

Paw Fun Bargames

I woke up with a start, as an ear-piercing scream escaped from the bottom of my lungs. With wide terrified eyes, I stared at the roof above me for a few seconds, breathing heavily and struggling to regain my composure. I wiped my sweating forehead with the palm of my left hand, running it over my entire face as if to get rid of an invisible miasma layer on its surface. My breath steadied, and I was feeling my consciousness come back to me, when numerous hits on the wall behind made me jump in surprise once again.

“Shut up!” I heard a hoarse voice shout from the other side of the facade.

“Ah... I remember now.” I whispered to myself, sitting at the edge of my bed. I gave a thorough view around the black and dark red decorated hotel room I was in.

Long story short... Two weeks ago, I died. A business gone bad and a tragedy that followed, resulting in my passing. Two weeks since I fell in this strange universe called “Hell”, and two weeks since I’ve had the reoccurring nightmare of my death every night. Despite the number of days I had spent here, I was far from getting used to this place, as its crimson anxiety-provoking atmosphere and shabby streets induced a certain feeling of insecurity in me. At least, I was in an alright place right now, I said to myself. Who would have thought that Hell as most people knew it was an actually civilized place where you could find hotels? In fact, hell didn’t look too different from the “Living” world, when you thought about it... I stood up and headed towards the wall mirror on the closet. I sighed, looking at the scrawny demon form I now had. I personally found it ironic how disgusting I looked in this new body compared to the playboy I was when I was alive. I raised my head to get a clear view at my neck. No scars, nor markings. The only things here were the black tufts of my fur. I sighed. As the dark lights of the night sky were illuminating my back, I looked at the time on my alarm clock. 8.42PM.

“I guess I won’t sleep tonight...” I mumbled, sitting back on the edge of my bed, looking at the city’s sky darkening over time.

While the spectacle was sometimes dynamized by passing demons or little crimes committed right below my window, I quickly got bored after a few minutes of looking at the empty roads and streets. With the fear of living my death once again keeping me from going back to sleep and the absence of any meaningful things to do, I started to come to terms with the fact that the next hours would be the longest of my “Life”, when a memory hit my brain. A small detail, but maybe a way out of this infinite boredom I was doomed to go through. If I remember well, the Hazbin hotel brochure mentioned a bar that stayed open until late at night. I wasn’t the kind to go to late drinking parties, but any distraction would benefit me, as I didn’t want to spend my time twiddling my thumbs. Everything to stop those haunting memories coming back.

“I guess I can try that...” I said to myself.

I yawned and put my clothes on, before heading towards the exit of my room. I opened the door to get blinded by the lights of the corridor, which had probably been triggered by motion sensors reacting to my presence. I headed to my right, where, at the end of the long hallway, a winding staircase was waiting to gulp me down its entrails. After a descent from the fourth floor I came from, I finally arrived at the hotel’s lobby. It was a wide room, mostly decorated by a striped black and red wallpaper and dark wood tables, chairs and pillars, adorned with slight golden lines that gave the whole place an elegant theme. I looked around for any mark leading to my destination. My eyes eventually stopped to the view of a bar counter located at one corner of the room that I

hadn't seen when I came in, hidden from the entrance's perspective. Despite the multiple green neon lights and flashy displays that were decorating its roof, it almost looked like the place was hidden, lodged at the end of the corner as if it had been placed there by force.

Despite the distance separating me from the bar, I couldn't help but notice a sort of feline creature seemingly sitting on a chair that was behind the counter. I figured he would be the bartender of this place, as he was at the other side of the bar. Their fur was brown for the most part, except for the front of their body, as well as the bare three toed paws they had put on the wooden pedestal, directly facing any potential customer. They were as white as snow, with three brown coloured toe pads, as well as a sole pad. They were also surmounted by a patch of a darker brown fur. It looked like a cuff, with a speck of white fur looking like the button of the said cufflink.

Hesitant at first, I eventually approached the counter, unveiling more and more details about the strange character before me. Their traits and body shaped were masculine looking, although they would probably be considered as "Cute" by most people. The pure white fur of his chest was topped by a crimson bow tie and two black dots under it, which were placed as if they were buttons of a suit. I noticed the presence of red wings adorned by the four different poker card symbols following each other in a pattern along its feathery surface, as well as the brown horizontal delimitations of it, as well as a thin red-ended tail resting on the ground. I shifted my eyes towards the cat's face, curiously looking at the small top hat and pink striped horizontal markings of his ears. His long and wide sparkling red eyebrows of course got my interest too, as my gaze naturally travelled all the way from their edgy double ended tip to the closed eyes above which they were starting from. Wait, closed eyes? I frowned.

