**Revenge Served Hot (and Sweaty)
*Part One***

Synopsis: Two anthros who host a ‘revenge service’ on behalf of wronged clients are paid to capture and bully a cheating impala. The two anthros decide to keep him longer than necessary and have their own idea of fun with him, breaking him into submission.

Disclaimer:
-Forced Paw Worship
-Filth/Musk/Sweat
-Non-con
-Forced Footjob
-Multiple Doms
-Wolverine and Rabbit (doms)
-Impala (sub)

Wedged into an underfunded city district is a certain low-income apartment building, (a five floor complex of graffiti-soaked brick). It’s the closest equivalent to substandard ‘public housing’, lacking many qualities or amenities. Here in one particular apartment the afternoon is drowned in the sounds of a distant car alarm, muffled screamo metal music from another tenant on the upper floor and the arguing of neighbours through the wall. Such a squalid place is a perfect hideaway for illicit businesses or shady individuals. The two tenants are no exception. They aptly refer to their place as ‘The Microwave’ on account of its small size and high temperatures. The air is musty from an assortment of smells, (and misty with stale marijuana smoke), compounded by a sticky heat seemingly trapped in circulation thanks to a busted A.C.
 Inside the main living space there are clothes and old crunched cans of alcohol plentifully strewn across the floor. One of the tenants, Kaz - short for Kazimir - is a wolverine sitting shirtless in a chair, with his back pressed postured against a closet door from which muffled moans and soft thuds can be heard within. Despite his caustic, carefree personality some might see an acquired charm in him. At the very least, Kaz is appreciated most for his bad-boy good looks. His dishevelled fur is a blend of light and dark browns melting together – darkest on his limbs – with caramel accents too. His figure is a toned equivalent of skinny and scraggy. Small fight scars and tattoos decorate him while several piercings are studded into his small round ears. Currently he wears nothing more than a pair of tight dark jeans and off-white socks on his paws, though the socks are anything but fresh. Kaz considers these his favourite pair despite the fact they are old, baggy and worn-through. The cotton is covered in dark bruise-like stains on top. Without even looking at the undersides he can feel their sodden material, slick and clinging to his soles with a faintly oily texture. Over-use has permanently changed the bottoms of these socks into a darker more lustrous shade of grey. The inconsistent holes in their soles are frayed around their margins; some still connected edge to edge by strands of stray thread. The wolverine’s snout tingles when he breathes alerting him that a majority of the smell in this apartment has stewed and risen from these socks.
 An obnoxious smirk crosses Kazimir’s face while the closet door behind him vibrates with each thud. “Not lettin’ you outta there until my bud gets home. Client wouldn’t be happy if we made you feel any comfort anyhow. Just keep on… I dunno, sniffing the nice odours keeping you company in there and think hard about what you’ve done to deserve it,” Kaz loudly projects, knocking the rear of his own head back against the door as a warning to whoever is trapped within. “I would say ‘put a sock in it’ but I think that’ll happen soon enough anyway, heh-heh!”

**\**Clink-CLUNK!*\***
 The sounds of a key stuck rattling with frustration in a sticky lock is followed by a soft punt against the front door across the room, thudding it ajar. In walks a lean and effeminate male rabbit named Patch, (on account of a white fur marking around his left eye). This rabbit’s pelt is a sandy yellow shade but between their long ears is a thick fluffy mess of rainbow-dyed hair; each lock adding to a melody of different flamboyant hues. Their overall lightness is an antonymous contrast to their long-time friend, roommate, and business partner; Kaz. Patch is wearing a white tank top, black fitness shorts and a pair of minty green running shoes with yellow and white accents. No socks are evident, and purposefully so.
 “Uuugh, so fucking nasty and humid out there. Honestly, my shoes feel like a swamp hugging my paws. If we didn’t love the money of this job I’d get my ass far away from here,” Patch groans, tossing his keys to the kitchen counter before strolling closer. He leisurely throws himself down into the living room sofa and rubs his hands up his face, raking sweat beads from the ruffles of his colourful hair. As they lay back their feet idly prop up and cross on the arm of the sofa, closest to Kaz. “Speaking of the job, how’s our guest liking his stay? You played around with him any more yet?”
 “Nah,” Kaz stubbornly shakes his head, “Was waitin’ on you. Punk’s got a set of pipes on him though so I did have to tie my shoe to his face. Y’know, standard procedure. I think the strong fumes are tiring him out though. He’s gotta have sucked in a lungful of it by now! Not that it matters… we’re being paid to make his life a humiliating hell for the next few hours, anyway.”
 Patch tucks his hands behind his head staring up at the ceiling with a mollified smile. “Let’s get ‘em out then and have some fun! I started growing a boner just thinking about it on the way home.”

