Rumi looked upon the candidates before her with a smirk. The number 5 ranked hero wore her standard tight-fitting leotard and seductive purple stockings that made her powerful thighs look even stronger. Her rabbit ears had been well-groomed that morning but the heroes in the room could smell that was perhaps the only thing she had bothered to clean that morning.

“What? Can you weaklings not handle a little body odour? Pathetic! How do you expect to be heroes if you can’t even defeat my general stink…” She flexed her muscled arms, letting the odour seep out from her armpit and spreading across the room in a foul miasma that Rumi couldn’t help but enjoy.

Her eyes fell over the assembled group. Four amateur heroes, all newbies and eager to learn the secrets and tricks to the trade; There was Rio Tatashi or as he preferred to be known Rubber Hero: Stretch Armstrong who wore a tight red spandex outfit (presumably home-made based on the stitched symbol he had woven into the centre of his chest, a shock of messy brown hair topping off his wiry frame; Next and sitting excitedly taking notes already was Korri Sun, her persona much darker and edgier than the Pro Hero had expected as she wore what was basically a modifier gimp-suit, chains and all with only her dyed red hair providing a dash of colour to the ghoulish ensemble, eager to get into character as the so-called Exquisite Pain Hero: Agoni who could minimize her own pain or increase those of her enemies; Sitting next to her though not too close was Souchi Ito, a strange vibe to the short youngster, nails between his lips and already lighting candles that smelt of stagnancy and esoteric practices, he had barely spoke beside the strange giggling he let out intermittently but seemed to have a proficiency for performing surprise maneuvers with even the eagle eyed Rumi almost falling for the old tack on the teacher’s chair trick; And finally was Dua Sergie, a foreign exchange student who had gotten good grades on the entrance exam in her home country but sought Japan’s best to train her, appearing somewhat tiger-like and heavyset with a powerful sturdy body, pale skin mixed with white and black stripes along her tight bodysuit, a short bob of brunette hair reminding the No 5 Hero of a secret agent. Rumi liked her the most so far as she hadn’t bothered to give herself a ridiculous hero title yet and wasn’t quite as weird as Souchi.

“Right, so this will be a class I’m running to make sure you can handle the most adverse conditions. I doubt any of you will pass and even less of you will survive,” she teased, not actually planning to kill them but relishing the opportunity to watch them squirm in their seats, “but first, I will have to make sure that you are put into a truly dangerous scenario.” SHe pulled out a small device that one of her more mechanically-minded proteges had crafted. Before the heroes could move out of the way, Rumi flicked a button and a bright ray shot out in a cone over the collected group. It wasn’t painful but was severely uncomfortable, feeling their bodies contort, their very bone structure being edited within an instant to become three inch versions of themselves. “I’ve been called larger than life but I imagine for you, that’s more literal than metaphorical now!”

**Rio**
I look up to the goddess before me. Rumi was gorgeous before, her radiant white hair leading down a curvaceous form that I wanted to stretch all the way around, if you get what I mean. But now I would have quite the trouble doing that- Mirko was now the size of a two-storey building! Her once plump breasts were now like small moons, her tight butt a pair of asteroids in her tight bodysuit. I was staring for so long that I didn’t notice my fellow students were fleeing, ducking behind whatever objects they could find, but not me, no- I was transfixed by her. She knew this as well, grasping me by the scruff of my costume. She dragged me up slowly, exposing me to the scent of her sweaty feet as I passed her boots which Rumi slipped off, showing off her massive feet.

“Enjoying the view?” She smirked, dragging me along her tight stomach. I could already hear it **guururrggling** hungrily, sending a nervous shiver down my spine as I looked up to see the beloved breasts coming up. Was I going to touch the cleavage of my crush? A bright red blush even brighter than my suit came across my face but at the last minute she pulled me away from her body to hold me in front of her porcelain face. “Well too bad, you and I are going to spend some quality time together. I’ve been looking for a good sweat rag.” Those words made my blood run cold.

“Wh-what are you talking about?” I asked in fear. Her smirk said it all, even if my voice was a little squealy sound that could barely be heard by a dog, let alone the powerful hero before me. “How is that training me?” My words did not reach her ears but the sentiment was expressed by the fear palpable on my face.