"Is he... Sleeping?" I looked around the empty room as if seeking for an answer, but my question was quickly answered as I glanced over the counter, where I spotted a half empty bottle which content, or at least what was left of it, had soaked into the wood grain since a long time already.

"Oh no, he's just drunk... Just fucking great." I sighed. "I prefer living the longest night of my life than waking up and dealing with a drunk ass..." I said to myself, as I was getting ready to leave, not wanting to deal with any of this anymore. It was just my luck, of course, when I seemed to have found an escape route, something had to go sour. I shouldn't have expected much from a place in hell anyway...

All it would have taken was half a second, and my eyes wouldn't have glanced sideways as if on their own initiative, stopping towards the pair of soles that was right next to me. As I started to faintly blush, my eyes stayed fixated on them, hung on their rounded and elegant shape. I grabbed the barstool that was beside me and, while making sure not to make too much noise, moved it in front of the intriguing pair, before taking a seat, sinking on the chair's red leather cushion.

The two massive feet were casually resting on the wooden surface next to each other, displaying a pair that was larger in height, and overall bigger than what someone would think at first glance. My eyes followed the curvy silhouette of his rounded arches and wide digits, all adorned by shiny brown pads that glittered under the green neon light, illuminating the numerous wrinkles that were spread across the entirety of his meaty sole as well. From the bottom of the feline character's heels to the tip of his clawless round digits, I was admiring of how soft and tender the skin of the spotless pair seemed. The clear and pure white colour of the paw's outlines felt like an invitation to explore, while the brown centre pad which followed the height of the entire sole as if it was part of its skin creased and bombed up with the occasional twitches of their bearer's toes. Toes that looked as explorable as the rest of the paw if not more, especially as the digits, save from their pad that was of the same brown shade as their soles counterpart, were entirely of the same clear white colour

outlining the sides of his marvellous feet, as if they were craving to host a wandering nose in their tantalizing grasp.

The pair not only looked soft, yet with a certain muscular strength and meatiness to them, but they proved to be flexible too, as the fidgeting of the bartender on the other side of the counter during his “nap”, set the organic digits in a splaying motion, while the extent of their spread would have convinced me jump at them straight up if I wasn’t in a public place right now, and delicately rest my nose in the soft cushion that his inner toe area seemed to be. The spheres curled and clenched as well, forcing me to look at the show, helpless as the way these toe sways were influencing the set of wrinkles that were below them made me blush like crazy. I started to shiver from the perfect view that was displayed right in front of my face, and as I was unwarily bringing my face closer and closer to the pair, it seemed as if the jaw dropping soles were calling, attracting me with the subtle yet hypnotizing wrinkle movements they would gift me with as I looked at the surface with interest. To top it all off, the inner zone of each foot was slightly arched inwards, forming a wide indentation, conveniently of the perfect size and depth for a face to perfectly fit in.

My attempts at resisting the temptation were vain, I was obsessed by the most perfect feet I had ever seen in my life. Maybe this excitation was helped by a hint of curiosity, as it was the first pair of non-human looking feet I had ever seen in my life, but my mind was completely focused on the organic material spreading and folding around in a sea of wrinkles that I craved to explore. A few inches away from the two cushions, my nose grabbed the faint scent that naturally emanated from feet, and although too weak to trigger any specific reaction from me, it was more of the proximity from the pair that the soft smell hinted that gradually fastened my heart beats. I was just mesmerized by the view and the opportunity I had to feel this soft and tender skin on my cheeks, nose, forehead, I already imagined the amount of bliss and pleasure I would feel by just touching such a pure looking skin with my own...

I regained my lucidity for a moment just before I could reach my objective, as I nervously lifted my eyes towards the demon on the other side, worried by the possibility of him waking up during my act. He was still asleep fortunately, of more like... Completely knocked out, and it didn’t look like he was about to wake up soon, as a startling hic came out of his open and drooling mouth. “If he was passed out, I would just have to stop before he wakes up, and he wouldn’t even know about the fun I had with his feet”, I thought... I was now an inch away from the velvety texture that was separating me from the intense pleasure I was craving for at this point. I hesitated for a few seconds, seriously pondering about what I was about to do, but my eyes eventually got locked on the shifting digits during my questioning. Of course, their twitches and wiggles cut my line of thinking, as they were just too enticing for me to resist, and with a long-drawn inspiration, I finally pasted my face against the bottom of the hole created by this stranger’s pair of breath-taking soles.

