**Welcome to the Jungle**

Synopsis: Your misguided hike through a Colombian jungle turns adventurous when you find a smuggler’s campsite, guarded by one very assertive and territorial Bengal Tiger who quickly demonstrates his power over you.

Disclaimer:
–Heavy Paw Worship
–Musk/Sweat/Filth
–Soft Trample
–POV Perspective Sub
–Tiger Dom

A canopy of jungle trees is dripped upon by rays of orange light, sent outward from the setting sun above. This light stains everything tinging the dense rustling greens of endless unyielding flora, the shallow bodies of water trickling weakly along, and the yellowed dirt paths leading to-and-from indistinguishable directions. There is a heat here; a sticky, unforgiving humidity that hangs in the atmosphere. Strange bird calls and the constant croaky songs of varying insects echo loudly from the jungle depths. This is not a place that welcomes casual tourists or innocent thoughtless meandering… as you have discovered clearly for yourself. It was only earlier this morning that your day had taken an unforeseen turn when you – a thoughtless explorer of the local terrain – took the wrong path in the wrong trail.

Closeted far and deep in this Colombian landscape is a small bare patch of dirty ground, housing a campsite hidden amongst towering tropic palms and brambles and ferns. From what you have witnessed since your arrival there are several large waterproof tents and a ramshackle cabin, with a thatched roof disguised by a thick layer of dead leaves, all established for the exclusive purposes of storing smuggled contraband. You aren’t privy to this knowledge but inside the tents there are many stacked containers, small and long, where lethal firearms sleep within on beds of straw. Barrels of stolen rum and crates of bottled absinthe are joined by boxes of narcotics. Hidden, however, under camouflage netting are hoards of chemicals and equipment useful for all criminal productivity.

   In stark contempt of all this illegality only one guard has been stationed here to oversee the operations. His employers presumably decided that too many guards would translate into too much noise and too much attraction for the Policia Nacional. To be a companionless guard in these conditions one must be aggressively staunch, unflinchingly powerful, quick-thinking, observant and calculated… and the Bengal tiger sitting in front of you right now matches each one of these descriptors.

With limited movement you breathe heavily and slowly letting your eyes scroll over the tenacious build of this feline. His muscles are sculpted stalwart and then laid in a beautiful vibrant coat of orange, white and jet black stripe. Raúl sits in a foldable chair of dented metal, closely in front of you, with one heavy leg raised and rested in preposterous magnificence on his knee begging that your focus stays front-and-centre on his big socked paw. In the cradle of his lap he holds a large wooden dinner bowl, scraping it with a fork between feasting bites and slurps of the steamy meal within.

 Your stomach grumbles audibly. You gulp another stale mouthful of nothing. You squirm against the thick bamboo prisoner pole running up your back while your wrists ache against the ropes tying them together, behind you. Raúl doesn’t even look up at you. His heavy hazel eyes are set only on his bowl of watery stew, where he languidly stabs his fork until lumps of carrot, onion and cabbage leaves are caught. It’s as if you don’t exist; an insignificant object kneeling on the outdoor ground in front of him, so worthless that your presence needn’t even cross his mind. Despite ignoring you the paw raised in front of you – supported in his lap and lolled indolently on its side – continually has you watching its hypnotic toe shapes shifting under the dirtied, sullied sock cotton. When the tiger chews his meal his toes curl inward one at a time, pacing themselves, slowly tugging on the cotton so it stretches thin over his toe claws. Wrinkles of discoloured and saturated fabric are pinched tight under each toe digit and left to fester in cramped musky conditions for at least thirty long seconds before the toes unlatch and uncurl again, leaving the sock worn and exhausted around them. A sound like sticky honey is heard whenever his toes move and separate. Your eyes flutter and your hairs stand upright on your skin. Even in this roiling jungle humidity you feel chills coursing through your blood every time he does this, again and again.

You can't break your gaze. You can't stop staring at every detail on his socks, how the bottoms almost look crusted and black from the immense sweat and lack of air ventilation they have endured. They are tattered with holes and rips, each one enclosed in frays of loose threading. There are splotches and blemishes cast especially over the defined shapes of his paw pads. His socks are baggy and want to retire but the tiger has worn the same pair for seven days straight now, as he warned you when he previously pulled off his boots. Apparently this is out of habit, to avoid spending water and time on frequent washes whilst living alone.
 On the ground beside his seat are his large combat boots, made of brown leather, with banana-yellow insoles and tan laces. You finally manage to look away from the alluring paw lifted temptingly close near your face so that you can once again admire Raúl in the full-spectrum worship he deserves. He sits there wearing military-green cargo pants that are rolled up his legs, and a cream tank top that has soiled in dark damp marks around the neckline and armpits showing where his sweat has run through the fabric. This same dampness lets the material hug around his prominent abs and torso brawn. Lastly, a faded green strip of bandana is worn on his head, bristling the soft orange fur between his ears.

You gulp when he looks up, ceasing the scraping of his fork immediately, while those handsome feline eyes lock scornfully on yours. His expression is gruff but still as rock until the one eyebrow raises.

 "Don't stare at a person when they eat. It's rude." He bluntly growls.

