

It was a hot and arid mid-August day, the dry heat relentlessly beating down on the residents of the city. The sun's radiant gleam reflected harshly off the towering buildings, which provided little resistance to the abundant warmth. The unyielding sun began its descent over the distant horizon, casting waves of red and orange against the painted clouds: the indication of the end of a long and tiresome workday.

Unfortunately for a little micro cat, there was still plenty of work to be done with rush hour just beginning. James worked at a small but cozy cafe off Main Street, a relaxing place meant to tend to the needs of those exhausted after a long, laborious day. The kitty cat, fresh out of high school and desperate for a job, was quick to snatch up the position amidst the rough competition of the micro world, no matter how demeaning the work might be.

That doesn't mean he didn't hate his job; in fact, he loathed it. He just needed to make ends meet for the time being, despite the long, dragged out hours and the terrible conditions for merely minimum wage.

The ground trembled below him, blurring the phone screen in James' hand to his slight irritation. Used to the shaking sensation of norms strutting past him, he didn't falter in his balance but simply looked up at the approaching giant with a disinterested look. Only eye-level with the top of the wolf's dress shoes, which settled with a booming thud, he craned his neck to peer up and up at the distant, indistinct face of his boss miles above.

"James, is your workstation clean and orderly? Our evening rush is about to begin and I don't want you micro good-for-nothings slacking off! Get off your phone and get ready to rub some fucking paws, alright? Do your job as a foot rubber right this time, do I make myself clear?"

The micro may have had a couple of complaints under his belt from those times he accidentally scratched customers. In his defense, sometimes those fat-ass norms could get fairly rough. Anyways, he had already been there for a few hours, with customers sparse and far between, so the underneath of the desk he served at was already spotless and sanitized after the couple of dirty feet he met at his station earlier.

Apathetic as always, although the large wolf would never be able to tell from way up there, James yelled up, "Yes sir!"

The retreating steps of his boss quaking behind him, the cat walked back underneath the desk, which was complete with a cushioned backside and soft malleable mat on the floor, all illuminated by a gentle blue light on the side. He sighed as he pulled on his collar, matting his fur as he shoved it over his ears. It was horribly demeaning but he had to admit he was glad the collars were implemented, sometimes being the only thing that safeguarded him from being snatched away to never to be found again.

Running a handpaw through his stylized fur, he walked back out as far as the leash of his collar would allow and leaned against the side of the desk, impatiently waiting for customers to stream through the door. If his cracked wristwatch was any indication, they should be here by now.

Just as he was settled, the door swung open, bell ringing loud and proud. James stiffened up, physically preparing himself for his humiliating task, which despite his indifferent demeanor always terrified him. The floor shook once more as an enormous panda filled the doorway, before squeezing through to meet the host, a short but skinny fox who directed them to the micro.

He took a deep breath, ready to put on his falsely cheerful attitude before a huge boot suddenly came flying towards him. Using his instinctive reflexes, James barely avoided being slammed by the giant footwear, taking a dive to the floor, heart pounding.

The panda didn't notice the speck on the ground before it was too late, nearly tripping on it to avoid accidentally stepping on the poor thing. Stumbling to a halt and plopping into the luxurious chair before him, he took a closer look to realize that he nearly squashed a micro employee. That surely would've gotten him banned!

Letting out an exhale in relief, the plush giant shifted in the chair to get comfortable, letting his tired body relax after an 8-hour shift behind a desk.

"Hey there, little kitty cat! You gotta be more careful next time, I could've stomped on you! Luckily my reflexes are so good or you would've been a goner."

James rolled his eyes as the adrenaline-fueled rush slowed, his fur resting from its alert standing. He got up, brushing dust off his uniform, then put on his fake smile once more.

"Sorry about that sir! I'm James and I am here to serve your paws. What would you like me to do for you?" He already knew the answer: it was always a 'nice foot massage'. After all, that IS what his job is for: to tend to patron's feet while they use the free internet service and get waited on above.

"I would just like a nice foot massage. Can you do that for me, kitty?"

The panda leaned back and groaned as he splayed his legs, stretching them out overdramatically as they shot over James' head, giant limbs looming above and displacing the air around him. Not bothering enough to look down, the norm placed one booted foot on the heel of the other, crossing the massive legs just ahead of the micro as he kicked off his stuffy boot. James, heart racing, had to duck to avoid the sprawling legs, unprepared as the shoe loudly slammed against the wall of the desk behind him, causing him to jump and bang his head against the socked paw in surprise.

