

An Electrifying Toe Toy

Bui crouched low in the undergrowth of the forest, his sensitive ears listening for any signs of danger. The leaves above him rustled as the wind blew through the trees. In the distance he could hear other pokemon calling out to each other, the honk of a murkrow as it looked for a friend, the buzz of a hive of beedrills patrolling their territory. Though they were all a threat to the tiny little furret, none of them should give him much hassle. After all, at only two inches long, it wasn't like he posed much of a threat to them.

Still, it's always best to be careful, especially after what happened with that scorbunny a couple weeks ago. No matter how long Bui spent scrubbing at his fur, the smell of the rabbit's toes still clung to him. If he didn't know better, he would have said that the toe jam had melded into his fur.

Well, at least he was growing used to it. Once that strong cheese stench faded he was left with an earthy after aroma, one that kind of reminded him of the forest floor after a long rain. He felt a tingle run down his spine as he remembered the feeling of slithering under huge damp leaves, the cool air all around him.

Today was sweltering and oppressive. The air itself felt heavy and warm as he moved around, dragging on his legs and feet like it was a thick soup that just wanted him to stay in one place and sulk. It was the type of summer weather that made pokemon lounge about and relax, the very idea of spending any more energy than necessary completely ridiculous. But those were the big pokemon, the normal sized guys that could afford a day or two not on edge. The bird pokemon that would only need to fly for a few minutes to find a new burry patch, or the ground dwelling rodent pokemon that could always dig something up.

Bui had to forage whenever he wanted to eat, and today was no different. And he moved through the undergrowth of the forest, slipped through the tall grass that towered over him, hopped over the roots of the trees twice as tall as he was, his mind was on one thought. Food. It had been a day and a half since he had last eaten, and that had only been the half rotten remains of some trainer's lunch.

“Come on,” he whispered to himself as he heard his stomach growl in protest. “Just keep going and we’ll find something. A big nut that I can smack on a rock, or maybe even a mushroom. Just past that hill, I bet.”

The tiny Bui moved forward and continued his search. It took many more minutes before he finally pressed his nose through a large shrub and smelled something sweet. His eyes shot open as he looked onto the path ahead of him, a stretch of compacted dirt that made up a trail for many of the trainers to pass through. Normally Bui wasn’t a fan of going anywhere that trainers moved through too much, but he was more than willing to make an exception for what he had found.

Sitting right in the middle of the trail, slightly obscured by the dead leaves that had fallen around it, was a delicious looking burry. Though it was small and shriveled, it was still bigger than Bui’s entire head, a meal that would feed him for days if he could just drag it back to his hideout.

His stomach gurgled as he looked to the left, then to the right. Satisfied that there were no other pokemon coming, Bui leapt out from his hedge and sprinted towards the snack, drool dripping from his mouth, his eyes big and loving as he came closer and closer.

Then a shadow darted overhead and he heard a sound like electricity cutting through the air. The furret slid to a stop a moment before a giant creature landed hard on the ground, its fluffy white fur suddenly coming into existence right in front of the tiny pokemon. But the worst part was where the giant chose to land.

Bui could only watch in misery as the huge pokemon brought its feet under him, then slammed the huge soles into the forest floor, right onto the slightly hidden burry. The wrinkled skin expanded and popped under the stomp, forcing the burry juices everywhere.

“Huh?” The huge emolga said as it glanced down to its foot, burry juice now covering his fluffy sole. “Aw man, that’s gross.” With a roll of its eyes, the emolga smacked its foot into the dirt and dragged it backward, wiping off as much of the sludge as it could manage.

Bui watched the scene with wide, trembling eyes. All that lovely food, crushed and wiped off of some giant emolga’s foot. Now it would be completely mixed with the mud on the ground, or all the gunk trapped on his sole. Completely ruined. Even Bui was above eating something like that.

The tiny furret was about to turn around and slink back into the safety of the undergrowth when he saw the giant emolga turn, his huge eyes falling on his tiny form. The sheer weight of the gaze was enough to make Bui freeze in place, his heartrate skyrocketing as he locked eyes with the larger male.

“Oh hey,” the emolga said as a devious smile inched across his lips. “Just what I need right now.” The emolga moved and Bui tried to flee. He was stopped almost instantly as the gigantic foot thudded into the ground right in front of him, the stomp spraying more berry juice. “Not getting away that easy,” said the giant. He then lifted his foot up just a bit, barely even an inch. “You’re going to clean my foot, then I might let you go. Got it?”

Bui looked up at the giant. He could barely see beyond the huge macro’s rounded belly, but his eyes were just as piercing and cruel as ever. The furret had been in this situation before, and knew exactly what was expected of him. Help out this pokemon, or he’d regret it.

Bui, reluctantly, pressed himself into the muddy ground and slid under the huge pokemon’s foot. The flesh was warm and squishy as he pressed against it, squirming deeper and deeper until he could feel the mud and jelly all around him. Finally in place, Bui started licking.

