

Day 1

The sun streamed in through the window, warming the blankets. Kari stirred, resisting the urge to wake up. It was the first day of summer, after all, and she could sleep in as late as she wanted.

But it was too late. Her mind, having regained just enough consciousness to be mildly aware of her surroundings, began to pick up on a few things out of the ordinary. First off, something smelled bad. Refusing to open her eyes, Kari wrestled with what it might be. It smelled like...what was it? Not like sewage, no...not like a sweaty groin...was it—was it...feet?

And then there was the sensation of something touching her cheeks and eyebrows, like something was being pressed against her face. Kari sighed. There was no way she was going to be able to go back to sleep now. Begrudgingly, she opened her eyes.

"Time to wake up!" Tai singsonged on feeling Kari's eyelids flutter. "Mom and Dad are gone on a business trip, and that means *I'm* in charge!"

"Ack, Tai!" she protested, sputtering and batting at Tai's feet—devoid of their usual blue, yellow, and white sneakers—which were pressed against her face like a Halloween mask, "Why are your feet in my face?"

The 11-year-old grinned broadly. "Since I'm in charge for the whole summer, I thought I'd start by bringing you breakfast in bed!"

Kari shriveled her nose. "Your feet smell bad," she said.

"They won't once you lick them clean!" Tai replied, wiggling his toes at her.

Kari huffed. This wasn't the morning she had planned the night before, but if it made Tai happy...

She put her hands around one of Tai's feet to hold it still and then brought her lips forward to caress his smelly sole. Her tongue slipped out and made a long, slow stroke from his heel to the ball of his foot. Tai shivered in pleasure, and Kari smacked her lips as bits of coarse dirt and grime rubbed off on her tongue. Not letting that slow her down, though, she followed up with another lap and then another, painting increasingly clean strokes on Kai's grimy foot.

"Hey, don't forget my toes," her brother hinted.

"I know; I was getting to it," Kari replied indignantly.

True to her word, she let her tongue trail up further and pressed it between Tai's big and index toes, which curled reflexively, pinching her tongue and trapping it there.

"Ath! Tai, you hath to wet go oth my tongue!" Kari protested.

Tai chuckled and relaxed his toes, and Kari slid her tongue in between his toes again, feeling bits of smelly, crusty toe jam and dirt fleck off and stick to her tongue. She swallowed it and went back for another round, slowly eating away at the detritus and leaving fresh, clean skin in its place.

Then her tongue moved over and wriggled and squeezed its way between Tai's index and middle toes, which were so packed with dirt that they were almost fused together.

"Tai, you really gotta wash your feet more often!" Kari said, pausing her ministrations. "You might get an infection or something!"

"Good thing I've got a sister with such a good tongue, then," Kai replied, grinning wickedly.

Kari rolled her eyes and went back to licking between his toes, making short work of the spaces between his middle, ring, and pinkie toes. But her work wasn't finished, yet. The space under each of Tai's toes was just as bad as between them, and Kari repositioned herself to be able to suck on each of them. Starting at the other end this time, Kari slurped Tai's pinkie toe into her mouth and used her teeth to scrape away at the thick gunk on the underside, licking the debris away as it stuffed off and swallowing it before scraping away some more. All the while, Tai writhed in pleasure, loving every minute of it as she polished off his ring, middle, and index toes, too.

But when it came to his big toe, Kari had her work cut out for her. Much larger and packed to the brim with foot-crud, this toe was going to be a tough one to get clean. Undaunted, Kari adjusted her position again, slid her lips over the bulbous appendage, and began working her jaw side-to-side in a sawing motion to scrape the thick gunk out from under her brother's toe. The feeling of her tongue gliding over the surface and swirling around Tai's sensitive big toe made him buck slightly, eliciting a dirty look from his sister as she gripped his foot with both hands and began rubbing the sole with her thumbs.

At last, his foot was clean and nearly sparkling with Kari's quickly drying saliva. He reluctantly pulled it away and presented his other foot. Kari huffed and swallowed a few times, preparing herself for the job, and then set to work.

Ten minutes later, Tai's feet were by far the cleanest parts on him, even cleaner than his unruly, brown hair, and Kari lay back, scraping the dirt off her tongue with her teeth and swallowing it.

"You sure are good at that," Tai said, giving her a significant look as he flopped on his back beside her in the bed. "You always make me feel really relaxed when you do that...and a little horny." He looked from her down to his crotch and back. "You wanna ride me a bit?" he asked.

Kari hesitated. "I dunno, Tai," she said. "I haven't even had *real* breakfast, yet, and I'm kinda hungry."

"Hey, I'm in charge for the whole summer, remember?" Tai said firmly. Relaxing his tone, he added, "Ride me, and then you can go see if Izzy has anything for you to eat."

Kari pursed her lips. That seemed reasonable, she thought, so she got out from under the covers, took off her panties, and pulled her brother's whitey-tighties off. Sure enough, the moment she got them off of him, his dick sprang to attention, standing straight up like a miniature flag pole inviting her to mount it. She positioned herself over him, and then, with Tai breathless with anticipation, Kari lowered herself down. She felt a poke as her lips pressed against his rod, and then she felt him slide into her. The siblings both let out a quiet moan of pleasure as Tai's penis spread Kari open and Kari's warm, hot, wet lips caressed him lusciously.

"You're so good at that," Tai panted, his toes curling and his hands balling into fists.

Kari grinned and pushed herself all the way down onto his penis. As her young buttocks came to rest on his belly, she felt his balls against her pussy. She shivered in delight, knowing that she had his whole member sitting up inside of her. Rising up, she felt almost sad as his retreating penis left her feeling empty inside, but the feel of his tip as it rubbed over her g-spot sent a thrill down her spine. Meanwhile, Tai bucked with lust as her lips clung to him, stroking his shaft from base to glans and rolling up his foreskin once more.

Excited and substantially hornier than she had been when Tai first suggested it, Kari began to raise and lower herself faster, bobbing rhythmically on her brother's cock as he writhed under her. His breath came in sharp bursts until his body went rigid. Kari felt him thrust up into her and groaned as a spurt of thick, hot jism flooded into her. Not quite at the point of orgasm herself, she continued bobbing on him, driving his spurting prick against her g-spot, but Tai gritted his teeth and grabbed her thighs, holding her down so she couldn't move. Kari shifted uncomfortably, frustrated at not getting to get off, but she did as Tai wanted, holding still until his dick softened and slurped out of her, letting his cum trickle out between her legs.

Tai patted Kari's buttocks expectantly. "That felt great!" he said as Kari reluctantly climbed off of him. "Why don't you go see what Izzy's up to?" he suggested. "I want to train War Greymon a bit."