Immediately upon falling back onto the floor, James' nose scrunched at the all-encompassing stench that radiated off the socked foot. The musk was hard to avoid, even harder as it compounded with the removal of the giant's other boot. A muggy heat pulsated off the paws as they settled before the micro, bringing with it an oppressive, humid rush of musk-tainted air that disgustingly fills his airways with the smell.

"Hey, kitty cat," the micro looked up at the chubby, innocent face of the smelly panda from between his feet as his voice boomed down, "I'm a little on the heavy side... so I can't really reach down to take off my socks. You think you could handle that?" The panda paused, chuckling nervously with a rub of his neck, "Sorry about the smell, heh. I can smell it from up here, so it must be pretty bad down there. I just keep losing my socks, you know, so I have to keep reusing these... It's been a couple of weeks..."

James glared up at the ashamed panda as his nostrils burned and flared, vision half-blocked by the giant socked paws. He hated his job so much. He must've looked pathetic, sitting between somebody's feet, each much larger and probably much stronger than himself. They certainly smelled stronger; he was already starting to get light-headed.

"Yes sir! Glad to help!" Humiliating it may be to suck up, there was always a chance he'd get tipped.

The cat hopped up to maintain the appearance of enthusiasm then approached the panda's right foot, which towered over him, triple his own height. The massive paw lifted up, hovering above the ground just slightly in order to give James room to get to work as he pulled on the sock from its opening around the furry's large ankle.

The intense smell permeating through the sock wasn't the only gross thing about this piece of fabric. Upon touching the musky footwear, his hand squelched into it, incidentally wringing out warm, gooey sweat all over his arms. Groaning in revolt, James had no choice but to continue tugging with all his body weight, only managing to pull it off a few centimeters at a time with each heave.

Further adding to the humiliation and disgust of his task, the undersole of the discolored sock was embedded with a darkened, dirty print of the panda's paws, with a strong outline of the toes, balls, and heel. Continuing to haul at the fabric that seemed to have adhered itself to the panda's foot through a copious layer of sweat, the cat quickly grew exhausted. Panting with every exertion, he was forced to inhale lungfuls of the rancid musk that hovered like a thick cloud around the paws, creating a dense atmosphere around the poor service micro.

Once the sock was bunched-up halfway up the paw and James could no longer reach to finish his work, he took a quick break, mind numbed from the abundance of musk. But suddenly, the massive paw plummeted, crashing into him with its sweaty sole and pushing him to the ground.

With a loud grunt from the chubby panda above, the micro cat pinned under his paw, he heaved, leaning forward to rip the sock off with a quick tug of his fingers.

Trapped under the sweaty paw like he didn't matter, he watched as the giant panda undid entire minutes of his work, undermining all the effort it took for him to pull that sock with one simple movement. He wasn't proud of his work, but it still stung whenever he saw how meaningless micros were in the grand scheme of things. Now all he was good for was soaking up this fat ass's disgusting, sticky sweat into his own fur and burning his nostrils on its scent.

"Sorry kitty cat, that was taking too long. Here, let me get my other sock." With another grunt, he reached down over his rounded belly to immediately peel off the disgusting paw. James watched in disdain as steam rose off the moist paw. "Where'd ya go, kitty? Oh, ha, under my paw, I see? Eager to get to rubbing my feet? Alrighty then, let me just prop these bad boys up for you."

The panda slowly lifted his foot, the heavy weight releasing from the entirety of James' body, it peeling off with a disgusting squelch as strands of sweat connected the micro to the underside of the paw - where he knew he belonged. Already half-drenched, the cat sat up, watching the enormous digits the size of his head wiggle above him, thundering down more beads of sweat like rain to defile him further.

Standing up, James advanced towards the ominous paw looming overhead. He reluctantly raised his arms, gagging on the heavy musk tainting the air. He pressed his hands into the plushy, fuzzy sole, letting his hand sink into the smelly fat. The malleability of the paw disgusted the micro to his core, causing him to shudder as he began to rub, pushing the thick flesh around.