 "I-I'm just hungry too is all, sir. Last I ate was this morning."

 He makes a noise under his breath, (a noise that could have been a grunt or a snicker), and he replies, "Not sure how much I should starve you before you start telling the truth. So I got to ask you again, who hired you to spy on my camp?"

 You turn pale and shake your head. This is a question he has hammered you with all day now. "N-nobody! I swear! I was just hiking through the area and got a bit lost, so I saw the smoke from your cabin and came by for help! That's all it was!" You profess the honest truth of the situation but the hunky tiger just shrugs indifferently. This is the same story you keep telling him, but given his employment it’s not surprising that Raúl is untrusting of strangers. He is clearly not used to having company.

 He sticks his fork in his mouth, pulls it out clean in one swoop and then speaks mid-mouthful. "Sure… keep rehearsing that. Still though... don't much like you watching me eat. Got to fix that somehow, and I think I got just the fix."

Before you can offer an apology for staring, Raúl moves his leg from his lap and straightens it out extending forth the limb in your direction until his huge foot sole closes in on your face, alarming every natural self-preservation instinct in your body! You tense but this is no defence against a heavily padded, rich, socked feline sole. The tiger doesn't just step onto your face… he presses. He rubs it in. He squashes and smothers until all the warmth, density and softness compresses abundantly into the front of your skull and seals in the heat completely. Your nose tries to flatten at first, aching to a point, but eventually it has to submit and sink deep against that sumptuous thick ball pad while socked toes freely fan and flex over your blinking eyes, pushing on them, forcing them to stay open until all you can see is a world of darkness and greyish brown cotton stains. Your lips kiss forcefully into the deep arch of Raúl's foot and your chin is squished by his significant heel, which is firmer than all his pads. You aren't allowed to reject this humiliation, not while you're his bound and restrained prisoner. You have to openly accept the lush suffocating pressure soaking its mark on your skin leaving you helplessly buried underfoot; moaning in subtle fevers of lust and surprise. Your body gently convulses. Your back rubs against the bamboo pole. Your fists curl behind you until your fingers indent your palms.
 In mixed anthro/human society there is one stereotype often joked about, which now you understand as fact. Anthros with heavy black pads, like Bengal tigers especially, like to sleep with their paws outside the bed covers because their pads absorb and retain so much heat throughout the day. The set of socked pads smearing and entombing your nose into a trench of cotton, flesh and musky rancour feel hot enough now it feels as if Raúl has had them resting by a campfire the last few hours. They even stink of burnt woodchips and buttered corn. Your nostrils feel blocked but still the smell drifts into them direct from his ball pad. Your lips glisten now and leave a wet kiss mark on the sock fuzz plastering his arch. You lean into his comfy sole and let the euphoria immobilise you. Raúl spreads out his toes as far as they will splay in a method that stretches thin the pale sock cotton directly over your eyes so that you can see through between his toes. The plentiful sunlight shining down above makes the cotton translucent; just enough so that you can see the vague silhouette of the tiger's body and head behind the paw, still eating and sitting with tranquil careless grace.

Raúl glances up and watches the top of his foot, seeing his own paw muscles and bones tensing in the sock from atop. He looks back down away from it and mutters, "That ought to silence you. Might even teach you some manners, ojalá."

 When the bowl is a quarter empty and chunks of onion swim at the bottom Raúl leans in his chair and sets it down on the ground beside his boots. After he sits back up and picks at the food in his teeth with a clawed finger, (never once easing the pressure his paw grinds into your sandwiched head), he stares off at the dwindling sun as it lowers behind the treeline rippling its final waves of colourful light into the sky. There is a peace and quiet in the tiger's eyes as he watches this, once more acting like your presence means nothing and is worth no consideration.

 "Love this part of the day," He says, "The setting sun. I always watch it, the last moments of it, I mean. Can take a good while sometimes but we don't have anything better to do, right? Do we?"

You wonder: Are you expected to respond with a face covered and suppressed from chin to forehead in consistent, odorous foot sole? Regardless of the answer Raúl doesn't desist. Instead he rubs his foot up and down in mopping motions holding you hostage between sole and the pole behind you. The moisture is expunged from the sock fibres during specific rubbing motions, causing sweat to travel down your cheeks, at first glance looking like trails of salty tears. You can understand already that Raúl's last words strongly promise that you'll be here breathing his sock vapours for some time... and it's a promise the tiger keeps.

You're far too lost in a sea of serotonin to have kept track of the passing time, but in reality it's been thirty nine minutes of serenity for you and the tiger both. During that time the extended leg never tired nor slipped from its grip on your skull. It would perpetually rub, push, slant and steamroll your delicate features for maximum exposure each time inflicting more arousal, testing your patience, sometimes even making you beg for a breath of cleaner air than what his pads and toes were currently providing. He had deliberately dragged his foot some few inches further up your face until the opportunity was ripe to rest his heel in your salivating mouth. The weight of the heel pried open your lips and jaw pushing them further apart. Softly his heel nudged deeper until it pushed your tongue further back. You'd managed to muffle out small gargles and groans but the tiger kept moving his paw more and more until he could properly utilise your mouth as a tool to loosen the sock off his heel. You realized this was happening when the fabric kept mounding, creasing, gathering and thickening in your mouth until eventually the elasticated neck of the sock would finally slip over the heel and bare the bottom of it; a curving girth of soft, warm naked white fur.

