**Winner Takes All  
(Part One)**

Synopsis: After losing a high-stakes bet to his feline friends one human is subjected to a week of binding subservience, obeying their every demand.  
  
Disclaimer:   
–Forced Paw Worship  
–Musk/Sweat/Filth  
–Lost Bet  
–Food on Feet  
–Multiple Doms (Tigers)  
–Human (sub)  
  
A cool autumn breeze playfully tosses the various pink petals and fallen fiery leaves across the lawn of a small residence, later deviating through the opening of two shutter-flanked windows. Several playing cards are gently disturbed over the varnished table top. Both of the home’s residents ignore the wanting attention of the wind and instead concentrate their minds on the card game between them, seemingly at its climax already. One of the individuals is allowed to deploy a confident grin while the other wanes desperately and fiddles to pass the time. Gryff is a young trim human who hides half his dismay behind a long fringe of flowing black hair. Their brow, pierced on side, is visibly furrowed. Their pale skin grows ever more so. They chew lip in search of some possible strategy while their sweating hands grip the cards in front of them.  
  
"What's your play? I'm waiting..." Says the white tiger sitting across from them. The black stripes on their face bend to the increasing vanity of their grin. Their scarlet eyes are never blinking, with pupils thinning as they savour that visible stress of their roommate.   
 Gryff gulps and responds in a pleading timbre, "This is just a practice game... We'll play for real next time."  
 Kian, the tiger, flicks his own mane of inky blank hair from his face and shakes his head. "No way, you made that lame excuse last time. No more do-overs. We already agreed that -this- is the real game where the bets count... but if you just want to concede don't let me stop you!"  
 "Can we change the win/lose bet at least? To something that doesn't destroy my soul forever? Maybe we just play for cash prizes this time instead of that 'other thing'?"  
 Kian's grin broadens again, this time baring pearly fangs. He doesn't immediately answer with words but instead he shuffles in his creaky dining chair and moves his legs under the table. Gryff unwillingly listens to the sound of bare paws pressing warm imprints into the linoleum floor below. These patting noises turn into squeaking scuffs when the tiger's light blue pads compress down hard enough to establish traction, before the feet slide slowly back and forth on the spot. Such simple gestures should not carry any deeper meaning, ordinarily, but today the circumstances are different. The rubbing and pad-flattening footfalls are performed only to remind Gryff of the high stakes to this poker game.  
 "A week of subservience..." Kian whispers hoarsely and loudly across the table, excitedly curling his clawed toes into the floor. "Unless you play your hand and miraculously get lucky but I don't think your cards have any power at all... judging by that deathly pale substitute of a poker-face."  
 "How am I supposed to know what my cards even mean? You never properly explained much about the game! I'm not folding just for you to hold it over me though, just in case I somehow win by a fluke..." Gryff grumbles, meekly keeping his own legs tucked under his chair to avoid touching the slender furry limbs of his friend.  
  
Sick of seeing that cocky whiskered countenance any longer, the human exhales weakly and plants his cards to the table knowing he has no other option but to pray for blind luck. *'Three of a kind'.* Kian licks their lips hungrily and lays down their own hand, proudly fanning them out to show a 'Full House'. At first Gryff's face remains blank and confused until he sees the two skinny striped arms stretch out - fingers interlocked - where the tiger then cracks them in therapeutic victory before restoring his hands comfortably behind his head. That awful arrogance escalates into untamed narcissism faster than Gryff's pounding heart can sink in his chest. The human is left shell-shocked, staring with hollowed defeat at the table strewn so messily in cards.   
 ***\*Thap---thap---thap!\****  
Bare paws pat and peel from the linoleum again, slowly, one foot at a time, illustrating a sense of expectation now while effectively teasing the human with their soft, fleshy sounding impacts.  
 "I seem to say this a lot, but you’re make this too easy," Kian snickers.  
 "Kian, wait, can’t we just agree that the bet was a little too cruel anyway? I mean, we were just kidding around before. You know me, I wouldn’t seriously take on a gamble like this."  
 "Hm?" The tiger cups a hand behind their own ear, "I thought I heard my new servant speaking but that couldn't be right because I was just addressed by name, as if I was somehow your equal?"  
 "Master... Master Kian... Sorry," Gryff blushes, understandably falling into the trap of obedience already. He wants to plead his way out of this lewd bet but his words have already lost all their merit when he grovels to this title of abject superiority. He couldn't ever confess it out loud but diminishing himself in front of this anthro sometimes puts a flutter in his chest. That still, however, doesn’t excuse the dreadful humiliations which await him next.  
 The tiger sighs happily and says, "It’s hard to think past all the possibilities now that I officially own you... should I make you go under the table? Or should I just bring my paws up here and get what I’m owed the fast way? I know this is the place we eat but if you think about it, you'll probably be eating off my soles for the next week anyway so what does it matter? I'm technically your god now until that time ends so whatever I decide is the law you have to follow. Rules are rules, after all!"   
  
