

In a place far beyond the reaches of normal life sits the astral plane; a place where infinity and eternity meet, where things become reality through the mists of time. It's where places can be shaped by gods into whatever form they desire. In this particular part of the plane rests an area similar to the suburban section of a city. One of the many houses there is where the godly gryphon, Justin, lives. And unlike many gods, obsessed with their ego and need for domination, Justin is much more relaxed and casual. But sometimes he would get the urge to go on a little romp...

Being a god could get awfully boring sometimes, thanks to how difficult it was to find a real challenge. Justin was stuck with that boredom as he sat in his favorite chair, legs extended and crossed at the ankle with his cheek resting on a closed fist as he leaned to one side, thinking over what to do to entertain himself. He could always go on a stroll through the countryside, leaving massive pawprints that he could watch others be bewildered by. Or he could see how many mountains he could jump over before someone came to see what all the noise was. But what about sunbathing on a popular beach, letting others gawk up at him as he relaxed?

Wait, there was that film he watched not too long ago that a friend recommended him. What was the name again... He sat up straight, thinking for a moment before brightening up and standing as he announced. "Cloverfield!" He smiled with the idea and traced a symbol in the air to conjure up a portal for himself before stepping inside. It sent him through a glowing tunnel of beautiful, blue swirls that danced all around him as he was taken to another world. After only a few seconds, the swirling would slow and the end of the portal would open up in front of him, letting him peek out to see a busy city street below. The perfect spot to start his fun. He smirked, playing through some scenes from that movie in his head. But instead of some strange, alien monster rampaging through the city, it was going to be *him*. And he knew exactly what he wanted to do to make this worth the trip.

Justin took his first step through the portal then, bringing his bare paw down on a parked sedan and reveling in the way it crumpled, immediately surrendering to his might. He could hear all sorts of groups of people off in the distance, thanks to his enhanced senses. Some were partying, others were relaxing, but soon they would all be part of his playtime~

Distant rumbling and a strange cross between a roar and a caw echoed out in the distance. Even so, it was loud enough to silence everyone at the party Mon was attending. The casually dressed, dark grey-furred rabbit heard it better than everyone else. His sensitive ears picked up a few distant screams filling the split-second lulls between the crashing of something massive moving around or the rumble of buildings crumbling into ruins that followed the roar. The festivities stopped immediately as the host cut the music and began to usher everyone outside as people pulled out their phones, blanching at the alert they all received.

'Massive gryphon begins rampage. Authorities recommend finding underground shelter.'

The initial panic was quickly quelled by the quick-thinking host as he continued to insist that they needed to all head outside and start moving away from the trouble.

They gathered right outside a stacked apartment building's front doors, other inhabitants filing out and heading off in small groups while the largest of them all, the partygoers, convened.

The host once again suggested heading away from the trouble first, only for a half-crumpled tank to fly overhead and plow right into an identical apartment building across the street from theirs.

Mon was more than a little uncomfortable as he stood there among the others, his ears held most of the way down. He was in good shape, so he didn't worry too much about outrunning the others if they needed to make a mad dash for safety. But the risk of running was greater than taking shelter. So, he dug through his phone's notes, trying to find an old address that had a sturdy basement, meant to withstand all sorts of natural disasters.

He found it right as an argument about what to do started to break out. He'd grab everyone's attention first with his ears as they shot up, showing his improved mood as he announced. "I know a basement bunker we can stay in! It's only a handful of blocks to the... E-East..."

The East is where that tank came from, and where the increasingly violent sounds of the first responders trying to deal with the chaos caused by the big beastie radiated from.

They all exchanged looks with each other for a moment as Mon's ears began to wilt again. Then the host spoke up, stepping forward to peek at the rabbit's phone. "What's the address? I might know a shortcut."

He quickly held his phone out for the group's impromptu leader to see, letting him note down the location in his own device before nodding and starting in on a careful run down a nearby alley.

Everyone followed along right away, with Mon ending up near the middle of the pack as they hurried along. The air above them was growing thicker and thicker as smoke filled it, obscuring anything taller than ten stories.