Warm. It was the first word that came to my mind to describe the velvety texture my visage had the luck to push against... It was clear that despite their resting state right now, they had been affected by an entire day of round trips around the area. The ambient air was much heavier, as the warm soles’ skin was forming around my face, enclosing it within their enticing grasp. Strangely, the leathery texture of his paw pads was way softer than what I had anticipated, craving and spreading in a multitude of wrinkles just like the skin around it. A feeling of peacefulness invaded my being, and I moaned with a wide silly smile. I felt like I was in heaven, ever so deeply plunging into the soft and cushiony soles of the feline creature, shifting my face around and looking for the best spots to push and sink my nose, mouth, and cheeks in. Their moist sweat was giving them a buttery feel too, on which I more than gladly rubbed my face, feeling the countless wrinkles fold and unfold around the

multiple assets of my face, caressing and massaging it as much as I was caressing them. It truly felt like I had travelled to another world, welcomed by the deliciously squishy soles and arches.

With my two hands, I grabbed the top of the bartender's both feet, who was still unaware of the situation, and applied even more pressure towards my face, sensing it explore even more of this creamy surface, to my biggest pleasure. It really felt like I could just merge with the surface, as the front part of my face had sunk in already. I began sliding my face up the white and brown field, with only one objective in mind: Reaching the beautiful toes that awaited on top of the wrinkly mountain. I shuddered with the sensation of my skin dragging onto each of the little mounds that represented the cat-like demon's foot creases, filling my entire being with arousal and excitement. Seconds went by, by the time I gently profited of this electrifying sensation of pleasure, and a small gap finally made its appearance right in front of my nose.

My jaw dropped at the now up-close and personal view I had of the gaping holes and the wiggling digits. They were slightly curled inwards, bending in a way that would both show their impressively perfect shape, as well as their meatiness and softness, one that even an actual cushion wouldn't have the luck to hold. My breath became louder and my heart started pounding faster. I slightly raised my hands at the level of his toes, and gently wrapped my hasty fingers around them, individually meddling and shifting around each toe with its dedicated set of fingers like a baby discovering a new toy. I marvelled at the swift organic movement the mellow surface made, swaying and dancing around like the waves of an ocean, their skin moving around whenever I subtly squeezed one toe between two of my fingers to escape their pressure, and the bottom of each toe unconsciously moving around when I was playing with the sublime sphere at their top.

Upon looking at the dark fleshy cave under the cat demon's toes once again, it was impossible for me to resist anymore. I squeezed both feet together, side to side, and my face flopped onto the welcoming cavern, sinking into the surface like a pillow. My nose was taking its entire space, while my mouth was pasted slightly below, onto the ball of its feet. The warmth I had felt earlier only increased with the walls of skin and sweat, fluently caressing their buttery texture on my nose, as the cave's facades were shifting and adjusting their structure to accommodate with the facial feature inside. Small drops of sweat kept falling onto the bridge of my nose, causing me to moan and pant at the feeling of warmth each stimulation spread through my entire system, while I slowly brushed my lips along the bombed up part of the foot it had access to.

Entranced by the sensation, softness and warmth of the godly pair of feet that I was applying my face on, I finally snapped, and furiously started planting kisses all around the ball part of the feline's feet, shifting my face from left to right to get the maximum out of the two beautiful assets that were pressing me to pamper and caress them in every way. The white digits wiggled as my fuzzy forehead was gently brushing their bottom, causing them to rub and caress it in turn, which only added to the infernal rhythm of my quick heartbeats and the sound of my loud moans, as well as the sleeper's, who unconsciously grumbled with slight happiness.

I left the toe cave for a few seconds, long enough to travel down the white soles and run my mouth through the heel part, before travelling back up the entire foot while planting relentless smooches over every part of the creamy surface. I would never forget the smooth skin and central pad that the verge of my lips had the honour of kneading against, and each kiss caused a memorable jolt of pleasure to run down my spine. Once arrived at the under-toe part, I would insert my nose in it for a few moments before going back up, continuing my ever-lasting row of kisses, reaching the inside of the dark space with my eager mouth. The sensation was purely divine, as I felt the moist cavern deliver its precious sweat drips onto my sucking lips, almost reaching the inside of my mouth.

I would then continue upwards, with my mouth now reaching the centre of the bartender's toes, carefully blessing each pad with a kiss, as I was arching my back and panting in pure bliss.

