

Gale sat out on a boat in the middle of a large lake, fishing line cast; spending the warm afternoon relaxing with a round of fishing. He sighed contently, flexing his thick toes and splaying them, enjoying the cool breeze blowing in between them. He hadn't caught anything major so far, but fishing was always a relaxing game of patience, he was certainly bound to catch something huge if he waited long enough.

Unknown to the floppy eared creature, he wasn't the only one fishing for a tasty treat. Within the deep waters lurked a giant, chubby, pink colored, blonde hair, blue eyed female Yoshi sporting a black two piece; snagging up groups of fish with her long, sticky tongue and gulping them down in an instant. She snagged up school after school, happily eating her fill until her long hungry tongue managed to take hold of Gale's line, the hook sinking deep into the sticky tip of her organ.

A loud squeal of pain echoed over the lake and Gale was suddenly yanked from his boat and dragged down and through the warm waters; his green digits locked tightly around his fishing rod as he was flown left and right, dragged along the entire length of his line before being pulled up to the surface of the water.

He found himself slowly rising upward, still disoriented from the sudden trip as he swung back and forth from his fishing rod, bumping and bouncing off a soft and wet white surface that was the dinosaur's stomach repeatedly before the slow and steady rise became a quick, dizzying tug and the bunny gator found himself before a large pink snout and a pair of giant blue eyes glaring right at his smaller green form.

The gigantic Yoshi stood there with her mouth open, pointing angrily at the hook wedged into the sticky bulb on the tip of her tongue. Gale held up his rod and traced the line to her open mouth. He looked to those gigantic pupils and smiled nervously, "And here I was worried I wouldn't catch anything big!"

She was none too pleased with his attempt to lighten the situation. With a pained grunt, she pulled the hook free from tongue and held it up before twirling it around, forcing Gale to hang on with all his might as he was whirled around and around at dizzying speeds in that wild, spin cycle motion. It wouldn't be too long before his grip would give way, sending the green, floppy eared bunnygator flying through the air towards the other side of the lake.

Gale came to a harsh landing on the soft grass, tumbling and bouncing along the grass until made one last bounce into a dark, damp boot. Gale groaned as he lay upon the warm, moist surface trying to gather his bearings. He rolled about the squishy surface and moved up to a sit, gazing up at the only light source of the sun shining into the mouth of the boot. It was dark for the most part; the air reeked of a mixture of musk, sweat and earthly scents that certainly lingered over time to stale, musty levels of what was clearly the smell of the boot owner's feet, forcing Gale into fit of coughs and gags.

Gale scrambled around in the stinky boot in attempts to find a way to escape. The sides were too wet and worn to gain a good foothold to climb out and there were no holes or any weakening to tear through; as abused as this boot was, they were certainly built to last.

The situation would only worsen when rhythmic thuds were heard in the distance; the soft squishy padding underneath Gale's feet would vibrate in sync with the sounds. The strange, floppy eared creature didn't have to try to put two and two together. This boot belonged to that Yoshi, and she was coming for it.

He waited anxiously for her to come into view, trying to remain stable against the violent quakes that shook his very core until that big nose finally appeared overhead. She finished up with her meal and came for her boots, pulling them together so she could slip them on. Gale hopped up and down frantically, shouting and waving his arms wildly, trying to get her to notice him.

His attempts would fall on blind eyes and deaf ears however; as the Yoshi was completely oblivious to his situation. She slipped her left foot into her unoccupied left boot, and reached for her right one, unaware of its occupant, starting to push her right foot into it.

Gale's ears pressed back as his light was blocked out by this quartet of pink, boulderous toes and their white undersides, bearing down on him. He backpedaled as much as he could into the toe of the boot as they slowly edged closer towards him, wiggling wildly as if they were reaching out to grasp him.

The situation would only worsen, as once Gale pressed back against the toe of the boot, he quickly realized this Yoshi's plump foot could have used one shoe size larger. The damp toes pressed up against Gale, wiggling and rubbing; tugging him down underneath them as the Yoshi girl adjusted her foot, unknowingly trapping the gatorbun underneath her sole; his body compressed firmly under that wet, soft, yet heavy white sole while her second toe rested squarely on his face.

"There, all set to head home!" The Yoshi declared, rising to her feet while unknowingly forcing her full weight down upon Gale, whose groan went unheard as he was pressed flat into the damp, smelly insole of her boot.

She began her walk home, much to Gale's displeasure; as what was a simple stroll for the dinosaur was a grueling act of endurance for him. While not subject to the outside elements, the simple motion of her foot rising and swinging was an amusement park ride of stomach lurching proportions.

The footfalls were even harsher as the pink Yoshi kept her steps hard and heavy. While the insole of her boot was squishy and her sole was soft, the impact of her weight was unforgiving; smashing down upon Gale and compressing him between the two surfaces over and over with each step she took. Not to mention having to endure the strong, foul scent of her feet flowing

into his nostrils and the sweltering humidity of her boot. It was going to be a long, grueling walk home.

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“Mandyyyyy~ I’m home!” The pink Yoshi announced once she stepped through the front door, smiling brightly to a female, blue colored, blonde haired Yoshi lounging on a couch, deep within a book.

“I wish you wouldn’t call me that, it’s Amanda. Say it with me, Tina. A-man-dah!” Amanda huffed, rolling her green eyes at her roommate before returning to her book, “Had fun?”

Tina patted at her tubby tummy with a grin, bouncing over to the couch and plopped down beside her roommate, “You bet. Though there was this weird little guy fishing, his stupid hook got caught in my tongue! I should have eaten the little punk.”

