Scenario

Shrunken and at the feet of his goddess Hestia, Bell felt a sliver of doubt come over him as Hestia’s warm smile washed over him.
“Are you sure you want me to do this Bell-kun?” The giant goddess asked, her toes flexing.

Bell swallowed, his stats hadn’t gone up in a while and this method came recommended by Ais… but asking around about it revealed it wasn’t usually used for training, it was often used as a fetish thing… but he trusted Ais’s words.

Hestia smiled, raising her foot- “It’ll help increase your endurance stats but… yeah, a full week of trampling”.

It was then that Bell decided to push forward no matter what. Nodding his head.

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However, he didn’t expect Hestia’s willingness or ferocity. Instantly, she stomped down, happily singing her words of affirmation as she crushed his lower half. He glanced up as the girl jumped up, he tried to get some words out, but it was dwarfed by Hestia’s happy humming before she slammed her other foot down into him.

Mashed, squashed and flattened like grapes, he could feel himself changing shape under the hyperactive goddess as she cooed and laughed.

With a happy smile, she hopped off- looking down at the flustered mess of a boy for a moment before moving her foot over him- her foot slid around, folding his body into a tight ball.

“-H-e-s-t-i-a-“ He tried to get her attention, but she just started rolling him around- putting extra pressure around her arch.

“If the dungeon stuff doesn’t work out, you could totally be my cute squishy massage ball!” She laughed, pressing harder.

Stunned, he felt a haze come over him as she crushed and rolled him under each foot- humming and laughing every so often. When she finally released him, he was almost disappointed, realising his heart was beating faster.

Glancing around, he wondered if she was done for the day, before realising there were two feet either side. He only had a moment to process things before she slapped them together, crushing and moulding him under her toes.

Something was waking inside of him, his mind glazed over as he tried to shake off the thoughts as her cold toes warmed up using his mashed-up body.

Unable to so much as twitch, he accepted that he’d have to be her plaything until she got bored. He swallowed hard as she stood up, giving him a happy wink as she raised her foot to stomp him again. Surely, she couldn’t keep this up all day?