Like a strong tide sweeping in these moods of entitled feline dominance seem to wash away any normal platonic atmosphere between the two roommates, yet underneath it all the tiger always retains their otherwise innocent and mirthful personality. Kian never turns malicious or fixated, he merely becomes expecting of reverence and attention until the mood passes and he returns to a chummy buddy once more. Gryff always senses a tingling warmth in his cheeks whenever he sees Kian take command like this, at least until he is inevitably forced to the same place every time; a place underneath those plush white soles and plump blue pads. Gryff shudders at the thought. He opens his mouth to continue bargaining for freedom but he is stopped by a gesture before any words can form in his stuttering mind. The white and black tiger points detractively to the floor with one finger, having made up his mind.  
 “Down. Your god shouldn’t have to sit at eye level with his slaves. At least you won’t be alone down there, you’ll have my paws in your face keeping us both entertained!”  
 Knowing that arguing the point will only prolong the unpreventable, Gryff stoically sinks down out of his chair and kneels discontentedly on the floor. Once his head lowers beyond the feline’s line of sight Kian can only, (accurately), imagine their roommate’s disparaging expression. As an act of diplomacy Kian’s legs slide forward closer to the human, warmly greeting him when the paws – skidding softly on their heels – tilt back just enough to show the imprints of light black floor dust transparently marking both soles, ruining that otherwise pristine white fur. Scrappy pieces of lint almost too small to see are dispersed around the pads in particular where they are cursed to stick; forgotten and pointless.  
  
Above the table, Kian is already treating his promoted position of authority with nonchalant charm. He calmly gathers the playing cars and shuffles them neatly into a full deck, while Gryff is still struggling to adapt to his new role.  
 “Servant for the week; what a stupid notion. I’ll never trust my decision making skills again… this is what I get for gambling.” The human sulks quietly to himself.  
 “Did I hear something?” Kian’s voice travels, leaning into a light-hearted warning. “I hope it was you praising your new tiger god. I think that’d be a good start to your servitude.”  
 “It was, master! Tigers are so much better than people like me, you’re all so… so divine and powerful, but none more than you!” Gryff lies, trying to resist the impulse of gritting his teeth while he stares glumly over every detail of the two soles by his knees. The fur on Kian’s arches is pressed flatter than anywhere else on his lithe body. A leather anklet wraps around one of his legs while silver toe rings comfortably suffocate the girth of two different toes. Gryff is wondering just how he is expected to serve these meaty appendages when the answer is commanded from above.  
 “Aw, you really think so? Then I’m sure you won’t mind degenerating yourself for someone so superior. Pick my feet up off this grubby floor and rub them ‘till I say stop… which I probably won’t.”  
  
Gryff rolls his eyes when he hears a self-amused cackle. As he reaches forward with a twitch of hesitancy Kian receptively melts deeper into their chair and extends their legs even further; enough to press his sky-blue heel pads into the human’s knees. The toes gently spring outward, encouraged to splay when they are met with the touch of those trembling human hands. Gryff keeps his breath bated and tries to control his heart rate when he wraps his hands around one paw and pulls it up limply onto his lap. Even for a lightweight feline like Kian their legs feel purposefully heavy in this moment, perhaps to emphasise Gryff’s sense of powerlessness.  
 Regardless, their aura of crisp intimate warmth and their snug plentiful textures feel admittedly comfortable in the squeezing mitts of their unwilling masseuse. Immediately a purr can be heard from the big cat when their foot is taken in hand and lifted higher. Kian curls his toes responsively to the physical contact; embracing the fingers combing rows across the fuzzy back of his foot while two thumbs compound against his ball pad. Creamy-white skin sinks pliantly into dents of blue leather, leaving the dimples to slowly re-surface after the thumbs glide upward and press deeper into the centre of Kian’s ball pad instead.   
 For Gryff the sensation shifting under his digits feels like he is pressing upon freshly heated cake sponge. He grimaces privately out of the roommate’s view; thankful to have that partition of the table surface between them. While his thumbs keep waxing through the ball pad and relaxing it into a restful putty, he also slides the base of his palms along each side of the foot scaling up and down to trigger satisfaction for every nerve present. Those blushing cheeks are ignited constantly whenever he watches the padded toes flexing jovially in front of him, opening wide enough to reanimate the otherwise matted fur in the bottoms of every toe crotch.   
  
From behind his long fringe Gryff finds a habit of staring at Kian’s toe ring wondering with dread about the potential swarms of shoe-enclosure heat and toe sweat must’ve been worked behind its band of metal. He’d never seen the tiger remove it and had to assume it was therefore neglected of any cleaning. In the worst corners of his imagination he can see a sombre layer of acrid grainy filth encircling the inside and staining the fur, which leads to the internal hope that he won’t have to remove this accessory himself as some form of controlled servitude. These thoughts are shaken away before they consume him. Gryff returns to the massage with an added flavour of dexterity hoping he could lull his friend into an indolent slump if he rubs them well enough. His hands start towelling off the pads until his palms feel greasy, whilst also combing of the arch repeatedly with his finger tips and using rough, hasty squeezes around every contour until the white fur is left dishevelled everywhere but for the toes. Every digit is eventually held warmly in the grasp of Gryff’s fist, individually squeezed hard like a condiment sachet before release. Gryff keeps words of protest held behind a bitten lip; refusing to let the tiger know any of his heated opinions about rubbing feet against his will, in case it encourages their vanity and teasing even more.   
 “Mmph,” Kian grunts from above, “I could get used to living like this. We should make big bets a regular thing around here so I can constantly take advantage of you. Kiss my toe ring if you agree.”  
 “D-do I really have to?” Gryff stammers.  
 “Only if you want to please your god, but then… I’m not really asking for your choice.”  
 The recoiling contraction in the human’s face mimics the expression of someone biting into a lemon. For a moment his hands pause around the paw in a firm sandwiching grip; bunching the pads until they crease into pressured ripples. Between his fingers he can see his own reflection warped and contorted in the surface of that small silver ring as he leans closer into the paw, bringing his face within inches of its supple sole features. Kian can sense the face drawing near even without any visual of the worship so he increases the pressure and extension of his leg, trying to combat the resisting hold of the two hands so he can push his foot closer towards Gryff.   
  