 You were panting, desperately waiting for more paw to expose itself. Raúl was in no particular hurry, watching the gradual descent from dusk into twilight, leaving you at his feet forced to bond with the stink of smouldered maize wafting from the sock.

Finally those first thirty nine minutes of sniffing and suppressing submission end when the feline leans forward in his seat - leaning into his own knee - and confidently grabs the baggy tip of his sock left bundled lazily around the tops of his toes. You can’t help but think of that party trick when a person pulls the tablecloth so cleanly and quickly that the dinnerware is not disturbed from atop the table, when Raúl yanks off his sock in its entirety so swiftly that the paw surface squashing your faces changes fast from musky wrinkled fabric to smooth sweat doused fur and meaty grilled black pads. The difference is like linen to leather, almost literally. The ball pad squishing your own nose into your face now feels warmer and more malleable.
 When the sock is first pulled into the air, blots and flecks of greyed lint fluff sprinkle out like confetti shreds. This is the lucky lint that gets to flutter free in the fresh air whereas other less lucky lint has spent the week lodged and compacted deep in the tiger's toe crotches, sodomised and broken down into black wet mush over time.

"You ever try shout for help, or signal out to a scouting police helicopter, this is what you're going to feel. Nothing but this. Heavy, raw, tiger foot covering your face 'till you can't make a squeak. Only way you survive this is if you submit. That's all you got to do. Submit." He says all this while staring into the slits between his now bare blazing orange toes, where your glimmering eyes are barred behind. No matter the context, threatening or reflective, Raúl' s dry grizzled voice is imbued with a certain calmness... never urgent. "But I’m not a bad host. I'll give you the scraps of my meal if you tell me who it is hiring you to sniff out my camp. Speak straight. No bullshit… or my dirty socks become part of your meal."

 Your body trembles for sundry reasons, mainly a creeping subservience. You speak against the white fur that paves his sole from heel to toe, only slightly muffled by the pressure his arch has against your lips. "I am telling you the truth, I came here alone! For an innocent jungle trek! Please believe me!"

 You get the suspicion that sock soup is going to be a menu item regardless of what you say. Ironically, while you're being as earnest and honest as possible here, in the alternative universe where you 'were' hired to spy on the smuggler, you would've still told him what he didn't want to hear just to get a drink of his rank sock juices.

Your story, obviously, still doesn't convince the rogue animal. He barely exhibits any emotion when he sighs and tosses his limp empty sock down into the dinner bowl on the ground. The impact makes a splash and although your face is still masked in foot you can imagine the semi-buoyant sock is now drenching in the stew's colours and flavours and steamy heat. Raúl doesn't stop glaring at you even as he leans down to snag a finger in the back of his other sock, (on the paw pressed flat into the soil currently), and peel away that one too making both his feet bare and all the more delectable.

 You shudder at the loud ***\*schlop!\**** of the second sock flinging into the bowl too, adding twice the tainted flavour. A quiet pause is followed by a light chuckle before your captor slides his foot from your face in one downward rush, swiping your nose and lips in between his muggy toes. You grimace when you realize how much you've forgotten the feel of fresh air but its gentle touch isn't as rewarding as you'd remembered, now that you've become more favourably attuned to the muggy heat and choking fumes of the tiger's foot weight. When the claws rake off your chin you're left dazed with faint paw print marks autographed in your skin; a souvenir of its time spent submerging you. Its ambiguous colour is made faint by the sweat inlaid in each print shape against your burning, blushing complexion. The taste of earthy foot dirt has left your lips dry so you subtly lick them back to normal.

 "You enjoy lying, huh? Can't have that, not in my campsite. Hijo de puta…" Raúl curses you in his own language, supposedly trying to intimidate you, but all you can feel is a starry eyed sense of excitement.

You squirm against the prisoner pole still panting and catching your breath, growing evermore intoxicated by the pheromones, stopping only to gulp the excess drool in your mouth before panting again like a pet dog. Your body tightens like a pulling rope when you watch the tiger dunk his hands in the bowl and pull out each dripping sock somewhat wasting the marinated flavours of sweat and onion and carrot all pulped into the semi waterlogged fabric.

 Raúl tortures you with a deviant smirk - the first in a long while - and claps his dripping hands compacting both socks together into one foul, tinted ball. Your eyes widen. The Bengal tiger stands to his feet sinking his barefooted body weight a half inch into the pliant dirt below him. He steps closer, playfully tossing the sock ball from one palm to the other, ignoring the squelches resounding either from the soupy socks or from the ground itself.

 The feline’s bulge packed and confined in the crotch of his military green trousers is suddenly directly at eye level with your face. You stare at its masculine formation and see his bulge twitch ever so inconspicuously. Even while he's wearing pants you can sense the raw warmth and power of his groin. It lingers less than an inch from the tip of your nose but instead of fawning over it any longer you tilt your head upwards as far as you can permit, angling your view up the steep muscular form of the tiger looming over you. Even from this frightful perspective Raúl's natural beauty is more overwhelming than his ferocity. Frequent droplets of flavour drip from the socks above, threading each trickle through the tiger's clenching fingers.