“Well you’re stretchy, somewhat perverted and good for absorbing sweat I imagine with that tight spandex on.” Without much more fanfare, she moved me right, pushing me towards the open pit, her arm high in the sky, a monolith obscuring the untrimmed hairy jungle below. The stench hit me before I was even pushed into the dank area, feeling her heat radiate out. “Good luck in there, might want to hold your breath, punk!” She chuckled when she smacked me flat into the hairy pit. She clearly didn’t wear deodorant as now the reeking odour of her B.O was fiery, burning my nostrils and causing me to squirm while her fingers held over me, pinning me down. I could feel her hairs move and slide against my body as I kicked and punched, trying to push myself off from the horrid stench. Gross slimy sweat clung to my body, saturating my freshly cleaned suit with a layer of grime and dirt that to my little body felt like a carpet.

“Let me out of here!” I shouted which got me a mouthful of stinky armpit gunk for my trouble. For a second, it seemed like maybe her fingers were bracing to push me out but instead, I realised they were rubbing me into the sweaty pit, pushing me around and fully covering every inch of my skin with the gunk. “Stop!” My wails exposed my poor taste buds to the horrific sensation of salty sweat mixing in with whatever dirt had built up before she gripped me and flipped me over. Now her fingers were pressed against my face, her palm pushing me against the slimy surface, rubbing me up and down until little flecks of hair were stuck to my body, almost like being trapped in a spider’s web but much smellier. Suddenly, some relief as she brought me away from the stagnant pit and I breathed in a much needed gust of fresh air. Perhaps Rumi was done with me now, my test already over?

“I need you to be a rag now, properly. Let’s give your powers a test.” Gently with her right fist clenching around my head and shoulders, her left around the bottom of my feet, I braced for impact only for her to begin *pulling* me. What would have pulled apart a normal person instead forced my Quirk, causing my limbs to stretch out somewhat painfully, my middle following suit. I stretched from three inches, to four, to six, to soon becoming a strand of myself, my body having to compress inwards to allow myself to stretch outwards.

“Much better!” came her cruel comment but the ringing in my ears from my ability being forced like that muffled it. The nausea was uncomfortable but I was glad the pain was lessened- perhaps by that cute Korri. I strained to look across the room but everything was so far away and blurry, especially with the gunk still mottled across my face blocking my vision.

“Th-thank you…” I muttered out to whatever force was preventing the physical trauma across my body before I was shoved face-first into the horrible pit. With new parts of my body exposed I could feel new stretches of skin and suit becoming heavy and discoloured with the disgusting colouration of the sweaty pit. Slowly however, I realised I was slowly moving, almost gyrating with her pinching along the ends she had stretched me from before Rumi began to floss me along the wet space. I gagged and retched, feeling a new coat of slime building up while brushing my features against and around her abrasive skin, the coiled hairs and the foul smell that I knew would cling to my body, never letting go even as hot tears tried to wash it away from my cheeks.

“Someone help!” came out a lot more like “MPHEHNNN HRLLLLL!” and earned me another taste of the rancid pits before she dropped my feet, letting me dangle while my head was still pressed into her pit.

“Let’s see how you like my feet!” Rumi spoke loudly and dropped me to the floor. My body slowly retracted, a tingling process but before I could fully return to my normal size and shape, her massive foot dropped down on me, smothering me in a new layer of disgusting sweat and stench.

**Korri**Watching on from under one of the set-up desks in the room, I tried to minimize Rio’s pain as much as possible. He’d no doubt survive being stepped on by Rumi, spreading out like a pancake if he had to, but with my Quirk focused, I could at least prevent that from being too agonizing for him. Though the smell of her fetid feet, which even I could pick up a fair distance away, I could do nothing about.

“Right, okay, we need to formulate a plan. This is clearly a part of the test!” I exclaim to the other students. The creepy Souchi giggled and nodded but Dua looked on with a raised eyebrow, a low growl leaving her throat.

“And why are you suddenly the one to be making plans? I say we just ditch and run.” I could have almost face-palmed at the accented stupidity that left her lips.

“What, and risk a failure? I’d rather die.” I said boldly, no hint of a lie. This was our chance to prove ourselves to Rumi! If we could do this, no doubt we’d get our provisional Hero Licence for sure. But of course the tigress was turning tail at the first sign of difficulty, ducking into a prowling stance and snorting at me derivatively.

“Suit yourself, gimp.” She hissed before pouncing away, darting inbetween objects while Rumi ground the stretchy hero into the ground. Now it was just me and Souchi, still looking over me with that weird glare.

