

"Oh, come on, Black Gargomon!" whimpered a little white digimon, wincing and turning his face away as far as the wall behind him would allow. "You just hit me up for free food yesterday!" he protested. "If you eat all of my food for free, how will I pay my workers? How will I pay my rent?"

Unmoved, the stout assailant continued to pin the smaller digimon against the wall and gave his Gatling arm a flick with his free hand, his red eyes narrowing behind his black cowl as he fixed his victim with a withering stare.

"That sounds like *your* problem, Snow Agumon," he said at last.

Feigning a slap that made the miniature dinosaur squeeze his eyes closed, Black Gargomon waited until his victim tentatively opened his eyes and then backhanded him, eliciting a bewildered wail.

"Now," the bully growled, "*Where* is my dinner?"

Quaking from head to toe, the Snow Agumon swallowed several times but finally gave up trying to appeal to his tormentor's sense of pity. Clearly, the latter had none.

"I—I—if you put me down," he stammered, "I—I'll have the cook make up something special for you."

"Make it *quick!*" Black Gargomon snapped. "I've already wasted enough time with you, and I have *more* dinner to demand from the rest of you weaklings!"

Half-wobbling, half running, the white Digimon stumbled his way into the kitchen. His cook looked up, his expression conveying both sympathy and lack of surprise.

"The usual?" he asked.

The proprietor's voice choked with emotion, and after several attempts to speak, he finally resorted to nodding.

"Sure thing, boss."

Black Gargomon, meanwhile, had decided to bide his time by leaving long, dirty trails of grime on the carpet from his filthy feet and casually knocking over various displays, their contents clattering to the floor. As Snow Agumon went to pick up the mess, Black Gargomon waited until his victim was bent over, then aimed his Gatling arm and fired off the occasional laser blast, hitting the smaller digimon in the buttock and making him yelp.

When the food at last arrived, Snow Agumon held his breath as Black Gargomon took the entire plate in one hand, brought it to his face, sniffed it suspiciously, then reached down with his free hand, grabbed a handful of the sauced pasta and shoved it into his mouth.

"Meh," he said, dropping the plate to the floor.

The plate shattered, and its contents exploded all over the place, tomato sauce and pasta going everywhere.

"You own a shitty restaurant, Snow Agumon," he said flatly. "I wouldn't eat this if I were *starving!*"

With that, he walked out, making sure to step on some of the food he'd just discarded, feeling pasta and sauce squeeze up between his toes. With a casual twist of his foot, he ground it into the carpet.

The second the door closed behind him, and Snow Agumon burst into tears, burying his face in his hands. His cook rushed out and comforted him.

"When will it ever stop?" the proprietor cried. "When will he ever leave us alone?"

"Ah, you're new here, right?" Black Gargomon said as he stepped into the Piyomon's taffy store.

"Oh? A customer!" the pink, bird-like digimon said, brightening and hurriedly moving behind the display case. "Yes! I just moved here from Gear Savannah! It's very exciting being in File City; everybody has been so nice so far! Oh, I'm sorry; I'm babbling," she laughed. "How can I help you? Would you like some cherry taffy? Ooh, no, I know: how about some *licorice* taffy for the big Black Gargomon?"

Black Gargomon smiled, and a flicker of doubt crossed Piyomon's face. There was something sinister about the way the larger digimon's lips pulled back, something that made her feel uneasy.

"Eh, heh-heh, or...maybe not?" she asked, the pitch of her voice rising to a nervous squeak. "M—maybe some nice blueberry taffy instead?"

"No, no," Black Gargomon replied, "I'll take the licorice taffy."

"U—uh, of course!" Piyomon said, gasping and leaping into action. "Would you like a sample first? On the house!"

Black Gargomon shook his head and gestured to the case. "No, I'll take all of it," he said.

Piyomon reeled, then beamed brightly. "Oh, thank you so *much* for your patronage!" she said, eagerly taking the tray from the display case, carefully folding the waxed paper around it and putting it on a scale.

She made note of the weight and punched it into the cash register, then took the taffy, put it in a bag, and handed it to Black Gargomon.

"That'll be \$65, please," she said.

Black Gargomon took the bag, scoffed, and turned to walk away.

"Hey, w—wait!" Piyomon protested, rushing out from behind the counter and blocking his path. "You have to pay for that!"

Black Gargomon cocked his head, looked down at the bag, then back up at her. "You know," he said slowly, "I think I *will* take that free sample. On the house."