Kari's pussy still buzzed with desire to get off, but she knew that Tai wasn't going to be of any help now. Her stomach growled.

"Heh, maybe he's got some food, too," Tai suggested, chuckling.

Kari nodded, got dressed in her bright pink shorts and pastel yellow top, and then stepped outside to walk to Izzy's place. It was a beautiful day with a bright, warm sun and a clear, blue sky. Kari breathed in deeply and smiled. She knocked on the door, and a short boy with spiky red hair and an orange shirt answered.

"Hey, Kari," Izzy said. "Coming to hang out?"

Kari nodded, and her stomach grumbled noisily. She grinned sheepishly. "Um, I don't suppose you have anything I could eat?" she asked.

Izzy cocked his head and frowned, and then a grin came over his face. "Yeah," he said, giving her a conspiratorial look, "I know of something you could eat. Come on, this way."

Kari sighed in relief and followed him in.

"Isn't the food in there?" Kari asked, pointing as they passed the kitchen.

But Izzy wasn't listening; he'd already made it into the living room, stripped off his purple and gray shoes and green socks and sat down in a big, comfortable recliner, wiggling his toes at Kari invitingly.

The 8-year-old sighed. "Izzy!" she protested, "That's not what I meant!" Her stomach growled again. "I'm really hungry!"

Izzy grinned. "I *know*!" he said. "So terribly hungry for my feet!" He gestured to his feet and wiggled his toes at her again. "Please, go right ahead and eat all you can!"

Kari rolled her eyes. This was *not* what she had in mind, and her stomach growled in protest. But, she liked Izzy, and who was she to turn down a perfectly good pair of feet?

She knelt in front of him. He lifted his feet, she lay on the floor, and he put his feet down on her, using her face as a footrest. His feet were salty with gritty dirt and sweat, and she found herself having to lick the same spot over and over to get the thick layer of grime off his soles. But, slowly but surely, the gray-brown dirt gave way to peach-colored skin. Encouraged, Kari continued licking from those little, clean patches, alternating feet, spreading the patches wider as she consumed the off-colored detritus. Under her ministrations, the patches of clean skin grew from the centers of Izzy's arches out towards the sides of his feet, spread down to his heels, and then spread upward towards his toes.

Then the real work began. Craning her neck to get a better angle, Kari used her lips and tongue to scrub at the balls of Izzy's foot while his other foot mashed against the side of her face. Taking his big toe into her mouth, she rubbed her tongue over its underside like a piece of sandpaper, slowly scrubbing the smelly toe jam off of him and swallowing it. Her mouth watered, helping to dissolve the thick layer and making chunks of it stuff off that made her gag as she tried to swallow them. But, at last, his big toe was clean. The other toes were no easier, each requiring a lot of hard work that made her tongue hurt from exertion and tingle from having all that dirt rubbing against it. But one by one, they each melted from disgusting, dirty lumps to clean, sparkling appendages.

"Wow, you really *were* hungry!" Izzy teased, sitting up and admiring Kari's handiwork. "I couldn't have gotten them cleaner if I'd taken a shower!"

Kari's stomach interrupted her as she was about to reply.

Izzy laughed. "Well, if you're still *that* hungry, I've got something else you could eat, too."

Kari's face lit up as Izzy stood, but to her dismay, the youth merely moved from the chair to the sofa. He gestured for her to lie down as he stripped off his olive-green shorts and bright orange underwear.

"How is that supposed to fill me up?" Kari asked, frustrated.

"Who said anything about filling you up?" Izzy replied, grinning and patting the sofa again. "I just said I had something you could eat!"

Kari rolled her eyes and lay on the sofa.

"Here you go!" Izzy said as he stood with one foot on the sofa, one on the floor, and positioned himself over her.

Kari's eyes went wide, but before she could protest, Izzy lowered his ass onto her, his puckered buttohole pressing against her lips and his balls resting on her chin.

"Eat up, Kari!" he said as he grabbed a controller off the side-table and turned on the TV. "While you do that, I'm gonna play a game."

Kari pursed her lips, grazing Izzy's ass in the process. Again, this wasn't what she had in mind, and she was beginning to think that maybe Izzy was *deliberately* misinterpreting her pleas for food.

"I thought you were hungry?" Izzy said from above her, shifting a bit on her face.

Kari sighed and stretched her tongue out. Izzy's ass smelled a bit ripe, but other than being a bit sweaty, it was clean. The cleft of his ass guided her tongue towards his anus, which shivered as Kari's tongue touched it. She lapped over it a few times, and it alternately relaxed and contracted. Every time his ass clenched, his balls lifted off of her, and every time he relaxed, his balls settled back onto her chin.

Then, as she lapped over it again, she felt his ass contract around her tongue, drawing it inside of her. She shuddered at how surprisingly pleasant it felt to have her tongue gently tugged. Her mouth watered in response, and she began to slide her tongue in and out of Izzy's ass. The youth gasped above her, encouraging her to keep going, to flick her tongue against his sensitive orifice, to circle it teasingly before pushing gently inside. The intensity of Izzy's contractions increased, and his balls flopped harder onto her chin each time.

*He's really getting into this*, Kari thought. She was, too. Even with her clothes still on, she could feel herself getting wet with arousal. She squeezed her legs together and thought about how Tai had left her high and dry just hours before. Her hand moved subconsciously down into her shorts, slipped into her panties, and brushed against her clit. She exhaled sharply, her hot breath making Izzy twitch above her as her finger slipped inside her pussy, got itself good and wet and slick, and then trailed back up to her clit to mirror her tongue's movements on Izzy's ass: circling, flicking, touching, and rubbing. She moaned loudly, the vibration making Izzy's balls lift and flop onto her chin once more as her tongue dug desperately at his ass. She felt her face flush and her pussy begin twitching much like Izzy's ass was doing, drooling arousal all over her fingers as they slipped between her folds. She started breathing harder, her body and Izzy's both jerking involuntarily in rhythm to her ministrations. Her tongue pushed into Izzy's ass, and her finger pushed inside her pussy. Her tongue slid out and flicked over Izzy's pucker, and her finger did the same.

"O—oh..." Kari gasped, her orgasm imminent.

She rubbed herself harder still and tongued Izzy furiously, feeling her building climax just about to wash over her.

*FRRP!*

Kari's legs and arms moved instinctively, her legs kicking in revulsion and her arms pushing hard on Izzy's ass, trying to get him away from her.

"Oh, heh, sorry," Izzy said above her, blushing and lifting off of her face.

"Dang it, Izzy!" Kari said, punching his leg, "I was so close, and you *farted* in my *mouth*!"