“I’m not a gimp, for the record,” I start in frustration whilst I looked over the foot, noticing a segment of red- Rio’s costume- and our way to prove ourselves, “and anyway, we don’t need her. Souchi, you’re good at surprises right? That’s like your… thing?” The grim young man nodded. I didn’t like putting my trust in him but at least he was standing by me. “Okay, it’s simple, you distract her with one of your tricks, I’ll swoop in and save Rio, then he can get us up to the lock on the door and we’re home safe, got it?” Unfurling his thumb like a weathered root, Souchi agreed, his smile getting wider. He dashed off and I lost track of him, still looking up to the hero I idolized as she searched for us.

“Oh little ones! Do come and join Stretch here- prove that you’re strong enough to endure even the most torturous conditions.” Mirko’s voice was venomous but still playful, not yet noticing as Souchi crept in behind her still leg. He looked down, up, revolted at the stench, his face a rare change from the usual creepy smile into a grimace of disgust. He gripped the tight skin of the well-built giantess, giving a light tug which I was able to heighten to at least the feeling of a bee sting though this meant my focus on Rio faltered and I could only imagine how much pain he was in under that smelly foot. “Why you little-” It at least got Rumi’s attention, her head turning with a nasty scowl. I hoped that maybe with her attention split between Souchi and Rio, she’d let up on at least one of them for the other but the No 5 Hero was too smart for that. Souchi tried to move out of the way as he saw her hips crease and her butt drop with a mighty **SLAM!** Souchi didn’t have the same elasticity as Rio so I made sure to focus on him though already I was getting tired, heavy with the burden of keeping my peers relatively pain-free.

Rocking her hips from side to side, Rumi made sure to apply plenty of pressure to the bug-like Souchi, the back of her tight bodice allowing her cheeks to rub up against him. Similar to every part of her hot body, there was a disgusting amount of sweat that the creepy little man would no doubt be suffering through. Though I didn’t think highly of him, I didn’t like the way the massive hero was just happy to sit on her pupils, no doubt causing a lot of pain for me to muffle. Her eyes closed in predatory bliss before she looked in my direction, Rumi’s piercing eyes centring on me.

“Nice little plan there but sadly, it didn’t work quite as intended.” With her knee bent, she was able to keep smothering Rio with her massive foot while also sitting on top of the pest that had caused her pain, her hand now moving towards me! I dashed away and rolled behind a table leg. I hoped I had some time to think up a new plan but her hand closed the comparatively small distance for her, snatching around my body and pulling me back into her grasp. I pushed and fought, intensifying her pain where I could but the mighty hero shrugged it off and pulled me up to her face.

“Please, I just wanted to pass, don’t be angry with me!” I begged, hoping that maybe she would take pity on me. But Rumi’s hot breath underlyed her intentions, her lips wet with saliva before she let her tongue unroll from her warm mouth, soon groping across my face and making me in recoil with disgust only for the hand to pull me even closer. This left me with no personal space or avenue for escape from the sopping wet tongue. Licking me like a lollipop, moaning gently before she pulled back ever so slightly.

“For a brat, you taste delicious. I think it’s time I got some energy back with a snack!” She chuckled and her jaws peeled open wide. I was forced to gaze into the horrid mouth before me, all those pink muscles highlighted by a sheen of drool, her hand literally tossing me in whole. Landing on the tongues and soon supplanted in darkness. The horrid moisture surrounded me, working over each part of my body as the tongue flicked me from side to side.

“Guhh, stop!” I screamed which resulted in her pushing me against the roof of her mouth. I could feel every muscular fold, pressing into my back, coating me in more gooey drool. My kicks and punches did nothing when I even had the momentum or the right angle to attempt them; Rumi cleverly moved me around when I got a particularly good rhythm going. I cried out but no response came but that of the hungry gut below, an ornery gurgle emanating from the tunnel of her throat- *GUUURRGLLLLLE…* The sound echoing in my head was enough to make me scramble, my hands grasping little folds of the tongue, trying to pull myself from that looming void at the back of the already dark hole. I would not let myself be a snack! Even if it was for Rumi. Maybe if I tasted nice, she would give me bonus marks… No, I was just falling into a Stockholm syndrome nightmare, dodging her gentle teeth pulsing up and down. Drops of drool puzzlingly slid into my face, moving at an unearthly angle until I realised the mouth itself was tipping backwards! “Nooo!” I fell back, hitting the pulsating uvula and shivering at the muscles as they reflexively tightened around me, pulling me deeper before I felt them properly tense with the first massive **GULLOP!**