Before Piyomon could protest, he flung his arm out, caught her face with the back of his hand, and sent her flying into the wall. Then, with the proprietor too dazed to move, he took a bit of the taffy from the bag, flung it on the floor, and stepped in it, really grinding the sticky substance into the fur between his paw-pads.

"If you don't like it, go back to Gear Savannah, you inbred clodhopper!" he laughed, scuffing his feet out the door and leaving a black trail behind him.

Too stunned to react, Piyomon just gaped from the floor, staring after him and at an utter loss for words.

"Welcome to Goburimon's Wooden Wares," a gravelly voice said as the bell tinkled.

Turning to face his new customer, the club-wielding ogre digimon jumped in surprise.

"Oh, no!" he cried, running and putting a rack of goods between himself and the unwelcome guest. "Not you again!"

"Now, now, is that any way to treat a customer?" Black Gargomon chided him, picking up a club off the rack and giving it a few test swings.

Grimacing, he flung it over his shoulder, the force propelling it into another rack and knocking an entire stack of wooden cups off of it.

"You're not a customer!" Goburimon retorted. "You're a menace!"

"Clearly all these clubs you make aren't worth shit," Black Gargomon replied, ignoring the insult. "An entire *store* of wares to defend yourself with, and there you are, hiding behind them like some kind of coward. You know what I think?"

The Goburimon's eyes widened, and he tucked and rolled just in time to avoid being singed by a laser bolt from Black Gargomon's Gatling arm.

"I think you should never bring a club to a gun fight."

With that, Black Gargomon set his arm to full-auto and began chasing the smaller, leather-clad digimon with a flurry of laser-bolts. Streaks of burnt wood appeared on the wares as puffs of smoke coalesced in the room.

"My work!" Goburimon cried, coming to a halt in dismay. "Do you know how many countless *hours* it took to make all of these?! Aiye!"

He leapt into the air, covering his butt with both hands and dropping his club, hissing in pain as a burn mark appeared on his pants and the flesh of his exposed buttock.

"For someone who literally goes *everywhere* with a club, you sure are a wuss," Black Gargomon said pointedly, reaching down to grab the smaller digimon's personal club and holding it in his hand.

"Well, if *you* wouldn't—" The digimon cut off, gasping, his eyes bulging. "P—p—put that down," he stammered, his whole body trembling with fear and rage. "R—r—right now!"

Black Gargomon advanced on Goburimon, towering over him with a cruel smile. "Or what? You'll s—s—stutter some more?"

"I—I'm *warning* you!" Goburimon growled, his voice pinched, "If you lay a *finger* on—"

"I'm laying *four* fingers on it right now," Black Gargomon replied, kneeling to look the smaller digimon in the eye. "What are you gonna do about it?" he demanded, his growl *much* more intimidating than Goburimon's had been.

"G—g—give it b—b—ba—ack," Goburimon insisted, shaking all over.

"You want it back?" Black Gargomon asked, rising and acting like he was going to go out the door.

Goburimon nodded emphatically.

"Oh, where are my manners?" Black Gargomon replied, shaking his head. "Here you go," he said, holding the club out for Goburimon.

The smaller digimon's eyes darted from him to the club and back. He lunged for the club.

Bang!

Crack!

The club shattered into a thousand pieces and rained down between Goburimon's outstretched fingers. His eyes and mouth opened, and an anguished cry escaped his throat.

The door tinkled as Black Gargomon walked out, chuckling to himself and blowing the smoke away from his Gatling arm.

The door squeaked open, and a dozen terrified faces gasped and turned to look.

"It—it's okay, guys. It's just me," Angoramon said. "Sorry I'm late."

"You weren't followed, were you?" Piyomon asked.

The rotund digimon shook his shaggy head. "I don't think so."

The room echoed with a collective sigh of relief.

"It can't stay like this," Snow Agumon said firmly. "He *can't* keep doing this to us!"

"I spent every penny I had to move here from Gear Savannah!" Piyomon cried, wincing as the bruise from Black Gargomon's Gatling arm throbbed angrily.

"He's just a big, nasty bully!" Goburimon wailed. "My club! My priceless club!"

Angoramon shook his head. "And as for me, I—"

"I trust there is a point to this meeting other than group therapy?" a voice asked.

The heads all turned to look at the speaker, concealed within the shadows at the back of the room.

"If revenge is what you want, I can provide it."

"We want *more* than revenge; we want him to *stop* and never do it again!" Snow Agumon replied emphatically.

"That can be...arranged," the speaker replied, the faint shadow of a smile appearing in the darkness.