Embarrassment overcame Izzy, and he fell into a fit of self-conscious laughter as Kari scurried out from under him and brushed at her face with her hands. She huffed and looked back at Izzy, but his face had turned red, and he was still laughing uncontrollably. To top it all off, her stomach growled again, so shaking her head, she turned and left.

"Maybe TK and Matt will have some food," she grumbled to herself as she stepped into the bright sunlight.

She walked down the street and came to their house. A small, blonde boy wearing green from head to toe—except for his tan shorts—and a portly yellow digimon greeted her at the door.

"Oh, hey, TK," she said. Looking embarrassed, she said, "Um, do you guys have anything I could eat?"

TK and Gabumon, TK's brother's canine-pelt-wearing digimon partner, shook their heads.

"Matt's gone to go get takeout, though," said the boy. "If you wait around, I'm sure he'll let you have some when he gets back! And"—he and Gabumon exchanged mischievous glances and gestured to their feet—"If you need something to help hold you over until then, we'd be happy to help!"

Kari groaned. "All day, it's been like this!" she protested. "What is it with everybody making me lick their feet today?"

TK grinned and shrugged. "You're good at it," he said. "Why wouldn't we let you do it if you like it and it's good for us, too?"

Kari rolled her eyes and followed TK and Gabumon into the house. Her hosts sprawled on the floor, wiggling their filthy toes invitingly.

"Good grief!" Kari exclaimed. "Your feet are disgusting! What have you been doing all day?"

TK grinned. "Gabumon found some mud to walk in, and it felt really good!"

Gabumon nodded. "Yeah, nice and cool compared with the street!"

"You could have just worn shoes," Kari said.

Gabumon and TK shrugged, and TK brightened and said, "Well, it's good you're here to clean our feet, then!"

Giving their filthy appendages a skeptical look, Kari lay on the floor and decided which one she was going to clean first. *Best to start easy*, she thought to herself. Gabumon's feet were decidedly cleaner, so she scooted forward and began licking between the rotund reptile's scaly, clawed toes. Sure enough, they tasted like dirt, and that dirt was really caked on! Kari found herself bobbing on each of Gabumon's claws, using her teeth to scrape and scrub at the grime that had practically glued itself to him, and at one point, she even had to gnaw, using her molars to grind and break off chunks of caked-on mud that was kind of sharp and very dry as she struggled to swallow it.

Once she finally got each of his claws cleaned, she snaked her tongue down between his toes. The mud had not spared these small spaces, either. If anything, it had packed itself in there even more than on his claws, and Kari was glad that his feet weren't too sensitive as she slid her mouth between his claws to scrape between his toes, using her tongue to moisten the mud and her teeth to chip away at it once it had softened enough. All the while, Gabumon's eyes rolled back in his head as he relished her ministrations. Finally, she made it to his soles. Though they were also covered in mud, Gabumon's walking on them had helped to knock off the thickest parts, and she was able to flick her tongue side-to-side, bore through the layer of dirt, and reveal the yellow skin beneath it. Then it was quick work to use her tongue like a yellow paintbrush, wiping away the dirt from the spot she started, trailing all over the bottom of his foot until it was all as yellow as the day he digivolved.

"How's it feel, Gabumon?" TK asked.

Gabumon stuck his tongue out, rolled up his eyes, and gave an approving moan in response, which made TK and Kari both laugh.

"Do me next!" TK urged.

Leaving Gabumon's half-clean, Kari moved over to look at TK's foot. She didn't know how, but his feet were much dirtier than Gabumon's, and so she wasn't wholly into it as she took his foot in her hands and brought it to her face.

The small boy's foot was just as smelly as it was filthy. Kari did her best not to think about what all he'd walked through as she put her lips to his heel and began sucking and scrubbing with her tongue. Bits of dirt flaked off the ball of his foot, dropping onto her face as she began bobbing her head, using her whole body to really work at polishing the dirt off of the boy's heel. Her teeth crunched down on bits of grit, and she quickly used her tongue to clean it out. She hated the feeling of grit between her teeth! But, as TK's toes alternately spread and contracted in bliss, she finally made her way through the caked-on dirt on his heel. Changing tactics and using long strokes of her tongue, she began to lick up the sides of his foot and right up the center his arch. TK's whole body arched in response, and Kari couldn't help but chuckle at the effect she was having. Slowly, the dirt on the boy's foot dissolved, and Kari swallowed it one tongueful at a time.

"Wow, that feels better!" TK said, flexing his toes.

"My turn!" Gabumon said eagerly.

"I haven't even finished with TK's toes, yet," Kari protested.

"Yeah, you gotta wait your turn!" TK said.

Gabumon huffed but let Kari finish, her tongue and even lips busily loosening and removing all the gunk between TK's toes. When she finished, she switched back over to Gabumon and then back to TK. After two hours of steadily working, she at last had their feet clean and showing healthy pink for TK and yellow for Gabumon. As if on cue, her stomach growled.

"Guys, are you sure you don't have any *real* food to eat?" she asked, frustrated. "I haven't eaten anything but toe jam all day!"

TK and Gabumon exchanged glances.

"Well, we don't have any *food*, but we do have something else you could eat," TK suggested.

"I'm not eating any more asses today," Kari countered.

TK did a double-take. "Oh, that would have been a good idea, too!" he said, then shook his head. "No, I was gonna say that we could feed you...you know...from the tap?"

As Kari considered it, Gabumon began showing a hint of his dick between his legs. He flexed the tip of his cock at her invitingly.

Kari rolled her eyes. "Oh, fine," she said. "At least it'll be something besides dirt!"

TK eagerly got to his feet and moved closer to Gabumon. The reptile was so short that Kari thought it might be easier to have him continue lying on his back. Moving up between his legs, she grazed her fingers over his sheath, coaxing his already-peeking member out fully. Then she brought her lips forward, grazed against his belly, and sniffed tentatively. There wasn't a whole lot to smell; he was earthy, much like his feet had been, and there was maybe a hint of a musky note to him, but overall, he smelled pretty inoffensive. She brought her lips to the tip of his glistening prick and wrapped them around his member.

The little pelt-wearing reptile bucked his hips reflexively, hilding himself in Kari's mouth. Before she could react, he eagerly reached forward to grab her face and pull her lips tightly against his belly, his balls brushing her chin as his sharp prick slid in and out of her mouth. Salty pre dribbled from his tip, and Kari licked eagerly at it, grateful for a taste of something other than dirt for once. The added attention made Gabumon shudder and buck hard, his little balls contracting spastically with desire. Kari swirled her tongue around his shaft and lapped over his glans. The Digimon's erotic energy began to rub off, and Kari found herself getting aroused for the third time that day, her pussy leaving a visible wet spot on the crotch of her shorts.