“Mmmm…” Rumi moaned in pleasure with a hand to the bulge I was creating in her throat. Pulled through the right ring of flesh, only my head and arms were left waving in the unforgiving darkness of her jaws. I reached for a tooth but it moved out of my grasp; trying my luck next on a wall of muscle that held the teeth in perfect place with this surface being too slippery, Rumi chuckling loudly at my futile attempts to stop myself from slipping down the tight depth of her muscular throat. “You’ll have to do better than that…” She muttered, her words muffled to the outside world but thanks to my proximity to her windpipe, I felt every word vibrate along my body, screaming when the esophagus tugged me down with a wet **GROULP!** The trip down was no better, surrounding me in a tight claustrophobic space of pulsating flesh. The pressure from outside was no doubt the delighted hero feeling me slip down her gullet. How could someone so noble and virtuous be so cruel? I asked myself, the trip being at least mercifully quick as I was pushed out into the wet pit of her gut.

My Quirk braced for the burn of digestive juices but instead the tepid waters that surrounded me in my crash-landing were a little tingly if even that. They smelled awful though and with the stomach walls pushing tight into me, I seemed to have even less space than I had in the tight descent in her throat. I grumbled to myself and tried to maintain my endurance links to the boys outside but it was hard to even know where they were from my position. As I felt Rumi move, scooting across the floor to lie down and shift me around, I was thrown against wall to wall, gasping with the sudden shock, the juices covering me in a shroud of tingliness.

“You were a good snack…” She muttered, rubbing the bulge I made in her gut as she searched around for Dua. “Hope you have fun in my intestines!” I mumbled to myself in wordless babbles, trying to figure out what she meant. My answer came in the ravenous sphincter below my feet that was already tugging my shrieking form down.

This was not an exam I was enjoying- a foreign feeling for me.

**Souchi**Oh my, how the shadows of Rumi-San’s buttocks could feel so painfully shallow compared to the mass that cast it! Beneath the thickness, I laid, wriggling, scurrying, trying my hardest to break out. This prison of flesh would not hold me for long! The grimace-inducing sweat was just one of a long list of issues- the sweltering heat made the slime cling to my body like excitable fleas to a playful pup; the tight muscle felt almost impervious to damage, my treasured occult nails seeming to bend rather than bruise or damage her suit; and the pressure alone was enough to shorten my breath, forcing me to practically pant. I hated the smell, hated the taste as well as it bathed over my tongue with a sharp metallic feeling.

But then again my Quirk could help. Feeling the ground give way slightly, the power of surprise working while she was focused on whatever that strange Agoni was doing to her. Mirko was none the wiser as a tunnel formed in the solid ground and my hands pushed into the dough-like walls. I cleverly sculpted a way out, moving as a mole would through dirt until I came out at the other end. Freedom! Fresh air! And a layer of cold wind that allowed me to feel less gunky and slimy-gross. Thoughts of leaving these fools behind to deal with the massive giantess was ever so tempting but the Agoni woman had made sure to keep me feeling less torturous pressure. Though it was against my need to survive and thrive, I knew I had to help. Moving around her, I noticed a large bulge vanishing down her throat and into her gurgling stomach. ***BUORRPP!*** She even let out a gassy belch which brought forth the vile stench from within.

“Urgghh…” I groaned, regret stacking up in my mindbox but I knew I had to help. I went in for a sneak attack, appearing on her bent knee when she wasn’t watching. My powers were all kooky and off but that worked in perfect work with my thinking. I brought down a nail on her joint and felt it quiver yet there was no pain, no lash-out. Perhaps Agoni had mis-aimed her pain reduction? I could only shrug when I felt the dagger-glare fall over me.

“You again? But how… You were beneath my ass!” She raised her hips up, Rumi-San’s confusion making me giggle while she checked beneath her cheeks just in case this was a trick of the eye. The monstrously massive mentor looked back upon me, watching in disbelief as I crawled down her leg and aimed next for her ribs. This was the plan, but not all plans go, well, according to plan! She batted me off, Rumi-San having none of my nonsense which left me giggling by her hip. “Fine, I was being nice by pinning you with my butt.” The Hero grumbled before picking me up and jamming me into the smelly warmth of her armpit, closing her arm around me. I was just a pretty pearl trapped in the tight fetid clam. My fingers dug into the hair but I could not displace enough, the smell only getting worse when my desperate attempt to tickle her brought out more foul gunk.