Black Gargomon turned his head towards his door and frowned. Grunting and lowering the footrest on his recliner, he got to his feet, gave his Gatling arm a flick, and strode towards the source of the knock he'd just heard. Yet when he opened the door, there was nobody there. He looked out to the left and right, craning his neck to see down the street, yet there was no sign of anybody. Frowning and thinking that maybe he'd misheard, he shrugged and turned to go back inside. But as he was closing the door, a faint breeze caught hold of a folded piece of paper at his feet and blew it inside.

Surprised, he did the instinctive thing and stepped on it, pinning it to the ground. Then, he reached down and gingerly pulled it from his very-sticky foot. He made it a point never to wash his feet and to step in *everything* gross he could think of. Suffice to say, the paper was quite stuck and took some careful persuasion to turn loose. There was nothing printed on the outside, so he unfolded it.

YOU'RE NOT A GREAT FIGHTER; YOU'RE A COWARD, BLACK GARGOMON.

The digimon's jaw dropped. Who the *hell* was calling *him* a coward? Who *dared* to insult him like this?

PICKING ON DIGIMON HALF YOUR SIZE JUST MAKES YOU A BULLY. WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE AND STRENGTH? SHOW UP AT THE ABANDONED HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF TOWN TONIGHT. YOU KNOW THE ONE. OR, PROVE TO EVERYBODY WHAT A SPINELESS WIMP YOU REALLY ARE.

Furious, Black Gargomon blasted the letter with no less than a dozen laser-shots, turning it into a smoldering wisp of smoke before it crumbled and fell to the ground as a black powder. His chest heaving with rage, the digimon abruptly strode out of his house, slamming door behind him. With his lip pulled back into a sneer, the grippers on his Gatling arms alternately squeezing closed and opening, and his stride an aggressive stomp through the urban street-grime, Black Gargomon looked even more menacing than he usually did, and the few digimon between him and the edge of town gave him a wide berth.

It did not take him long to reach the outskirts of town, and Black Gargomon knew exactly the house the letter had mentioned. Back when he was a young upstart, he'd fought many a battle there to prove himself and work his way up the ranks. It was, in fact, the mention of that house that infuriated him more than the outright attack on his character: anyone who called him a coward would learn otherwise. But insinuating that he'd cheated in all those hard-fought battles? Someone was going to *die* today!

The house had been abandoned even in his proving days, but it had been at least a decade since then, and the crumbling building was showing its age. The roof had always been a little suspicious-looking, but Black Gargomon could see that it had finally come crashing down in places, leaving a great, gaping hole. Years of water damage and neglect had left its innards stained, molding, and overgrown with vines, an unkempt mausoleum commemorating a bygone era.

The door slammed into the wall with a deafening *crash* and then fell off its hinges as Black Gargomon stormed into what used to be a living room.

"I'm here! What *idiot* was so foolish as to summon me?" he demanded.

The only response he got was a creak and the faint groan of the decaying building shuddering in the breeze.

"Well?" he barked, taking aim at a stray vine and reducing it to smoldering ash. "Come out and fight! Who's the coward *now*?"

He didn't even have time to wince. The sharp blow to the back of his head had hardly registered before he felt himself falling, saw his vision going dark.

A drip of water onto his face awakened Black Gargomon with a start. He winced and tried to move his hand to the back of his head, only to realize that his wrists were firmly attached to the wall above and behind him. Worse than that, he could see his Gatling arms thrown into a corner across the way. The room was cold,

damp, and reeked of mildew and something else that resembled a sweaty gym. Black Gargomon shivered and grimaced.

"Who's there?" he demanded from his seated position on the floor. He scoffed. "To think you called *me* a coward when *you* are the one sneaking up on me and hiding in the shadows!"

"Some would call it cowardly; others would call it strategy," a voice replied.

Black Gargomon's head whipped to the side as a robed figure materialized from the darkness at the edge of the room.

"Doumon?" Black Gargomon asked incredulously. He shook his head. "Of *course*. It's just like you to sneak up behind me and clock me on the head. You know full well you'd never beat me in a fair fight."

The robed figure smiled faintly. "It's true," he replied, "It *was* my strategy. But, it was *not* my hand that struck you. For that, I enlisted some help. Come forward," he said over his shoulder.

A hulking figure loomed from the darkness. The dim, flickering fluorescent light overhead traced the ridges of the newcomer's abs, his sharp, black claws, his swept-back mane.

Black Gargomon raised his eyebrows, impressed. "Ah, now *this* is more like it!" he said, flexing his fists and curling his toes with anticipation. "Be warned, Doumon: once I have finished annihilating your hired help here, I'm coming for *you* next."

