

This story is a monthly Patreon reward for GuyThreepwood (FA)



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Friendly Worship

“YOU DIED”

Those haunting red words filled the bottom part of the large TV screen as the unnerving death sound resonated inside the large living room.

“GOD DAMNIT!” Rick shouted, getting up from the white couch he was sitting on, ready to throw his controller on the ground in a fit of rage. Fortunately, he kept his frustration in, and sat back down with a sigh of frustration as the screen faded to black.

“It’s not like I had a second controller...” He muttered.

As he was getting ready to start again, the chime of his doorbell rang around the entire house, surprising the human.

“Oh, he’s already here?” Rick looked at the time on his phone. “3.02 AM... I’ve been playing more than I thought...” He thought to himself.

Rick nonchalantly got up and moved to the entrance door and opened the door to his early guest. In front of him was standing a tall anthropomorphic white tiger, with long black hairs and red eyes that seemed to pierce through his soul. It would have been threatening if the human didn’t know they were just contacts covering his yellow irises’ natural hue. He was wearing a grey shirt with a black Atari logo on its front, and dark blue shorts that stopped right above knee level. As for his footwear, he was rocking simple black flip flops. To resume, a casual summer outfit, with the only thing kind of uncommon about his clothes being the silver ring on his right ankle and toe ring on the second toe of his left foot.

“Hey Kian!” Rick greeted his furry friend with a timid wave. He had always felt pretty uneasy next to him, as his short and scrawny body felt even more pitiful than it already was, and his neglected long hairs were contrasted with his friend’s gorgeous mane.

“Yo, how’s it going?” The tiger responded, moving past his host as he entered the house.

“Well... I keep dying against the lunar abomination.”, he replied without hiding his frustration, pointing towards the screen behind him.

“Aaw, talk about a bad day...” The tiger reacted with a chuckle. He walked to the centre of the living room, seemingly looking for something. “Hey, your parents still ain’t here, right? I forgot to greet them last time, I feel kinda guilty.” He continued.

“No, they’re still in China for their business. But that means I have the house for myself, which is great!” The human replied.

A moment of silence followed.

Friendly Worship

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"A...Anyway..." Rick scratched the bridge of his nose as a nervous tick. "You should get to work now..." Rick asked, changing the subject.

"Yes, you're right." The tiger wrapped his arm around his friend's shoulder. "You know... I'm glad I can count on a friend like you." The tiger said, very grateful for the help of his childhood friend.

"H-Huh, yeah... Whatever..." The human babbled, trying to hide the blush he got from this sudden closeness with his friend.

"For real, I know I've been squatting your laptop for two weeks and you must be frustrated..." Kian moved his head closer to his pal's and with a smile, he whispered in his ears. "If I can do anything in return, you just have to tell me, okay?" He ended his sentence with a more than evocative slurping noise.

Rick's heart skipped a beat. He both hated how flustered Kian would knowingly make him, but also loved this sense of closeness from his friend. He was always scared this part of him was a bit cringy, but Kian's confidence and acceptance made him feel better about it, even if they were just simple jokes. But despite how much he secretly liked the teases, it didn't mean he would let himself get bashful without a defence. He quickly evaded the friendly embrace and attempted to look unphased.

"H-How did you manage to break yours anyway?" He asked with a cold tone.

"Hahaha, acting stern, I see..." Kian chuckled. "That dog bastard gave me one of those USB killer things. You know, you plug the thing in, and your computer just dies. He told me it contained the results of next week's tests, and I believed him like a dumbass. I should have known this guy had a vendetta against me ever since I became the captain of the basketball team..."

"Oh, you're talking about Mitch?" Rick caught on his friend's words. "That doesn't surprise me from him." The human crossed his arms. "Well, that will teach you to attempt cheating..."

"Nah... That will teach me to not attempt cheating with trustworthy people." He concluded with a wink addressed to his human friend, who turned his back to him, trying to hide his bashfulness.

"Whatever you say..." He said, not daring to face his friend.

"Anyway, where's the beast?" Kian asked, deciding to give his buddy a break.

"The... The 'beast'?" The human raised an eyebrow, fearing it might be another tease.