“Urghhh…” A rare word left my lips- this was not slippy-slide goodness or lemon squeazy easy. The dirt was clogged across my cavities and folds, creating greasy little rolls that were no doubt made of congealed slime and hair that I wriggled to shake off which got me wound even tighter in the web of hairs. I was the fly, she was the smelly gross spider that was laughing at my suffering. She moved her arm up and down, to push me deeper into the net-like weave of disgusting foulness, making me retch while my mind worked its itchy socks off with the matter of a plan.

What about another surprise?

Chuckling to myself, I felt the space around me open up and as my eyes opened, my location was even a surprise for me- standing before her suit-clad butt yet again.

“Hey, where did you go?” Rumi-San asked aloud, meaning I had precious moments to be tippy-toeing back behind cover but using her focused senses, she felt my presence and grasped me with one hand in a simple turn of her hips. Those familiar fingers locked over me, at least not smelling like a rotten sewer sweltering in the sun like her pits had. “You know what, I’ve got a surprise for you little Souchi.” I did not like her smirk. Her smirk kept my eyes attention while she lowered me back down to her backside. The old familiar stench of what her innards crafted with ease, leaked out and burnt my nostrils yet again. There was little I could do to surprise her- no sneaky swap or cunning trick. With a deep breath I futilely tried to push her index finger off from me, but the smallest amount of her power triumphed mine! “I’m gonna put you somewhere where you’re not gonna annoy me. Say hi to Korri for me!” She smirked before pulling the tight thong-like separation of her outfit that kept her buttocks apart.

The hole that looked at me was horror picturesque- a pink rippling ring caked with the faint stain of sweat. My eyes closed, not wanting to see any more of that wrinkled flesh and so as I was shoved head-first into the tight anus, it was at least done blind with none of the icky sights to repulse me further. Though Mirko didn’t need visuals to make her asshole disgusting- the smell alone spoke volumes. It wormed its way into my breathing, every huff and pant another agonizing gust of toxic air that made me wriggle and worm while she pushed me in delicately with a finger. I could feel my body begin to head up her intestine before hitting something coming down the tight tube of smelly air.

“Wh-what? Wh-who’s there?” I recognised the voice as Agoni. The cruel comment the giantess mentioned now came about in truth. “Souchi? Is that you?” Looking through the dim light of the dank dungeon of flesh, I could see that the leather-clad hero was a lot worse for wear. Her hair was frazzled, her body bruised and abused- limbs bent at awkward angles and a slimy coat of fresh gunk from the gut. Pressing against each other, our bodies slid against each other, trailing horrible smelly liquids and grimy layers of dirt. “Urgh, I needed you to get me out of this mess, not to just end up in her too! We’ll surely be marked down for this…”

Typical bookworm- more concerned with her grades rather than the squiggly-crawly-creepy trauma that was being inflicted onto us minute by minute. Stretch was still beneath Rumi-San’s foot, no doubt absorbing sweat produced by the heat of his body beneath her. His body compressed and flatter than a pancake. No doubt AGoni would have lost concentration on minimizing his pain, but at this point, the poor girl looked like she had lost a lot more than her concentration. Even now she pressed her hands against the tight walls that surrounded us. I wanted to help but that wouldn’t be much of a surprise would it? Instead, the undulating muscles pressed her deeper down, her wriggling body allowing me to thankfully have a bit more space in my ride up to the stomach though I wasn’t exactly thrilled to be going there in the first place as the heat built up my own need to sweat, lubricating my body until finally another tight valve sucked me up into the stomach. Deafening gurgles surrounded me, while drops of sour liquid splashed across my face. The tight muscled walls pressing into me and pinning me in a fouler hold than even her buttocks could manage.

“Damn…” I mutter, holding my breath and bracing for a lengthy stay in here.

**Dua**Fools. All of them. I watched from behind the furthest desk away from Mirko. I knew that getting near her at any point was a danger. I would keep to the shadows and prowl around, trying to find an exit out of the room while the others distracted her with their weak puny wills. Mirko was rising up from her sitting position and pushed something out from between her round buttocks- a slime-covered and shivering Korri.