"We'll see," Doumon replied, smirking. "Panjyamon, why don't you greet our guest properly?"

The hulking figure sneered and stepped forward. Black Gargomon looked up at him expectantly.

"Well?" the seated figure demanded. "Are you gonna let me go so we can fight, or are you gonna stand there looking pretty?"

"Neither," Panjyamon growled.

Without warning, he balled his clawed hand into a fist and launched it forward, slamming into Black Gargomon's jaw. The force knocked the digimon's head back against the wall, chipping away at the cinder blocks.

Pain erupted in Black Gargomon's head, leaving him dazed. But, though it had been quite some time since his last evenly matched fight, he hadn't completely forgotten all those years of training. Shaking it off, he scowled up at his assailants.

"What the fuck?" he snapped. "You're gonna just whale on me without any way to defend myself? What kind of fight is that?"

Doumon scoffed, his clawed toes drumming on the ground. "You misunderstand your situation, Black Gargomon," he said. "This is not a fight; this is karmic justice, and we are karma's agents."

"Can the crap, Doumon," Black Gargomon spat. "You think you're some kind of religious priest just because you've got a yin-yang on your robe? You look like a hobo with those ridiculously long sleeves. Release me, and Panjyamon and I will settle this the proper way: with a fair fight to the death."

"Oh, a fair fight?" Doumon laughed, "You'd be an expert on those, wouldn't you? Were those all fair fights when you terrorized the shopkeepers of File City?"

Black Gargomon's face clouded, his eyes narrowing. "So, *that's* what this is all about, is it?" he asked coolly. "Rest assured, when I get out of here, those ungrateful piss-ants will pay for this. Whatever you do to me, I will see to it that they each receive *ten* times the punishment."

"We'll see," Doumon replied evenly.

His foot flew forward, caught Black Gargomon in the gut, and sent a shock wave through his body. Black Gargomon's eyes bulged, then squeezed closed in pain as he felt the air forced from his lungs.

"It—it's gonna take more than that," he gasped.

"I should hope so," Doumon replied as Panjyamon stepped up beside him.

The two descended on Black Gargomon, raining down a flurry of kicks and punches. A blow to the cheek knocked Black Gargomon's head to the side as one to his gut drove him into the wall. Two more blows hit him in the sides. Seconds turned to minutes and then to hours as the attack continued without a break. For a time, the tough digimon weathered the storm, relying on his muscles and force of will to endure the onslaught. Yet his captors were relentless. As one withdrew to rest, the other doubled down on the ferocity of his attacks, and deep down in the back of his mind, Black Gargomon knew he couldn't hold out forever. Each blow hurt worse than the one before it, and worse than that, his muscles were beginning to fatigue from being tensed so hard for so long. He knew that the pain and real damage to his body would only increase once he couldn't flex anymore.

But the barrage of fists and feet wouldn't abate. A well-placed kick to Black Gargomon's stomach made his abs spasm and then involuntarily relax for a split-second. Another blow to the face left him so dizzy that he outright forgot to keep flexing, and although he recovered enough of his senses to protect himself, he could feel his muscles weakening. Panic began to set in as it became evident that his captors would outlast him. Self-doubt crept into his mind, and cocky defiance turned to fear and desperation. Where he had sat stoically still before, he began to squirm, to flinch, to writhe as each blow landed on him. His filthy toes alternately curled and spread wide in pain, and his bruised, swollen lips began to babble out incoherent pleas for mercy. Tears began to erupt from below his equally swollen eyelids.

Doumon abruptly raised his hand, and the barrage stopped. Slumped to the side, held up only by his manacled wrists, Black Gargomon coughed and spat a tooth onto the floor.

"Excellent. It seems we're ahead of schedule," said Doumon. "Right according to plan."

He squatted down in front of Black Gargomon. "Are you ready to concede, yet?" he asked.

Black Gargomon glared weakly up at him. Finally able to catch his breath, he felt his defiance returning.

"Fuck you," he growled.

Doumon shrugged and stood. His foot shot out, aiming for Black Gargomon's lips. His foot connected and forcefully shoved itself inside.

"You kiss your mother with that mouth?" he demanded, shoving his foot forward and scratching the back of Black Gargomon's throat with the claws on his toes. "I think it's time we washed your mouth out!"

Black Gargomon gagged, his body lurching at the unexpected invasion. Yet as startling as having a foot shoved into his mouth was and as irritating as Doumon's claws were to his throat, the worst part was the discovery that the gym-like smell that had assaulted him earlier was in fact coming from the digimon's foot wriggling around in his mouth. The taste of foot-funk and the buttery, gritty texture of whatever was caked between Doumon's toes made Black Gargomon's eyes water. He began to retch, yet that only seemed to encourage Doumon, who shoved his foot forward even further and deliberately pressed the ball of his foot down against Black Gargomon's tongue.

