

A Furret Toe Toy
By Sokz

"Well aren't you one of the cutest things I've ever found," the huge bunny said to his prey. The tiny furret struggled around in his grip, but there was nothing the little Pokemon could do. He had been caught and trapped, and was now at the larger Pokemon's mercy. And this scorbunny didn't look like the merciful type.

Bui felt his stomach warble as he dangled from in between the scorbunny's fingers, his tail held firmly in place as he hung upside down. How did he get himself into these situations? Why did he have to be only a couple inches big? Why couldn't he just live a normal life where he didn't get captured by pokemon every day, and used, and abused like he was just some toy?

The furret looked at the newest Pokemon to have found him, his watery eyes first starting at the massive face that loomed in front of him. Like every other scorbunny in the world, this one was absolutely adorable, and mischievous in every way. His dark eyes looked over the furret with a playful lust as his big ears twitched in anticipation. Then the furret's eyes lowered towards his cute, huge, rounded belly. Lower still and he came to those thin legs, and the massive feet that were attached to them. If scorbunnies were known for one thing, it was the power and heat of those monumental paw pads.

He had fought with small sized scorbunnies a few times in his life, and they always left him burned and beaten after only a few of their powerful kicks. What would a giant scorbunny's feet feel like? Somehow, Bui had a feeling he was going to find out. "Please, just let me go," he pleaded pathetically, trying to look as meek as he possibly could. "I don't taste good or anything."

"Really?" the scorbunny tilted his head. "Well, I don't care about that anyway."

"You... you don't?" There was a flash of hope in the smaller Pokemon's heart.

"Yeah. I'm not going to eat you." The furret allowed himself to smile, his fears leaving him. "I just need something to clean my feet." And with a simple sentence, his heart plummeted again. The scorbunny then smiled as he started to lower the furret down.

"W... wait!" Bui shouted, his desperation growing. "I... I can find you berries! I know all the good spots!"

"Don't care," said the scorbunny as he lowered the furret more. Now, Bui could see the two huge paws on either side of him. The rabbit pokemon was sitting on his butt, with his feet on their sides, pointing inwards, waiting for him. As he was lowered, Bui noticed the bunny's toes move slightly, small specs of dirt crumbling from within his toes.

"Please, I'm not a good foot cleaner! I... I..."

“Don’t worry about that,” said the scorbunny as Bui was brought between his two massive, fluffy paws. “You’ll do great.” Without another word, the rabbit brought his thumpers together, pressing the tiny furret between them.

Bui didn’t even have the chance to scream before his tiny body was sandwiched between the massive paw pads. Instantly he was hit by the raw heat the rabbit’s toes constantly pumped out, the air between them sweltering to the point where Bui had trouble breathing in air that didn’t burn his lungs. But he needed to breathe, and each time he did it was a fight against the pressure on his body. He struggled between those pads, tried to force them away with his own little paws, but there was absolutely nothing he could do against the larger rabbit’s strong legs.

All around him, Bui could feel the soft fur on the scorbunny’s sole brush against him and rub into his own body. The rabbit’s soft skin molded around him as he was pressed deep into the feet, indented into the balls of the giant’s sole. But that was only the beginning. Only a couple of seconds after he was squished between the giant’s soles the bunny began rubbing his feet around, squishing and mushing his newest foot toy and rolling him between his feet.

Bui yelped as he felt his body roll over the giant’s foot, his face smothered against one sole and then the other as his mouth was filled with hot air that radiated off of the giant’s skin, and had been trapped in his fur for ages. The smell was almost as strong as his grip, the scent of sweat having been built up for days as the rabbit ran around the wild area and trained with all of the other normal sized pokemon. All of the dirt that had gotten stuck to his fur was rubbed off onto the tiny Bui, and soon his body was a mess of grime and sweat.

“See,” the scorbunny said down to his paws as he continued to roll his toy around. “You’re doing a great job! Last micro pokemon I found passed out the second I touched him to my pad, but you’re holding up just fine.”

“Ah!” the tiny pokemon yelped as the scorbunny’s heated paw pads suddenly spiked in temperature. The heat generated by his feet was enormous, almost as painful as the pressure he applied. Still, there was nothing the tiny furret could do to escape. He just kept struggling in the grip of the bigger pokemon as he was played with, squished around, molded and shaped into the giant’s foot.

Then the scorbunny rolled him a bit too far along his sole. Bui felt the top half of his body come free from the crushing confines of the foot prison he had been trapped in as the scorbunny momentarily lost himself in the joy of the moment. With desperation filling him, Bui used his tiny arms to push against the massive sole, wiggling as he tried to escape. It was with a slight pop that his lower half slipped out, and he tumbled onto the hard dirt ground.

“Huh?” the scorbunny said as he felt his toy slip out of his grip. He then opened his feet back up to see the tiny sized toy running away from him, sprinting with everything his tiny furret legs could give. “Oh, you want to get away? But we’re not done having fun yet. My feet all still dirty.” With a malicious grin, the scorbunny lifted himself up.

“No!” Bui shouted as he dashed over the hard soil, around the thick clumps of grass and over the pebbles that dotted the ground. He didn’t have much of a plan, all he knew was that he needed to escape from the giant before he did anything else. Already he felt disgusted, his body covered in the grime that had been trapped on the huge sole, oils rubbed into his fur, and a scent that he knew he’d never truly get rid of.