The taste was a cruel joke. Every time his tongue lapped at the huge sole he would be struck with the sweet taste of the berry, followed immediately with a slap of dirt and grime as his taste buds rolled over a glob of sweat and muck. Over and over he licked at the huge ‘mon’s foot, doing his absolute best to clean it, knowing that if the emolga wasn’t satisfied when this was over he could just as quickly go back on his word.

“That’s a good little toe cleaner,” the emolga said after a few minutes. By this point Bui had moved closer to the massive digits of his captor and had forced his tiny head between two of the emolga’s toes. He lapped at the tough skin that waited him there, first slurping up the berry juices, then doing his best not to gag on the toe gunk that had accumulated there. “Feel free to eat anything you find, even if it’s not juice. Not like I care.” The emolga finished the taunt by lightly squeezing his toes together, causing Bui to squirm as his head was compressed. The emolga loved the feeling of his soft, fluffy body wiggling against his pad.

The emolga let Bui continue for a few more minutes. For him, the feeling of having his paw licked and scrubbed was luxurious. He truly felt like he could spend hours just towering over this little guy, taunting him as he licked up every single little speck of dirt that had ever gotten adhered to the underside of his sole. He could be worshiped like a god, and when he finally got bored of it all... well, he could do what all gods did with their toys when they were done with them.

The emolga smiled as he lifted his foot, grabbed it with his hand and rotated it so that he could see his slave's handiwork. "Hm, not bad little guy," he said down as he flexed his toes, a few loose pebbles raining down on the furret that remained below. "You missed a couple spots, but I guess its good enough for me not to eat you."

Bui breathed a sigh of relief. It was always a toss up when he interacted with these giants. Some of them were nice to him and gave him a few crumbs to snack on. Others just ignored him all together. Some were mean... others tried to eat him. Really, any encounter where he managed to walk away in the end was a win.

He turned to leave, knowing that it was best to escape before the giant changed his mind.

"Hey!" Bui stopped when he heard the shout jolt through him. "Did I say you could leave?" Slowly, the furret turned around, his hands together.

"I... I thought you said I did a good job."

"Yeah, you did," the emolga answered as he let his foot hit the ground again. He then took a step towards Bui so that the furret was between his massive feet. "Which is why you have to clean my other foot, too." With a mean grin, the giant pokemon reached down and grabbed Bui in his fluffy paw. Bui didn't try to resist, he knew that it'd be pointless.

The emolga then walked off of the main path a bit until he came to a small sunny clearing in the forest, on with a large rock that lay waiting in the sunlight. The emolga walked over to this rock, plopped down on his butt, leaned back comfortably, then smiled down at his captive. "This should work. No one to distract us here, right?"

"R... Right," Bui answered, still afraid.

The giant then shifted his position so that his paws were facing inwards. He lowered Bui to the still muddy paw, allowing the tiny pokemon to really see all the dirt and grime that had been stuck to the once clean surface. "See all that? Normaly I don't mind a little muck between my toes, but your tongue is just so good at getting it off. So, go to work little guy." The Emolga then pressed the tiny furret against his huge sole, firmly rubbing his body into the underside.

Bui gave weak squeaks of protest as he was dragged over the surface of the larger male's foot, his form pressed into the sole. He tried to fight against it, but all he was rewarded for his troubles was a face full of grime. As it continued, his fur picked up more and more of the giant's foot gunk until he could feel it matting together, clumping the strands into gross patches that would take hours to come out.

By the time the emolga dropped him, allowing him to continue without any more help, Bui was completely covered in mud and grime. The smell was strong and surrounded him, fragmented the air and made it hard to think of anything else. When he breathed it, all he could smell was the overwhelming musk of the giant. And he knew he wasn't even close to done. Bui moved right up to the giant foot again, threw himself against the plush, soft, warm sole, and continued licking.

The taste was strong. By this point the sweet juice that had once painted the emolga's foot and masked the dirt and grime had been wiped away. Now there was nothing to taste other than the pokemon's vibrant foot sweat, and the harsh ground that had become stuck to his sole. But Bui continued to lick as quickly and as meekly as he could, since he knew that stopping wouldn't end well for him. After all, if he wasn't a good foot slave the giant wouldn't have much reason to keep him alive, would he?

Soon Bui settled into a pace that was grueling, but manageable. The emolga leaned back against the rock with his hands behind his head, the warm sun falling on his wide belly as he enjoyed the foot rub the micro was forced to give him. All the while Bui continued to suck on the soft skin, continued to rub against the plush pads, doing whatever he thought the giant would enjoy.

It seemed like hours passed before he felt a slight tremble in the earth. The tiny pokemon didn't turn around to look at the source, since he knew that it couldn't possibly be anything good. Besides, he had a job to do. He pressed his nose deeper into the emolga's paw.

Then he heard a loud voice, one that boomed around his ears. "How's it going?" the new voice, one he didn't recognize, asked. "Lazing about?"