The half-dressed wolverine emphatically stands up, drags the chair aside and yanks open the closet door exposing a disoriented, confused, scared and meek impala sitting on their knees within. They’re dressed in ordinary business clothing ranging from a white dress shirt, black tie, grey trousers and black dress shoes. The name ‘Aaron Simmons’ is pinned to their breast on a workplace nametag. Their hands are duct taped behind their back but most pertinently a large white skate shoe is squeezed up against their face; its puffy insulated rim and tongue bending back to accompany the muzzle burrowing unwillingly inside its smoky-hot depths. It’s firmly fitted into place by layers of duct tape binding around both the footwear and the victim’s head. It’s clear by the loosened and wrinkled sections of tape that the impala has been attempting to violently shake his face free of the stinking imprisonment, to no avail. Kaz made sure to seal it in place, knowing he’d be waiting at least a good forty minutes before the rabbit’s arrival.
 For all this time the impala has been choking on grotesque vapours of old stagnant foot musk. His nostrils have been violated with every begrudging inhale. The odour strongly resembles the burnt cheese overflow on a grilled sandwich, crusted and bronzed around the edges in the cooking process. Breathing it has left him lightheaded, swimming in a daze. His wrists ache. His knees throb. Beads of cold sweat cling to his scrunching face. Aaron’s body trembles weakly. Kaz snickers brazenly upon seeing them, leaning against the doorframe for a moment to admire the impala’s conviction. He’d certainly expected them to pass out by now, sleeping and slumping face-first in the steamy shoe muzzle just like last weekend’s victim. Under all circumstances the impala is a pleasantly attractive anthro with symmetry to the pastel-orange and white tones of his fur, the gnarling of his antlers, the trim sleekness of their body and the sheepish innocence in those big brown eyes which plead for mercy when they see their captor enter the small space.

Kaz grabs Aaron by the bicep and yanks them to their feet, warranting a series of desperate muffled moans. The cervine is trying to communicate through facial motions and expressions but the wolverine ignores him and shoves him forward, sending him stumbling out into the living room where he stands with spread, shaking knees like cornered prey. Their breaths can be heard inside the skate shoe face-mask, rasping loudly while noxious musk percolates in their throat. Patch the rabbit then slings his legs off the sofa armrest, down to the floor, and sits upright with leering enthusiasm. Aaron isn’t sure which direction to look but he knows that he doesn’t recognize his surroundings nor the two animals holding him against his volition.
 A loud clap from the wolverine’s padded hands sends a jolt through the easily-startled cervine. “We’re gonna lay out some rules for you while you’re with us and talk through some shit together but first, I’m gonna be a real pal and take that shoe off your snout. Now… we could get along, you and me, but only if you keep your trap shut afterwards, yeah?” Kaz announces, earning Aaron’s worried attention.
 Patch – watching the interaction from the sofa and spreading his arms along the backrest – interjects to say, “Things get way worse for you if you scream… you realize that, right? But don’t piss yourself, we’re not here to ‘off’ you. Shit I mean, we’re not even going to bruise you either if we can avoid it… just toy around with you a little… scare some sense into you. Call it karma for what you did to your co-worker.”
 Kaz jumps in again with a follow-up threat. “You think one shoe on the face is bad? Pft. We’ve done a lot worse. You try yell for help and we’ll hold your head down in our dirty laundry basket until you learn to love it!”

A single nod acknowledges their caution. Aaron won’t fight or thrash if the end goal is releasing his muzzle from this cruel ‘aroma therapy’. Although his nerves tingle and his heart races he still trusts the strangers’ reassuring words. One wolverine hand reaches behind his head. The other cups softly under his fuzzy chin. The sound of ripping adhesive makes Aaron wince but he stands deathly still, waiting for Kaz to unwind the duct tape. Gradually the skate shoe loosens more and begins tipping over the front of Aaron’s snout. Wisps of clean air flow in and the acrid shoe heat escapes out simultaneously. His shoulders sag in rejoice; he can finally breathe again without a sense of utter violation. Kaz peels away the last of the tape. When he moves to grab the shoe directly the impala’s hand races him there. Their hands overlap warmly around the shoe’s topside for a brisk shared moment but the blushing impala pulls away shyly and lets his captor do the job instead. Kaz lets the impala marinate in his glowing smirk before tossing the items aside to the floor. He gives them a patronising pat on their red-hot cheek.

