping one paw up to his face so he could lick and suck the delicate sole of it.

Vharr was enjoying himself quite well, having someone taking good care of his feet made him feel relaxed. Giving the same kind of pleasure that he had been given by DoruGreymon and Dorugamon the last time he went there was becoming quite entrancing. He wasn't completely done though.

In the span of a second, he got up and had completely toppled over a surprised Dorumon, who suddenly received the pressure of four paws pressing onto his body. Two front paws on his face, two hind paws on the lower part of his body. He moaned again, much louder than before though, his voice muffled beneath the wide layer that was the dragon's flesh. He couldn't help fidgeting from below, not in an attempt to be set free, but as an attempt to contain the arousal that had reached its highest level.

For a good few minutes, Dorumon was licking and sucking the numerous toes he was presented with restlessly, so much that it was a miracle his tongue still had saliva available each time the crimson dragon would shift the position of his paws, trading the left front paw on the Digimon's face for the right hind paw, then for the right front paw, over and over again. Finally, the dragon sat back down, still showing the bottom of his paws to an exhausted Dorumon, still panting from his intense experience.

"Can... Can we do that again?" He almost pleaded between two pants.

"Of course, it wasn't as bad as I thought..." Vharr replied with a wiggle of his toes.

"A-Alright! Thank you so much!" He exclaimed as his face lit up. "You can go back to your world now, but..." He got back up and looked into the dragon's eyes for the first time.

"Can I just give them one last kiss?" He asked.

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Vharr smiled warmly.

“Of course, they need a goodbye kiss after all...” He said teasingly, still wiggling his toes at the creature.

Dorumon chuckled, and tenderly kissed each of the awaiting paws one by one, leaving as much of his drool on them as possible. It took a real effort to not launch himself into another worship session, but he walked back and waved at Vharr.

“I hope we’ll meet again soon, and thank you so much!” He exclaimed.

“Wh-What? Isn’t DoruGreymon the one supposed to-” But the dragon couldn’t finish his sentence before a white flash sent him back to his own dimension.

The evening had set in the clearing, and the greenish hue of the forest had turned into a warm orange one. Vharr was there, laying down like he had been sleeping all this time. Except that this time, he knew that it wasn’t a dream. He got up and smiled again, thinking about Dorumon and his love for his big mighty paws. The crimson dragon quickly wandered around the forest to check on its state and was glad to find that everything was normal. He guessed Dorugamon and DoruGreymon weren’t enemies, after all... He flew up to a high branch and rested on it. Slowly drifting to sleep, a real one this time, hoping to be brought back to the digital world again in the future.

THE END

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