As Black Gargomon fought off the urge to throw up, Doumon leaned forward with remarkable flexibility and balance to growl in Black Gargomon's ear.

"You can end all this," he said with a cruel smile. "All you have to do is say that you're our weak little foot-mat and swear that you'll never bother anyone ever again."

His smile hardened; he knew full well that Black Gargomon wasn't ready to give up, yet.

"Go on, say it," he taunted, flexing his toes and scraping some of the filth off his foot into Black Gargomon's mouth. "Are you our weak little foot-mat?"

Anger flashed in Black Gargomon's eyes, but before he could do what his instincts told him to do and bite down on Doumon's foot, he felt a sharp kick to the gut. As Doumon pulled his foot from his captive's mouth, Black Gargomon lost the fight with his own bowels. His body heaved, and he vomited all down his front, the stink of his partially digested stomach contents only making the ambient reek in the room worse.

The new smell made something flash in Panjyamon's eyes, and the hulking digimon barged forward, shoving past Doumon and running his foot up along Black Gargomon's chest, wiggling his even nastier toes

around in the mess Black Gargomon had made before sliding his foot upward and smearing it all over Black Gargomon's face.

"Open wide, Black Gargomon," he growled.

Black Gargomon shook his head violently, keeping his swollen lips closed as tightly as he could.

"I wasn't asking," Panjyamon snarled.

Bending down, he slammed his fist into Black Gargomon's solar plexus. Black Gargomon's mouth opened involuntarily as the air was forced from his lungs, and Panjyamon quickly shoved his nasty, vomit-covered foot into his victim's mouth.

Breathing should have been Black Gargomon's only drive at that moment, yet the foul, piercing stench of Panjyamon's grimy foot had the same effect as smelling salts, overwhelming his senses and making his body jerk, reflexively trying to escape the awful taste and smell. As Panjyamon shoved his foot deeper down Black Gargomon's throat, the helpless captive felt all of his usual cognitive habits breaking down, even those he'd been doing all his life.

A new smell wafted into the room as a hot, wet stream flowed out of Black Gargomon's limp penis, pooling in his pants at his groin and running down his leg, leaving a stinking, clammy trail.

Panjyamon and Doumon paused a moment, smelling the air before both turning to look cruelly at Black Gargomon.

"Now we're getting somewhere," Doumon quietly exulted. "Panjyamon, go fetch the chairs!"

The hulking digimon did a double-take, looking incredulously at him and gesturing to the foot that was still in Black Gargomon's mouth.

"You can put your foot back in his mouth when you get back," Doumon said firmly. "First, *get the chairs!*"

Huffing, Panjyamon reluctantly removed his foot from Black Gargomon's mouth and stomped off to do as told. Returning, he put a foot down behind Doumon and set one up for himself. Sliding their chairs up, they each sat down and put their feet on Black Gargomon. Panjyamon's foot quickly returned to his mouth; his other rubbed along Black Gargomon's arm. Doumon's foot rested in the now-crusty mess on Black Gargomon's chest while his other settled on his thigh. As Panjyamon began to rhythmically foot-face-fuck Black Gargomon's mouth, deliberately scraping the crusted gunk on his feet off against the backs of Black Gargomon's teeth, he and Doumon began to rub their feet all over their captive.

"Who's a pathetic, weak little foot-mat?" Doumon taunted.

Black Gargomon barely even heard him. The reeking stench and the nasty texture of Panjyamon's foot-grit falling down onto his captive tongue made him want to puke, yet there was nothing left to throw up. To make matters worse, the humiliating feeling of having his captors' feet rubbed all over him was somehow worse than being punched. Every touch made him flinch away, yet the feet upon him were just as relentless as the fists had been before, constantly chasing his writhing body and pressing themselves against his skin and clothes.

"Ugh! Are you getting *hard* from this?!" Doumon cried.

For a moment, everybody stopped. Panjyamon looked at Doumon, then followed his leg down to the bulge in Black Gargomon's pants below Doumon's foot. Black Gargomon just gaped. In his disgust, he hadn't even noticed his own twisted arousal. Now aware of it, he couldn't escape it. His face burned with humiliation, confirming Doumon's accusation.

"You *are!*" Doumon laughed. "Hey, Panjyamon, this guy actually *likes* what's happening!" he jeered.