The human’s willpower is steadily chipped away by the silent expectations. With a sigh of submission Gryff quickly plants his face straight into the lush density of the foot – his demeanour already squirming and scrunching uncomfortably – while his lips regrettably pucker against the warm metal. He discovers that kissing the toe ring is impossible to achieve without also smearing his facial features into a hot bath of fur and pad too; especially when Kian curls his toes over the bridge of his nose and traps it in between them. Toe fuzz tickles his nostrils. A faint ashy musky odour penetrates his senses. The veins in Gryff’s hands tighten. Before he yanks his face away, accidentally bringing a brief string of saliva between him and the ring, he is already pushing his palms hard against the big cat’s heel and arch trying to simultaneously shove their leg backwards too.  
 Kian is grinning, clearly too eager to shove his foot back in Gryff’s face at every possible moment. His red eyes are aflame with wicked satisfaction. “Hah! How’d it taste?” He flippantly sneers.  
 “Like sweaty metal! I think I caught a whiff of your B.O, too!” The human grunts back.  
 “You’re just not used to it yet. By next Monday you’ll be begging to huff that smell!”  
  
Just as the back-and-forth wrestling begins again where Kian’s paw seeks to reattach itself to the cosy warmth of Gryff’s mouth and nose, all movement then ceases when the tiger is distracted by a loud text message alert. In the moment of peace and quiet Gryff gently lowers Kian’s foot back to the floor and tries to wipe away the oily imprints from his palms to his clothes. Idly the feet rest side by side, scrunching up against the human’s knees while the tiger himself rapidly tap out a reply to the text.  
 “Huh, just when you think you’re lucky enough to be serving one feline, another one pops up,” Kian says lackadaisically down to Gryff, who responds with a confused frown. Kian lowers his phone beneath the table to show a text received from Kenta; a name which often shakes the nerves of the human, quieting their rebellious remarks. Kenta is a fellow tiger ‘friend’ of the household, (even if Gryff doesn’t completely share the sentiment), whose pelt is a midnight blend of tones from the cornflower blue fur to the muted lilac stripes. Theirs is a warrior’s build; a physique of athleticism and sinew. Kenta is best known for their imposing stature as well as their officious attitude.  
 The message reads: “Kian, you still good to hang out today? I remember you said you had a surprise in mind. Hope it’s got something to do with that fleshy twerp in the house lol, you know I love it whenever humans become a shrinking violet in the presence of a king like me.”  
 Gryff gulps but his throat is parched. Through the illumination of the phone screen he squints down at Kian’s response below, which reads, “King? Try ‘god’ instead. At least, that’s what our favourite little toy will be calling you. Sooner you get over here the sooner you’ll know what I mean. [Winking emoji].”  
  
Kian pulls the phone away as the ellipses of Kenta’s next reply appears on screen, rejecting Gryff from knowing anymore of their demeaning conversation. Kian cannot hide his own amusement at whatever the next message contains, deliberately establishing paranoia for his fur-less plaything below. His feet lift up together and then dump into Gryff’s lap, making them jolt. Both paws cross together inches away from the human’s tensed groin and stay resting on him, using him like an ornament in the time-being.   
 “In case you were too busy thinking about my gorgeous paws to get the gist of all that, I’ve invited Kenta over for the day but after he sees what you’ve been reduced to thanks to our wager, I doubt he’s going to want to leave. You like him though, don’t you?” Kian asks with empathic curiosity.  
 Gryff nervously eyes the two paws edging further up his thighs and he tries to suck in his abdomen hoping he can somehow avoid his groin from any squashing sole contact, while he conjures a simping response to the question. “I… I like him, yeah, he’s a tiger so he deserves my hospitality.”  
 “Good answer!” Kian beams happily. “Now get back to rubbing my feet until the big guy arrives. It felt so good I want to enjoy it as much as I can before I have to share you around!”

\* \* \*

**(Half an hour later)**  
  
Three heavy knocks on the front door signify an anticipated arrival. The sounds break the quiet tension that had otherwise been building between Gryff and Kian. While the tiger had been passing the time watching videos on his phone the human had resumed his forced massaging duties; now accepting that it was easier to comply rather than pick a fight with his furry friend.  
 Gryff’s most recent tactic for soothing the appendages in his lap was to manually spread their toes out and caress their parted gaps with his finger; gently brushing the space through until the webbings warmed to the constant moving friction. After repeatedly performing this in all six of the gaps, (leaving bushels of rustled white fur in his finger’s wake), Gryff palms the sole and penetrates every gap at once with all his fingers, then gently sawing back and forth again to keep them heated and raked. Slowly over time as he fondles these feet and grooms all around their padded digits he inherits the sweat-stuck pieces of lint onto his own hands, irreversibly cleaning the soles of their residue the more he touches them. He tries to keep his grimacing to a minimum in case the tiger’s sensitive instincts detect his disgust.   
  
Kian’s slender legs slip gracefully out of Gryff’s hands and suffuse back into the floor before the feline clambers out of his seat and crosses the room. At first Gryff stays kneeling under the table where he feels a sense of relative safety but the white and black feline snaps his fingers several times, summoning them out from their hiding place.  
 “C’mon, boy! Crawl up next to me and make yourself look useful for our guest… you know, the way a servant should. Don’t make me look bad either. It’s not often I get to show off my own living toy to someone else.”  
 “Can’t believe this…” Gryff mutters scornfully under his breath as he begins crawling slowly on all floors, growing ever more anxious as he approaches the looming front door where Kian waits; patting his own thigh to hurry the human closer.  
  