"Your laptop, I mean." The tiger corrected himself.

"Oh!" Rick exclaimed as he turned around. "I think I left my bag around there when I got home yesterday." He explained pointing to a corner of the living room. "Last day's classes just drained me, the first thing I did as soon as I came back was throwing my bag and crashing on the couch."

Friendly Worship

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“Philosophy classes, am I right?” The white tiger jokingly proclaimed as he made his way to the direction pointed by the human. He crouched down and started rummaging in the bag. “Personally, I fell asleep during the class.”

“Heh, you missed quite the show. You should have heard the teacher talk about the roots of stoicism, he started to take that almighty tone, like he thought he was a comedian or... Something...” His mind wandered off mid-sentence as Kian was crouching next to the bag, exposing his bare soles as he was relying on his tip toes to support his weight.

Rick blushed hard. Very hard. He was mesmerized by the lifted tarsus of his buddy's smooth and divine looking feet. The white soles were visible from behind as a few wrinkles were timidly showing themselves, caused by the strong tension given by the paws' current stretch. The human's eyes widened from the view of the tiger's creamy white soles, as he felt like a rock had been dropped onto his stomach. And that ice blue heel pad protruding from the rounded surface... It was the cherry on the cake. Kian's feet were the most gorgeous, beautiful, inviting looking paws that he had ever seen, and he had seen a lot of paws on the Internet, whether it be pictures or videos. But his friend's feet held a special place in his heart. Nobody could imagine how much he dreamed of pushing his nose under these delicate pads and take in the scent and taste of his buddy's foot paws.

“I almost wish I was awake!”, The tiger responded, pulling Rick away from his daydream.

“O-Oh, yeah, that was nice, haha...” The human replied, although he had already forgotten what he was talking about, too hypnotized by the beautiful scenery he had just witnessed.

“Hah, found it!” Kian exclaimed, as he retrieved a black coloured portable computer from the schoolbag. He turned to his human friend with a smile of pride and achievement on his face, holding the large rectangle like a trophy.

“O-Oh, Cool...” Rick replied, still thinking about his friend's paws. He shook his head, hoping that it would get these thoughts out of his brain. “I-I'm going to keep playing here, you can work in my bedroom if you don't want to get distracted.” He continued.

“I'll do that then, thanks again!” The tiger answered, his voice gradually fading away as he walked towards the staircase, up on the second floor where Rick's room was located.

“You're welcome!” Rick shouted, hoping his friend would hear.

Kian was taken by surprise when he opened the door to his friend's bedroom. He discovered a spacious and tidy space, elegantly filled with spruce wood pieces of furniture which colour contrasted with the blue painted walls, and a carefully made bed, which sheets were the same colour as the walls.

“Seems he's done a bit of cleaning since last time...” The tiger thought, before entering the lair.

Friendly Worship

Story by Ohmagaz

On the wall opposite to the door, a working chair and a desk were waiting under a large roof window that filtered the light coming through it. The feline sat on the chair and placed the laptop on the desk, opened it and turned it on, as the boot up sound disturbed the tranquillity that reigned in the room.

“Alright, gotta get to work!” The tiger said to himself, as he stretched on the comfortable seat.

For the following hour, a relative quietness returned, only broken by the sound of fingers typing on the keyboard. Website after website, tab after tab, the tiger was researching, documenting, and analysing anything related to the assignment he had been given, in a single, elegantly formatted document. The pages were slowly filled with studies, graphics, and text excerpts until it reached the length required by the teacher. Kian saved and closed the browser and his now finished document, sighing from the satisfaction of a job well done. He looked at the bottom right of the screen.

“Wait... It has only been one hour?” The feline scratched his chin, puzzled. He would have easily taken at least twice this time to produce at least half the pages he had written there.

He looked around the room and quickly guessed that the calm and relaxing environment around him had boosted his creativity. Compared to his family’s house where sounds of screaming and shouting echoed from every wall, his friend’s household felt like a time capsule. The feline had finished his work and a side of him was telling him to leave and meet his friend back downstairs, but Kian still wanted to spend a little more time in the room. The tiger breathed deeply before reaching a conclusion.