"Me, too," Panjyamon replied, gesturing to his own tented trousers.

"Well, duh; I myself am also aroused," Doumon said, rolling his eyes, spreading his legs, and pressing his robe against his own swollen groin, "But we're the ones *doing* it to him. This little foot-mat is actually getting off on being bullied!"

"Ha!" Panjyamon laughed, finally getting it. "Here, little foot-mat; have some more foot-cheese!"

Black Gargomon's head jerked away as the digimon made good on his word, using Black Gargomon's upper teeth to grate big chunks of crusted filth off the tops of his toes. Yet even as disgusted as he was at the gritty, pungent filth dropping down onto his tongue, Black Gargomon's cock began to throb under Doumon's foot.

"What a pathetic weakling!" Doumon laughed. "I see I had the plan all wrong; all we had to do was show the File City shopkeepers how much of a foot-craving whore Black Gargomon is, and that would have stopped any attempts at bullying!"

Taking his feet off of Black Gargomon and standing up, he straddled Panjyamon's foot and pressed his groin against Black Gargomon's face.

"There, you little foot-mat! You like the smell of my junk in your face? Say it! Say you're a little foot-mat, and you like male junk in your face!"

Black Gargomon tried to move his face away, but the wall and Panjyamon's foot kept him immobilized. The scent of Doumon's musky arousal pierced Black Gargomon's nostrils, stoking his own arousal as his penis strained against his pants. Yet painfully aware of his body's reaction, he couldn't escape the undeniable truth that what Doumon had said was true, all of it: he was a little foot-mat, a pathetic pain slut who needed those filthy toes pressed against his tongue, this stinking crotch pressed against his nose, those sharp blows raining down on his trunk and face. Worse still, the other two *knew* it.

But worst of all, no matter how ashamed he was, his shame only aroused him more. As Doumon lifted his robe to grind his groin against Black Gargomon's face, burning tears formed at the corners of Black Gargomon's swollen eyes. The humiliation—knowing that his own body was betraying him in such an obvious and hard-to-conceal way—was worse than any pain the other two could inflict on him, and as his penis began to throb violently and rub its sensitive tip against his pants, Black Gargomon began to fear what he knew was inevitably coming next. Desperately trying to distract himself from the pain, from the smell, from the taste and embarrassment, he mentally grasped for *anything* else he could focus on, *anything* that would take his mind off his current situation and the unstoppable trajectory his body was taking.

A sudden, tickling graze of Panjyamon's foot over his abs startled Black Gargomon, and before he could brace himself, the added stimulation sent him over the top. With a defeated wail that made Panjyamon's toes vibrate in his mouth, he felt his over-sensitive penis begin to spit his balls' contents into his pants. It was only a matter of time now before his humiliation was complete, and the tears that had started forming now streamed down his burning face.

"What's the matter with hi—oh, my *gosh*," Doumon cackled. "Foot-boy here couldn't stand it anymore and finally jizzed his pants! Didn't you, foot-mat? Go on, say it: we *all* know it now. That big, creamy white spot on your pants isn't fooling anybody!"

"It's true!" Black Gargomon blubbered around Panjyamon's toes even as his prick continued to betray him. "It's all true! I'm just a weak little foot-mat."

"Mm, yes, you *are*, aren't you?" Doumon mocked him with a pouting leer. "And little foot-mats don't get to pick on others, do they?"

"No," Black Gargomon whimpered. "I'll be good; I won't pick on anyone ever again!"

"That's *right*," Doumon said emphatically. "Because you know that if you do, we'll repeat this little exercise, but we'll invite everybody you bullied to come and watch. Won't *that* be exciting?" He gasped. "Why, just imagine the look on Snow Agumon's face as he watches you writhing like this! Or Piyomon's face as she sees you cumming your pants!"

In response, Black Gargomon's penis erupted again, belching up another load of thick, white cream. Black Gargomon squeezed his eyes closed and wanted to die.

"Well, then," Doumon said, stepping away from Black Gargomon and adjusting himself, "I think you've learned your lesson. Come, Panjyamon. Take your foot out of his mouth."

Panjyamon glared at him. Sensing the hesitation, Black Gargomon opened his swollen eyes and glanced from captor to captor. Regaining some modicum of dignity—or at least self-preservation—he started moving his lips, trying to encourage Panjyamon to comply.

"Panjyamon?" Doumon said expectantly.

"I'm not done with him, yet," Panjyamon replied defiantly.

"Come on, Panjyamon; he's learned his lesson," Doumon said firmly. "It's time to let him go face the others as a reformed citizen."