But, for the third time that day, she was going to be sexually frustrated. Gabumon's hips bucked, and she suddenly felt something hot, wet, a little bitter, and tangy spurt into her mouth. Gabumon tensed up for a few seconds and then lay flat on his back, panting and wearing a glazed-over expression. Kari swallowed the little mouthful of seed he'd given her but sighed. If anything, that little mouthful had only made her hungrier.

Before she could think too much about that, though, she turned to see TK's dick hovering right in front of her. He'd been standing there, watching and stroking himself the whole time, and now his prepubescent pecker poked proudly out towards her. Despite his young age and childlike appearance, TK was remarkably well-endowed for his age, and his uncut prick drooled pre that glistened in the evening sunlight streaming in through the window.

Licking her lips and hoping to get a bigger load than she'd just received, Kari eagerly pressed her lips against the young boy's penis and slid her tongue along his foreskin, rolling it back to reveal the moist, musky taste of his cock. TK sucked in a gasp and rose up on his tiptoes, his hands squeezing Kari's shoulders as he rewarded her with a big blob of pre. She pressed her tongue and lips to the blob, drawing it off of TK's cock and swallowing it. A look of dumb happiness came over the boy's face, and his grip tightened on her shoulders. He thrust forward abruptly, startling Kari and nearly making her gag as his prick poked the back of her throat. Her eyes bulged as he pulled back and began thrusting hard and fast, his foreskin rolling and unrolling in her mouth. Thinking quickly, she pressed her tongue up to slide against it. TK howled with pleasure and thrust in balls-deep, slumping against her as his cock erupted, letting out a few drops of bitter cum.

Kari huffed with disappointment. Even Gabumon had cum more than this, and Kari's stomach growled in protest. To make things even worse, the boy had gotten off so fast that she hadn't even had a chance to get off while sucking him! She sighed and let TK get his wits back about him. When he finally stood up, she stood and made a move to leave.

"Wait, aren't you going to wait for Matt to bring food?" TK asked.

Kari hesitated, thinking that maybe she could just get food at home. Still, the sun had set, and her parents had warned her about walking around alone outside after dark. She reluctantly agreed, and the three of them fell into chatting about their adventures. Despite her growling belly, Kari enjoyed the visit, and sometime after midnight, she dozed off.

## Day 2 (The Real World)

"Hey, Kari, wake up," TK's voice said.

Kari blinked and sat up. Her stomach growled, announcing its presence.

"Ugh, what time is it?" she asked.

"7:30," TK replied. "Hey, um, Matt got food poisoning from the takeout last night, and Gabumon and I are gonna go check on him."

Hungry and mentally fuzzy, Kari nodded. "Okay. Tell him I hope he feels better. I'm gonna...go home and eat."

They parted ways, and Kari made her way home in the early morning hours, clutching her stomach.

"There you are! Come on, we gotta go!" Tai said the moment she stepped in the door.

"Tai! I haven't even—" Kari began to protest, but Tai grabbed her hand and half-dragged her out the door before she could finish.

He led her to an abandoned lot on the edge of town. Kari looked around skeptically.

"Tai, I haven't even eaten since before yesterday," she said. "What are we doing here?"

A movement caught her eye, and she turned her head to see something hiding in the shadows. Wearing a triple-horned helmet and clad in big plates of metal armor, it looked surprisingly shy for its impressive size.

"War Greymon?" she asked. "What are you doing here?"

"We were training, and, well, he kinda got stuck," Tai said. "He's so uptight, he can't get back to his less intense forms." He gave her an intent, plaintive look. "Will you, I dunno, lick his feet and see if it'll help him relax? You know how he likes it when you do that..."

Kari gave him an incredulous look. "You dragged me away from eating to lick more *feet*?" she demanded, shaking her head. "No, I want to go eat breakfast, and then—"

"Please, Kari," Tai says. "Afterwards, I promise, we'll go get you some breakfast, lunch—anything you want!"

Kari glanced at War Greymon, who *did* look about as tense as Tai had said. She sighed.

"Okay, *fine*..."

She went over to the huge Digimon and looked up at his towering figure.

"War Greymon, I can't get to your feet if you're standing on them," she said. "Come sit down."

War Greymon glanced at Tai, who nodded, and then he stepped out from the shadows and sat down with a loud clang as his gray and red shin guards clunked against his yellow gauntlets and long, gray claws. Kari went up to him. Each of his feet was taller than she was, and she huffed, blowing out air between her lips to make an exasperated raspberry noise. Shaking her head, she stretched her arms out and pressed them against the Digimon's foot to stabilize herself as she got to work, bending at the shoulders and waist to leave long streaks from her tongue on the huge Digimon's foot. If she thought her tongue was tired the day before, it had *nothing* on this! For twenty minutes, she licked the same spot, and though dirt came off

with every pass, the Digimon's foot looked no cleaner. It was another hour before that one streak was finally clean.

"Maybe try somewhere else?" Tai suggested. "Maybe between his toes?"

Kari looked up at the Digimon's toes, towering high above her.

"You're gonna have to roll over on your stomach so I can get to them," she said.

War Greymon, who had been enjoying her ministrations, lost no time in complying. With a lot of clanking, clunking, and shifting of his armor, the Digimon rolled over, careful not to crush Kari as he did. For her part, Kari moved up between the Digimon's toes and did a double-take: there was crud between his toes almost two inches thick! Sighing and rolling her eyes, Kari reached forward and began biting off the thick, crusty gunk. It was so thick that she had to chew it, grimacing as it dried her mouth out and made it hard to swallow. But, with great effort and many, many bites of the gritty, unpleasant-tasting stuff, she finally managed to unearth his pale orange skin hiding beneath the thick layer of gunk. Encouraged at finally seeing her efforts paying off, she began gnawing and clawing at the thick layer of filth, breaking pieces off and letting them fall to the ground as she unearthed more of his skin. After another thirty minutes, she'd finally gotten two of his toes clean. After an hour, she had his whole foot clean, and after another two hours, she finally had both feet clean. Exhausted and stuffed full of whatever gunk it was that made up the enormous Digimon's toe jam, she collapsed on the ground, worn out from all the effort.

Tai stepped up next to her, shaking his head. "I don't get it," he said. "He looks *really* relaxed, but he's still not devolving. I wonder if"—he brightened abruptly—"hey, maybe he's horny and just needs to get off?"