“C-can I talk?” Aaron asks. “I just want to know why I’m here! I don’t have much money I’m just a desk jockey at an office!”
 Patch blows a raspberry through his lips and stretches his legs out, crossing them again. “You don’t? Huh… we heard from a little unhappy birdie that you wouldn’t stop gloating about money when you were going down on their girlfriend. I hear you even said you’d take her on a vacation, somewhere real flashy, but only if she gave you great head.”
 Aaron is shrinking into himself. He hasn’t got any eligible response.
 “Ooh,” Kaz mocks right in the impala’s ear, “Blowjob for the Bahamas? You’re a real classy fella! Guess she must’ve been a bad lay since you’re not sinking your toes into the sand right now.”
 Patch’s half-lidded eyes give him a leisurely smugness. Candidly he sits up and leans forward, reaching for his running shoe laces which he slowly and seductively pulls until they unravel limply, before he leans back into the sofa again. He does not kick off the minty tinted sneakers yet but the mere liberation of these laces is enough to foreshadow an unpleasant result. To Aaron’s panic the rabbit is not the only one insinuating more foot-play. The wolverine standing near him starts rubbing their socked paw back and forward on the floor grinding the pressure and using the traction to help wriggle down the sock hem over his ankle… and then, over the heel next. When the sock becomes a rumpled wad barely leeching on the front-half of Kaz’s paw - and those pointy claw tents are submerged in folds of smelly cotton - Kaz scuffs up his foot from the floor in one slick noise. He reaches down fondling for the end of the sock, pinching it and pulling it taut until those fabric lips begin sliding down the rest of the foot inch by mesmerising inch. Finally the rest comes away with a soft pluck, littering small grainy mites of lint when Kaz raises the sock tauntingly into Aaron’s view. At the same time his free hand reaches at Aaron’s fuzzy neck where it grips him harmlessly, letting the captive know they shouldn’t dare pull away unless they want their windpipe squeezed.

“Why... why does all this matter to you?!” The impala croaks. His body is screaming for him to dash towards the door but his legs feel nailed to the floor. He struggles to focus on his thoughts when his nose is once again twitching to that assaulting, familiar stink wafting from the sock dangling in Kaz’s hand… only inches away. He tries not to dignify it with any attention but the sight of that dark smudgy paw print ingrained in its material is too distracting.
 “Nothin’ matters to us but the pay check, biiitch,” The wolverine whispers joyously.
 “I looked her up after we got the call, y’know,” The rainbow-haired rabbit says, “Fifi… white border collie, big cartoon eyes, fit body. I’m not into chicks but damn man, she’s a pretty little thing! Too bad creaming on her face cost you more than you expected. Didn’t count on her man finding out, did ya? Heh, you’re lucky he didn’t just clock you in the teeth at work.”

In an attempt to shamefully look away Aaron glances down, instead seeing the wolverine’s bared paw. The dark brown fur atop has a silky sheen. The toes and their long claws are suffusing into the dirtied, rough carpet. When he shudders and looks back up the sock is now rolled into a cotton ball being gently massaged in Kaz's fist. Aaron’s ribs clench like a stapler around his lungs when the hand rubbing against his throat begins squeezing ever so noticeably and the grin grows wider on that wolverine’s face. Kaz never moves his hazel gaze away from the impala’s widened eyes. Acrid, smoky breath is puffed over the impala’s muzzle. The two animals stand so closely together Kaz is sure he can feel his captive’s pounding heart rate.
 “Just… what’re you going to do to me?” Aaron innocently asks.
 “C’mon, you know what happens next. Open wide, you pervy little insect,” The wolverine asserts.
 Defying every impulse and instinct Aaron anxiously spreads his jaws opening his mouth with much trepidation. In seconds Kaz jams his fist inside that muggy, wet maw as far back as he can reach, even when drool soaked gums and muscle surround his hand. Immediate gags and mouthy gargles fill the room. Aaron's eyes are quick to water even when clenched shut. Disgust is etched into his face. Kaz has to fight against the resistant jerking of their head while he unfurls his fingers and releases his filthy, rank sock against Aaron's tongue. They wretch when the unwanted material clogs their mouth. It forms a shape at least the size of a baseball, except soft and tainted with vulgar toxicity. Kaz tugs his hand out of the muzzle shaking off the excess saliva from his fur. He accurately predicts the cervine might try to spit the sock out so he quickly grabs their face and wraps both warm padded hands around their muzzle, locking it shut. He holds tight subduing every squirm and twitch Aaron reactively musters.
 "Mffm-mhmmf-hm!"
Insulated moans do nothing to save the scared office worker from his mouthful of musk. He can feel the slick smoothness of a month-old unwashed sock, doused in concentrated sweat and B.O, assaulting his taste buds. He feels sick. Air puffs hastily in and out of his nostrils. Emotions want to explode out of him but he is a captive in every way. Dainty hands push against the thick fluff on Kaz's chest, trying to shove him away, again to no avail.
 "Shhh, just accept it. You know you love getting down n’ dirty. Free your freaky side!" Kaz chuckles, leaning closer until the two animals stand muzzle to muzzle locked in a battle of stern unblinking eye contact. He observes everything in the impala’s eyes, reading their secrets and thoughts while they dart about beneath a concerned frown.