"He needs more punishment," Panjyamon insisted. "Goburimon is my friend."

"No, Panjyamon," Doumon said, his voice rising as he removed the lock holding the manacles closed. "He has had enough. It is time to—"

With a lightning-fast move, Panjyamon yanked his foot from Black Gargomon's mouth, closed the distance between himself and Doumon, grabbed the mystic's head in his hands, and yanked it sideways.

Crack!

Black Gargomon's jaw dropped as he watched Doumon's body go limp. The mystic's toes had tensed for a brief moment during the attack but then fell, his claws pointing towards the floor.

Fsss...

The sound started softly but grew louder as the pungent stench of urine assaulted Black Gargomon's nostrils. A puddle formed between Doumon's legs and began to run towards Black Gargomon. With his hands free, he struggled to get to his feet, yet woozy from orgasm and ill treatment and shocked by the most recent series of events, he was considerably slower in recovering than he usually was.

"Mystic fox talked too much," Panjyamon snarled, flinging the digimon's lifeless corpse across the room. "You only learn *real* lessons through physical suffering," he growled.

He shoved Black Gargomon back to the ground, then slammed his back against the wall. "If the foot-mat likes feet, then we're punishing him wrong," he said, a sadistic glint in his eye.

Reaching down with one hand while continuing to pin Black Gargomon with the other, he deftly undid his belt, then yanked his pants down to reveal a throbbing, angry-looking prick. Black Gargomon's eyes widened, seeing the barbed monster, and he looked up at Panjyamon helplessly. Panjyamon's only response was a cruel, twisted smile.

"You want to punish someone right, you put them in their place."

"W—wait!" Black Gargomon protested, his arms flailing helplessly.

"Too late, Beast-Man Digimon," Panjyamon growled. "You broke Goburimon's club. Now, I break you."

Blinding pain shot from Black Gargomon's throat to his brain, leaving him seeing stars as Panjyamon shoved his member balls-deep down Black Gargomon's throat in one thrust. The invading rod trapped Black Gargomon's voice in his throat, leaving him unable to cry out, breathe, or even throw up, the urge to do the latter spurred on by the sharp barbs scratching roughly against his throat and the foul reek of the lion-digimon's tainted groin pressed against his nose.

"Mm, tight beast-man throat," Panjyamon grunted.

Pulling back, he began to slam into Black Gargomon over and over again. The force of his thrusts alternately pulled Black Gargomon away from the wall and slammed him back into it, beating the back of his head bloody against the rough, unyielding surface. Too overwhelmed by panic and pain to take stock of his situation, Black Gargomon did not even notice the small consolation that at least his body was no longer aroused by the rough treatment. Far from throbbing and excited, his penis had gone flaccid and even began to turtle as pain and fear made his bladder threaten to release its contents once more.

Panjyamon didn't care whether Black Gargomon was aroused or not. His initial anger had been replaced by unbridled lust as he felt his balls press against Black Gargomon's mouth and his barbs scraping against his victim's throat. Feeling his testicles growing heavy and building pressure, he thrust harder and harder, not caring at all how painfully his barbs dug into Black Gargomon's throat or how badly injured the back of his captive's head was.

Panjyamon's sweaty balls slammed up against Black Gargomon's chin and began to quiver. With no other warning than that, they erupted down Black Gargomon's throat. The feral, pungent fluid burned as it spurted into Black Gargomon's stomach, stinging particularly badly against the scrapes and cuts his rapist's barbs had left. Black Gargomon's battered body convulsed sharply, trying hard to throw up the foul liquid, yet with Panjyamon's thick girth still plugging his throat, there was nothing Black Gargomon could do to gain any relief from the building pressure.

Speaking of pressure, save for the occasional short sip when Panjyamon pulled out, Black Gargomon's lungs had been deprived of oxygen for far too long. Even as his body writhed and tried to purge the nasty contents being pumped into him, his chest had been heaving in vain for quite some time. Panic had seized him, and he had begun clawing desperately at Panjyamon's abdomen, trying to push him away and give himself enough space to breathe. Now, as his vision was going dark, his arms fell to the floor, and his body began to slump into unconsciousness.

It was then that Panjyamon pulled out. Black Gargomon's chest swelled, violently slamming his own head against the wall as his body inflated again, alternately gasping for air and drooling. Panjyamon stepped back, basking in his rape-induced afterglow, oblivious to Black Gargomon's body's desperate attempts to keep itself alive. Yet as his mind began to clear up, Panjyamon scowled at the still-gasping digimon in front of him.