“Thirty minutes. I’ll stay for thirty more minutes...” He said to himself, content of the compromise he found between the two parts of him tearing each other. “But what to do during that time...” He wondered.

He looked to his left and noticed a framed picture hanging over the bed. It was a picture of Rick and Kian from a few years ago. Each of them was holding a baseball glove, as they were in the same club at the time. When he thought about it, Kian realised how much Rick had helped him throughout the years.

“I should thank Rick for his help...” He thought.

A strange idea suddenly popped up in his brain. Kian opened the browser again and clicked on the three dots icon at the top right. Then, he clicked on the “History” button from the pop-up menu. The tiger’s plan was to search what Rick had been recently interested in and figure out what would be the best gift for him. Even if he felt wrong for rummaging through his friend’s intimacy, that was the least Kian could do for the help his childhood friend had given him. Besides, that would give Kian the occasion to delete his latest searches from the browser history as well.

“Let’s see...”

Friendly Worship

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Determined, the feline read different names of different websites his friend had visited, trying to spot the icons he had seen before, while trying not to delve into the browser log's every entry.

But even at the best of his capacities, Kian couldn't help but notice the same unknown icon and name repeatedly popping up in the list. It was, in fact, a name he had chuckled at the first time he had seen it, not thinking much of that denomination. But now that he was seeing this label return time and time again, sometimes from up to 10 times in a row, he couldn't ignore it anymore. That name was...

"TigerPaw.net..." Kian repeated. He took a moment to wonder if he was about to do the right thing, before he decided to click on one of the logs leading to the website, not wanting to let an opportunity of finding a perfect gift for Rick go away. If his friend had visited this site multiple times, something in here must have sparked his interest, right? "Given the name, it's probably a footwear store..." He thought, unprepared for what he was he was about to witness.

His jaw dropped, as he was suddenly met with a large photography of a male Bengal tiger's paw covering the entire screen. Taken by surprise, it took Kian a few seconds to get the idea to scroll down and read the multitude of comments praising the exposed body part.

"What the..." The tiger clicked on the other links and was each time sent to the picture of tigers and other feline's paws shown in a multitude of poses. He gulped. "I've definitely gone too far..." He said to himself.

He was about to close the website and delete any trace of his snooping on his friend's computer, but his unhealthy curiosity brought him to reading a bunch of the comments from under a picture of a leopard licking a lion's paw. That is when a username caught his eyes.

*from **Burgkan13***

I've got a tiger friend who has beautiful feet like these, I wish I could do the same thing...

Kian froze like a statue upon reading. The tiger recognized the username. It was the one Rick always used in online games, down to the exact same number. All of a sudden, everything clicked in his head. He had often seen his buddy looking down on the ground, before quickly lifting his head back up whenever he realised Kian had seen him. Could he have been looking at...? The tiger looked at his feet.

"No way..." Kian wiggled his toes in his flip flops and smiled. He had found the jackpot.

The tiger spent the next 20 minutes browsing through TigerPaw.net, discovering and feeding his curiosity about his friend's strange interest. He read through the multitude of comments sent from the not-so-anonymous account, catching on each of this specific user's desires and fantasies. When he was done, he deleted all traces of his passage and turned the computer off.

"Time to thank you, Rick..." He whispered as he exited the room, laptop in his hands.

“YOU DIED”

“...” Rick was speechless, unable to find any form of producible sound that could express his frustration right now. How many attempts had proven unsuccessful already? Thirty, forty? Maybe more. He had stopped counting at that point. All that mattered was trying again. He wasn't even mad or angry anymore, he was just tired of failing over and over again.

He was so focused that he didn't even hear the creaking stairs Kian came down. He didn't see the tiger put the computer back into his back, nor did he see him approaching the couch either. In fact, his focus was broken at the very moment his friend sat down next to him. The human paused the game and turned to his friend.

“You finished?” He said sternly, not realising how cold he sounded.

“Yup.” He exclaimed joyously. “Your room is very calm, it was such a breeze to work under these conditions...”

“Yeah, I'm pretty lucky on that...” He replied with a warmer tone.