As the two come together – one kneeling shamefully beside the other – Kian swings open the door inviting in a fresh gust of that tender breeze, which sweeps around the prideful visage of Kenta; standing tall and knowingly handsome in his tight fitting fitness clothes. A beaten-down sports bag hangs over his shoulder. A white tank top and black running shorts seal in against the definitions of the bigger tiger’s muscles. Sandals of thick brown leather strap themselves to their bulky paws, which draw the human’s timid gaze just long enough to be witnessed and smirked upon. Kenta is already intimidating enough when Gryff is standing at a full – but still comparatively small – height but now as he kneels on the floor with a face scalded by embarrassment, Kenta looks all the more imposing. Smugness has already set across the dull blues and lilacs of their face. Two emerald eyes penetrate the human’s soul. After one glance the tiger has already begun judging Gryff as some form of lesser creature.  
 “This is the surprise?” Kenta asks to the grinning Kian; receiving a nod for clarification. “Can’t say I’m surprised… I’ve been waiting to see Gryff on his knees for a long while now. Looks fitting, like he’s exactly where he belongs. So are you two gonna invite me in or am I just here to look pretty on your doorstep?”  
 “Hey,” Kian nudges Gryff with a sharp elbow, “Where’s your manners? A slave doesn’t greet a god all shyly and reserved like that! Make him feel welcomed ‘the proper way’. He’s in control of you as much as I am now.”  
 Kenta raises an eyebrow dubiously at the exchange of commands and nervous whimpers before him… even more so when the human looks up into his narrowed eyes and pleads, “May I please take your sandals off for you, M-master Kenta?”  
 “You wanna take off my sandals, boy?”  
 “Mhm! I… do!” Gryff grunts apprehensively.  
 Kenta, already suspecting a overpowering role-play in the works, spies an opportunity to rub it into the human’s face. “You’ve gotta be some kind of deviant to behave like this. Have you got some kind of anthro fetish now? Is your puny dick about to grow hard when you touch my feet?”  
 “N-no…”  
 Kenta licks his lips. “Where’s your dignity, huh?”  
 “He gambled it away,” Kian interjects.  
 “Hmph… Well it’s about time you started answering the door like this. Sure, you can peel my sandals off for me. I just don’t know how you’re gonna like it since I’m coming hot off a three hour gym workout but hell I wouldn’t be surprised if I human perv like you was into that.”  
 Kian jumps in to explain, “It doesn’t matter whether he likes it or not, he lost a bet and crowned me the poker champion of the house. It’s nothing major, just an innocent bet which enlists him as our slave until the end of the week. I figured paw slave is the best use for him though.”  
 “You figured correctly. C’mon human, my paws are cooking in these things! Don’t wager yourself into slavery if you can’t even please your owners!”   
  
Gryff flinches at the loud command and cowers down in front of Kenta’s expansive feet, busily tucking at the leathery straps criss-crossing over the bluish-purple fur. He grunts as he tries to lift the bulk of that masculine limb just enough to peel Kenta’s heel out of its indent at least, so that Gryff can hook his fingers into the footwear and drag it out from underfoot. Kenta deliberately makes the job more difficult for the human by clenching his toes around the leather bands forcing Gryff to dig his fingertips around in between the sweltering fur traps and manually pry apart each toe. This was already forcing him to learn the power and size of each digit, mentally preparing him for the feast of toes he’d have to deal with later in the day. As Kenta’s foot is lifted out and the connecting tendrils of sweat are dissipated, the sandal is tugged freely from its pressurizing prison. A new fragrance of body odour rises into the human’s nostrils gifting him with its miasma of crushed lavender and old gym stink. Curtly the human crinkles his nose and tries his best to ignore it while he sets the one sandal aside and gradually drags the other out from beneath the heavy mass of foot, too.  
 After the deed is done and the tiger is left barefoot, (much like Kian’s natural state), Gryff places his trembling hands on top of both feet sinking his palms into a bed of dense coloured fur, speckled lightly in sweat dew, before bowing his head respectfully bringing his nose close to the appendages. “Please, Master Kenta, enter our home and use me for your every need. You and Master Kian are my gods for now. I’ll promise to treat you as such.”  
 Once again Kenta scoffs, folding his arms of bulging muscle and throwing a comical glance at the white tiger standing idly by. “He’s getting into this a lot faster than I thought he would. Did you guys rehearse this or what?”  
 Kian shrugs, and puts a foot calmly on the backside of the bent-over human, feeling their back muscles tense at the settling padded warmth. “He’s improvising. He seemed a bit more lippy when it was just me, so I’m guessing you intimidate him into behaving. Makes me glad I invited you over! It’ll make robbing his integrity from him even easier if he’s too scared to disobey us.”  
  
Gryff realizes he cannot rise back up from this bow until Kian removes their paw from his spine, which doesn’t happen for several long humiliating minutes. In this time as the two felines engage in casual conversation, asking each other trivial small-talk questions, Gryff is left in place like a piece of ornamental furniture providing nothing more than something to stand on, or something to keep humbled by the pair of lofty fresh-from-the-gym feet. Gryff breathes in many unwitting inhales of Kenta’s musk before he eventually slides his hands away from the furry paw tops and plants them to the floor instead.  
 During their conversation the topic loops back around to the wager made between the roommates. Kenta looks down at the top of Gryff’s head smirking vainly at the sight of their long black hair draping over their face yet still failing to hide their vibrant red blush. “Alright I think this perv’s had enough sniffing the tops of my feet. Let me into this house already so he can sniff the bottoms of them instead. My body’s begging for a long sit down and my mind’s racing with all the ways I can finally show this pathetic human how to serve us properly. After we’re done with him, hell, he might not even want to go back to the way he was before. Wouldn’t be the first time some human’s submitted to a hunky tiger and then gotten forever lost in the allure! You’ll see what I mean by that soon, Gryff.”  
 “Mhm… can’t wait…” Gryff responds with a modicum of attitude.  
  