I alternated between both feet, reproducing the same path repeatedly for a few minutes, so intense that they seemed like an eternity, before my frenzy came to a halt. I pulled my face back and admired the now cleaner shape of the stranger's quite literally mouth-watering soles. I focused on stabilizing my breath, resting my lungs from the immense solicitation it had been forced to give. I wasn't near finished with them though, as I took a big breath, and apprehensively stuck out my tongue, revealing a drooling maw just waiting to deliver its saliva on the obsessing feet. I lunged forward, ready to touch them with the moist organ of mine, when a deep and hoarse voice stopped me dead on my tracks before I could touch the precious surface.

"What the..."

I looked up and my eyes widened just as much as the person in front of me, who had just awakened from his slumber.

"...The FUCK are you doing?!" He exclaimed, frowning in a mix of wrath and incomprehension.

I tried to babble something, but my shaky lips and sore throat couldn't produce any other sounds than confused mumbling. The cat quickly retreated his feet behind the counter and menacingly hunched towards me, launching one of his long-clawed hands towards me, grasping the collar of my shirt with an immense strength. It took less than a second for the angered beast to yank me to the other side of the bar and onto the ground right by his feet. I closed my eyes, expecting to receive a brutal hit on the jaw or any form of payback from the angry bartender.

After a few seconds of wincing my face in apprehension, the only contact I received on my face was one of a soft, warm and flexible texture pressing onto it. I was immediately overrun by the smooth and delicate cushion pushing onto my face, welcoming it into its warm embrace. I opened my eyes to see what it was, and my heart skipped a bit when I was greeted by the view of the cat's wide toes before my eyes, slightly wiggling in a hypnotic manner.

"You call that a worship?!" The digits' bearer said, grinding his sole onto my blushing face. "Just *hic* go wild with 'em if you want 'em that bad!" The tipsy demon continued, wiggling his two sets of digits on my face.

I was slightly confused at the demon's unexpected reaction, which was probably due to his current alcohol level, when the increasing pressure of the bartender's foot on my face interrupted my thoughts and caused me to moan loudly. I decided to follow the instruction given to me, and proceeded to plant kisses along the entire sole once again. My heart started beating faster and faster, as my visage was slowly getting overrun by the pillow surface's sweat and warmth, while the delicate surface was passing back and forth onto my face, letting me experience their supple and beautiful softness and warmth.

"Name's Husk, by the way." The winged creature added, splaying his toes for my eyes to be able to see him through a hole between two digits.

I kept kissing the passing sole, planting multiple specks on the surface which sumptuous wrinkles were caressing my face. I moaned and panted heavily from the feeling of the delicate skin and leathery surface of the paw pads rubbing onto me, while Husk, who had sat back on his chair, started caressing my stomach with the smooth skin of his other foot. I was trembling at the tender flesh of the demon's feet caressing me, each slight shift of one of his foot sending a shiver down my

spine. As if Husk's pressure wasn't enough, I deeply pushed the foot that was on my face with my both hands, eager to have this wonderful foot touch and press on my face even deeper. I couldn't contain myself anymore and stuck my tongue out from my drooling mouth. I was shaking from both pleasure and apprehension, as the organ was slowly making its way towards the brown sole pad I was craving for. After an ascend that felt like an eternity, the strong organ of mine finally touched the smooth and cushiony surface, slightly carving onto it.

At the exact moment the two surfaces collided, it felt like an electric shock had passed through my entire body all at once, sending pure bliss and pleasure shivers down the entirety of my being. I moaned louder than ever, and my body arched up, invaded by the euphoric feeling rushing through my veins. I relentlessly lapped at Husk's wide and meaty sole, starting from its bottom and finishing up at the top of each digit, my excitation rising more and more as the warm flesh gently delivered its sweat beads on my passing tongue, caressing and pressing onto it with its meaty wrinkles. Husk's left foot kept grinding on my face, allowing me to explore different zones of the strong sole with my taste buds, getting as drowsy as the demon, although in my case, it was from the warm and welcoming atmosphere of the bartender's foot.

Suddenly, a succession of wood creaking sounds echoed from the opposite wall of the room, where the staircase was located. Someone was going downstairs. I was confused about what to do, figuring that it would be embarrassing if that person saw us. I looked up at Husk from between two toes, but it was at this moment that I felt the pressure of his two feet grow even stronger than before, almost cutting my breath away as he had stood up from his chair, his feet still on top of my squirming body.

"Did I tell you to stop?" He coldly said without looking back to me, before turning to the oncoming person, whose footsteps were getting closer and closer. "And don't you make a noise down there." He finally warned.