I roll my eyes: Typical. This was pathetic. Mirko simply dropped her ass back down on the miniscule moron as she tried to crawl away, squishing her and chuckling aloud. The deep booming sound being even louder from my adept cat senses. She was looking around however, no guesses who she was searching for. Prowling back further, I pressed myself against the wall, looking for any cracks or ways to leap up and perhaps escape through the door. **BOOOMMM!** A massive shuddering step drew my eyes back to the massive hero, watching almost as if in slow motion when she raised her left foot, the sight of that pervert Rio plastered over the underside of her foot.

“Come here little kitty!” She mocked. I had great respect for her but I was not one to be condescended. Her massive form held no subtleties- I could even see where she was stepping before she further squished Rio, his groans of pain audible across the surreal landscape. I hurried forward, moving instinctively towards the smelly titan before diverting my path and heading left, feeling the ari swish around me as her smelly right foot missed me by centimetres alone. The rancid scent of her sweaty soles now burned through my nostrils but empowered me to move behind her in a rare moment of space and delay for Mirko. Looking back I chuckled at the sight of that pompous nerd trapped between the gigantic buttocks. The smell trailed off like smog from a steamer, so I was able to relate to her pain but had no intentions of sharing the same smelly fate.

But of course, pride becomes a fall and that brief mocking look earned me a just punishment.

Moving more quickly than I had expected, Mirko laughed out loud at my attempt to escape. Down came her foot- the Sword of Damocles with a dirty odour attached to it. I tried to leap but still managed to be pinned by her wriggling toes as they curled around me, pulling my clawing upper torso between them. In the valley of miasmic death, I retched, my improved senses only suffering more from the horrid scent. Rancid was an understatement as I was dragged (kicking and screaming nonetheless) to rest beneath the ball of her foot. The grimy dirt of the floor built up on me, causing me to shout and panic. No, I had to tighten my core. I still had the strength of a tiger, even at this size.

“You survived the longest. I’m.. somewhat impressed. If only you had gotten away!” Mocked Mirko. She had good reason to mock, I knew she saw potential in me. I twisted my legs around first, buckling them and bending my knees so my soles were parallel to her massive sole. Pinching my nose from the dripping juices that were hopefully just sweat, I pushed my hands into her soft and well-moisturised skin. Clearly she enjoyed taking care of her feet but not actually washing them… “What are you doing Little Kitty?” She asked with a mocking tone but I had the leverage now. Bending my joints back, I pushed up with all my strength, feeling my muscles beg for release and not to suffer the weight of her beneath me.

“Take this!” I exclaimed. Against all odds, using my comparatively powerful muscles, I was able to push and fling off the foot! While it wasn’t enough to throw her off balance, it at least confused her and even that dimwit Souchi would be impressed by my capability to surprise. Swivelling around back on all fours, I leapt away, dodging another footfall by the giantess.

“You won’t get away.” She spoke, no anger in her voice- only proud knowledge, almost inevitability. Her feet stopped, the ground going still around me but then a heavy shadow fell over my moving frame. I couldn’t turn to see it, couldn’t anticipate the fingers curling around, blocking off my route and boxing me in a tight grip that prevented another pounce. Mirko smiled, poking me- a tiger in a cage. “You’re quick, I’ll give you that. Strong too.” I think I was impressing her but it was hard to tell while she was dragging me to her breasts. “But it’s time to de-claw you Little Kitty. The training is over, when, I say it’s over.” Her command brought me closer to her nipples- the fleshy disks atop her plump breasts the size of a grand door.

“What are you doing?” I screamed at her. “I will break from the confines of your cleavage with ease, have you not seen my power!?” This earned a dry chuckle from the Professional hero, her fingers tightening around me to bind my limbs by my side. She had me trapped and I could only imagine what she had power. My body writhed back and forth, side to side but her grip wouldn’t loosen. Instead, her nipple seemed to loosen, opening into a wet abyss- making my jaw drop. What the fuck?