As if to mock their decision to move towards the danger, a low laugh sounded out, followed by a **crunch-BOOM!** The tell-tale sound of a hefty vehicle being smashed. Probably another tank. Some of the group staggered, wincing with the sting in their ears. Mon had it worse than the rest though with his extra sensitive set of stretched radar dishes. He nearly stumbled over himself as he reached up to hold his hands over his ears.

The tight group of running partygoers pressed onwards though, approaching a short tunnel of sorts formed by an intact overpass. But the careful running had turned into a panicked rush with the earlier explosion, which turned the tight clump they formed earlier into a staggered line.

A line that would have its front suddenly squashed by not a wild piece of debris, but a blue-furred paw half as long and nearly twice as wide as a semi truck as it hammered down. Gold claws set into four boulder-sized toes lightly glinted with the light from a flaming truck that fell from the overpass.

An amused rumble of a chuckle sounded out from above as the owner of that paw brought the other alongside the first. A pair of matching, golden eyes shined through the smoke then, cutting through the haze to scan over the line of toys that had just delivered themselves to him.

Mon was hit by a rush of conflicting feelings as he stopped, gawking up at those eyes as the middle of the line of runners started to scatter, leaving the back third, including him, stranded in front of this titan.

A resounding **whoosh** reached their ears followed by the distant **crackling** of both asphalt and bones as he turned towards them, leaving his gore-spattered paw on the ground as his tail sliced through the smoke.

The rabbit felt a fresh rush of terror hit him, freezing his legs in place, only for an electrifying rush of excitement to ripple over his scalp before travelling down his spine and waking his legs back up as the beast in front of him was revealed.

He was a massive gryphon, a regal and mythical creature. He sported white and sky blue feathers as well as dark grey fur and fluff, with a blue tail swaying behind him like a playful cat's might. His chest was patterned similarly to a picture of the stars if they were blue rather than white and he wore a blood-stained smile, the blue, white-tipped beak held open to reveal an unnerving set of teeth as his eyes locked onto Mon's.

His heart rate spiked, nearly doubling its already elevated pumping as the rabbit's survival instincts overrode the stiffening desire in his pants.

Like a bolt of grey and black lightning, he whirled around and ran, outpacing those that got a head start while he was busy gawking. Another chuckle came from above as the unstoppable gryphon lifted the paw that had flattened the host as well as a few others. A sickening **schlick** sounded out from the mess of their plastered bodies as they peeled away from his pink-padded paw, leaving behind a crimson footprint.

That same paw would plow through the overpass as it swung forward, chopping the distance between him and his victims in half in no time at all. His second step would come slower as would the others after it. It would be no fun to cut this chase too short after all. The partygoers announced their disagreement with that thought as some screamed in a panic and others shouted out desperate plans to one another.

Mon was silent save for his breathing and the thumping of his paws as he just ran and ran, his ears sticking straight up, alert and aware.

All his sensitive hearing would pick up though would be one **whump-crunch** after another as one runner at a time was turned into a messy splatter underpaw. Many met their end under his soles. But some would be demolished with a sudden and violent **SPLUT** as his heel squashed them as flat as could be with just a single step. One of them even found himself hammered down on by a toe. The impact made his legs **crackle**, but it didn't kill him, not until that paw pushed off of the ground again, sending all of the gryphon's weight into his sole and toes.

Time seemed to slow for that poor guy as the increase in pressure quickly pinned him between the road and the devilish digit's pad. That pressure would send his innards out through his mouth as his torso was focused in on by the natural motion of the macro's walk. All that was left by the time that toe left the ground was a flattened pelt surrounded by a red splatter. Worst of all, his remains were stuck in place as that paw pounded down on yet another runner, making them join the crimson on his sole.

There was one runner that was close to keeping pace with the god's slow stroll, definitely the fastest tiny he had seen so far. Maybe that one could come back home with him~

But there were still some pesky punies that insisted on keeping clear of his paws. They were smart enough to duck into alleys or veer away from the gryphon's path. Oh well, this chase was starting to grow stale anyway, save for that speedy little fella.