"Pathetic foot-mat," he sneered. "That's what you are, isn't it?"

"P—please," Black Gargomon whimpered, his body trembling. "No more. Just—just leave me alone."

Panjyamon grinned evilly. "But a foot-mat needs to know its place!" he said, grabbing Black Gargomon by the scalp and hauling him away from the wall. "Foot-mats don't lean against walls; foot-mats lie on the floor!"

He flung Black Gargomon out into the middle of the space, near where Doumon's body had fallen. Black Gargomon winced as he fell on his side, but before he could recover, Panjyamon's foot came flying at his chest. The impact knocked him onto his back. His instincts told him to roll over, to get to his feet, but his body was aching too badly to react as Panjyamon stomped up to him.

"Now, be a *good* foot-mat," Panjyamon sneered.

Crunch!

Black Gargomon's eyes bulged, but his voice caught in his throat as Panjyamon's foot slammed down through his shin, fracturing it in multiple places. Black Gargomon finally found his voice and let out a deafening screech of agony.

Crack!

The lion's foot came down again, this time shattering Black Gargomon's forearm.

"Such a *good* foot-mat!" Panjyamon exulted as he brought his foot down on Black Gargomon's gut.

Vomit spurted from the beaten digimon's mouth, shooting like a geyser into the air before raining back down on his face.

"Got to make sure the foot-mat is *well* broken-in!" Panjyamon leered, stomping Black Gargomon's waist.

Fsss!

Piss exploded out of Black Gargomon's penis, drenching his already-wet pants once more.

"And now to make sure the foot-mat never hurts anyone ever again..."

The lion reached down and grabbed his sword, then advanced on Black Gargomon, who struggled, using his one good leg and one good arm to try to crawl backwards on his back. Reaching down and grabbing him by the head, Panjyamon unceremoniously drew his sword over Black Gargomon's neck, then dropped him there. Black Gargomon's good hand clutched at his throat, gurgling and gasping as his body exsanguinated.

His mind already cloudy and weary from pain and fear, the last thought Black Gargomon had was that Snow Agumon's food wasn't even good enough for all this.

Then he died.

Panjamon watched as the light faded from Black Gargomon's eyes and then listened as his bladder emptied itself for the last time. Pulling up a chair and dragging Doumon's body over next to Black Gargomon's, he sat down and hauled the two corpses' feet up to his face.

"This one had brains," he said, reaching out to stick his tongue between Doumon's already-cold toes and lapping a few times, deliberately using his rough tongue to scrape off some of the accumulated dirt between the dead fox's digits.

"And *this* one had brawn. Brains, brawn...none of it matters to me," he murmured. "I like feet."

He moved his attention to Black Gargomon, taking all three of the digimon's toes into his mouth and suckling on them. His eyes widened as a surprised grin spread over his face.

"Is that...licorice?" he asked, giving Black Gargomon's sole a long, thoughtful lip. "And...pasta sauce?" He grinned broadly. "It's a full-course dinner!"

He licked again with gusto, but then paused mid-lick, took the foot out of his mouth, and sniffed it.

"Wood!" he snarled. "Wood like Goburimon's!"

He roared in anger, but just as he was about to bite off one of Black Gargomon's toes, he suddenly remembered that his victim wouldn't be able to feel it and that he'd only be depriving himself of a nice, whole foot to lick. He sighed, calming down.

Taking one foot from each of his fallen victims, he stuck a toe from each into his mouth and slathered his tongue over and around them, tasting of the grime at the base of their claws, lapping at their foot-pads, and burying his tongue in the fur on their feet, seeking out more hidden, tasty treats embedded there.

"Ooh, *that's* a stinky foot," he purred as he caught a whiff of Doumon's other leg. "No wonder the foot-mat got turned on."

Dropping the feet he was playing with, he reached down to grab the source of the grungy scent that had caught his attention. Lifting the foot up, he pressed it to his nose, rubbing the smelly appendage all over his face and through his mane. A few luxurious laps from heel to toe made him shudder as the distinctly salt-and-vinegary taste washed over his tongue.

Yet as he began to sit down again to savor the flavors, he heard a sound that made him hesitate. He dropped Doumon and crept up the basement stairs to peep outside.

"Darkness has come already," he lamented, going back down the stairs and looking wistfully at his prizes. "I must get home." He grinned as an idea came to him. "But, there's nothing that says I can't take you with me and continue the fun later."

Reaching down, he grabbed a leg of each of the corpses by the ankle, got a good whiff of each foot, and then began dragging them up the stairs, their heads bumping on each step with a hollow *thud*.