Evidently, he hit a tender spot as a hefty sigh left the panda above. His cheeks flooded red thinking about how his best use in life was to rub other's feet. He continued kneading at the arch of the paw, rubbing in circles endlessly. Already his arms were beginning to grow sore, both weak and tired from having to work overtime that week.

He made his way down to the heel, sure to completely press his arms into the foot's flesh to fully relieve the panda's tense muscles. He started to slow, panting from exertion as he carried on with the massage. For the rougher heel he had to use his forearms and elbows to effectively rub the stiff and strained skin. After a few minutes, determined he had done a good job so far, James sat back to take a break.

The muggy environment due to the pulsating heat and insufferable musk made it hard for him to catch his breath, forcing him to inhale more of the dirty air that seemed to seer into his nostrils and stain his lungs. His mind was growing foggy from the intense smell, as if he'd been smoking. At this point he couldn't even tell if the sweat clinging to his fur was his own or the giant foot's.

“Why’d you stop, kitty cat? You only did half of one foot. Aw, are you tired already? Here, I’ll help you out. I know you’ll like this too.”

Before the micro could ask him what he meant, not that he had the energy nor the breath to do so, James was quickly shoved onto his back by a paw the size of a school bus. The plump panda foot buried him in the soft, musky pad, forcing the air out of his lungs and making his smothered face breathe in a mix of salty sweat and pure foot odor.

All the exhausted cat could do was groan as the sweaty, fat sole rubbed gently against him, back and forth, back and forth. “Gently” is a relative word, with the panda trying his best to be soft, but in his efforts to get a satisfying massage, he unknowingly roughly smeared James with each rub. The cat’s whole body would be steamrolled under the hot, steamy, immense weight, his nose scrunched from overexposure to such a heavy scent.

The titan above focused his mind elsewhere, leaving the puny micro in a world of constant pressure, darkness, and sweat as he idly pushed his paw against the cat heel to toe. James would only be able to breathe once the lesser pressure of the toes would rub against his face, giving him a space to take a deep breath, only one filtered by the musk that raked his lungs. For the next half-hour, he was forgotten about, merely an accessory of the store.

Finally, only once the panda granted him mercy, the cat was relieved of the constant pressure on both body and airways. James was laying there, panting as he held his tight collar, wishing it was off so he could get more relatively clean air faster. The panda practically disregarded his life, not caring enough to give any gratuity or even a sign of appreciation. He just left with booming footsteps as quickly as he came.

Before he could even get to his feet, the world beneath him shook once more. Unable to clean his workstation off between customers like he hoped he’d be able to, he looked up to see a giant brown bear in a construction uniform already sitting on the chair above, legs spread so the micro could look past his massive, thick thighs to see his angry-looking face. The expression of a man fed up with his job and unwilling to take shit from anyone, especially a pathetic micro.

The bear, never once removing his nerve-racking glare at the cowering cat, lifted his leg to shove off his right boot, revealing a sockless paw addled with a layer of gleaming sweat and speckled with dirt. James gulped, seeing visible steam ascend through the air and descend down onto his tiny workstation under-desk, flooding it with a wafting wave of thick, humid musk, tangier than the gentle panda before.

“HEY FOOT SLUT!” James jolted to attention with the blink of an eye, his anger and indignation overcome by fear and anxiety over what was next. Would this finally be the norm that ended his life? He gulped.

"I'm tired and want to go home quickly. So just fucking lick between my toes so I can go home, bitch. You got that through your tiny micro skull? I just want a thorough cleaning FAST."

"Y-yes sir, right-"

"Did I tell you to speak? Fucking annoying ass micros... wish it weren't illegal to take you guys home... Well? Get to it already!" The gruff bear leaned back in his chair to rest, kicking his paws up in front of the micro and expertly lowering his toes to provide the micro with a facefull of toes bigger than his head. The man above started yelling at a waitress, clearly impatient in all facets of the word.

The tiny employee stood forgotten beneath the desk, trapped like a little action figure between two large steaming bear paws, both looming over him like giant furry walls of pure musk. Not wishing to anger the already irritable public servant, James rushed over to the bear's right paw, ignoring the rush of warm, rank, muggy air that surged past him.

Scrunching his nose did nothing, the poor cat forced into submission by a mixture of fear and occupational obligation. His eyes watered from the strength of the stench, inadvertently expressing his defeated, saddened mental state as the tears streamed down his cheeks stained with other men's sweat.