So, with a quick tracing from one hand, all of the remaining anthros and humans would have their legs bound together by some strange thread that glowed slightly, appearing out of nowhere.

Mon was caught mid stride, and the quick wrapping of his legs sent him almost onto his face. Thankfully, he was quick enough to reach up and catch himself with his arms as they bore the brunt of the fall and pushed him onto his side, leaving him facing the white, grey, and blue titan.

There were small blips of light floating through the air toward his waiting hand, palm up. Mon focused his vision on some of those blips and quickly recognized them as the lower halves of everyone else as the divine thread that caught them carried them through the air, leaving their upper halves free to flail about and panic, helpless to stop their ascent.

They would hover over the gryphon's hand, one at a time joining the others in an orderly circle before the threads disappeared, all of them, including Mon's, leaving him free to get back up and continue his escape. But he couldn't, not after watching everyone but him be gathered up. He was being spared for now, but why?

Before he could think on that any further, the hand holding half a dozen people would suddenly lift up towards the feathered terror's beak as it opened wide, sending the remaining survivors inside. One of them was nearly bisected as she hit the edge of his open beak, having the air knocked out of her, leaving her unable to scream as the gryphon shut his mouth with a resounding **CLACK!** Her lower half was sheared off instantly as her upper half was caught and immediately mulched by the beast's gnashing teeth while he chewed her up alongside the rest of them.

All except for one that was lucky enough to have slipped between his tongue and bottom set of teeth. He scrambled around, trying to get a hold of something, anything inside the bird's mouth, but the saliva that coated him made it impossible as he gravity slowly dragged him under his tongue. All his thrashing did catch the gryphon's attention though as an amused hum left him, the low tone shaking its way through the maw-trapped man's bones as he realized that he was doomed.

With that realization came a **gulp** that sent the chewed mess of his five companions down the mythical creature's gullet. The change in pressure made the man's ears ache and forced him to tighten his stomach to keep from having the air pressed out of him. Another swallow came and he would be dislodged from his spot and squeezed all the way down the macro's throat as his descent was traced along with a finger. That divine digit followed him down as he was sent through the crop without pausing before finally coming to a stop in the stomach, where he would be melted down into a nutritious sludge alongside the others.

Mon watched with that same strange mix of horror and excitement, though the latter was starting to get a better grip on him as he sat up and gawked, becoming increasingly aware of the tenting in his pants. This macro, no, this godlike gryphon must've somehow known about his fetishes, that's why he was spared. Which means...

"Finally, just the two of us..." He strode towards the rabbit, closing the distance between them with just two steps and smirking as he watched the little guy scoot away until his path was blocked by a piece of rubble, leaving him stranded between a pair of paws.

Mon's heart didn't speed up, but it sure did pound harder in his chest as if it was getting ready to jump into his throat and out through his mouth to continue running since he refused to. "H-Hello!" He called up, hoping that being chosen meant he wouldn't be treated like the others.

“Hi! I’m Justin, your new master.” The gryphon took a knee, reaching down with one hand to scoop Mon up and bring him to eye level. “I have a rampage to finish, so I’ll have to play with you later. Don’t do anything too dangerous there without me!”

Mon had bewilderment replace his fear as one brow rose and he started to ask “What? Where?” Before he could say anything else, his vision would be filled with a golden-white light, making him lift an arm to shield his eyes as they shut tight. When the light cleared, he opened them again to peer around at his new surroundings.

The first thing he noticed was how clean everything was, and not on fire or broken apart. The temperature was nice too, not too hot or cold, and everything was well lit. But as he looked up, he would notice that there were no lights, just a finely decorated tile ceiling. And below him was what must’ve been marble judging by the patterning.

He stood up and surveyed the furniture, and all of it was massive. There was a nightstand at least as big as the apartment building he was attending a party in not long ago, and beside it was a bed big enough to be a sturdy bridge over most rivers. The sheets on it looked just as pristine as the rest of the room, there was even fine embroidery along the edge that hung just barely above the ground.

It looked like it wouldn’t be too hard to climb up it, but as he continued looking around, he would notice a closed closet, but beside the closed door was a pair of sneakers that looked to be the perfect size to fit the paws that he was between just a few moments ago.