He observed his friend's face for a moment, puzzled. Something was strange. Kian seemed to be holding a sort of wry smile, or a chuckle. Not one of mockery, it seemed kinder than that. Confused, Rick handed him his controller, figuring out what the cause of this strange expression may have been.

“You wanna play? I know you've beaten this boss, mind helping me?” He proposed.

“Mmmh...” The tiger thought for a few seconds. “Fine. Gimme it.” He responded, snapping the remote from the human's hands.

For around a minute, Kian simply played the game, traversing the difficult area with much less difficulty than his friend. But even with his sharper skills and better movement, he died a first time to the boss.

“This attack is just a pain to dodge...” He commented, glued to the screen and witnessing his friend's new attempt.

Kian smiled. His friend was distracted, that was the perfect moment to start teasing him. All of a sudden, he removed his flip flops and rested them on his friend's lap.

“You know, it was so hot, today, my feet are very tired...” He proclaimed, mimicking a yawn at the same time he was saying that.

Rick didn't say a thing for a moment. He was so flabbergasted by what had just happened that he didn't know how to react at first. His heart rate dramatically increased as he felt the pressure of his friend's powerful ankles and heels weigh down on his shorts. He could just look down and watch helplessly, as a dream of his had just been granted out of nowhere. It didn't help that the tiger's toes were gently swaying and wiggling under his face, letting a sample of their moistness and steaminess ascend to his nose, while pleasing his eyes with the swift and fluid dance. Rick blushed and repressed

Friendly Worship

Story by Ohmagaz

a moan. His breathing started to become uncontrollable, as he was struck into a dissimulated panic state. What was this all about? Kian had never behaved like that with him... Even if it was platonic for Kian, he had never allowed himself to do this kind of thing. Rick discreetly looked at his friend, who was deeply focused on the game and seemed completely unphased by what he had just done. In fact, he seemed to be smiling... The padded toes quickly danced again, just curling a bit before returning to normal in the span of a second. As if soothed by the sight, Rick had a lucid thought. He couldn't just stay silent anymore, it would just make things weird.

“W-Woah, that’s disgusting, get your nasty feet off me!” He tried to object, yet not deciding to physically touch and push his friend’s feet away.

The legs and heels pushed stronger on the shocked human’s lap, as if trying to clench around it and resist any attempt at removing them from their current place.

“Please, can you rub them for me? Pleaaase~” The smiling tiger replied, ignoring his friend’s objection. As if that wasn’t enough, his toes curled and splayed once again, instantly calming the human’s agitation as his mind reflexively focused on each of these clawed appendices.

Defeated, Rick didn’t know what to do. He was convinced his friend was saying the truth and wanted to be nice to him and tend to his needs, but he didn’t want to risk his secret getting discovered. On the other hand, he would never have an occasion like that again... He looked at the white paws displayed in front of him. Their blue toe, centre, and heel pads, creamy white sole and cute dark claws... He would be able to have all of them for himself. The human’s resistance was defeated again by another sway of the eight digits, as if welcoming him in.

“Y-You really are disgusting...” He muttered, doing his best to act displeased with the situation, despite his interior excitation.

Slowly, Rick cupped his fingers around the tiger’s toes, holding the top part of them with his four last fingers and preparing to apply pressure on the base of these digits. Without even touching, the human noticed the warmth they exhaled. Kian wasn’t lying, his feet were very hot... Literally and figuratively. Breathing deep, the human grabbed the surface and began stroking his fingers on it.

“H-Hah...!” Rick gasped loudly.

He widened his eyes and looked at his friend, terrified of having been heard by him. Fortunately, it seemed that Kian was still fixated on his game. The human silently sighed of relief. The supple, tender foot of his friend’s sole was so soft, so supple, it felt like he could knead his finger in forever. Such an intense amalgamation of an aura of warmth and musk coupled with the welcoming softness of the most tender surface he had ever touched before had made him moan uncontrollably.

“I... I have to be more careful...” Rick thought to himself.