Aaron hates taking any advice from this animal, whoever they are, even when it might benefit him to listen. The warmth of the hands cupping each side of his muzzle is at least admittedly relaxing. While constantly trying to push the sock to the front of his mouth and stray his tongue away from its vinegary fabric, Aaron begins slowing the pace of his breaths. As he calms himself his chest stops heaving so vehemently. His disgraced moans and whimpers still try their best to be heard, however. There is a rhythm to the his irritated nasal exhales. Sock juices still invade his taste buds while batches of old sour lint seems to cling into the recesses of his gums and teeth inviting more urges to gag. Above all else the impala is still terrified of the glinting hubris and sadistic joy he sees in the wolverine's eyes; likewise with the rabbit patiently watching behind him.
 "So, we calm? You gonna play nice and be a good little pet for us? Otherwise I could peel off my other sock and cram it in there too if you like?" Kaz asks with a stomach-turning smirk, slowly easing the squeezed pressure around the muzzle.
 "Damn though, you know what’? They always look so hot once they start submitting," Patch says, spreading his slender sandy coloured legs and letting the bulge between them exhibit visibly inside his running shorts. "At least he doesn’t have to worry about any socks from me… just a lot of salty sweet paw juices once I kick these shoes off! Seriously, I could glide around the room like an ice rink skater with the amount of moisture glazed up my soles. Just listen—”
 The flamboyant bunny lifts one leg off the floor showing off the grassy, dirt-smudged bottom of his running shoe. While his leg is extended aloft everyone in the room can just narrowly hear the faintest sound of squelching. It’s the sound of Patch wriggling his bare toes within, squirming their damp lubricated digits together. Kaz snickers when his palm feels an impactful gulp in the impala’s throat, swallowing down.
 Judging by the frozen stillness in their face Kaz recognises Aaron isn’t fully committing to the sock suck, which irritates the dominant animal. “Keep sucking, slut. It's been so long since these crummy socks had a wash and your mouth is doin’ me a real solid right now.”
 The demand is obeyed, hesitantly. With every salivated suckle against that cotton ball Aaron feels more of his integrity flaking off him like a cheap coat of paint. His ego is bruised, while the wolverine's ego is inflated. Obedience isn’t a question for him right now as he still feels unsure about the intentions of these strangers and doesn’t want to suffer more abuse. In the meantime Kaz gently moves Aaron's head around, carefully watching for the physical signs of their compliance. He rubs their neck sensuously feeling for the subtle muscle movements while they drink down his sock sweat.

This punishment persists for the next few minutes until the impala looks empty and haggard behind the eyes. His mind can only fixate on that torrid evening with Fifi; how he’d felt so much adrenal thrill at the time but now felt nothing except sickly regret. Now when the wolverine finally pulls away and Aaron’s jaws are freed he rushes to cough out the sock, gasping for air, drooling uncontrollably over his chin. The sock tumbles and hits the apartment floor with a light squelch between the animals. Its cotton still appears as stained as ever, though after so much wear and strain it's likely those stains are permanently ingrained. For the next minute afterwards revolted spluttering persists, much to the two captors’ amusement. Aaron scrapes his tongue clean against his hands, wincing the entire time while simultaneously trying to gather his breath.