The human's meek admission invites a mix of laughter from his peers. Kenta is happy to patronize them with a slow petting over their head, rustling through their hair and frequently exposing their rosy face before the long fringe falls back into place.   
 "Stop taking the piss, Gryff. You love feeling inferior to us, don't you? It’s basic science, we’re genetically superior to your kind," The feline purrs.  
 "Yes Master Kenta..." The human’s words are demure and quietly spoken but he releases a sudden yelp - carried on a gasp - when the grinning brute in front of him lifts their paw above his groin and steps down belittling the genitalia swiftly under all that burying force. The weight of the leg is amassed inside those hardened muscles and thick bone structures, comparatively exposing how supple and weak Gryff's body is against its anchor-like plummet.  
 "Ah! Mnn-nrgh!" The human groans with clenched eyes, buckling forward and leaning against the tiger's tibia.  
 "Sounds like our pet’s trying to say something," Kian observes.   
 "Him? Nah, don’t talk crazy. Furless shrimps like him don't have anything important to say to gods like us. I just call those sounds 'adjustment noises'. Every horny slave makes 'em when their bodies get thrust into new experiences, like being a living doormat or humping feet on command."   
  
Kenta only looks up at the fellow feline quick enough to share their humoured satisfaction before he glares solemnly back down on the kneeling creature who writhes and twitches underfoot. Kenta's heel is wedged warmly in between Gryff's thighs. His ball pad melts into their bulge like a slab of butter on a pizza stone. Four unwieldy toes scrunch their way over the peak of this bulge and burrow into the trove of clothing creases beyond, against Gryff's abdomen. The more their curling condenses, the more Gryff wants to shudder and squirm. Any movement he makes now feels like he is dry-humping inadvertently against Kenta's sole, yet with dawning realization Gryff understands that his crotch is about to be rubbed around regardless of anything he says or does. Kenta starts shunting his foot forward and back, keeping a hold, while trying to flatten it into a shape of conformity.  
 "You see? His puny human brain is going wild. He's all screwed up trying to pretend he hates serving us when in reality it's like some primal instinct that he can't fight against," Kenta notes.  
 Kian listens and leans back against the door frame, feeling his fur bristle in the fresh draft. He crosses his skinny arms and calmly observes the interaction between his two friends. Gryff's immediate descent into obedient shyness in the presence if this other muscled tiger is always amusing for him, at the very least. "Well, aren't you suddenly a fount of knowledge on the topic of human taming."  
 Kenta scoffs, still gently coaxing the bulge into an unwanted erection. Slowly, push by push, Gryff is hardening with nothing to say other than the empiric shame in their eyes. Soon enough his bulge is a formidable lump underneath that meaty ball pad. Kenta responds to the other tiger by saying, "It's not just humans that get this way, it's any beta with self-esteem levels so low that they take one look at us then get all gooey inside. Humans are just... a little more susceptible to temptation. They get personal and attached. The reason I find it so easy to take advantage of that is because I’ve got plenty experience under my belt… and little sympathy."  
  
Gryff starts panting like a dog. His pants crinkle then yank smooth only to crumple noisily again to the current of Kenta's foot smothering. In those same ebbs his shaft alternates between being cramped back into his abdomen or being squeezed down against his balls. The pace of his panting eventually clamps to a choked halt when the toes slip around the shape of his member, splay out with protracted claws, then clench for a long suspenseful pause. In this moment Kenta dips his hand under Gryff's chin and forcefully tilts their head back so he can stare into their fluttering eyes and judge them for their nervous lack of character. Finally with a wordless nod Kenta wipes his bare foot straight down off their groin, returning it to the ground.   
 Before releasing hold of their face Kenta growls, "Every touch I give you is a gift, so what do you say?"  
 "Th-thank you, my god! Thank you!" Gryff wheezes.  
 "Gotta love the sound of broken integrity," Kian snickers from the side.   
 "Heh, I can think of a few better sounds. You want my advice? While you've got Gryff wrapped around your finger take some time to really stop and listen to the sounds of him licking your feet. Same applies to him sniffing your trainers. It's like falling asleep to the sound of rain; totally relaxing."  
 "If that's the case I'll make him lick my pads clean at the end of my bed, when I'm -actually- falling asleep," Kian schemes, giving a wink towards Gryff. "But talking about it’s only a fraction of the fun, when we should be double teaming him now and getting the real experience. Come bring him over to the sofa and show him what it means to be in the presence of two handsome deities."  
 “Don’t mind if I do.”  
  
Before Gryff has any time to prepare himself for a day of aggressive domination and worship the bigger tiger saunters past him and grabs the scruff of his shirt from behind his head, giving one effortless wrench which turns the human from a structured individual to a lightweight ragdoll being inconsiderately dragged across the living room floor. The expected noises of protest and panicked thrashes ensue but even as Gryff fatigues himself he knows deep within that it all means nothing to the two cocky animals. Kian closes the front door and follows afterwards, never relenting on his sickle-shaped grin while he stares down at the human being pulled in front of him. Gryff feels hunted and trapped; living prey in the grips of hungry predators. He averts his gaze away from Kian’s scarlet eyes and stares at their bare paws instead padding after him in slow controlled steps, always traipsing the gap between Gryff’s limply sprawled legs. Every footfall thudding gently on the floor makes the human quiver as he constantly expects the white tiger to pounce on his already-tendered crotch.   
  