Friendly Worship

Story by Ohmagaz

The human continued rubbing, as he tried holding his passion and excitement in for the few minutes the massage on his friend's foot lasted, trying to act as if he wasn't feeling pleasure in nudging the demanding tendons and brushing his fingers between Kian's smelly furry toes. The feline suddenly talked, taking Rick by surprise as he slightly jumped.

"Tell me..." He started in a questioning tone. "I've got a new toe ring. What do you think of it?" He finished, splaying his toes in a way to make sure his unsuspecting tease victim could see the crevice between his toes.

Rick's face grew redder and redder by the second. At this point, he was even scared of breathing, as all the breathing sounds would result in an unstable expiration that would instantly give out his secret.

"Y...Yeah..." He tried to answer evasively.

"Silver coloured just like in that pic you love~" Kian replied with a gentle toe wiggle.

"Y...Yes..." The human acquiesced, not realising what his friend had just said.

Wait...

"Huh?" As he said that, Rick froze like a statue.

His eyes were locked onto his buddy's face once again, trying to confirm that he didn't suspect a thing. But this time, the knowing glance his friend suddenly gave him flushed down all his hopes at getting away unsuspected. Rick became red as a tomato.

"W-Wha-What pic?" He said as he poorly tried to play dumb.

Rick gulped as Kian smirked.

"Ah... Poor Rick..." The feline said as he started wiggling his toes again, catching the human's unwilling attention. "Do you remember when you stumbled on that porn website I forgot to log out of back in tenth grade? This should have taught you to be careful... Especially to regularly clean your browser history." He finished as he scrunched his toes at the same time, leaving the human's eyes get lost in a sea of wrinkles.

"W-Wait, you...-" He tried to ask, before Kian cut him off by placing his foot on his face, trapping his nose under them.

"Shush..." He said in a lustful tone. "If I recall correctly, you wish you could do things to my feet, right?" The tiger wiggled his toes, gently drumming on his friend's nose.

Friendly Worship

Story by Ohmagaz

Rick had no words. Despite Kian's apparent openness, something in Rick was still cautious about the whole situation. A part of him told him that it was not right, that something must have been abnormal for this situation to happen. But the other side kept pushing him over the edge of his lust, repeating him that it was an occasion that he shouldn't miss. His body was stiff from the embarrassment, but also shivering from excitement. He felt like he was terribly cold and hot at the same time, as the cages guarding his nose were exhaling a strong warmth and musk which instantly went to his brain. The flabbergasted human just couldn't believe what was happening to him. At this point, he was seriously considering the possibility that it was all a dream. The tiger's subtle voice resonated again.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Your friend's feet are all yours~" Kian smirked and scrunched his toes, forcing the scent of his toes to enter his friend's nostrils, while rubbing the human's cheek with his other paw.

Rick couldn't retain a moan. The intense feeling of his friend's delicate and sumptuous furred soles gently touching and caressing his sensitive bare skin were enough to convince him that he wasn't in any fantasy. It was real life, and his friend was really offering him his warm, steamy, perfect paws, that he had craved for and cherished for so many years... The den inside which his nose was stuck provided the flourished aroma of worn out feet, with the sweat and moistness that accompanied it, without being too extreme for his tastes. Him, having his nose shoved into that delicious aura of warmth and smell... Rick took his decision.

And just like that, in the span of a second, the human's embarrassed mask fell from his face to reveal an intense submissiveness as he succumbed to his deepest desire. His torso thrust forward, letting gravity lump his body forward as it was retained by the tiger's strong legs, that kept him from falling forward. He took a long, loud and drawn out sniff at the four digits that were pushing on his face. Maybe it was because he had dropped his "footphobic" act, but the sample that entered his body was much more intense this time around. It was as if he could touch the smoky fragrance invading his nose.

He grabbed each of these mouth-watering paws by their corresponding ankles and held them right in front of his eyes, at the perfect distance that would allow him to marvel at the blue pads and silver coloured dunes composing this beautiful landscape that was his friend's soles. Completely entranced, Rick pushed his nose against the presented heels and, without ever breaking contact, rubbed it all the way up towards the feline's plump, meaty toes, moaning at the divine arches caressing his face as it went by.