Mon was once again reminded of the erection he was sporting as it pulsed in his pants at the sight of those sneakers. He started to walk towards them, mulling over if he should really do what he was imagining right now. He should wait for his new master to return first, r-right?

As he stood beside the brightly colored and expertly crafted pair of running shoes, he wondered how long Justin would be away while he finished his rampage. Surely he could just have a little fun on his own...

Maybe he could find something else to distract him while he waited. Inspecting the sneakers should burn some time. So he started on a slow walk around the pair, looking over all the clear details. They smelled perfectly clean too, as if they were just made, but the laces looked like they had been set just how the wearer liked, which means these must’ve been used plenty of times. As he finished his walk, he would spot a pair of blue socks resting beside the farther of the two shoes. He couldn’t help but rush over and take in a full breath, filling his lungs with the wonderful scent they were sure to give off.

His spine tingled just like before as the smell sent his mind into a lustful haze. With a determined nod, he turned around and climbed up the side of the right sneaker before dropping down inside. The scent inside was even thicker than the one that came from his socks. It was divine and strong, it almost overwhelmed his sense of smell.

If he was going to do this, he might as well be nude. So he would strip down, starting with his shoes as he tossed one piece of clothing at a time out of the sneaker, forming a little pile beside the one he was in. Then, with a deep breath and a shudder from the wonderful smell that the sneaker's insole let off, he strode deeper into it.

It wasn't too different from walking into a cave, but this cave wasn't the lair of just some beast, it housed the paw of a deity that had chosen to spare him from his rampage. That thought sent another shudder through Mon as he reached the halfway point, the indent that Justin's sole had left resting right in front of him.

He got down onto his hands and knees then and crawled forward just far enough to bring his face down into that indent for another sniff. He shivered this time as his eyelids fluttered with the thought of being trapped in here by that godly gryphon's paw. The rabbit crawled a bit further before turning onto his back and wriggling around until he was laying right in the center of the sole indent.

His hands started to reach for his cock as it bucked into the air, twitching in tune with his heartbeat as his imagination ran wild. But before he could grab hold of it, a pair of **thumps** reached his ears.

The same voice as before would gently call out to him then. "Oh rabbit, where did you scurry off too?"

Mon's cheeks and ears flushed with heat as he blushed and sat up. But before he could stand up and head towards the sneaker's mouth to call out to Justin from, he heard a teasing laugh.

"You're even more eager than I thought!" A slow series of **whumps** neared him then as the gryphon walked right up to his sneakers before squatting down to peek inside the one he sat in.

A golden eye greeted the rabbit as he sheepishly waved. "I-I uhm... Couldn't help myself. Sorry..."

"Oh, there's nothing to be sorry for little one! You're already in the perfect position~" He stood up then and slipped his left paw into its sneaker before lacing it up nice and tight, letting his tiny guest hear as the footwear gripped his paw perfectly, leaving absolutely no extra room inside. Then he would press some weight onto that same paw, pushing the insole in that sneaker flat with a slow **hiiiish** as the air was pressed out.

"Now it's your turn!"

Mon gasped with the sudden announcement and laid out on his back again, arms against his sides as he shook with anticipation. A set of four toes peeked into the shoe, giving him a teasing wiggle before sliding further inside. His heart started to pound even harder than it had before as he thought to fling his arms out to his sides and spread his legs, forming a little fuzzy star for Justin to rest his paw on.

As the beefy digits passed over him, sliding up his body, he let out a shaky moan. The padding was smoother than he expected and slightly slick too, probably from a bit of sweat worked up by the rampage his master just finished. The weight of each one was enough to pin him, and the center pair of digits nearly rolled his arms up with them. But Justin lifted his toes to make sure they didn't slide Mon with them. His sole wanted to lay claim to the tiny rabbit.

And his victim was more than willing to be engulfed in nothing but pawpad as the sole slowly slid above him, most of its weight being held up for now, sparing him. Before the gryphon could even ask, Mon began to lick at his sole while his hips acted on their own, thrusting up to send the tip of his cock brushing against it, where it left a little drop of pre while his tongue slathered some saliva over what little space it could.