"URGH! Blegh! Th-that was horrible and unhygienic! Worse than the shoe, even! You’re both freaks! I’m calling the police as soon as I get out of here!" Aaron spits out his words, likewise trying to spit out any remaining shreds of wet lint.
 After the two punks share a humoured glance, the wolverine rolls his tongue over his teeth with predatory glee. "Aw, is that how you really feel? And here we was starting to like you, Aaron! Could’a laughed all this off and cracked open a few beers together afterwards. Now we’ll just have to stop being so sympathetic. Maybe you can find a way to apologise to us in between all the massages and wet sloppy kisses you’ll be giving our paws.”
 Kaz’s hand strokes all the way down Aaron’s neck and then work tie, clutching its flappy end tightly. Aaron’s jaw quivers. There is no empathy in those hazel eyes in front of him. Suddenly the wolverine yanks down hard on the tie strangulating the impala when their collar is grasped tight by their own apparel. The only way to reduce this is to haphazardly collapse down low onto his knees and follow the leash-like guide against his will.
 “C’mon! Good boy! Follow your master! There’s a good slut!” Kaz tugs and leads the rasping cervine forward along the floor while he walks backwards; stepping back carefully over the rabbit’s outstretched legs. Kaz then takes a seat next to his long-eared friend, sitting contentedly together on the sofa while Aaron’s face burns with humiliation. He is shepherded into the prime spot in front of the animal’s feet where he is left to expel winded splutters, as well as a dismaying whimpers.

Defeat pulses through the impala’s body from head to toe, like a foul negative energy which drains his soul with every wave. He wants to think of a way out - anything to avoid being turned into a grovelling paw slave - but his thoughts are nothing more than indeterminate static. With dread he watches Kaz's legs join Patch’s by extending forward across the floor, sliding on their bare and socked heels before crossing together in front of him. The wolverine slowly points a finger down towards his meaty appendages. His toes give an affirming splay and wiggle. Both paws are propped in a queue next to the rabbit’s running shoe soles. This is too much for the impala to process. The taste of old sock permeating through his mouth was discipline enough but to devote an entire day towards licking other male’s feet? It makes Aaron feel too numb to recognize his own body, (besides the nausea in his gut and the hot singe of hatred on his skin).
 In a last desperate hope at resistance Aaron shakes his head, prompting the rabbit to reiterate their authority. "Bitch, please. You’re wimping out but you have no idea how lucky you are. You should be grateful I’m just a cotton tailed bunny and a curly haired queer with this physique,” (He gestures illustriously at himself), “Think about how safe you’ll be when I stand on your face and treat you like a doormat. My body weight’s gonna feel lighter than candy floss!”
 Kaz interjects to say, “So you ought’a show me and Patch some of that gratitude, eh? Otherwise I could call a guy I know and ask him to fill in for us instead. Big, buff pit bull. Tattoos all over his swollen biceps. Fists bigger than your head. Fella like that probably has some very intimidating friends too who wouldn't mind making a flat impala rug outta you, I bet. He’s just one text message away… unless you start worshipping us like a starving whore.”

The last of Aaron’s dignity escapes on a mournful sigh. His head is bowed, staring glumly upon the wolverine’s paws since they seem to beckon for his attention first. Kazimir’s soles are fully padded from heel to toe; the flesh consisting of a glistening succulent tan colour, contrasting against the surrounding dark fur. These pads are rippled in gentle, thin wrinkles where necessary, (otherwise plump on the ball and four toes). The flesh is visible inside every ragged hole on the socked paw too. A rich and diverse culmination of stray lint, small hairs, dark fluffy specks, and shattered crumbs of cheesy-dusted corn chip are engraved in both soles. It's a feast of filth and a sight which turns the impala’s stomach.
 The wolverine's deadly claws taper inward when his toes squeeze together. When they spread apart however a crisp heat rises from the depths of their damp gaps, smelling less like the cheesy mugginess in his skate shoes and more like pepperoni left in the sun. The scent is coerced towards Aaron's nostrils whenever the wolverine scrunches their toes forward over and over, clenching wavy creases into their own ball pad. Aaron cringes and shivers. There is an electric zap in his nostrils with every restless inhale he sucks through his big black snout. This mixes with the dank linen smell permeating through the other sock stains.
 “Who gets him first?” Kaz asks, turning his head sharply to the side. He releases Aaron’s tie, letting it flap back against their heaving chest.
 “Hm… I’ll let you take first dibs. Get him all worked up and break him into shape. I want my paws to marinate inside these shoes as long as possible before he gets to dry them off with his face.”
 “What a lucky boy,” Kaz grins sadistically.