Rick was panting, he spent a few minutes sticking his nose everywhere he could and take in the fragrance and warmth of his friend's feet all on his face, which was getting more and more soaked with each new passage. Even the tiger's pads were warm and mellow, probably tired out by the long walk to Rick's house, and the human didn't feel any difference as he plunged his nose into them, except from a little more firmness from their leathery

Friendly Worship

Story by Ohmagaz

surface. Each of those subtle strokes and rubs on his skin was satisfying his lust, all the while increasing it more and more, getting him always craving for more as the interactions he was having with the mouth-watering paws were more and more intense.

The human figured he had to do more than just sniffing. He CRAVED for more than just sniffing. Now rid of all of his apprehension, the worshipper didn't even hesitate a second before sticking his tongue out and licking at the deliciously creamy soles that were in front of him. Kian chuckled and wiggled his toes. The length, duration and strength of each lick was highly variable, as small, targeted and punchy strokes could be followed by long drawn out licks that would cover the tiger's entire paw from heel to toe. The same toes which couldn't help wiggling as the slightly ticklish feet were being welcomed by that warm and slimy organ that was the human's tongue, effectively strengthening both friends' sensation of pleasure. The human closed his eyes and relentlessly moaned, free and allowed by his friend to express all his perversion towards his feet... He was in heaven.

Kian was surprised at how much he enjoyed the attention his feet were receiving. He had expected the next few minutes to be awkward at best, but he was enjoying the attention more than he thought. What was just a way to thank his friend at first had become a much more selfish quest for the fulfilment of his lust desires. He was also having a lot of fun torturing his friend with the occasional toe spread and wiggles he would bless the human with. Well... 'Fun' wouldn't be the exact word to describe the situation, as the dominating emotion both parties were sharing was pure pleasure. The tiger couldn't stop blushing, as he was biting his lower lip from the feeling of receiving that warm saliva coat over his soles. It was his turn to want more, and with a moan, he took advantage of a lick on his toes to swiftly insert one into his friend's inviting mouth.

Rick's response was immediate, as he moaned at the same time as his tiger buddy. He began sucking on the wiggling digit, taking in the delicious taste of his friend's salty toes right from the source. His tongue slithered around the long cylinder, covering its pad, fur and claw with his slimy drool, his heart pumping faster than ever. His focus instantly shifted from the entire paws to the two sets of toes. Rick's tongue was more dexterous than one would have thought, as it agilely swirled and slid in all the tight spots, like the base of his claws, and in the case of the second toe of his left paw, the bit of skin hidden under its toe ring. He attempted to get as many of those dreamy digits in his mouth, getting to suck up to three toes at the same time, from their tip to the flexible flesh between them.

By the end of the period that followed, the top of each of the tiger's paws was completely wet, each tuft of fur completely soaked as if rain had fallen on them. Rick gently plucked the toes out of his mouth. Both friends drained from the intensity of their newfound 'activity', and Rick's throat completely dried out, the human leaned back, letting his buddy's

Friendly Worship
Story by Ohmagaz

feet lay on his chest. Both were panting and just laying there, reflecting on how good this entire worship felt for each other.

“I... I can’t believe... You let me do that...” Rick panted “Thank you so much...”

“Don’t mention it, bud...” the tiger replied, as exhausted as Rick. “Besides... I enjoyed it a lot...” He continued.

The statement was followed by a few seconds of silence, until Kian gently rubbed his soles on the human’s clothed torso.

“Would do that again whenever you want~” He said with a wink, although Rick was unable to see it from his perspective.

“You really can’t stop teasing me...” The human chuckled.

After another few seconds of silence, Rick found the strength to reach to his pocket. He took out his phone and looked at the time.

“6.24PM... When do your parents want you to get back home already?” Rick asked, pointing his phone at his friend.

“Heh, they didn’t give me a particular hour... If you’re okay with that, I can tell them I’m spending the night here.” The tiger replied, crossing his arms behind his head.

They both raised their head and nodded at each other with a complicit glance.

“Sure, you can do that~” Rick said, smiling back at the anthro as he rubbed the top of his friend’s paws with a content smile.

THE END

Thank you for reading!



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