

Pests

A commission for Anonymous by Penstrum

It was a *hot* day. Leon had never endured such a heat wave since coming to the human world with his tamer Nathan. There was hardly anyone around aside from him, but then again, Leon wouldn't have been out if it wasn't for his job.

Anything to make Nathan happy, he thought throughout the day. He'd spent all off his time working tirelessly at his new job being the muscle for a factory. The hours were long and the labor intensive.

Even so, it kept Leon's body and mind active. He felt himself getting stronger the more equipment he moved, people he helped, and admiration he gained from those around him. It was almost like he was back at home.

The hours dragged on throughout the day, but the scorching conditions didn't show a sign of relenting. Luckily, the normal dress code didn't apply to Leon since he was a digimon, so he was allowed to work without a shirt on. It was his own preference to wear shoes and socks.

His exposed muscles glistened with sweat as he worked, and even Leon could recognize his musk. The potent mixture of his manly and beastly scents combined with the work environment made him think one thing: *shower when I get home. Definitely.*

When Leon was let off work he headed home without hesitation. *Finally, I can get out of this damn heat*, he thought as he fiddled with his door knob. The little home was just on the outskirts of town. Despite being one of the most revered digimon around Leon enjoyed having his privacy.

Leon's tamer tried to have him situated with a house that looked like the hut Leon used to stay in, but the closest he could get was a small, two room house. The digimon appreciated his partner's efforts and found the place to his liking—for the most part.

To the west there was a beach with pearly white sand and clear water for him to relax in, but it was too hot today. Whereas to the east there was a small forest full of animals to hunt, but he already had meat left over from yesterday. The only option was to enjoy his time at home. Leon all too aware of its caveat, however.

As soon as he walked through the door he let out a huff. He was hoping the air would've been cooler than outside, but it turned out to be just as stuffy. "Gah..." Leon groaned, wiping some of the sweat on his forehead off with his forearm.

The lion flicked on the light switch and by extension turned on the TV sitting across from the couch. Leon appreciated simplicity, so the most he had in a room was limited to just a few items. He went to the air conditioner to turn it on quickly, using his heels to pull the backs of his shoes down in between his steps. The extra room allowed him to wiggle his slick toes a little within the restrictive fabric. It felt good.

If Leon had anything to look forward to it was getting all of his sweaty clothing off before hopping into the shower. After he turned the air on, he considered getting into the bathroom, but the couch and flashing screen were much more alluring. *I can do it in a minute...* He convinced himself as he flopped onto the couch, kicking his shoes off entirely.

His strong musk seemed to fill the room. Curious, Leon looked for his shoes, which were more than a few feet away from him. He wondered how strong his scent was—what the long work hours had done to him. Leon couldn't remember the last time he'd been so hot. Hot enough to bask in his own musk as he lay exhausted.

The memories he could pull were from the digital world. He faintly remembered the old days with his tamer going on adventures to save and protect what was most sanctioned to them. His muscles ached and shone with sweat then too. Oddly enough, he found himself enjoying his scent more as the memories continued to play in front of his eyes.

He rubbed his wet socks together in attempts to pull them off, but only managed to tear them a little with his claws. "Ah... Dammit..." he growled, sitting up a little. Leon reached over to grasp one sock, but paused as something skirting across the floor caught his eye. *Ugh... Can't I just go one day without having to deal with these damn bugs?*

The brown little body seemed to shimmer in the flashing glow of the TV screen. Just seeing the way it crawled across the floor was enough to make Leon's stomach turn in disgust. *Time to send a message to your friends, little bug...* His eyes drifted to the end of the couch and just below it were a pair of flip flops. *Yeah, that'll do the job.*

It wasn't often Leon felt in touch with his more predatory side. He was known as a helpful digimon—someone to look up to, but otherwise non-threatening. They were lucky to never see Leon's eyes when he dug into his predatory state. If there was anything Leon despised it was *bugs in his house.*

He wasn't going to stand for it.