"Open. Wide." His commands hit as bluntly as a cudgel.

 You open your mouth and shiver at the droplets that constantly fall onto you. Raúl interlocks his fingers and squeezes the wet cottony wad between his palms aiming the drips over your lips. The filthy socks (now stained orange and yellow all over) drain out slow drizzles at first that pitter-patter over your lips, seep over your teeth and rain down your tongue giving off a taste of sudden sourness. You wretch a little - involuntarily - and close your eyes while the tiger clenches his socks tighter, gritting his own teeth as he wrings out more moisture… more acrid untenable flavours. You take it graciously when it streams across your face because this is your first meal in hours, even if it hardly does constitute as a meal. You hold your tongue out, head bent up, panting and heaving freely allowing yourself to be degraded for this superior animal. The tiger next grips the two separate ends of his socks and twists them, straining out every darkly dew drop available. You lick your own chin to catch the spills savouring all the sock juice that filters through. At times you can't decide if the earthy taste is Raúl's lacklustre cooking of the stew itself, or if it's the residue of filth and grime squeezed out of his unwashed footwear. As you drink it up hungrily, the shapely tiger crotch bumps lightly against your chin having bulged and extended some since he stood up.

 Raúl doesn't seem to notice his 'chub' yet because he’s too employed in the job of punishing you for your apparent insubordination. Finally he peels the two socks apart holding each one per hand, by the tips, so the wrinkled fabric can hang in shame above you.
 "Last little bit left," He states coldly as he shakes the socks and lets them drip-dry over you for the last few minutes. Soon enough they have nothing left to give, no more nutrition or juice, only the sight of their soggy fuzzed textile now toned a newer more pungent colour.

You moan graciously, smacking your lips and absorbing every last mote of this delicacy before the emboldened feline once again tosses his socks aside only this time discarding them into the yellowish dirt a few feet away, intending on abandoning them from this point forward. They have served their purpose.
 The experience has exhausted you though. Your head flops limply and you stare down at the tiger's bare feet. His big implacable toes are flexed and suffused on the ground where the dirt is permitted to squelch up between them, filling the toe gaps. Flecks of dirt blemish the vibrant orange tops of his feet too, as well as the originally white soles.

***\*PSCHT!\****

 A shocking, sudden stinging sensation arcs across the side of your face when a big tiger hand-paw slaps you on the cheek! Raúl uses very minimal and harmless force compared to his actual brute strength but the speed of those thick black hand pads moving through the air is enough to leave a sharp impact regardless.

 "Ow!" You exclaim with great offense.

 "Look up. Look into my eyes, coño," He calmly demands. You blink away the pain and frown up into those gorgeous tangerine eyes and their narrow cat-like pupils. "Gonna cut you a deal. I don't want to look after myself and a prisoner all day too. Tired of doing it already. But I'm not letting you go free either… can't trust you enough yet for that. How about instead I untie your wrists right now and let you sleep in my cabin, with me? All you got to do is obey the things I say, every little thing. Don't care how much you say no, you do it. You do the cooking. You do the cleaning. You keep me company. No excuses."

 Your heart beats at hummingbird speed. "S-so, like a hostage situation?" You ask, unapologetically eager in your wording.

 "Sure... We can call it that. I would just say, esclavo de la casa, personally."

 Your eyes light up. You've only been vacationing in Colombia for a short time but you'd still picked up enough Español to recognize the words 'house slave'.

In moments your aching, taut arms find relief and liberation after the tiger pulls a small flip-knife from his pocket and cuts loose the ropes behind you, (which had kept your wrists fastened together since your capture this morning). You wince but still celebrate by flicking away the numbness from your hands and rubbing the pink grazes on each wrist, with Raúl watching your every movement with carefully predatory focus. Now that you're freed from the bindings the criminal is on edge. You at least have the wit to make no sudden movements.

 After the blood properly recirculates through your body and you can finally relax, you stare at the unblinking feline and decide to ask the hanging question, "Aren't you afraid I'll run away now?"

 Unexpectedly he grins, genuinely showing amusement but also purposefully showing his sets of thick, sharp tiger fangs. It’s an obvious threat. Raúl grabs your now untied hand and pulls it to his abdomen, lurching you forward! He guides your hand under his cream tank top and rests your palm against the firm furry bumps of his abs, which expel such comfortable warmth you wish your hand could stay there forever.

"You feel these tiger muscles?" He questions, rhetorically.

 You nod. Your voice is caught in your throat.

 "Think you can wrestle free from that kind of strength?" He asks.

 This time you shake your head.

 Raúl then drags your hand off his abs, deliberately skims it over his bulge but then keeps lowering your arm until it rests on his striped leg. You take the opportunity to sensually grope the curves of velvet, sinew and brawn with both of your hands this time. He releases your arm, letting you touch him tenderly on your own accord.

 "You feel these tiger legs?" (Again, he asks rhetorically), "You think you can outrun them?"

 "Never..." You whisper in submission, still massaging the leg, sandwiching his calf muscle gently between your palms; fixated on the outer softness and the inner hardness.