Moments later Gryff’s body is skidded to a halt in between the musty green sofa on his right and the coffee table to his left. It is a narrow alley of space for his body to halt but when the tigers establish their presences they only help to make the area more claustrophobic. Their looming bodies briefly tower over him, casting him in their shadows while the sunlight haloes around their different physiques and handsome features above. Gryff squints as the light catches in his eye; aware that two sets of heavy furry feet are now surrounding him. Kian and Kenta step over his groaning body and plant their rumps in the seat cushions, each suffusing their toes into the now carpeted area of the flat until the fibrous flooring itches against their sweaty pads. Gryff lays out with a demeanour of fatigue; staring glumly at the ceiling as he awaits the inevitable sight of paw soles to hover over his unprotected features.   
 “Slave! What do you want to do for your gods, now you’re lying at our feet? This is your big opportunity to impress us,” Kenta asks, throwing a grin over to Kian so that the two can share in their mutual smugness.  
 Gryff – who can still detect traces of that faint B.O wafting nearby his head – quietly says, “I want to… uh, pamper you while you enjoy your freedom at my expense?”   
 “He’s starting to get the hang of it,” Kian purrs, peering over the edge of the sofa to overlook his blushing plaything.  
 “Not at the speed I’m used to,” Kenta grunts, punting his curled toes up against Gryff’s soft cheek. “Hurry up and roll over onto your stomach, you sack of trample meat! I don’t wanna accidentally make eye contact with you when you’re sucking on my toes. Your job is to stay out of our way but worship us like your whole existence depends on it.”  
  
Gryff puffs a brisk breath and rolls over onto his side confronting the threatening span of Kenta’s paws, feeling all the more emasculated whenever he is reminded of the power they hold over him, before he slumps over onto his stomach and takes a faceful of carpet. Even when he turns his back on them Gryff can still feel their penetrating gazes drilling into him from beyond. The sound of sticky carpet fuzz peeling away from lilac coloured pads makes the human’s skin tingle uncomfortably. It is then followed by a similar noise when Kian observantly copies the actions of his profoundly more experienced friend and also lifts his feet from the floor, granted; with less perspiration and grit on his own pads.   
  
First Kenta’s soles curl down over the rear of Gryff’s skull, flattening his hair and pushing aside large swathes of silky black, before Kian then plants his soles directly into their pliant buttocks. At least here, (face down in the floor) Gryff can hide the searing hue in his cheeks.   
 Kenta's teeth clench hard. He exerts himself until his foot slides down the side of Gryff’s face and finds a comfortable spot to settle; pressing so hard into the fleshy formation that Gryff’s head is jerked to the side and sandwiched down. Kenta delights in every sound and sensation; fearing no consequence for diminishing this furless abomination. He angles his paw along the side of the human's head listening for that nourishing groan of agony below. He is aggressively enjoying every smush of their flesh; how the skin yields like silk under the coarse force of his ball pad.   
 Gryff's cheekbone aches underneath this dense padding. His neck nerves start to pinch. His spine twinges in poor adjustment when the human huddles low on all fours with his buttocks perking higher now – raising Kian’s feet higher too – while his squishing head is turned sharply to one side. His cheek flesh squeezes against his nose and mouth, forcing his lips into a constant salivating pucker which happens to be trapped directly against Kenta's arch and heel fur. Every deeply bunching crease striking across that arch smudges up against his puckered lips ever more.  
  
"Uurnngh," Gryff wearily croaks.  
 "Is he hurting?" The smaller tiger asks, curiously.  
 "Nah, he's loving it. Can't get enough of my post-workout feet, can you human?"  
 "Mm-phhm-"   
 Kian's paws are both still happily - and victoriously - mounted on top of Gryff's rump leaving light dirty markings against the pants' material. Kenta's one arching foot sinks another inch deeper into the skull to insulate Gryff's mouth from making any more noise, tucking him into the alcove of warmth and fuzz. Splaying tiger toes spread out across the side of their head grabbing clusters of his black hair and clamping his hot pink ear between two of the toes. As Kenta's heel settles more firmly upon his bloated lips those bluish contours embed themselves under the bottom of Gryff's nose too. The curvature of this sole wrapping over his face feels binding and constrictive, like hundreds of duct tape strips overlaying one another sticking to his skin, forcing stunted breaths. It is pointless for Gryff to try breathe through his mouth so he can only achieve any respiration through his nostrils; blowing miniature breezes against that cornflower blue fur. The sole's temperature is turbulent. The pads are damp against his imprinting skin. Every inhale invites more and more of that ‘gym stink’ straight into his withering lungs. Gryff has never felt so humiliated in his life; being treated like such a prized catch instead of a functioning individual. Now he only functions as their toy. He hates himself for even sensing the occasional springing of tension in his crotch… if either feline discovers him growing aroused they'll never cease the terms of this bet and keep him enslaved for their own selfish needs. Gryff stubbornly decides the arousal comes only from his usual humiliation fetish, though he refuses to acknowledge any adoration about the feet plastering him into this strenuous place along the base of the couch.  
  *'I shouldn't be getting an erection; I have a foot in my face! Kenta's foot! That should be enough to kill my libido for good!'* Gryff thinks to himself, (as he suckles unwillingly against the stuffy instep and feels the lofty toes playing through his hair).  
  