“Surprised you didn’t, now some brave soul gets to tell all his friends about this area and that he saw you,” Amanda muttered in annoyance, flipping a page, “Do you remember what happened last time?”

“Yeah!” Tina chirped, rubbing her pudgy belly, “That media crew was delicious.”

“And we had to move,” Amanda added, “We don’t need more people snooping around here. Delicious or not. We eat what we find, and that’s it.”

“Yeah yeah...I know.” Tina replied with a pout.

While the two carried on with their conversation, Tina was still unaware of the little eavesdropper trapped underneath her, subject to cruel and unusual punishment. Gale was still pinned firmly underneath her foot, now damp and scented with her sweat. Gale’s clothes and body were soaked by her perspiration, and his hair was messed and matted by it. He found himself unable to move against that intense weight and pressure; stuck with that large toe rubbing idly against the side of his head. Her sweat would occasionally flow down over his face, forcing his eyes to burn with a stinging sensation, and that foul, salty taste to hit his tongue. For Gale, time seemed to be at a standstill in his footwear prison, wondering if he would get free from under the unaware giantess.

“Oh well! I’m sure it’s nothing to worry about!” Tina said, stretching her arms and legs out, “It’s relax time. I might just nap soon, after a quick snack of course.” Tina loosened her boots and kicked them off across the carpet, wiggling her toes freely. Still unknown to her and to Gale’s surprise, he was stuck against the sole of her foot, due to her sweat acting as a weak adhesive.

“Augh! Geez, that’s rank!” Amanda yelled with a grimace, bringing a hand over her nostrils, “Invest in some odor eaters or something, gross!”

“Oh they’re not THAT bad,” Tina humphed.

"Your feet smell like pickles, it's THAT bad," Amanda retorted.

Gale used this opportunity to peel himself away from Tina's foot, squirming free and falling a short distance onto the plush carpet with a soft grunt. He slowly sat up, putting away the constant thought of needing a long hot shower after this ordeal; he glanced up at the two gigantic dinosaurs, blessing his luck that he has gone unnoticed.

Or so he thought, as he glanced past those toes and noticed Amanda squinting directly at him. Before he could react, opening wide and pointing down right at him, "What in the world is that?" She asked, causing Tina to tilt her head and glance down as well, her own eyes widening as she recognized him instantly.

"Why it's the little fisherman!" Tina exclaimed.

"Ew! He came right off your foot. Did you have him in there the whole time, Tina? That's evil," Amanda said.

"No way, he must have been hiding in there."

"Well get rid of him!"

Tina promptly licked her chops and grinned, "Oh I will, Mandy," She said as she began to lower her foot down upon Gale.

Gale was damned if he was going to end up under that foul sole once again, and made a quick dive underneath the couch, narrowly avoiding that foot crashing down on him as it hit the carpet with a heavy thud.

"Oh, he's a quick one," Amanda remarked.

Tina rose up from the couch and dropped down to the floor, peeking underneath at Gale, "That was pretty smart, except you're forgetting one thing, little guy."

Gale looked back to see Tina slowly open her jaw wide, showing him the very thing he was forgetting about: her tongue. He watched that big round blub twitch a few times before it lashed out at him.

Gale was given no time to react to the sheer speed of the giant Yoshi's tongue, that sticky bulb pressing right into him and folding about his sides, maintaining a firm hold on him. Tina giggled to herself as he started to struggle, unable to pull himself away from the red bulb's sticky surface.

Now having her prey right where she wanted him, she took her time by toying with him, slowly retracting her tongue towards her open mouth; dragging the struggling Gale across the carpet, backing up slowly so her roommate could watch as she slowly slurped Gale up into her maw with the traditional *nyum* sound.

The moment Gale looked back, her jaws snapped shut, trapping him in darkness. Tina's breath was foul with the scent of the fish she ate earlier; her saliva was thick, sticky and slimy, covering Gale entirely as she started to toss him about her mouth. He bounced around the stretch of her tongue a few times before flown into the corner of her cheek, trapped behind her teeth once she bit down after he rolled over them.

Amongst the hot, humid and foul scented air and Tina's sticky saliva, Gale found himself treated like a piece of candy; pressed flat against the soft palate that was the roof of the giantess' mouth, subjected to a strong vacuum pressure squeezing at his body as Tina suckled on him, filling his ears with deafening slurping sounds.

Amanda looked on in disgust as Tina suckled and shlorped on the little bunny gator, shaking her head slowly, "You're always so gross when you eat. And you could have at least washed him off first. I'm sure he tastes as bad as your feet smell."

Tina giggled as she started to tilt her head back, guiding the struggling Gale towards the back of her throat, steadily sliding down along her tongue. Not giving up the fight entirely however, Gale reached out and grabbed onto the Yoshi's uvula, causing Tina to make a loud "Ulp!" in response. Gale looked down at the pit below him that was Tina's gullet, closing and squeezing tightly as she swallowed in reflex. Her mouth began to build up with mass amounts of saliva which she sent back to wash against Gale; a strong deluge of the slimy stuff loosening his grip and flushing him down into Tina's throat; her powerful muscles squeezing his small body all the way down into the depths of her stomach, where he was deposited, joining the rest that was eaten before him.

"Augh, I can't believe you did that," Amanda muttered, "He was marinating in your feet."

"What? He was delicious!" Tina exclaimed, patting her belly, "Not too often we have a live meal like that."

Amanda sighed and returned to her book, "Ladies and gentlemen, my disgusting roommate..."