Expectedly Aaron’s muzzle doesn't have long to physically prepare for the attack before it is suddenly plunged into a sensory abyss of warm, clammy, ripened foot flesh. The wolverine laughs as he grinds his sole forcefully against the snout, pushing in his heel first like an orange rammed onto a juicer press. Maliciously he begins swiping his foot all the way down wiping the snout through endless microscopic sweat beads and dirty fluffy floor debris. The impala's ears spring upwards in alarm. His eyes bulge behind the splaying toe digits and claws. Immediately Aaron's air supply is cut off when his nostrils are plugged shut by the sticky surface of the wolverine ball pad, but still he can smell the harsh flavour of black dust embedded deep in that malleable, crinkling meat. His mouth and chin is pressed into the instep consequently rubbing the lint out of place, away from the wrinkles where they’d been reserved. Aaron’s arms and legs lock rigidly into place freezing him like a mannequin on his knees. He is trapped inside his body; mind igniting in panic but powerless to pull away while that sole scrubs tenderly up and down his helpless features. The foot is unrelenting. It smears a path upwards and downwards, over and again. Kaz doesn't care how many dried grimy crumbs he has to pave into Aaron's face before his point is made.
 ***\*Ssshhlck! Shlck! Shlck! ...Sssshhhlck!\****
 Every rub that drags those facial features in cardinal directions creates a shudder-inducing sound of slick fleshy friction. The cervine's snout leaves a brief dent mark in the sole until the pliant flesh reforms. Finally the wolverine - who grins with toothy arrogance – allows his paw to halt in one dormant place. He lowers it just enough to keep his victim's snout pushed against his toe digits, resting on the thick upper edge of his ball pad where moisture and muck has been delicately shelved. Aaron is too overwhelmed to moan or mumble his disgust. He simply tenses all over - eyes clenched and fighting back a tear drop - while he pumps out hot breaths through his nostrils. The words, 'I hate this, I hate this, I hate this,' echo in his mind. Kaz then ferments these thoughts when he curls his toes and seals the last of Aaron’s snout under their warm gropes.
 Seconds later a grimacing Aaron feels a gap separating between the two middle toes as they suffuse around his muzzle, tucking the very bottom margin of his snout in against their toe webbing. This puts his nostrils in contact with the ticklish brown fur glinting in dew droplets and black flecks of toe jam. For a painful few minutes the impala is kept here breathing in this filth until at last his prayers are answered and the paw detaches off his muzzle with a quiet rustling slurp, leaving only the hot air currents in its trail. Aaron snorts. He dry-heaves, desperate to inhale some purifying air which isn’t rich in stench. He can rid his nostrils of the wolverine's odour but he can't rid himself of the shameful degradation. He feels so dirty all over. It crawls through his nerves making him desperate to jump into a shower and scrub himself raw.

“Admit it, you love these paws in your face. This is even better than that border collie pussy. You wish you could be our slave all year long,” Kaz does not ask but instead he insists.
 "Gnghhh... f-fine I... I love your feet, they're - **\**blurgh*\*** - they're g-gorgeous and godly and they… smell like heaven!" Aaron urgently lies, hating every word that leaves his mouth. He is so frazzled already that he's too nervous to look down at the feet, once again crossing back together underneath his panting face. Instead he blushes with tear studded eyes and shyly looks away to the side.
 "I'm real glad you came to your senses. It’s a total bummer when our ‘marks’ don’t do what they’re told ‘cause then we gotta get extra rough." Kaz chuckles mischievously, earning a snicker from the rabbit too. "People shouldn't turn away when divinity is offered to 'em. You agree now, don't you? And you'll remember your place in front of your masters, right, slut?"
 "I..." The cervine’s body seems to deflate, showing his submission. "Yes, master..." He mutters indignantly.
 For a second time the wolverine raises his bare leg, not to plant it back in the office worker’s face but to stack it on top of his other foot. His heel sinks into a comfortable cradle of cotton, supported underneath by the reclining toes inside his sock. Together the stacked appendages make a tower of undulant soles, primed for worship from their lowly subject. It makes the impala's heart anchor in his chest… because he knows what comes next.

The wolverine gently juts his elbow at the bunny, prompting them to stand up with a lazy groan and wander around behind the impala, (who frantically watches them disappear out of view). He can feel the rabbit’s presence directly behind his kneeling body. His fingers curl tensely into his sweating palms.
 Kaz offers some consolation by saying, “While you take a long, long look at these perfect soles and think about how badly you wanna offer your service, Patch here’s gonna unbind your hands. We don’t normally give people full autonomy so we’re expecting nothin’ but your best behaviour once you’re free.”
 Aaron considers the best move is to stay silent. He simply shifts on his knees when he feels the rabbit pawing around his wrists until the sticky tape rips free. The constrained tension between his arms is released. Finally Aaron feels less like a hostage, if only by the smallest margin… at least until Patch rubs the back of Aaron’s head between his antlers, petting him to remind him of his lowly place.
 Patch then kicks the back of Aaron’s shoe and says, “We don’t want you getting too relaxed though so you better strip those trousers off. If you’re a good boy we might let you keep your underwear on. Don’t bother asking us why… just do as you’re told.”