In his obsessive panic Gryff doesn't hear the tigers turn on the television, or reach over his footstool body to pick up the pair of game console controllers. His focus is entirely channelled into praying away that bulge with pious devotion. He stays quiet so as not to alert his friends-turned-masters but the more he smells that tinge of butterscotch musk in the air the more his erection tenses, in a confusing contrast of his own perceived desires.  
 *'Maybe I can wait it out... I'll let Kenta stomp my head for a while, I'll keep my ass jerked up so Kian doesn't lose his footrest... it'll be fine, they won't need to pay me any attention. My bulge will go away. They always do. Then I'll be safe again,'* The human continues thinking.  
 The sounds of a hard-core music intro celebrating the video game title screen break Gryff from his ruminations. Adrenaline surges everywhere inside him. As he puffs musky breaths in and out against the grabby recess of Kenta's arch and feels a cosy weight of two crossing legs against his tailbone, Gryff listens to the rumbling small talk of the felines who chuckle and shove each other playfully as they settle leisurely; acting so ordinary, so nonchalant, as if Gryff's presence beneath them means nothing of any importance. At least the larger beast is now distracted from their urges to squash Gryff's face into a pulpy putty. Instead their foot - while still menacing and weighty on his cheek - is at least calmed.  
  
The big cats are ready to verse each other in a 2D fighting game, Fatal Combat, with intentions of playing against one another competitively long into the evening, at the expense of their human furniture.  
 "You chose the Bengal again? You can pick a different fighter you know?" Kian scoffs, digging his heels down into Gryff's taut yet pillow-soft rump.  
 "Bah, he's the only tiger in the whole roster. I'm not playing as some lower-form species," Kenta dejects, giving Gryff's ear another hot squeeze between his toes.  
 "You just can't be bothered learning a new move set."  
 "You're scared I'm going to give your character the hardest beat down of his life, aren't you?" Kenta grins.  
 "Bullshit," Kian retaliates, "You only play this once a week of course I'm going to pound you into a knockout. I've aced every challenge."  
 "Since we're all apparently into making bets now, let's bet on this match. Whoever kicks the other's ass the hardest gets to have their feet licked by Gryff here. The loser misses out on all those divine refreshing slurps," Kenta wagers, raising the ridge of his brow and egging on the white tiger. Both cats shake on the deal.  
  
Gryff moans against the bushing blue fur upon his lips, which glisten between the follicles due mainly to him accidentally suckling against their small tufts over time.  
 "Maybe we should roll him back onto his rear again? Have him face upwards so it'll be more comfortable for us both?" Kenta suggests indecisively.  
 Gryff freezes into a pale paralysis at this idea, knowing all too well that his bulging crotch hasn't yet softened yet; not lest enough to justify rolling over and exposing that region to the acute eyesight of his dominators.   
 Thankfully Kian saves him with a sharp rebuttal: "No way, his head's at your end. I know if we turn him back over you'll just stick your big toes in his mouth or make him lick all the lint from your pads before our match even finishes. I'm not having you cheat your way into a cheap easy worship. You've gotta earn those licks! You set that bet after all."  
 "Fine, fine, Gryff can eat carpet then for all I care. I won't have to wait all that long before you'll be jealously watching him soak my pads in his saliva, anyhow," Kenta snickers. Despite everything he still rolls his foot up and down the side of that fleshy face paving every tangible feature and pulling on his malleable lips.  
  
The game loads into the pre-selected map, blaring out a countdown before a cacophony of button mashing begins. Grapples, dodges, leaps, parried, low attacks and combos start to imprint the screen with various colourful graphics and sounds. Gryff listens and silently hopes Kian will win the match, not because he has any intention of licking Kian's soles, but because he wants to avoid the gloating arrogance of a victorious Kenta. It's then in this moment that the human conjures a sly albeit counterproductive scheme to help Kian's chances. Gryff laboriously worms his tongue out through his squishing puckering lips, finally braving himself for the very moment he'd been dreading since Kenta's arrival. In spite of all the foot weight anchoring down on him his tongue squeezes free with a fresh slippery glaze of saliva, poking into Kenta's bare heel, lightly licking around in a small circle. The aim is to startle and distract the muscular hunk from focusing in-game and at first it appears to be working. Those toe digits spread their mass suddenly across the temple of his head. The entire paw jerks in surprise. It nearly even lifts up from the side of Gryff's head until Kenta's smirk spreads malevolently across his striped face, and the nightly coloured beast realizes what the human is trying to do. Kenta does not speak a word of Gryff's transgression, he merely takes advantage of the situation and lets that wriggling waggling tongue trace circles in his heel. The tiger drags in his other paw too and closes them together side by side, now pressing both soles into Gryff's head. The broad width of the combined appendages smothers the head out of sight keeping it snuffed into total darkness, expanded coverage, limited breathability and multiplied warmth. Button mashing continues uninterrupted, even when Kenta is sending forth another force of pressure through his legs sandwiching that pathetic skull even flatter between his soles and the floor beneath.   
  