Bui felt the ground tremble, and risked a quick glance backward. Though he was running at full sprint, the absolute fastest he could go, the scorbunny was keeping pace with him. But, worse than that, the rabbit was barely even trying. He had his hands lazily placed behind his head as he simply walked forward, his huge bunny paws thudding against the ground only inches away from his prey.

“No, no!” Bui shouted as he tried to pick up the pace, with no luck. One giant paw crashed down only an inch to his left. He felt the wind blast over him and he kept on running. There were more thuds, more giant stomps, and then the world went dark. Bui knew what was going to happen. He glanced up, the sight of the giant scorbunny’s massive paw hanging over his head enough to make his blood run cold.

“Caught you,” the rabbit said as he brought his foot down, the huge paw thudding into the dirt right on top of his newest toy. With a devious smile the bunny leaned forward and started twisting his foot into the ground, enjoying the feeling of the tiny furret rolling under his sole, close to his toes. “Why’d you run, anyway? You don’t like the smell of my feet or something?”

Trapped under his sole, Bui gave a pitiful squeak in answer. With the entire weight of the bunny on top of him, the pressure was so much worse than before. He felt the chubby skin completely encasing him as it bent around his small form. The fur pressed into his body, the dirt and sweat that had been trapped there forced onto him yet again. He could barely breathe, and each time he did his lungs were assaulted with burning hot air laced with the evaporated particles of sweat that wafted off of the giant’s sole.

The bunny continued, his voice booming and muffled as it traveled through his skin. “You seem like the type who would love it. You know, since you’re so small as close to them already. This is what you micros are really meant to do. Footslaves. I mean, you can’t battle. You can’t compete in pageants, or help out trainers. Really, what else can you do other than clean the gunk out from between my toes? The least you could do is be good at it.” The scorbunny leaned forward more, really pressing on the tiny furret near his toes. In answer, Bui gave a sharp yell as he tried to squirm away. There was no place to hide under that foot, however. No place to escape to.

Scorbunny increased the pressure again, his grin growing as he felt the poor creature under him squirm. “You really are pathetic. Can’t even get away from my paws. Why shouldn’t I just squish you right now? I mean, you not even as cool as a bug pokemon. You’re like a blade of grass. Completely useless, except to provide a little cushion for my stomps. So come on, give me one reason why I shouldn’t turn you into furret paste. Just one.”

Bui screamed again as his lungs were forced flat, as his body was ground into the dirt under the scorbunny’s paw. He felt like he was going to burst, like this was it. Still, he knew that he had to keep trying, that he needed to do whatever he could to live. He clawed forward, and then finally felt his head

move out from under the rabbit's sole. Bui didn't know where he was, but he didn't question it. The tiny pokemon clawed his way forward, the pressure of the sole helping to force his body outwards and up.

His head was then compressed as two walls of flesh pressed together around him. Though it didn't hurt nearly as much as before, the heat and scent were just as bad, if not worse. Still, he tunneled upwards, determined to escape, his nose and snout dragging through the dirt that had been trapped in that small pocket, until finally he burst out through the surface and was able to breathe fresh air once again.

"Oh, interesting," the bunny said down as Bui focused on not dying. Though most of his body was still trapped inside of that odd pocket, at least he could breathe. Then he felt the world shift a bit, and the pressure on his ribs increased again. "So you're more of a toe toy than a foot rag."

"Huh?" Bui mumbled, unclear on where he was or what he was doing. The little furret looked around and saw the rabbit's adorable face hanging above him. Then he looked down and around his own body and was able to piece together where he was. That small, tight pocket he had found himself in had been the narrow space between two of the scorbunny's toes. He had just wormed his way up between them.

"Hey, toe toys are rare," the rabbit said as he squeezed Bui with his toes, making the tiny pokemon cry out as his limbs were pressed to his side. "Most of the bugs I find just try to run away, or beg for their life, or something stupid. At least you're getting into it. Seems you got a good amount of the gunk between my toes on your face. It's a good look for you."

The scorbunny then reached down, his massive, fluffy fingers wrapping around Bui's top half before pulling the furret the rest of the way out of his toes. "And you're pretty long too. That makes you the perfect toe floss. Here, I'll help you out a bit." With a smirk, the scorbunny spread his toes wide, then placed the furret between them. He then started rubbing the tiny pokemon up and down, scrubbing out the dirt and grime that had been built up with the little guy's body. The entire time Bui focused on holding his breath, on trying to stay conscious as his belly was coated in the rabbit's toe grime. It was humiliating, painful, and everything the little furret had feared he would have to endure. He really wasn't even a Pokemon anymore, just a toy for anyone that happened to find him. A foot rag, a sweat towel, a piece of toe floss.

The giant bunny continued to wipe him up and down all of his toes, being sure to wipe away all the dirt and grime he found there. And he was thorough, not allowing the tiny furret a moment of relief until the job was completely finished some time later. Then, he simply let go of the tiny Pokemon while it was still between two of his huge, fluffy toes.

Bui simply laid there, completely exhausted, covered in sweat and grime to the point where he could barely move his limbs. He was panting, his lungs desperate for any fresh air that wasn't contaminated with the scent of rabbit feet.

"You did a pretty good job there, toe jam," Scorbunny said as he gripped his toes again, crushing the furret before he even had a chance to beg. "I think I'm going to keep you for a while. I mean, I don't really care how dirty my feet get, but having a toe toy is a bunch of fun. That sound good to you, sweat

rag? You want to be my slave?" He squeezed his toes again, the furret giving a small yelp from the pain. "I'll take that as a yes." The scorbunny smiled down to the Pokemon, his newest toy, his newest slave.

"I wonder how long you'll last."