 You hear a deep guttural purr in the tiger's lungs when he sighs and arrogantly replies: "Good. Then that's all the warning I need to give you. I will say one final thing though. You are my esclavo, I am your dueño, which means you hold your tongue until I want it used for my pleasure."

Your hands run down his shins and your fingers comb through the velvety pelt on the top of his muddied paw, tracking lines along the impenetrably thick bones and knuckles within. Raúl steps back and ignorantly turns away. You sigh as you're left holding empty air where his leg just was but the tiger - while walking away from you - purses his lips and whistles for you to follow. He doesn't need to look over his shoulder and check in on you because your obedience is already expected. On his way out he leaves behind his socks lying wet and smelly in the mire.

Raúl picks up his boots and saunters barefoot through the jungle dirt, with your mesmerised eyes locked on the backs of his legs fondly watching every footfall; the way the dirt compacts and sinks underfoot with sponge cake consistency, peeling off and plastering to the tiger's soles differently each time either in glistening smears or muddy chunks. When his heel and arch is lifted during each step you can see the depth in his soles and the force of their weight.  In rare glances you can see the quantity of dirt richly glazing those tepid black pads before the paw thumps hard and flat back into the ground squashing into a sloppy albeit established paw print in the muck. Each longing gaze you give to his prints makes you wish you could be the tiger's ground for the day; an object permanently stood upon until your own surface is just as heavily imprinted and marked.

When Raúl reaches the cabin he stops and watches you catch up, stumbling and trembling after being forced to kneel throughout the entire day previously.

 "Esclavo..." He whispers under his breath, not to address you or summon your attention but to remind himself proudly that in this moment he owns you, and there is nobody else around to prescribe you any rights or dignities. "What're you doing, walking upright? You think I untied you so you could be humanised? Go on. Back down on your knees. Prisoner like you should always crawl in my presence, low to the floor, so you don’t forget your place."

 He smirks when you dejectedly lower back down onto all fours beside him, feeling your face heat up with embarrassment.

 "You... you really seem to like humiliating me," You say, timidly, too scared to accidentally insult your captor.

 "'Cause I still think you're in with the law, like some pawn, and I've got personal beef against your type. Always waited for this day too, y'know? Always wanted to humiliate the piss out of a policia officer as revenge--"

The tiger interrupts himself to push open the cabin door - a squeaky, weathered porch door with mesh protection - and jerks his head to the side silently gesturing for you to crawl on through, which you do, with him following behind. The room is dingy but large. Dusky sunlight fingers through the window panes which are covered in chicken-wire instead of glass. The furniture is dated, primitive and minimal. All in the one room there are sun-faded rugs, old wrought kitchen appliances, grimy benches stacked with unwashed plates, a stone fireplace, several messy tables and wicker chairs and a bare mattress sprawled atop the queen sized bed frame. Tattered posters of naked female anthros are pinned around the walls. Empty beer bottles with Spanish branding litter the room, too. The nose-clenching stink of nicotine and male B.O hangs in the room like a mist.
 Raúl slams shut the door behind him. You turn around on your knees and observe him attentively. As he approaches he lazily dumps his hand on a packet of cigarettes waiting on the nearby table. The packet scrunches in his humongous grip. With his other hand he rummages in his pants pocket for a Zippo lighter. All the while he continues talking: "--Yeah, revenge. Got snitched on back when I was only 19 by some undercover runt like you. Served a few years in a shithole clink because of it but you want to know the kicker? One of the guards there had eyes for me, always pretending to search me for contraband just to pat my body down. Would even sniff my clothes and shoes to smell for marijuana, or so he liked to pretend. Got to the point of obsession he forgot the first rule, *dar papaya*... 'don't lower your guard'."

You can see the tiger grinning in remembrance. He lights his cigarette and takes a long puff, slowly approaching closer and closer. At first you listen to the heavy claps of his bare squalid soles on the wood floor. The sound comes to a stop when Raúl stands over you, either unaware or uncaring that he has tracked firmly flattened muddy paw prints through the cabin.
 Through the sifting, wisping smoke of his cigarette you can see a sadistic glint in his eyes. "What happened to the guard?" You finally ask.

 Raúl smirks. "Lie on your back and I'll give you a real demonstration, esclavo."

You gulp. You lower yourself flat out like a starfish on the uncomfortably stiff floor. The air is erect with tension. Two vivacious tiger eyes scan you, admiring your vulnerable submissive position.

"This guard, a young hare, actually wanted me to rub him off with my foot paw like it's his fetish or something. Says he'd suck me off too if I wanted. *¡Gilipollas ingenuo!* So… he follows me behind the cell block and unzips his pants… lies down just like you are now... and you know what I do next?"