Kari gave her brother a dirty look but dragged herself back up. War Greymon, knowing what had transpired between them, eagerly rolled over and pulled the armor that covered his genitals aside so Kari could climb up his groin. Walking a little unsteadily on the enormous Digimon's belly, Kari made her way to his sheath, where his member had already peeked out. It took both hands, but she wrapped her fingers around the protruding rod as it emerged, covering her hands in musky digital dragon musk. She shriveled her nose on feeling how hot, wet, and slimy his unsheathed penis was, but she dutifully guided his tip towards her mouth and began licking all over his glans. His size was too big to fit into her mouth, so she did the best she could, sucking on the tip, lapping at the sides, and using her hands to stroke him up and down.

War Greymon responded by bucking his hips—so hard that Kari had to cling to his dick for dear life, lest she be thrown off. The added pressure of her hugging his cock only turned him on even more. His hips bucked violently, and Kari held on like a bull rider. She felt the large Digimon's cock throb inside her arms. Only then did she realize the situation she was in: his dick was pointed straight at her face. She opened her mouth to protest, but at just that moment, War Greymon's mighty testicles heaved, and he fired a jet of cum right at her face at point blank range. It shot down her throat and puffed out her cheeks, completely flooding her mouth with semen. Kari coughed and spluttered, but before she could recover, he fired again. Her throat relaxed, and cum began to flood into her belly a pint at a time. Feeling woozy, she held on and let the jets blast down her throat. Her belly bulged from all the cum by the time War Greymon finally stopped spurting. She slid down him and lay on the ground, feeling bloated. Seconds later, War Greymon, looking very relaxed, devolved.

"You did it, Kari!" Tai said, hugging her. "What do you want to eat?"

Kari just groaned. "I'm full," she admitted. "I think I want a shower...and a nap."

\*\*\*\*\*

A shower and a nap later, Kari awoke with the sun in the west. Stretching and blinking her eyes, she padded into the living room, where Tai was watching TV.

"Oh, Kari, you're awake," he said, sitting forward. "Hey, um..."

He trailed off, but Kari knew when her brother wanted something.

"What?" she asked, exasperated.

"Hey, um, there's another digimon that needs your, um...help," Tai said. "He's over at the same lot where we just were. Would you...go help him, please? I'll give you dinner," he offered.



Kari rolled her eyes. "What, was he training and got himself stuck again?" she asked, annoyed.

Tai shook his head. "No, it's someone else. Please, just go help?"

"Well, what about you?" Kari retorted.

Tai shrugged. "I'm not as good at...that...as you are," he said. "You'll do great!"

Kari rolled her eyes again and stepped out. *This better not take too long*, she thought to herself, *or I'm going to be walking home in the dark. Well, maybe at least the digimon will protect me after I help him relax*. She retraced her steps back to the vacant lot, but the digimon waiting for her wasn't hiding in the shadows this time; his yellow-maned figure towered over her, bulging muscles giving way to tightly belted black pants that ended in massive, black-clawed feet.

Leomon, on seeing her, sat down where he was and flexed his toes expectantly. Kari gulped. Even sitting down, Leomon was taller than she was—about the same size as War Greymon had been—but unlike War Greymon, whom Tai had been training for years, Leomon was practically wild, and he was rumored to be very smart as well as incredibly strong and fast. Kari knew that if she displeased him, things might not be very pleasant for her. She warily eyed the leather knuckle-coverings he wore on his fist.

She wasted no time, quickly moving up to the Digimon's huge feet and gnawing at the closest surface. Flecks of dirt broke off Leomon's foot, and Kari quickly began using her tongue and teeth to lap up as much as she could. The grime on Leomon's feet wasn't quite as bad as it had been on War Greymon's, and it only took her about an hour to get his feet clean. She looked at him nervously. It was beginning to get dark, and she worried that if he was displeased, she might not even be able to run from him. To her relief, though, he smiled and got to his feet.

But, before she could react, he lunged at her, grabbed her, and pinned her to the wall of the adjacent building. Kari let out a yelp of surprise and then gasped when she felt Leomon's claws rake across her back. She cringed, expecting him to cut her in two, but instead, her clothes fell to the ground, the shoulder straps on her top cut clean through and her shorts tattered. She shivered, feeling the caress of the evening air between her thighs.

Her eyes bulged as Leomon made another swipe, this time splitting her panties up her crotch. She didn't have time to react. He was on her in an instant, and she whimpered in fear as she felt his huge, barbed prick poking at her pussy.

"Ooh, w—wait, you're t—t—too big!" Kari stammered.

Leomon paid her no mind. Distracted by the feeling of his prick hitting home, he thrust forward, trying to bury his 16-inch dick in Kari's young pussy. Her voice choked as the barbs on his dick caught and scratched on the walls of her pussy. She gritted her teeth and stifled a cry, but the powerful digimon was relentless. Grabbing her by the waist, he pulled her back, driving his barbed cock in until his balls slapped against her ass then pulling back, raking her insides with his barbs, only to do it all over again. Kari's breathing came in sharp, shallow gasps. A cry burst from her lips that rose in pitch and volume as Leomon drove himself closer and closer to orgasm.

Suddenly, he stopped. Kari waited breathlessly, and then cum erupted into her, momentarily blowing her pussy up like a balloon before spewing out of her, splattering all over her inner thighs and Leomon's crotch. The digimon grunted and leaned against the wall as his balls continued to dump their seed into the helpless Kari, whose cries had diminished into incoherent babbling. The flood of cum stopped at last, and he pulled out, eliciting a whimper as his barbs raked Kari's insides one last time for good measure. Letting her collapse in a heap where she was, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Yeah," he said, "She really *is* a good lay, and she did a great job on my feet, too. Top-notch work. Uh, huh. Uh, huh. Yeah, so two real-world months, right? Oh, yeah, I'm sure she'll make *plenty* of money for me to pay you."

In her exhausted haze, Kari was having trouble understanding what she was hearing. *Two real-world months? But...at a day per real-world minute, that would be...* She shook her head. The math was impossible! Besides, the whole thing was ridiculous; who would have the authority to "loan" her out? Surely nobody but—

"Okay, great, Tai. Yes, I'll return her in two months and pay you then." Leomon looked over his shoulder and gave Kari a predatory leer. "Gotta go; need to get her situated before she gets her legs under her. Uh, huh. Bye."

He hung up and turned on Kari. She shook her head and put her hands up defensively.

"P—please, Leomon, I don't want to go to the digital world! I'll be there for hundreds of years!"

"And that's why you're gonna make me so much money," Leomon replied.