I listened and simply closed my eyes, before resuming my work on the fascinating body part that I was allowed to worship. Despite the stronger pressure I was under, it wasn't hard for me to move my tongue under the mellow surface, kneading and pushing my flexible tongue through each of the erogenous areas I could touch with it. I repressed my moans while feeling each of the tense muscles that formed Husk's foot bending, pressing and releasing pressure on top of my face, as the demon above was tending to the customer's needs mindlessly.

Husk would also occasionally wipe his foot to get my nose and tongue under his rounded digits, which I tenderly plucked inside my mouth without a word. The feeling was divine. The toes wiggled inside the moist cave that was my maw, rubbing and caressing its walls to leave their warm and sweaty imprints on, as my eyes were closed in delight, and as my body was struggling hard to not let out a moan or pant of pleasure. Upon slithering my tongue between the smooth balls, I could feel a little sharp material on their tip. I lapped around and pasted my taste buds collection against the hard and cold element, which I figured to be a claw from the shape of it. The discovery made me shudder from excitation, and after making sure to wipe my tongue around the entirety of the newly discovered claw, I soon enough passed onto the next digit to insert in my mouth and thoroughly clean, not before tenderly lapping on the space between the two toes. I finished lapping at all of the digits around the same time the demon who had ordered left, but Husk only had the time to switch the now cleaned foot that was on my face for his other unattended one that I heard another set of footsteps coming back, and another of those silent worship sessions took place. The night went on and on as more and more clients came over, between which I had a few intervals to catch my breath

and simply appreciate the feeling of those meaty stompers kneading onto my face and body with their fluent and swift motions.

After a few hours that seemed like an eternity, I heard Husk's deep voice echo from above.

"Alright, I'm gonna have to close now." He said, before getting up and turning off the green neon lights that were illuminating the bar, almost falling on his way.

I sighed, thinking that this wonderful night of foot worshipping was over, and slightly slid up from my laid down position, leaning my back against the counter. That apparently wasn't on Husk's plans though, as he almost instantly got back to his chair and pushed both of his creamy soles against my chest, wiggling and splaying his toes around in a relaxed manner.

"That doesn't mean your job is over though." He firmly said, wiggling his toes in front of my eyes. "You'll be here all night, so make yourself *hic* comfortable down 'ere."

The feline looking demon didn't have to say a word more, as I instantly flopped back to my earlier position, bringing the arousing pair up to my nose by pushing their ankles up on my face. Now allowed to let out all the noise I wanted, I couldn't stop emitting loud and never-ending moans from my mouth. I took a break and simply admired them for a few moments, their wrinkles flowing fluently as the impatient soles were getting agitated.

I then proceeded to slither my tongue along the beautifully creased arches of the breath-taking soles, alternating between each foot with each lick and kiss on the cushiony surface, completely indulging under the two pair of soles that had abandoned themselves onto my awaiting figure. After a long travel through every creases and wrinkles of the white and brown padded soles, I arrived at their beautiful toe part and decided to give them an even more thorough treatment than earlier. I started by tenderly licking and kissing the underpart of each digit, receiving their rounded surface on my forehead, as they reflexively twitched and brushed my face a bit while I was travelling under them. I was playfully grabbing and splaying the soft digits around just to paste my nose into the area between them, as my nose was getting completely covered by the skin surrounding it, causing a wave of peacefulness and bliss to shake my body. The sensation of warmth that emanated from the now worn out feet caused me to moan deeply, before I plucked the digits into my mouth one by one, welcoming them into the warm and wet cave. I sucked without stopping, completely entranced by the objects I was holding inside my maw, more than happily rolling my tongue around everything I could. The cleaning lasted for a few minutes, during which I made sure to clean the very tip of Husk's toe claws too, while I could hear his moans from above. These probably came from the bottle of booze he was emptying at the same time than the treatment I was giving to his beautiful paws, but these still encouraged me to continue the tongue bath I was giving to his beautiful toes.

The playtime with both of his soles seemed to keep going for an undetermined time, but I apprehended the morning that would come after tonight. I was especially fearing Husk's reaction upon seeing me still hugging and clinging to his feet as he wakes up. I considered leaving right now to avoid any problems the next day, but a caress from one of the supple assets broke me out of my line of thinking. After all, it would be a shame to not take this opportunity to the fullest...

"Like he said, 'go wild'..." I told myself, as I closed my eyes and indulged into the smooth pair for good.

THE END