 The tiger takes another dramatic drag of his cigarette and subdues a cough. Then, in a completely unanticipated series of events he begins to act out the story with shocking realism. Without any conscious thought, with an unflappable and mellowed nonchalance, Raúl's paw pries slowly off the floor peeling from its most recent splattered paw print and then THUMPS down on your groin so fast you aren’t granted any reaction or reflex until the weight has landed. The sound is like yeast and water being slopped down from the mixing bowl to the floor. An aching shockwave is sent out through your hips and abdomen. Your groin is suddenly and heavily burdened under cushy hot black leather pads; an unsuspected victim of this compressing stomp! You yelp like a startled dog! Your knees shoot up but this only squeezes the paw by its breadth in between your clenching thighs. Your heart rides up your throat and you gasp loudly. You feel sick but seduced. Those hot loaves of pliant padding sink deeper, fitting and forming like a clay mould around your genitals. Your entire groin buzzes and splutters and shakes and radiates heat like an old motor the more it squashes into that heavenly glade of tiger sole.
 “HMMMNNN!?” You seal your lips tight and contain your loud moan of mixed reaction. It’s so difficult to stay lying flat, to refuse your upper body from instinctively vaulting up from the floor.

Raúl’s toes crawl and edge their way over the bump of your bulge until they can comfortably grope it in the summery swelter of their digits, eclipsing it from sight. His paw is curved sharply in your thigh gap with the heel rubbing up against your perineum. "Yeah… just like that,” He replies with sociopathic calmness. “He made that same noise when my sole started pressing down its bare heavy shape on his little cock. I laughed at his little cock and squeezed it in my toes, like this…”
 Your entire bulge is massaged by the slow splay of Raúl’s toes flexing apart revealing the dirt and grinded filth they have stained into your pants fabric. You huff in stunted breaths, trying to pant out the stress and strain of being stepped on in such a sensitive region. Your face is already bright red and shimmering in sweat. You release one long continuous gritty groan while the tiger’s toes fiddle and spread and playfully clench on your groin until they find the shape of your shaft lying trapped within. Once found, the toes start to smother it under their dirty pads and tap on it heavily until it hardens more and more.
 “Heh… He didn’t expect me to step on him either. Thought he was getting a gentle paw job, only I don't play like that. I'm not some 'puta pata', I'm a king of beasts. Even at 19 years old stuck in a prison compound, I show this guard that nobody tops me.”
 You shudder and gargle your saliva when one toe in particular sees fit to stroke the shape of your shaft, running the length of it over and over each time stroking in a pattern of dirty toe prints. Heaviest of all is his ball pad, rolling its sweaty substantial surface up against the front of your balls like a large wave rocking a small boat.

“This is a favourite memory of mine,” The tiger boasts, leaning forward so his leg weight compacts and bears down even more until your groin is a hot putty underfoot. “So I’m going to relive it with you. Down to the every detail… brace yourself, esclavo, because I didn’t go easy on that fuzzy little hare. Now spread your legs. I know you are trying to trap my leg between yours but don’t you forget it is me in control of this, not you! El dueño siempre gana.”
 You whimper and submit to his every whim lessening the tension of your rigid leg muscles, slowly parting them from the vice-like hold they had of the tiger’s big muddy paw. Your legs tremble and quiver as they lower and resume their helpless position on the cabin floor. Cigarette smoke trails in two ghostly plumes from the tiger’s nostrils in the meantime. He takes another quiet puff before resuming his story, never once easing the significant pressure planted on your hardening bulge. You’re in love and fear all at once of this superior animal. You crave him to exhibit every ounce of his muscular weight on you; a craving that is soon approved.

You manage to muster the ability to speak, if only briefly. “W-w-what happened next?”
 “What happened next?” Raúl smirks, splaying his toes one last time to illustrate the point. “Guard started to whimper a lot. Guy probably thought he was under attack and was starting to realize his mistake following me back there. Luckily for me, I’m smarter than him. I realize he’s about to make a lot of noise and alert the other guards if I keep standing on his little cock like this. Could’ve just stepped off him and laughed about it, made him feel safe and horny again, but I wanted to have some fun since I could never get my revenge on a real policia officer. He would suffice as my plaything.”
 You gulp, almost dreading the answer knowing it will only be demonstrated on you, but still you ask: “S-so how… how did you keep him quiet?”
 “Mm… felpudo.”
 “And what does that mean?” You squeak, raking your fingers on the floor every time you feel your genitals shift or squash about underneath all those thick black pads. The warm dampness of the muck and mud slathered over his sole is starting to seep into your pants making you shiver some more.
 “It means doormat, stupid,” Raúl responds with a smoky mouthful of breath. So begins the next stage of the re-enactment, again, without any polite warning of how unbearable it may be on your physical form.

For the second time a sculpted, stripy tiger leg peels off the imprinted floor and courses through the air dripping with dirt before it hovers over your torso. You catch a glimpse of his sole which is layered in thick discoloured mud like caramel-chocolate frosting, built up especially around the edges of his pads, otherwise matted flat into his white sole fur. Raúl moves fast and lowers this second paw down into your supple intestines. Both his legs are now implanted into you, meaning no weight is spared or assuaged. It is all anchored into you; hundreds of pounds of raw feline brawn. The pressure inside your skull swells and your eyes start to water. You try bloat your stomach to give your organs some room but Raúl skids his first paw forward off your groin, past his other leg, and slides it to a stop over your stomach. There is a clear wake of mud grazed up your abdomen now and your shirt has accidentally been pulled up your stomach too, baring a patch of your flesh and marking your skin with some of the grime detritus.
 Your intestines are stomach are squashing now and your groin is left to try and recover, but instead the new distribution of trampling tiger mass only makes your body frost over with numbness and discomfort. You barely have the capacity to grunt or gargle now. Your fingers feel stiff and numb but regardless you try to grab his two ankles and lift them off, to no avail. Raúl stands on top of you treating you like a worthless rug. The hot curvaceous shapes of his soles sprawl over your torso stamping in new paw prints. Does Raúl care that you look so breathless and tormented? Does he care that he is simply too much animal bulk for one measly human body to support? No. Instead, he takes pleasure from it. And in his supposed experience of trampling weaker smaller creatures, the tiger knows how to manipulate the situation so that you’re never truly in any harm.