He reached down, grabbed her, and carried her, kicking and screaming, around the back wall of the adjacent building. Kari fell into stunned silence. There, on the back wall, was a portal to the digital world. But, as Leomon advanced, Kari resumed her protests, beating ineffectually against his mighty hands. He stepped through the portal, and Kari put her hands up defensively.

## Day 2 (The Digital World)

The real world disappeared, replaced by a dingy tavern. Eight-bit renditions of medieval tavern music played from somewhere in the room, and rough-looking digimon sat at tables scattered throughout the tavern, laughing raucously, talking loudly, and arm-wrestling boisterously. Without prelude, Leomon carried her over to a trio of Goblimon.

"Here she is, as promised," he said, dropping her in a heap at their feet. "Keep her as long as you like, but, guys... Don't break her on her first night, huh?"

The Goblimon laughed and looked lasciviously at Kari, wide, toothy grins spreading over their green faces as their big, green feet flexed in anticipation and stirrings under their loincloths belied their excitement.

"Get busy!" Leomon ordered.

Kari scurried to the nearest Goblimon and began chewing at the gunk all over his feet. It was no consolation that it wasn't "real" dirt she was eating; if anything, digital dirt and toe jam tasted worse than that of the real world! But the Goblimon didn't care. They continued their drinking, laughing, belching, and swearing, mostly ignoring her as she slowly polished their feet clean one by one.

"Be right back; I gotta piss," one of them said presently, standing and leaving his screw-studded club where it lay.

"Hey, where you going?" another asked. He jerked his thumb towards Kari. "She'll take care of you!"

The first Goblimon thought about it and then grinned, and the others laughed as they shoved Kari forward.

"Don't spill a drop," the Goblimon said. "I don't wanna have to clean myself!"

With that, he grabbed Kari by the back of the head and thrust her face into his crotch, deftly moving his loincloth aside. Her eyes bulged, and her lips parted just in time for the smelly dick to shove into her mouth. She nearly gagged on the taste alone, but he didn't give her time to do that. Before she could react, a hot stream of liquid that tasted like molten metal flooded into her mouth, instantly making her throat and eyes burn and puffing out her cheeks.

"Swallow it!" the Goblimon warned. "If you spit that all over me, so help me, I'll—"

Kari didn't give the Goblimon enough time to finish his threat. Forcing down the urge to puke, she made herself swallow, her eyes and nose immediately beginning to run. But even as she swallowed, more of the Goblimon's acrid piss filled her cheeks again. She retched but forced herself to swallow again, feeling nauseous as the scalding urine made its way down her throat and hit her gut like a lead pipe. Still the Goblimon's piss kept coming. Blanking out her mind, she resolved to just swallow and swallow until there was nothing left. It worked. At long last, the Goblimon's stream slowed to a trickle, he rubbed the tip of his prick on her tongue, and then let go of her head. She sat back and collapsed on all fours, groaning and feeling like she was going to throw up.

"Pretty good view there," another Goblimon said, eyeing her. "I bet she'd feel even better than she looks!"

There was a scuffle as all three of the Goblimon vied for access to her, and ultimately the one who had spoken grabbed her by the waist and forced his dick into her pussy while the third Goblimon—the one who

hadn't just used her as a urinal—grabbed her by the shoulders and shoved his prick down her throat. Tears streamed down Kari's face as the two Goblimon used her simultaneously. Just when she thought it could get any worse, the other Goblimon stepped in front of the one in her pussy and shoved his dick up her ass. Kari moaned onto the unwashed, smegma-covered dick in her mouth as the Goblimon triple-teamed her. If anything, that just encouraged them more, and they fucked her harder and harder until cum streamed out of all her holes. Then they set her back to washing their feet, pissing down her throat as they needed.

### Day 9

It had been a brutal week. Kari had had nothing to eat or drink but toe jam and the dirt off countless Digimon's feet, cum, smegma, and piss. Already skinny to begin with, Kari had lost weight on this brutal diet, and Leomon begrudgingly recognized that he was going to have to actually feed her. But, he reasoned, he didn't have to feed her food off the table.

Kari came in, bedraggled, exhausted, and looking beaten. Leomon said nothing; he just beckoned for her to come up to him and pointed for her to lie on the floor on her back. Then he squatted, his stinking, unclean ass closing in on Kari's face until his crusted pucker brushed her lips. Kari closed her eyes, fought back the seemingly endless urge to throw up, and pressed her tongue to the crunchy feces presented to her. They were bitter and stank horribly as soon as her tongue rehydrated them, but she forced herself to keep licking.

Her eyes snapped open. Her tongue had touched something *not* crusted, something moist, pasty, and intensely bitter. She suddenly began to struggle as she realized what was happening, but Leomon just sat down on her face, pinning her to the ground and forcing his spreading anus against her lips. He grunted and pushed, and the tip of the log Kari had tasted pressed itself against her mouth.

"Eat it," he growled as he felt it squidging between his buttocks and her face. "It's all you'll get, so you'd better appreciate it!"

Tears streamed down Kari's face. Was *this* what she'd been reduced to?

Another push from Leomon and the crap spreading over her nose and suffocating her interrupted her self-pitying. Faced with the decision between suffocation and eating shit, she chose to breathe. Her tongue flicked out, carved a hole in the shit-log, then scooped it into her mouth. It was so pasty that she didn't even have to chew; her saliva dissolved it on contact, and soon a steady flow of bitter, stinking shit-slurry was streaming down her throat.

"Clean it all up," Leomon ordered. "My ass oughtta be clean enough to eat off of!"

Mentally broken, Kari did as told, slathering her tongue all over the digital lion's all-too-real ass and leaving it as clean as the patrons' feet that she had serviced almost non-stop for a week.

At last, Leomon stood up.

"You can look forward to that twice a week," he said, stepping over her. "Now, go get busy serving the customers."

### Day 40

It was...too much, and it wasn't getting any easier. A month after her semiweekly ration of seven-pound shit logs had started, Kari was bruised, exhausted, malnourished, and constantly run-down. Things couldn't keep going like this; she *had* to get out of there!

She waited for the tavern to slow down—it usually did around three in the afternoon—and then when Leomon wasn't looking, she slipped out the door and made a run for it. She didn't really know where she was going, but that didn't matter. She had to get away first, and then she could stop and regroup someplace safe to find a portal back to the real world. Oh, the things she would do to Tai when she found him!

She made it less than a kilometer before she was seen by some patrons arriving early for their evening drinking. Even though it had been only a month and a week, Kari was already famous, and everybody

seemed to know her on sight. Naturally, when the patrons saw her, they brought her back, kicking and screaming, and exchanged her for free booze for the night.

Leomon was...displeased.