Justin let out a chuckle with the sensation of his pawpet offering himself up to him already. But he wanted much more than just some licking and thrusting...

His paw would suddenly **whump** down, pinning the rabbit more thoroughly than anything else could. Then he would slowly start to lace up his sneaker.

The steady ramp in pressure would rob Mon of his breath as his head was forced to the side and his mouth forced open. His tongue would still try to weakly lick at the sole that was slowly smashing him though. Even his hips would be forced to twitch and shudder rather than thrust as he was pinned in place.

Once the laces were secured, Mon's cock swelled, welcoming the embrace of his master's sole as the thick pad swallowed him up. He was ready to climax at the slightest of movements, having worked himself up with the sneaker exploration earlier. The movement that did his groin in was a scrunch of the gryphon's toes as they gripped the sneaker's insole, sending a wave of wrinkles over his sole. One of those wrinkles caught Mon's cock mid-pulse, grabbing hold of it the instant he ejaculated.

That simple scrunch wasn't just meant to be a tease though. Justin could feel how pent up his living insole padding was as he smiled nice and wide with the muffled screams and **squirts** that came from his sneaker. The rabbit didn't stand a chance of resisting, even if he wanted to, as the gryphon's meaty sole squeezed his pawpet's pride while squashing him silly. The first gout of cum would be smeared underpaw as he loosened the scrunch for just a short moment only to tighten it again a moment later, forcing another blast of seed out of Mon's rod.

Then another relax followed by a scrunch, and another, and another. He quickly ran out of energy to shout and groan as he began panting with gasps in and whines out instead. But he just kept cumming and cumming, his balls being rapidly emptied out with the careful yet forceful scrunches.

A satisfied rumble of a laugh came from outside Mon's paw-prison then. "There we go! Fresh lotion for my sole~" Justin stood up then, letting all of his immense weight come down on Mon.

The godly gryphon's pawpet was too stunned by the violent milking he just endured to recognize the flattening he was being subjected to as his body rapidly compressed before suddenly giving out with a wet **SPLUT!**

And just like that, the last survivor from that group was reduced to a splatter of guts and cum. He unlaced and removed his right sneaker then, his feathers ruffling lightly with the **schlap** that sounded out as the mess that was now Mon peeled from his insole, sticking to his sole. Bending that leg back, he would peer down to his pink pads of his blue paw, admiring the grizzly mess that he just turned the lustful rabbit into. A flattened mix of red with small streaks of white mixed in told the story of the viscous milking Mon experienced before being plastered to his paw. The gryphon smirked, cooing at the work he'd done as he looked back at the wrecked city seen through the open portal he created. He's definitely gonna have to tell his deity friends about it soon enough.

Justin closed the portal to the wrecked city with a satisfied sigh. Today's fun was done and now it was time to cool down. "Now that the rampage is out of the way, it's time for a relaxing walk..." He smiled and bent down to grab his socks, fitting them on over each paw and trapping Mon's remains before putting his sneakers back on. That 'lotion' should keep his paws moisturized for a while, so why not? He could use this walk to put it to good use while it lasts.

Justin would then open a quick portal to the countryside then, happy to go on a relaxing stroll. He closed it behind him as he began a long walk. His stride would turn the splattered rabbit into a fine pace as he strolled along, enjoying the occasional **squelch** that came from his right sneaker. He fished out a Godphone23 that was the size of a billboard from a little pocket dimension so he could read some texts he got, but not before putting on some earbuds and listening to some music.

With each step he took, the ground rumbled, making birds in distant trees fly away, frightened by the impact each step had. As he walked, he would leave a trail of deep shoe prints with a bold "GODLY" printed in the center of each one. Down the road, a car drove by, but not before that sneaker of his smashed it flat as Justin continued to scroll through his messages, blissfully unaware. As he took his next step, that foot lifted up, showing off the detailed print and the smashed car on the sole, stuck.

Maybe that trail would eventually lead to another moment for the gryphon god to enjoy~