James quivered and whimpered, trying to maintain his composure. Day after day, he was forced to deal with giant paws as humiliating as it was. But never before had he had two unhygienic, reeking sets of customer feet in a row. The cat was on the verge of quitting, if he didn't fear the consequences of his intimidatingly massive boss. However, he gathered the strength to shove his head between two meaty toes and quickly shoot out his tongue, slathering it across the nasty, dirtied pit.

The micro lurched forward, straight into the toe-pit, in a sudden involuntary gag. He quickly swallowed the rising bile and snapped his gaze up at the owner of the paw which cradled him. Blurred from the sheer distance, the giant's furious glare was still clear. He needed to act faster. With a gulp, he took a big rancid breath of paw musk, and shattered his own pride by lapping at the toes like a dog.

He licked and licked, as sweat smeared the sides of his face and ruined his fur, as the musk started to affect his thought processes and fogged his mind, as dirt and toe jam and lint lathered his poor tiny tongue. From toe to toe he was forced to worship like the puny runt he was compared to the titan god leering draconically above.

The pressure was on as he worked as fast as he could, feeling the impatience radiating off the impatient toes that would squeeze and slam against his weak head like a marble. He got into a humiliating rhythm, ignoring himself and the miserable world around him until he was finally done.

Not another word was uttered by the bear above to reward his efforts, nor was there a tip to be given, as the giant kicked him to the side and got up to storm out of the store, apparently satisfied enough with the service to not punish the little guy.

James sat still for a moment, cradling his sore side seething with a rashy pain before it began to dissipate. He took a breath of fresh air with a sigh, closing his eyes in his single moment of calm. Hopefully he would have enough time to clean his workstation. He could only imagine the dirty and steamy paw prints staining his once-clean area.

No more than a heartbeat past before storm-like thundering echoed across his newfound peace of mind, coming alongside quaking of the ground beneath him. Not wanting to look up or open his eyes at whoever it could be as he felt the presence of a giant figure towering over his frail figure, he could only hope and imagine it was a nice, clean young lady to give him a reprieve.

But as shuffling sounds shifted to either side of him, a hefty stench pierced his nostrils. One more active-smelling than the previous two anthros, bringing with it a sharp scent of pure masculine body odor. An athlete. Was that a feline smell?

Opening his eyes, he stifled a yelp as his entire vision was blocked by the padded underside of massive fuzzy toes. It was a well-sculpted paw, surrounded by a halo of bright, angelic light, but ironically the sight would come with a demon of his nightmares. This halo was the mane of a lion blocking out all light to the little creature. James could make out a smile of pure enjoyment as the toes would occasionally scrunch to let him witness the intimidatingly massive face of his new charge, wafting with them a raw musk from running hell.

Opening his mouth nervously to greet the god-like figure was a mistake as his entire torso was suddenly snatched and inadvertently squeezed much too tight. James could feel his lungs being crushed, all the air shoveled out of his lungs by two insanely big furry boulders on either side. He could only gasp and wheeze for air he would only be granted once the giant allowed for it as his legs twitched.

Wind rushed against his increasingly-red face as he was lifted up to a height equal to the top of a skyscraper; and all the lion did was rested his foot against his knee and leaned down to speak closer to his servant.

“Hey little guy,” his voice rumbled through the suffocating micro’s ears, “I just want you to rub my paws today, nothing too bad. I’m sure you can handle it. They’re just all sore from my football practice. Thanks, tiny. If you do good enough, I’ll give you a great big tip! How’s that sound?”

James could only answer with rapid nodding, as he felt the pressure build up in his face while he desperately pleaded for air.

“Good!”

The paw quickly descended, feeling like an unwilling rollercoaster for the smaller feline. The toes released their death-grip, allowing James to take deep gasps of air stained with the heavy musk of the smelly, athletic lion. Before he could recover, a giant paw descended lightly on top of him like an oversized mattress, blocking out all forms of light as the foot pressed into the entirety of his body and pinned him down.

The pressure remained light but it nevertheless threatened the poor cat as his body squished into the big pad, his face essentially saran-wrapped to the rank paw. Unable to move much to rub, he panicked, resorting to squirming his entire body to attempt to give the lion pleasure. And from the vibrations that shook all the micro's bones from head to toe while the giant purred above, he could tell it was working.