Out of nowhere, ropes materialized from the rafters, and she was tied by her wrists and suspended in mid-air. Leomon then waited for evening and told the crowd she was a piñata that had a particularly weak spot right in her groin, but only the smaller digimon were allowed to play since the big ones might kill her. The line stretched out the door, and as soon as a digimon finished a turn beating her with a piece of wood, he handed the stick off to the next guy and went to the back of the line. When she tried to squeeze her legs together to protect herself, more ropes appeared to spread-eagle her and give the digimon easy access to her sensitive spot. Many of them were excellent shots, and Kari screamed as blow after blow fell on her ass and pussy. Some of the blows even landed directly on her clit, and she threw up on the spot. Leomon gave free drinks to everybody who gave it a try, and the crowd cheered on the participants, urging them to hit harder and harder.

Finally, with her pussy turned black from the beatings, Kari was flipped upside-down and strung up by her legs. Patrons large and small took advantage of her helplessness to fuck her face as brutally as they could. Her tear ducts had long since dried out, so she just hung there limply as her throat was abused nearly as much as her pussy.

#### Day 160

It had taken a long time for Kari to recover. It didn't help that Leomon didn't give her a single day off to recuperate, and her screams could be heard for kilometers around as the first patrons fucked her black-and-blue pussy. But though her recovery was agonizingly slow, her body did eventually heal. She had not learned her lesson, though. If anything, the brutal treatment—knowing that Leomon could be so cruel—only intensified her need to escape. Over the next few months, she had learned everything she could from the travelers about where the roads were, which of them were traveled heavily, and what went where. She had planned in her mind a way to make it to safety, and three months to the day after she'd suffered such a brutal punishment, she made her attempt again.

At first, things were going smoothly. She'd snuck out at the same time just as she had before, but instead of getting on the road, she'd immediately ducked into the woods and sprinted as best she could on bare feet and with nude skin—her clothes had long since disintegrated from the prolonged rough treatment—putting as much distance between her and the tavern as possible. She'd even stayed away until nightfall, but then things got tricky: she couldn't see where she was going, and the way was treacherous. On stepping on something sharp, she'd let out a yelp and fallen, tumbling head over heels down a steep gorge. Bruised all over and too sore to move, she'd lain there, sobbing, until several digimon tracked her down.

Once again, Leomon was not amused. He personally dragged her into the bathroom, shoved a rag into the bottom of a urinal to stop it up, and then tied her down on all fours with her legs spread wide, forcing her chin to rest on the bottom of the urinal. It was just deep enough that if it was filled up, she couldn't breathe through her mouth or nose, so her punishment came slowly as guy after guy came to relieve himself and the piss-level in the urinal inexorably rose, creeping up her chin, brushing against her lips, and then finding its way into her nostrils.

To speed things up a little bit, Leomon rested a riding crop against her pussy and wrote in magic marker, "Not flushing? Swat the pussy."

The patrons loved this new urinal mechanism, and many of them crowded inside to "flush" without having even pissed. And, it was effective, too. Every time someone hit her with the riding crop, she would open her mouth to scream, and piss would flood into her mouth. At first she spat the stale, vile stuff back out, but as the level rose in the urinal, that quit being an option, and more and more, she had to drink the foul liquid down. Even when there wasn't anything to drink, the patrons would swat her just for fun, loving the way their whacks on her ass and pussy left bright red, angry welts, many of which turned black or blue after a few minutes. Of course, still others still used her pussy for their favorite purpose: getting their rocks off. With Kari restrained as she was, she was helpless to escape or to fight back, and the males often took her two at a time, stretching her ass and pussy and then leaving her there with their cum lewdly drooling down

her skin. And of course, Leomon had a funnel rigged under her pussy to make sure that every time she pissed, she filled her own urinal, ensuring that she even punished herself.

Day 889

It was two weeks before Leomon finally decided she'd had enough. And, for a very long time, it seemed that he was right: Kari did not try to escape again for two years. She still hated her lot in life, but she fell into the routine of it—the foot-worship, drinking piss and cum and being fed shit-logs twice a week—and she was so traumatized from the urinal punishment that she didn't dare try to escape again. But, having counted the days—she had found a loose floorboard and had started carving a line for every day of her imprisonment on its underside—she realized that even after two years, she had not aged a day. Though she should have had over two birthdays by then, she had never even turned nine. Filled with a sudden, desperate urge to escape, she resolved to leave the next day as soon as the coast was clear.

Day 890

Her attempt failed. Remembering her failure from two years before, she had fashioned some shoes and a light so that she could make better ground and keep traveling by night, but her prolonged malnutrition had weakened her, and the little bit of added weight exhausted her to the point that she couldn't even make it as far as she had on her first escape attempt. In fact, she hadn't even made it off the tavern grounds before she was caught.

Leomon was furious, and he resolved to punish Kari so severely that she would *never* try to escape again. He dragged her into the basement and strung her up from the ceiling by her wrists and ankles so that her belly and pussy drooped downward. Then, without giving her any kind of sedative or anesthetic, he shoved a thick needle through her clit, and then another. To these two needles he attached heavy wires that dragged down agonizingly on her sensitive button, making her scream in pain.

But that was the easy part.

Leomon threw a switch, and the wires, which were plugged into a wall outlet, surged to life. Kari let out a blood-curdling scream as the current surged through her most sensitive place, forcing all of her nearby muscles to tense and blinding her with horrific, indescribable pain that radiated through her whole body. On top of all that, the current through her pussy was so strong and the needles insufficiently large that they began to glow, burning her clit as they heated up. Her body writhed against the torments, her mind struggling to even comprehend so much pain at once. But just as her mind was beginning to shut down, to shut out all of the anguish and suffering, the current stopped. Kari exhaustedly caught her breath and thought it was over, but just as she breathed a sigh of relief, the current started up again, and she let out another shriek of utter agony.

After six weeks of lighting up the basement with the needles in her pussy, Kari *never* tried to escape again.

Day 15001... Or More?

Kari had lost count of the days. The needles through her pussy had left permanent piercings that the clients liked to tease and insert things into while they fucked her or while she sucked and licked their toes and soles, but other than that, things were today exactly the same as they had been yesterday and the day before and the year before and the decade before. Everything had blended together into a dull haze of misery. Never given a real break, Kari had just accepted her lot in life and had gone from client to client, licking a foot here, sucking a dick there, getting violently fucked by this group, getting pissed in by that group, and then showing up twice a week for Leomon to dump half a week's worth of crapload down her throat. Kari tried to think back. How long had it been? As she counted back the decades, she figured she'd been at it for over 30 years now.