Hurriedly, Leon pulled off his still-soaking socks and tossed them to the side. At this point, the entire house was filled with Leon's harsh musk, but he didn't care. Leon's eyes were stuck on the little body scouting out the area around his coffee table. "Hah," Leon scoffed, knowing how little of a chance the worthless creature stood.

The digimon sat up and slipped his feet into his green flip flops quietly. Getting the wind on his toes—even if it hadn't come to a complete cool—still felt good. Droplets of sweat fell to the ground and coated the flip flop, making his sole slide a little atop it as he stood up.

After a long day of work Leon didn't have any patience left. He took one huge step after the other to the roach, his tail twitching in anticipation. There was no sense in sneaking up on the thing. He *wanted* it to know he was coming.

Out of the corner of his eye he watched as the bug slowly came to realize what was going on. At least, that's how Leon pictured it happening. The roach scurried along the edge of the coffee

table, but couldn't seem to find an opening to slip under. Helplessly it scrambled to cram itself under a space that didn't exist as Leon looked on—a smirk wedged in the corner of his mouth.

“No where to run, little pest,” he growled quietly, but just loud enough for his ‘guest’ to hear. Leon raised a foot slowly and hovered it over the roach’s body for a few seconds. *No, no... I don't want anything getting in the way.* Instead of putting his foot down, he put the hard bottom of the flip flop against his coffee table and pushed it away.

The roach, not able to comprehend anything that was going on, stopped for a moment. As the antenna twitched Leon slowly lowered his foot down onto the bug’s body. He could almost feel it squirming as he pressed down harder. The slight crackles along its exoskeleton, the smothering that calmed its movements and mercilessly smote it. When he finally put all of his weight into the finishing stomp, the squishing sound that followed was music to his ears and continued to ring between them.

It was like a splash of brief satisfaction.

The feeling didn't last long, however. As Leon lifted his foot to look at the spot he'd left—to check the scattered remains of the roach, he caught another creature rushing along from the corner of his eye. “God dammit...” he grumbled, annoyed. Leon turned his attention to the black and yellow beetle crawling atop his TV set.

When will you bugs ever learn? Looks like I'll have to teach you a lesson too, huh? Leon couldn't hide his slight excitement and he knew he didn't need to since no one was around. In the back of his mind he reminded himself that excitement only led to a faster stomp. Do it too fast and he wouldn't be able to *feel* it. After such a long day he needed some way to relieve stress. Even if it was as simple as crushing the pests plaguing his home, he was willing to use them to his advantage.

He drew in a deep breath to calm himself, stretching his toes out from inside the flip flops before taking two large, although quiet, steps toward the TV. The wet remains of the roach made his second step a little more slippery than it otherwise would've been, but Leon seemed to enjoy it. It reminded him of the crushing that'd happened not long ago.

Effortlessly, Leon flicked the beetle to the floor with one of his claws. Even a light flick was enough to send the bug through the air and halfway across the room. Not that Leon minded. Waiting a little longer for the sensation seemed fair. It gave him enough time to relish in it as if it was a new experience. He knew the beetle would be beneath his foot soon enough.

“Oh, how cute,” he commented, his eyes catching the beetle’s flailing legs as it lay on its shell. “Trying to get away from me, are you...?” The question seemed to hang in the air as he strode over to the pathetically small bug. Compared to Leon there was no hope for the creature. From the musky feet to his main covered head he was a massive sight—no bug could ever hope to get away from him.

The massive lion bit down on his bottom lip to keep back a quiet chuckle, realizing himself how invested in the moment he'd become. It only took a few steps for him to reach the bug, and he

hovered his clean flip flop over it, but stopped just short of pressing down to flip it over onto its legs. “Go on now... Just try to get away...” he growled, feeling his fists curling up and tail swishing behind him.