“Not so cocky now, are we?” She mocked me while gently gliding me head-first into the new hole, sliding me in and out of the sensitive areola, moaning in delight at my slightly furred body and every kick hitting her pleasure points. I wrestled with the massive fingers but it was no use as the shadows of the milky insides began to permeate my vision and muffle my screams. My torso fit in perfectly, the nipple becoming a tight valve around my hips. I thought perhaps she had run into a problem with pushing me in yet a finger pressed gingerly against my bottom convinced me otherwise. Ever so slowly, teasingly laughing and moaning in equal amounts, she pushed me in, my kicking legs not being able to land a good hit on the offending finger before my hips were encased in tight boob-flesh. My legs were shortly following the same path, sucked up like noodles with the nipple closing me entirely and encapsulating me within the tight wet space. Immediately I started struggling, running through the deluge of various liquids and banging on the sweaty walls.

“Let me out- before I hurt you!” I growled the warning, getting ready to pounce and teach her a new meaning of pain- my claws against the sensitive walls of the breast. And yet I was rumbled, put off balance by the simple act of her turning to the left and picking something off the floor. “Woah!” I screamed, the ground beneath me shifting and I was knocked face-first into the tight walls of writhing muscle and fat. Groaning with disgust I tried to push myself off but the strange binding slime that filled out the bottom of the boob was so thick, a true sluice of stickiness that made it almost impossible to move.

Mirko had won. Her laughter still echoing through the thick walls as I was covered in more slimy, oily liquids. “I will get my revenge…” I muttered right before the goop covered my mouth and forced me to breathe through my sensitive nose, once again burdening me with the horrid stench permeating the air. The fluids soaked through my clothes and sent my skin tingling with the bubbling liquids within the breast. This was not what I had planned.

**Rio**I groaned once more as the giantess raised her foot to bring it down, moving forward to simply cause me more pain and discomfort. I was stretched out over the bottom of her sole, my costume turned from a radiant red to a dirty dark brown. Everything felt painful and the smell of her feet only increased my discomfort. My top half tried to peel off, still flattened and conscious of everything while the layers of grime only caked up on me more. It felt like I had a brief window of opportunity to escape, if I could flop the rest of my body off. But just as I began to peel off the smelly sweaty surface, I felt the beautiful Rumi bring her foot down again, smushing my hopes while smothering me with her foot. I had no idea what happened to the others, occasionally hearing her words when I was raised off from the ground at least though her words felt cruel and hollow. I hoped Korri was okay, the other two I really didn’t give a damn about.

Feeling her wrench her hand forward, her nails dug under the flesh that had sealed to the tight wrinkles of her sole, Rumi peeling me off and holding me in front of her face, chuckling at the sight of my squished body and sullied hero costume.

 “How pathetic Stretch. You have all this elasticity but you still can’t pull yourself off from my dainty little foot…” She seemed disappointed, grunting slightly. Her other hand went to her lower abdomen as she grunted in pain. **GURROROROGG…** “Hold on, I just need to excuse myself…” She chuckled, squatting down and flipping me over her shoulder as to make me watch the sight of something emerging from between her cheeks. I flitted about on the gentle movements of her hand while Souchi, covered in a layer of foul slime, was slowly squeezed out of her anus and dropped to the floor with a groan. He looked a lot worse for wear and didn’t even wear that creepy little smile- he just looked sad and hopeless. His costume was torn and loose across his pale skin, dirtied even more than mine was. I could only imagine the foul things he witnessed in there. But what truly surprised me was as the surprising creep fell, Korri fell out with him, also squished between the cheeks and covered in fresh butt-sweat. She cried, her hair a mess with her body weathered by the time she spent between the cheeks.

“Looks like your friends need a little bit of a clean-up!” Rumi chided, starting to stretch me out once more, the pain lasting through what used to be my limbs but now resembled thin strands of spaghetti. The others didn’t even make an attempt to escape and as I was stretched, flattened out and folded over myself. The scent of my own body overpowered by the grime that covered me. “Thankfully you’ll make the perfect cloth to wipe up all of my greasy sweat off of them!” I shook my head vigorously but I had no muscle control, my strength so stretched out that I couldn’t focus my joints or nerves. Tugged out wide and smushed into a cloth-like shape, I was forced around their grimy bodies, binding the two groaning proteges. The disgusting mixture of foot-sweat on my body, ass sweat on their’s and the abrasive tugging of my moulded body almost made me throw up. How could such a beautiful hero be so cruel? What did we do to deserve this?