*Great...30 years down, two hundred years to go...*

Day 19000 and Change

Kari stumbled into the bathroom, dragged by a Gorillamon who wanted to fuck her on the urinal. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and sighed: even after all this time, she still hadn't aged a day. But before the Gorillamon made it to the urinal, an Ogremon showed up and got into an argument with her captor. Without any cameras in the bathroom, they got into a brawl, the white ape's arm-cannon and the

green, horned ogre's spike-studded bone club brandishing and flashing towards each other, and Kari took the opportunity to slowly walk away, back towards the tavern. She didn't like what happened in the bathroom: it was usually *far* worse than what happened where everybody else could see what was going on.

But, before she made it even halfway, a huge hand grabbed her leg. She let out a surprised yelp as she was dragged backwards and then held upside-down. The Gorillamon pinned her other leg with his arm-cannon—still hot from having blasted the OGREMON—and without warning, drove his cock balls-deep into her stretched and worn-out pussy. The OGREMON, momentarily incapacitated by the Gorillamon, came to and stood face-to-face with his nemesis. Gorillamon ignored him, continuing to plow exuberantly into Kari. Not to be ignored, the OGREMON flopped his dick out and shoved it into Kari's ass, not caring how his rough, jagged cock hurt as it shoved inside. Kari's mouth opened in a silent scream—even after all this time, there were still fuckings so brutal that they hurt—as the two digimon yanked on her body and forced themselves into her.

Gorillamon finished first and dropped Kari on her face, his cum sloshing out of her loose cunt and getting on OGREMON's shaft. But rather than brushing it off in disgust, the OGREMON grabbed Kari's legs and used the ape's cum as lube, sticking his pointed tongue out through his snaggleteeth in ecstasy as he shoved his dick into Kari's ass and ripped it back out again. When he finally came, Kari's belly swelled from the sheer volume of the big digimon's jizz. Finished, he dropped her there on the dirty bathroom floor and left to go rejoin his friends, leaving Kari to drag herself back into the tavern. Shaking from the ordeal, she made her way unsteadily back to the main tavern floor, where she found the Gorillamon and OGREMON passed out asleep. In spite of the torment—or perhaps because of it—she made her way to them. The *least* they could do was give her something to eat for her troubles. Not even caring that they were asleep, she went up to them and scraped and ate away at their toe jam. It wasn't much—the Digimon in this part of the world seemed to have cleaner feet in general now that she was regularly cleaning them—but it was something.

Still, her stomach growled as she finished them off. Suddenly remembering what day it was, she made her way to Leomon's office.

"S-sir?" she stammered. "It's time."

Leomon looked up from a newspaper he was reading, frowned, and then nodded. Kari took her place on the ground, and he squatted over her. She reached up, spread his buttocks, and pushed her tongue up into his asshole, spreading it open to ease the passage of his fecal log. She opened her mouth wide, dropping her jaw almost impossibly far, and then began sucking on his anus, drawing the feces out a bit at a time in bite-sized chunks that she could bite off, chew, and swallow. Leomon returned his attention to the newspaper, squatting almost completely passively over Kari as she did all the work to earn the week's rations.

#### Day 87600 (The Digital World)

"Let's go," Leomon said.

Kari looked up and cocked her head quizzically. It was 3:00 in the afternoon, and there were no customers.

"Go where?" she asked.

Leomon said nothing; he just turned on heel, and Kari scrambled to follow him. He led her to a closet, a door she must have passed thousands of times but had never noticed. The door was unlocked, and inside was a portal to the real world.

Without a word, Leomon pushed some money into her hands and then shoved her through the portal.

#### Day 87600 (The Real World)

Kari emerged wearing filthy, tattered clothes that didn't fully cover her privates. It was a warm, breezy day, and she shuddered at the feeling of the breeze caressing her private parts. The tavern had been so enclosed that the only thing she'd ever felt caress her so lightly was the hot breath of a patron seconds before he plunged his dick into her, usually violently, and her body was already subconsciously preparing for that inevitability—one that never came.

Looking around, she realized she was in a park, and it slowly dawned on her that she knew this park. Two hundred and forty years in the digital world, and yet she still recognized this place. Did that mean her sentence was finally over? Did that mean she could finally go home?

She looked around, found her bearings, and began walking towards where her home should be. She made it there fifteen minutes later, opened the door, and saw Tai standing with his back to the door. The last quarter of a millennium flooded through her mind: raped constantly, given nothing but toe jam, smegma, cum, and shit to eat and piss to drink, tortured brutally for trying to run away...rage welled up in her heart, and with a furious scream, she punched Tai in the back of the head as hard as she could. Tai sprawled on the floor, caught completely off guard. He turned, panicked, to see her standing over him, ready to strike again.

"Kari!" he said, his face alternately brightening and clouding, "You're back! Did you...did you have a good time?"

"NO!" Kari screamed, cocking back her arm.

Tai flinched, but then Kari crumpled and lowered her hand. "It was—it was awful," she managed. "Two hundred and forty years, Tai!" she chastised him. "And you sold me out for, what?"

She held up her hand and looked at the crumpled bills. "A hundred bucks?" she gasped. "Is that all I'm worth to you, a hundred *bucks*?!" She threw the money at him angrily. "Do you have any idea what I've been through?"

She told him in great detail about all the horrible things that had happened.

"Kari, I—I'm so sorry!" Tai said. "I forgot it was so much longer, and I had no idea Leomon was going to do all of that! I—look, let me make it up to you. How'd you like a really big steak?"

He moved over, revealing the steak grilling on the stove. Kari's mouth watered at seeing *anything* besides bodily fluids, but *this* was far better even than most things he could have offered.

"There are potatoes baking in the oven, and I've got a salad made, too," Tai said.

Kari bit her lip and then nodded. It wouldn't undo everything she'd endured, but it was a start. She sat down at the table, and her brother served her generous portions of the delicious-looking meal. But, as she cut into the meat and brought it to her lips, she glanced over to see Tai sliding a glass of murky, gray water over to her. She lowered her fork and looked at him expectantly.

"I put my dirty socks in some water to soak the day you left," he said sheepishly. "Didn't know if you'd want it."

*Anything that looks like water is better than piss*, she thought, shrugging as she picked up the glass and took a big drink. Tai brightened and told her he'd put the same water in her thermos for school the next day.

Kari did a double-take. Her whole summer was gone. She'd spent the whole time serving those digimon. She sighed and nodded and finally put the steak into her mouth. But as she chewed it, she realized something was missing. Something didn't taste quite right.

"Um, Tai?" she said sheepishly.

"Yeah?"

"Um, instead of making me breakfast, just, um, tell me when you need to go number two."

Tai frowned, and then a grin came over his face. "Okay!" he said.