The impala glances alertedly at the wolverine as if expecting them to help him, for whatever reason, but Kaz simply pulls the finger in his direction. Aaron is uncomfortable and embarrassed by the order. Regardless he has to bury these feelings and begin shifting his legs out from under him so that he can pull off his dress shoes, undo his belt, then awkwardly tug and wriggle his trousers off exposing fuzzy orange and white legs that maintain a visible tremble. Aaron feels naturally ashamed showing these thugs his black underwear and his pair of striped white and lilac purple socks. His cheeks burn even hotter when he hears Kaz’s supercilious chuckle. A satiated Patch then returns back to the sofa dropping his body down from a standing height, letting his legs lift up and then flop back to the floor with heavy thuds. The impala tucks his legs back under him and kneels dutifully again, thinking the words, ‘Anything to get through this day faster…’

“The real reason we untied your arms is because I’m feeling beat and I’m thinkin’ you owe me a niiiice, tender paw massage… y’know, to pay back all our generous hospitality,” The wolverine proposes. “Of course we don’t have any ‘essential oils’ or rubbing lotions so you’ll just have to lube up my paw muscles with your spit. Start with a few licks or kisses and go from there. Sound good?”
 “Yes, master, right away…” Aaron mumbles.
 With clammy palms and unsteady arms Aaron reaches out for the two vertically stacked paws, first holding the sides of the bare appendage. He grimaces when the pliable and ductile flesh on the paw’s edges sinks and indents against the hills of his palms. Arid heat is squeezed into his hands. His fingers feel brittle and weak when they curl around the backs of the paw and burrow into tufts of dark brown fur, tapping against the bony ridged structures behind the toes. The impala has to lean forward on his knees. His neck cranes. His eyes clench. With a pounding heart he extends a wobbling tongue fresh with moisture; planting it squarely on the ball pad, perfectly in between his own hands. The impala’s agitated grunt is subdued by the wolverine’s loud, relieving sigh. Aaron can sense the paw’s muscles tensing under his touch. He feels the soft spongy indent – where his tongue now presses – rippling with creases when the wolverine scrunches his toes.
 “Eeeurgh,” Aaron groans after his tongue strokes over a mound of flesh and hits a furry recess before licking over two of Kaz’s four toes, directly wetting their tan skin. The lick is nothing more than a trade of substance. Aaron leaves dewy speckles behind but he also takes away the morsels of different fluffy dots and pungent tasting perspiration.
 “How’s it feeling?” Patch grins at his friend.
 “Hard to tell yet...” Kaz responds before turning his ire to the grovelling cervine. “Hey! Do it again, from bottom to top. Lick the grease off these puppies like the sloppy slut you are. You can start rubbing any time but don’t skimp on the licks, yeah? I walked on tonnes of crud before we snatched you up, just so you’d have a nice snack to lap up!”
 Aaron attempts to appease his different duties all at once. He begins plumbing the ball pad with his thumbs pressing down on the flesh with varying pressure and then swirling them as if pushing on a game controller’s thumb-sticks. His fingers meanwhile are giving feathering scrapes across the back of the paw, rolling apart and then together again where his fingertips meet at the centre. Jolts of pleasure spark through the wolverine’s foot though they refuse to verbally praise Aaron’s efforts. The impala lowers his muzzle down to the bottom of Kaz’s bare heel – rubbing his chin inadvertently into the socked toes below – and slaps his tongue against the firmly rounded flesh, charting a course up the entire sole again. The sound is one long soggy slurp.
 ***\*Ssssssschhhlrrp!\****