“Feel that tension in your chest?” He asks, tauntingly, before he starts to wipe his feet off on you in degrading doormat fashion.
 Your nerves tingle every time the soles scrape back and forth one at a time, warmly overtop of you, clearing off parcels of mud and treaded leaves and sweat into your wrinkled shirt and skin. Your bones seem to jolt every time the wiping finishes and the respective paw thuds back into its chosen spot on your lower torso.
 “Feel your stomach churning under me? How it feels like you can’t get a word out, and all you can do is pace every pitiful breath while you try withstanding my power?” He asks, describing your real-time experience with great knowledge.
 “M—mhm!” You grunt, at the expense of your body’s self-defence mechanisms.
 The end of Raúl’s cigarette glows as he draws in another bitter puff. “That’s how the hare described it, afterwards. Except he couldn’t tell me that for a long time, not until I was finished trampling, and I can tell you now that I took ALL the time I could. Felt like hours. I walked right over him like he was nothing; a little like this…”

He cues himself for a heavy stroll up your body; a devious torture where he happily walks onto both sides of your ribcage at the same time squeezing you down like an empty juice carton, leaving fresh paw prints in you every step of the way. He never stands for too long in one spot lest it cause some internal damage. The tiger has no intention of hurting you, only emasculating you under his prideful feet. You’re in love with your captor because he can demean you in sexual ways you never thought possible, but you didn’t expect trampling to feel so brutal. Your entire chest feels crunchy under his soles and your gasps come out dry but nevertheless you are safe underneath him.
 After stepping on your chest and possibly bruising the skin into flat ball pad and toe digit motifs, Raúl grants your lifelong wish and dumps one hefty dirty paw right over your face, giving you that sweet familiar texture and odour you’d received earlier after he’d first whipped off his socks. Burnt woodchips and buttered corn… the musk is a vaporous delight still ingrained in his black pads and you can smell it the instant your nose returns where it belongs most; an inch deep into that sumptuous, deluxe, profuse ball pad. It’s like returning home after a long absence… only this time the flavours you lovingly inhale through your flattening deflated and sore nostrils are increased by the presence of natural dirt. That organic peaty stink is a true aphrodisiac.
 “Mmmmphff…” Your moan is almost indistinguishable beneath those sound-proof pads smothering you into the floorboards.
 You haven’t been given the specific permission to sniff his feline feet but this is a deeply subconscious desire that roots throughout your entire life. You have waited years to adore an anthro’s paws and you won’t wait any longer, so your twist your hot clammy asphyxiated face deeper into his pads and languish yourself in its endless leather for a long sniff that roasts your lungs and throat. You can smell the sweat. The old putrid lint. The smears of mud. The crumbs of physical grime. The potent B.O. You keep sniffing until your eyelids flicker underneath the toe pads suppressing your entire brow. You can feel your face melting into a gooey puddle of passion, and likewise you can feel the dirty paw print that is setting down its prominent shape on your skin. The hormones have your mouth sopping with saliva, which you would use to rinse over your captor’s paws and soak them clean if only the white arch fur wasn’t imprisoning your mouth shut.

So much bliss is infused in this moment you forget entirely about the hurtful weight of the tiger’s full body standing on your skull and ribs. All you can fixate on is that cornfield smell and the muggy, wet heat centred over your face.
 Meanwhile with minimal emotion Raúl has stood in place, leaning forward staring ceaselessly down at the tops of his feet. He spends the time enjoying his cigarette but internally he wonders how you’re possibly enjoying this to make your fetish so obvious. The air rushing under the surface of his ball pad makes your sniffing obvious, but Raúl doesn’t seem to mind so long as it keeps you resigned and submissive.
 “I like you more when you’re down there. Might keep you there whenever I need peace and quiet.”
 His remarks hardly meet your ears. There’s simply too much distraction in the treading of your facial features for you to hear any sounds or voices, beyond that of the floorboards creaking underneath your back whenever the tiger shifts his weight.

For the next few minutes the beast repeatedly peels his paw off your head just a half inch – enough to bait you into snorting the necessary gulps of fresh air before it settles back into its comfort zone in the centre of your face, back into the black and brown splattered runny paw print which squashes out of shape and slightly deforms with each new press. The motions conceive a damp squelch each time. Being a useless doormat has its perks but right now there’s no way to communicate to the Bengal tiger that one side of your ribcage, (where his other leg still stands), feels overly brittle and compressed. As well as this, your skull rings and through your clenched eyes you can still see bursts of colour every time he steps down on your head. It was only easier to accept a faceful of Raúl’s foot during the sunset because you were sitting upright, back then.
 “Not much difference between you and that scrawny hare, now that I think about it,” Raúl realises. He then returns to falsely accusing you of your association to the Colombian national police: “Guess that makes me feel pretty vindicated. First him, now you. I should make a habit of trampling law enforcement flat into musky puddles.”