"What else do I ever do?" the emolga answered. "But look what I found." Bui felt the paw he was licking suddenly push him back, the giant's toes playing with him as they pushed him onto the ground, then moved a bit away. Bui was left on his back, looking up at the world and the newest giant to wander into his life.

This new pokemon was a Pachirisu. His big, playful eyes looked down at the micro furret at his feet with a gleeful lust that Bui knew all too well. Behind him, his huge, bushy tail wagged back and forth, a slight electric spark pulsing out of it. "Where'd you find the little guy?" the pachirisu asked.

"He was just in the path," the emolga answered. "Makes a real good foot licker though. Check out my pads."

The pachirisu moved so that he could see the soles of his friend. "Wow, he really did do a good job. Barely got any dirt on 'em at all!" The giant then glanced down at his own feet. "Hm... wish I had your luck. I can never find micros. Always accidentally stomp on 'em first."

The emolga shrugged. "You want mine?"

Bui felt a jolt run through his stomach. He hated when giants talked about him like he was just some object to pass around. It really made him feel like the dirt licker they wanted him to be.

"Really?" the pachirisu said, his eyes shining with delight. "Man, I would LOVE that."

"Go on," answered the emolga as he gently kicked Bui forward. "Take him for a whirl."

Before Bui could react, he saw the giant hand of the pachirisu reaching for him. The chubby fingers warped around his body and pinned his limbs to his side, the minute pressure far more than enough to hold him in place. The giant then plopped down directly across from his friend, his feet outwards and facing the other giant.

"I've had some gunk stunk between my toes for weeks. Think you could help with that?"

Bui looked up at the cute face of his newest master. Meekly, he nodded, knowing that he really didn't have a choice. "Thanks," the pachirisu said as he lowered Bui towards his toes.

He then changed his grip on the furret, holding him in both hands so that his left was holding his long tail, and his right had his upper torso. Bui's long body was left limp between them as he was lowered towards the pokemon's toes, which he now spread apart, waiting for him.

The tiny could only close his eyes as he prepared for what was about to happen. The giant pressed his midsection between his massive, fluffy toes, then moved him back and forth, using his body as floss to knock loose all the grime that had built up in between those giant mountains of flesh.

Soon Bui's body was covered even more than it had been before, but the giant seemed to love every second of it. "Oh yeah~" he heard the pachirisu moan. "This little guy's great! That's it, you're cleaning all my toes."

Bui was then moved to the second divot between the giant's toes. Then he switched feet and continued the cleaning. Each process was agonizing for the tiny pokemon as his body was used and pressed on, as he was dragged back and forth, as he was continuously surrounded by the scent of his master's sweat. By the time it was over and he was dropped back onto the dirt, he wasn't sure if he even had the strength left to stand.

Weekly, he pushed himself onto his hands and feet, breathing deeply, enjoying the taste of air that hadn't grown stale under the sole of some giant. Maybe this was it. Maybe they were finally done with him and they'd let him run back into the forest. He could go back to his tiny home in the ground and sleep, and enjoy living again.

Instead, he found the giant sole of the pachirisu gently pushing into him. The giant pokemon shifted forward, shoving him with his foot and pushing him over the dirt until finally the pachirisu stopped when the tops of his toes touched those of the emolga. When Bui looked up he saw that he was between the two massive paws, with their toes hanging high over him like the roof to a dark cavern of stench and humiliation.

"What are you doing?" the emolga asked as he playfully pushed his toes back into his friend's.

"Figured we could share him," the pachirisu answered.

"You're too nice."

"I know." The pachirisu then bent over so that he could see the tiny furret between their paw pads. "Well, don't slow down now! You've got a lot of paw pad to cover before we're done." With a wink, the pachirisu leaned back again, content to let the slave work at his own pace.

Bui sighed deeply as he looked between the pair of feet, their soft pads barely an inch from each other. It looked like he wasn't going to get that nap anytime soon. But, at least they seemed to like him around. That was kind of nice in its own little twisted way.

The furret turned to the pachirisu's foot and pressed his face into it, his tongue already moving over the dirty skin. He then pressed his tail against the emolga's knowing that he couldn't ignore the other giant. After a few minutes of licking and rubbing, he switched, his taste buds slightly jolted from the sudden change of taste.

And so Bui continued, licking and rubbing at the giant's feet, doing his absolute best to make sure they had the most relaxing experience possible. It didn't matter that their skin tasted like everything they had ever stepped in, or that he was still dripping with their toe grime. It didn't matter that the taste was one of the most rancid things he had ever experienced, or that the smell only grew more potent the longer their feet stayed close to him.

Bui was a micro, a foot slave, a toe toy. Serving some giant pokemon was probably his true purpose in this world. At least they were kind of being nice to him, and really hadn't threatened to eat him that much. For that, he really didn't mind being their servant for the day.

Bui might not ever get used to the taste of feet, but he knew enough to be grateful for it.