It took a second for the beetle to realize it was flipped back onto its feet. Leon waited patiently for it to start moving again, but the instant it did, he was balancing on one leg again. The bottom of the flip-flop ground against the beetle’s shell, just enough to slow its movement. “Goodbye, bug,” Leon growled as he applied more pressure. The beetle beneath squirmed, trying to break free, but failed first crack broke along its shell.

The crackling grew louder and louder in Leon’s sensitive ears as a cruel smile crept across his face. “Finally. I’m rid of those damn things,” he muttered to himself, putting enough pressure to make a definite ‘squish’ just under his heel. He let out a sigh of relief, relaxing a little as he lifted his foot up.

Leon checked the underside of his flip flop to see a gooey stain similar to the one on his opposite. Seeing it did something to him. It gave him an odd sort of satisfaction he couldn’t quite explain. A part of him knew it had to do with his primal instincts. That of his lion half—the half of him that yearned to hunt.

Since the pests had been dealt with, he decided to kick his flip flops off and sit back on the couch to relax. He was about to close his eyes and settle into the soft cushions as the AC’s cool air blew in. The smell of his musk faded a little, but with his sensitive nose he could clearly detect his own scent still stuck in the air. Flickering lights coming from the TV screen danced before Leon’s eyes. The drowsiness started taking effect over him and he opened his maw to let out a yawn.

Just as he did so a fly flew past Leon’s ears, buzzing around them. The irritating noise made him swipe at his ears out of reflex, and he luckily landed a clean slice through the bug’s wings, sending it to the ground. It landed quietly and would’ve surely been lost in the darkness if it wasn’t for Leon’s impressive sight. He didn’t feel like going through the effort to put his flip flops back on, and after being annoyed to his extent he didn’t care to pass up another opportunity to punish his ‘guest.’

Unlike the other bugs, Leon didn’t feel like toying with the measly little fly. He threw his legs over the side of the couch, and stood over the writhing pest slightly hidden underneath the coffee table. Leon could see it trying to escape, to crawl under to safety. “Heh,” Leon scoffed, moving the table to the side effortlessly. “Nice try,” he growled raising his foot up and sending it crashing back down with a loud, hard stomp.

Leon hardly felt the impact through his tough skin, but as he wiggled his toes—still coated in sweat from earlier—he could feel the remnants of the bug just under them. It was an odd sensation to him because it seemed as though one stomp wasn’t enough to make it stop moving. “Oh, looks like we’ve got a little fighter, eh?” Leon couldn’t help remarking. His primal urges kicked in at that moment and without having to think about it he was raising his foot again in preparation.

Before his foot could come down, he felt something crawling down the side of his ankle. Clawed toes twitched, unsure of what was causing the feeling. Leon's eyes searched until he spied a roach—much bigger than the last—attempting to scuttle away from the large beast. “Oh, no... You're not getting away that easy, bug,” Leon spat bitterly, bringing his foot down hard to the ground.

The force was enough to make everything in the house jump at once. Below him, the fly had stopped moving while the roach persistently attempted to run despite being pinned to the ground beneath one of Leon's toes. Leon reveled in the insignificant's struggle. He could feel it writhing and squirming—even biting at a point, but it all meant nothing to him.

It was just another bug. A bug that had no place in *his house*.

Leon let out a quiet huff as his toe slowly pressed down on the roach. He let it have just a few more moments to fight back—or at least try to. In its final moments it might just start to understand what was going on or what was happening, but he knew that it wouldn't happen. Its exoskeleton crackled just as the others had under his toe and in seconds, it'd turned to a mixture of goo and sweat.

“Finally,” Leon said as he fell back onto the couch behind him. He thought to move the coffee table back to where it was, but decided against it. *Sleep now... Move later...* He thought. The cool air on his muscles started to remind him of how tired he was. *Shower...?* He sniffed himself, inhaling the pungent musk. *Too tired. I'll just take a quick one in the morning...*

After scraping his feet against the floor to get the goo off, he laid both of his feet on the arm rest across from him as he closed his eyes. He'd kept the pests out for another night and knowing that, Leon could rest easily.