“Stop this…” I grumbled, my mouth opening and my tongue accidentally lurching out with my words against Souchi’s dirtied hair and getting a rather rank taste of the Rabbit Hero’s anus. It literally burned my taste buds, my tongue retracting back shrivelled and agonized yet Souchi barely moved. “I’m sorry…” I muttered, trying to be louder but every inhale I took was of the horrific myriad of foul odours- too many and I would easily be unconscious. I was forcefully rubbed up against the two shivering people, feeling my body and suit over-saturated with sweaty gunk and foul stench. “Where’s Dua?” I asked sheepishly but the two barely responded with what looked like a shrug but I couldn’t tell if they were just letting out a deep sigh.

Looking across the massive sweaty landscape that was Rumi’s body, once so beautiful and curvaceous in my eyes now a brutal battlefield where our own bodies were fodder for her disgusting habit and lack of cleanliness, yet no matter how far I looked I could not make out Dua’s shape. Maybe she had escaped, the lucky cat-girl. Pulling me off my peers, I was shoved back under Rumi’s right armpit with no fanfare or build up, poor Korri pushed into the squished mat of my body, once again curling around her and moulding to her shape thanks to how floppy and stretched out I was.

“You mumbling little punks need another round under my armpits it seems!” Rumi taunted. She made sure to rub her arm back and forth to further smush us into the hairy pit of disgusting odours and greasy sweat. The taste of salt was burned into my tongue and I knew no amount of bathing would free me or Korri from this horrid ordeal. “But before I put Souchi in and punish all of you, we seem to be missing someone.” I felt the armpit open as she raised her arm and gave us a front-seat view to her opening the nipple of her right breast. The sight would have seemed out of the ordinary on a normal day but at this point of watching people be pushed out of anuses and feeling myself flatten to a pancake, Dua emerging from the breast seemed somewhat reasonable.

The once fierce tigress was still batting her arms at the fingers that gently held her, her skin bleached with a white milky fluid and looking like it had even come out in tufts, leaving some parts of her bruised body almost bare.

“Well hello there Dua!” Rumi began, her chuckle as menacing as it was loud. “Did you enjoy your timeout? You better had, as now I’m going to put you somewhere even more special- my armpit!” She smirked and stuffed the mewling figure beneath her left arm, squishing Souchi in there too to add insult to injury. Bringing both of her arms down and entombing both parties in a foul layer of greasy slime. Before I could move or help, the arm above us also descended, smushing the two of us back into the shadows of the armpit. We writhed and pushed, mostly me trying to get out while Korri simply pushed and squeezed to prevent me from rubbing up against her again. Despite how foul the armpit smelt, I easily smelt worse, overpowering the raucous stink with the combined scent of butt sweat, foot odour and the armpit stink which I had been drenched in before. We were both getting woozy from struggling so much and having that wall of foul air overpower us at the same time.

“Korri, could you maybe increase the amount of pain that Rumi will take?” I asked in a quick whisper, not wanting to breathe in too much of the grime around me. But quickly I realised Korri was already using her powers- minimizing the physical trauma we took as the armpit continued to squeeze and ‘caress’ us. I nodded in understanding though judging from the way her head lolled, I didn’t even know if she was conscious at this point.

“Oh my!” The exclamation from Rumi was muffled but still audible as it was followed by a snickering laugh. “I completely forgot I have another class of apprentices to teach!” She laughed, a venomous and knowing tone on the word apprentices and I knew we wouldn’t be the only ones being tortured by the No5 hero for long. “I can’t have you losers in my armpits- you’ll give the game away.” For a second I hoped she would show mercy but as she peeled me off from her armpit, I should have guessed no such mercy would come.

“Gahhh!” I screamed as she dropped me and Korri, falling down into the open boot below. The purple soles at least provided a soft landing but that familiar foot was on top of us before we could scooch to some hiding spot or safe zone. Once again I was squished and smothered by the smelly foot, feeling the pressure build before releasing as no doubt she did the same with the other trainees under her other armpit. Stomping around, almost to make sure we were completely bathed in the gnarly smell of her underfoot. Every muscle of her foot rolled over us, pushing us about to and fro. No doubt the hero would eventually relent and unshrink us but when that would be, I had no idea.

Time moved slowly when you were small, the scent of foot sweat in your nostrils and a constant feeling of nausea from being squished underneath the weight of what is a goddess. I at least hoped the next group of recruits would be able to stop Rumi and free us from captivity.

“Hello punks.” She greeted at the slam open of a door and the cycle continued anew…