With his vision vanquished underfoot - and his whimpering gasps and slobbering gargles now muffled into a thick meadow of coloured fur and lilac flesh - Gryff begins regretting his decision to lick the foot at all, most especially now that that duty pertains to both feet. Nevertheless the suffering human keeps the hope alive that he can still draw all of Kenta's concentration to him instead of the game and allow Kian that killing blow. So by withdrawing all his integrity Gryff resumes the blinded licking, knowing nothing but the supple heel shapes and textures paving against his wet tongue. Saliva dampens the bottoms of each heel until matted dark blue tracks appear in the fur. Gryff winces when the claws protract even further out through the tiger's toes, all scrunching in unison against his ear, temple and hair. Licking feet is not easy when one's head is cranked so sharply to the left and then condensed down with awkward tension on his vertebrae. Still though, Gryff slurps away quietly hoping his degradation will not be in vain, wishing luck for the skinny white tiger, (who is still using his perked buttocks as a footrest while they game).   
  
Kian's avatar - an ancient samurai fox - consistently fires off complex kicking combos at the barefoot orange and black Bengal played by Kenta, who dodges the combos constantly with repetitive motions. The sandals and tabi socks of that samurai fox try desperately to launch into the pixelated Bengal's face through various dropkicks but the Bengal always slides back or ducks at the last moment. Kian can feel his light blue hand pads sweating around the cheap plastic of the controller.  
 "Gah, that stupid dodge!" He scowls, inciting amusement in Kenta's confident face.  
 "I'm so close to winning I can practically feel Gryff's tongue on my feet already," Kenta slyly muses, owing to the very real and present presence of slick human tongue bathing across his heels.  
 "Crap, ah... how're you this good?!" Kian grumbles anxiously, temporarily shifting one of his white legs aside to kick at the edge of Kenta's knee hoping to throw them from focus. He quickly reasserts his padded sole back into Gryff's backside afterwards.  
 "Just think about the big smile I'll have on me when your own brand new slave is pampering me more than he is you."  
 "Ahh shut up," Kian grins back, trying to adopt his usual cherry outlook over the game related stress.  
  
A faint alarm dings throughout the living room as the flight's ending countdown begins to reach its final ten seconds. Kenta's avatar is suddenly hit with a katana slash combo bringing his health down to equally match Kian's own health bar. This prompts the heavy tiger to sit upright and furiously tap his buttons, faster than before. Gryff eavesdrop on this and senses the tension. He stops caring about licking quietly and starts open-mouth sucking on the two blue heels in his face, blindly trying to worship them in this critical opportunity for distraction. He even turns his head further to the left straining every muscle and bone in his jack-knifed neck until his left shoulder is rubbing against his own chin, all so that he can rub his face deep into the higher, untouched areas of Kenta's overtly warm paw soles. He tries to wedge his nose in between the lush appendages and then lick up the dividing crevice between them but for once Kenta rejects the attempted worship and lifts both his legs higher away from Gryff's dishevelled face. An agitated groan escapes the human, who gives up and turns his tired head back down to a normal position, to stare into the carpet instead. He poises on all fours, feeling like he may have failed his god--... er, failed Kian.  
 *'Shit,'* Gryff thinks inside his combative racing mind*, 'It's been less than an hour and I'm already thinking of him as my god! Oh no, c'mon you idiot, don't let them brainwash you. Kian is a friend, not a master, not a god... just a friend. I just want him to win. I don't want to lick anybody's paws. I hate paws. Although Kenta's ones did feel really cosy and warm on my face just now... if I was lying on my back they would've felt so good against my fa--aaah, stop it, stop it!'* Like blossoming roses the redness in Gryff's cheeks start to rise and spread again. As he shakes away the stiffness in his neck and thusly shakes away those intrusive perverted thoughts he feels Kenta's cumbersome legs settle back down on top of him, though this time crossing idly on his backside instead of burying over his head. This is an immense relief. Gryff doesn't like how familiar he is melding to this role of utter servitude. Some time spent without paw soles lavishly smothering his face will be a healthy respite. At least now the two sets of paws each using his back as a mounted ottoman has equalized the weight distribution, easing the pressure on his spine.   
  
A digitized announcer voice counts down the last three seconds before a shrill sound effect closes the match. Kian and Kenta’s characters both still have their matching health bars and with the match timer having run out, one single word flashes on the screen: “TIE!”  
 Kian wipes his hand sweat off on his own t-shirt, puffing a small breath of relief. He tosses down his controller and wipes his dark mane from his eyes. “Tie? Guess that means we both won, technically speaking.”  
 “Then we both get our feet licked by this pervert. Boy is he gonna be overjoyed! I just hope he doesn’t salivate too much before he gets to us both, ‘cause he’s going to need all the saliva he can get.”  
 “That stress got me all worked up already. I can feel little sweat drops clinging to my pads. It could get pretty cheesy in here if we let ourselves marinate a bit before putting Gryff to work.” Kian says, eagerly, as he nestles back into the sofa groove.  
 Kenta sets down his own controller and nods in empathy, wriggling his own toes together to embrace the slick warmth being slid about between their gaps. “Heh, y’know, you saying that kind of gives me an idea. I can think of one way to knock out two birds with one stone… something that keeps us all fed and satisfied at the same time.”  
 “What’re you talking about?” Kian asks; partially distracted by the handsome sleek shapes of his own starch white feet.  
 “Heheh, you’ll see what I mean. Gimme’ a minute, I know a guy who works at the pizza place a few blocks down. I’ll smash out a text and get us lunch to share… something extra cheesy and hot. It isn’t the best place in town – kinda tastes like an old flip flop – but something tells me Gryff won’t mind that at all,” Kenta ends the sentence with a wink.   
 The trembling human below cannot see the suspicious expressions or behaviours above but already his heart feels like a lump of frosty, cracking ice inside his chest. All he can do is gulp, meekly keep his head bowed and his long hair falling down his shameful face, and await some twisted inevitability.   
  
(To be continued)