The moment the tiger turns around to walk back down your body he disunites your face from his slick, cosy padding and leaves your head exposed to the bare air; one where the raunchy stink of masculinity lingers lightly but divorced from the physical touch you’ve become so enamoured with. Your vision returns from its blurry deviation and you find yourself staring up at the backside of the tiger. Your paradise persists at least, because you’re still allowed to serve as his trample mat. Jolts, twitches and groans live on as a frequent reaction you have to the paralytic treads and stomps of his bare feet cat-walking down your torso. Your heart palpitates nervously when one paw steps down on top of it before the weight ascends and drops down on your other vitals instead. Until your body learns to tolerate the pressure of your captor, you’re going to keep feeling nothing but protective insensible insulating numbness wherever he steps. At the very least, this means you can endure the trample without needing to howl or yelp in agony.

This loss of feeling becomes an essential self-defence tactic for the next five minutes Raúl spends tracing his steps, taking laps over your body, following his own dirty paw prints filling them again and again until they start to imprint more tender pink bruises in your flesh. Over this five minutes the tiger describes the actions a young Raúl performed on the prison guard in tandem to the places he walks on you. All this remorseless treading – and the story in tow – gradually ends with him standing spread-leg on your shoulders, balanced delicately, anchoring each paw harshly down and curling his toes over each shoulder. He stares down past his crotch at your blushing face below, smugly grinning.
 “He was pretty busted up,” The tiger gloats referencing his story. “Luckily guard uniforms cover everything from the neck down, so we could keep it a secret. Guess he wasn’t too shook up though since he came back for more and more. Think I might have introduced him to a whole new fetish and if I had to hedge a bet, he’s probably still there trying to get himself trampled by others too. Hell, any anthro in there wouldn’t hesitate to debase him, maybe march over him, jump on his fuzzy little face. Glad I got you instead though, you seem like a much better esclavo.” He winks down at you.

Eventually when Raúl’s cigarette becomes stunted enough that he can feel the heat on his fingertips he gives a final exhale that flows through his gritted fangs before he walks off your body, rattling and vibrating the floorboards with the force of his footfalls. Your entire physique is relieved now that its bodily functions are able to persist normally, (without the tiger stamping your bones and organs). Though it will take many hours to reconcile and feel like your usual self again at least you can be proud that you’ve been tracked up and down with the arousing evidence that you were a living doormat; that evidence being the distinctly large paw prints imbedded all over your shirt and pants in varying directions and varying levels of grime.
 You take several more long winded breaths before gathering yourself up from the floor, rising only to your knees and not to your full height. When you hear a sharp bouncing squeak you look over your shoulder to see the tiger has gone over to his bed and fallen lazily on top of it; his sturdy legs spread out and his heels propped with ease on the black metal railing at the foot of the bed. His tall body occupies the entire length of the mattress. When Raúl tosses one of his pillows down on the floor and then centres his only other one neatly under his heavy head, you realize quickly that this is all the effort he will make in giving you your own place to sleep.
 “This is where you’ll lie later tonight,” He states. “On the floor, right on the side of the bed I like to climb out of each morning. Means you’ll be the first thing I walk on every day, ‘till I consider letting you go free… if that day ever comes. Truth is your flesh is real comfortable to stand on and easy to wipe my soles over, not like that fur on that rabbit.”
 “Th-thank you sir,” You say, wincing at your pained ribs that ache as you speak. You can still feel the phantom residual pressure that was trodden into them only moments ago, as if your body doesn’t want to forget. “I know I’m your prisoner, but I’m honoured to serve you and I’ll do whatever you say!”
 Raúl stares forward at the tops of his feet, running his eyes along every tapering black stripe upon them. He blows out a sigh of exhaustion and tucks his hands behind his head, moving his heavy orange gaze over to you which makes you immediately sheepish. Every word he says is in the effort of debasing you until you forget your humanity, it seems. “Sure, they’re still dirty for now,” (He says), “But if you’ve got any manners you’ll do your job and clean them off… and clean all my prints I’ve left on the ground too. There’s a scrubbing brush under the sink but if you’re lucky I’ll let you lick them off the floor. Not now though. When I’m asleep, later. Just don’t clean off the prints I left on you no matter what. They symbolize your weakness and I want to see you covered in tiger tracks every time I look at you. No objections. ¿Entiende usted?”
 You nod understandingly. Your blush has now congregated to every corner of your face and although the throbbing of your trampled body now grows in its discomfort you can’t help but feel sustained and satisfied with everything that Raúl has done to mistreat you. He could have done worse, especially given his criminal history and his volatile attitude towards law enforcement – which he still assumes of you – but instead he took the less travelled path of simply imprisoning you into the role of his house slave, his ‘esclavo’. You’re not a clairvoyant person by any means, but something tells you that this degraded lifestyle at the tiger’s paws is going to be your destiny for a long time yet.

THE END