James wore out quick, the effort it took to fight against the massive foot exhausting his energy in a matter of minutes, leaving him a sweaty (from multiple animals now), panting mess beneath the lowest part of a giant's body. Why had life had to deal him such a rotten hand? Forced to inhale the sweatiest musk and willingly smother himself against the dirtiest paws just to get a quick buck? Why did he have to be so tiny, so puny compared to the rest of the world? It was unfair.

Unfair as it may be, this was his life. And he should've known life would punish him for slacking on his job. Soon after the micro stopped squirming, the lion above forgot about the servant underpaw, too busy in a cheerful phone call with his friend. This friendly conversation turned brutal for the little worthless man as the idle titan started bouncing his leg... and inevitably pounding his foot.

James' screams went unheard as the massive force of a car slammed into him repeatedly. Over and over again, he was squished and squeezed and crushed under a paw that rapidly beat down on him like his father used to, only across his entire body and with no regard for his life.

**SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!**

His world turned into flashes of light, with rushes of unadulterated pain in the dark spots. He hardly even noticed he was lying in a disgusting puddle of paw-shaped sweat that squished out with every stomp. He was just simply in a daze of sheer pain that pounded away his ability to comprehend the situation.

Finally it stopped, as the lion instead resorted to rubbed the micro around, up and down and side to side, rolling him like a little ball idly beneath his feet. It seemed like an eternity before it stopped, the lion simply forgetting the micro until he was already across the store and given a survey on the service...

Thankfully he was the last customer of the night. James had time to recuperate and wipe himself off, but was never able to clean away the stains on his fur, and most of all, his psyche. He cleaned his station down, exhausted but wanting to be relieved of his duties sooner rather than later. The cafe closed down and he removed his leash, waiting for his boss to dismiss him.

When the familiar giant boots boomed closer, James walked out from under the desk, looking up to meet the distant gaze of the wolf. A wolf face that came closer and appeared clearer and clearer as he took a knee to better speak to the insubordinate employee.

“Ahem. James. I have a lot of disappointing reports today.” He shuffled through his papers before reading, “‘The worker was kind but way too slow and incapable of his job. I had to help him out several times. 1 /5 stars.’ - from a rather chubby panda about two hours ago.”

“And there’s more. ‘The micro reacted rudely to my feet. Some micro you got there... 0/5 stars on service.’ - from a gruff bear an hour and 15 minutes ago.” The wolf simmered his glare down at the shocked micro.

“And here’s the worst one. The nail on the coffin, so to speak. ‘I honestly forgot there was a micro at the station. When I arrived, it seemed like he was sleeping on the job, and while servicing, he suddenly stopped. Real slacker of an employee, to be honest. 0/5 stars.’”

“That’s three strikes. Back to back to back. Unacceptable. YOU’RE FIRED!”

James, heart pounding at the shock of it all, could not help but think of the positives. No more dealing with feet. He could probably use this as experience to get a higher-paying micro job, like working with hands and manicures rather than feet! However...

“And since you are no longer an employee here, I am no longer liable for your safety.”

James snapped his gaze back up to his former boss, getting increasingly worried. Before he could process the threat, the wolf lifted him up, using only a single claw to pick his whole body by his shirt. Once face to face with the lithe wolf who relished in the scent of fear radiating off the runt, James could only watch the menacingly contempt expression on the giant’s face.

The wolf wasted no time, standing up and kicking off a boot, revealing a steaming, searing-hot paw to the micro who watched from above. The blood drained from the cat’s face as fear overwhelmed him.

“W-w-wait, what are you doing?! S-stop! T-this is illegal!”

“Nobody will know, my new foot toy. Hope you got plenty of training while on the job. Your life will depend on it.”

Nobody heard from James ever again, especially not the micro employee who overheard this exchange. The little squirrel only assumed that the screaming and thrashing micro was shoved beneath the wolf's unsocked, dirty paw, forced to endure the stench and the pressure as he was kidnapped. Said employee ran away to never return to the facility, eventually telling the police the story.

When the police arrived, they couldn't find poor James. One of the officer's swore he heard tiny distant screams, but they couldn't find the source. They searched the wolf's boots and socks and drawers and even made him show them the suspiciously clean underside of his paw, but there was no trace of the micro. Oh well, the police figured, it was only a micro. A micro who now lived the rest of his miserable life forced to tend to a giant pair of feet...