Kaz’s ball pad is being expertly kneaded and gently pummelled by the surprising force and dexterity of Aaron’s thumbs. All the while, the wolverine’s eyes are lighting up and his body melts into the sofa when that tongue runs its glazing surface up the profile of his arch. Aaron tries to add ‘dressing’ to his technique by churning his hands inward on small angles, using not just his thumbs but the very base of each palm to groove and dig into the endlessly doughy foot meat. For a moment Aaron’s eyes flutter open and he stares directly into a wall of tan skin, dripping in thin bourns of sweat.
 Aaron regrets looking. Now all he can visualize is the dark sticky lint shreds and the floor dust and the yellowed corn-chip crumbs layered over the very sole he licks. He knows them, he identifies them, by their displeasing flavour or by the physical textures rolling over his taste buds. Small gulps are followed by stifled gags. Aaron returns to squeezing his eyes shut as he weaves a path over the ball pad once again. He pauses, panting out hot wafts of breath against the sole before obsequiously darting his tongue left and right licking over the upper crest of the pad, under the toes. He swallows again feeling flitters of lint fall under his tongue.
 “Yeah, that’s right. Now kiss it you fuckin’ loser,” The wolverine growls.
 The impala first slides his hands further down the foot having effectively rubbed the ball pad into warm putty. He now grips around the sides of the arch with one hand while planting his palm wholly over the span of Kaz’s heel, (fingertips breaching onto the sensitive instep). With his hands out of the way the impala casts integrity aside and plants his puckered lips directly on the ball pad. It’s a convenient and timely accident that he kisses directly onto a slow-trickling drop of sweat which is squished and salted against his lips. Aaron grunts with a closed mouth. He smooches the point of contact tasting the rubbery flavour of this foot, hoping to distract himself from that burnt and cheesy musk. By now the impala knows these animals want the most out of his subservience so he pulls away, (dragging back a strand of saliva from the sole), and plants three more consecutive kisses all landing in the same place. Soon he changes direction and begins dispersing lengthy singular kisses all around beginning with one on each toe; the pressure of which gently pushes them back on a slight bend. With each digit planted against his mouth there is also a sharp claw protruding up and veering firmly into the centre of his snout, allowing him to smell the collected grime bits caught in the claw’s undercarriage.

Patch - watching from the side - mutters, “Can’t wait to rain down sweat all over his pretty face, heheh. Us rabbits don’t have any paw pads so it really soaks into our fur, building up bad. Really makes a king like me desperate to mop it all over a peasant like him.”
 “You ought’a let ‘em rub your feet some time. You’re missing out on a whole other level of pleasure, dude!” Kaz gestures by splaying his toes amorously. Those meek impala hands continue to work into him while these animals speak. “Just hear me out; next guy, next job; make him your personal masseuse for the day. You won’t regret it.”
 “Psh, I’m more about that sweet mouth action,” Patch boasts, “Nothing’s sexier than making some hetero douche bow down and tongue-bathe the crap off my paws. It hurts their pride so much. Gives me the biggest chub.”
 “Heh, I remember that leopard guy a few months back who got lippy. Longest job we’ve ever done since you wouldn’t let him free. Poor bastard must’ve drunk a gallon of paw sweat. Ate all his meals out of your putrid shoes… shit, bet he regretted acting tough and crass after that!”
 The animals chuckle together. Patch withdraws his phone and scrolls through his message history, displaying a certain conversation to the wolverine. “Guess I had a lasting effect on him. Pussy-cat still messages now and again begging for feet pics whenever he’s trying to bust a nut. I ignore him on purpose. Drives him mad.”

Their conversation continues candidly yet the animals directly ignore their denigrated slave, who is cowardly trying to please them even when they pay him no attention. Aaron, lost in his own foggy thoughts, kisses the wolverine’s foot again and again cleaning it in the process. He compresses his lips over some of the corn chip fragments which are glued into the flesh via perspiration and other sticky food residue. Slowly and proactively Aaron suckles on the spot. He squirms his lips together until the crud is coaxed from Kaz’s sole, replaced only by a glimmering damp mark. At the same time the impala has to multi-task by bulldozing his palm deep into that dense heel meat over and over, like kneading bread dough.
 Without even looking at their captive or acknowledging them with instructions, the wolverine kicks away Aaron’s hands and then repositions his feet. The bare appendage drops down and takes bottom place while the socked one rises and props on top, stacking back together. Aaron’s nostrils are flaring. He bats his big eyes and endures the dryness in his throat. Zesty odours are wafted towards him. The socked foot awaits its turn.

There is no room for argument. No time for pause. Aaron is dedicated to rushing his way through the day without thinking too deeply about his actions. Lethargically he gropes the entire middle of the appendage experiencing both the dampness and depth in the paw-printed material as it sinks under his thumbs.
 ‘I’ll focus on the licks and kisses first, get them over and done with. Then I’ll rub him down and hopefully get to move on with this bull crap!’ Aaron decides.
 Just as the impala leans back inward and plants his mouth against one of the sock’s holes, (sucking and smooching the tan padding through the frayed stringy damage), the rabbit decides to make his life more difficult. They extend their leg outward inserting it forcefully between the impala’s spread knees, inciting a panicked flinch. The hard rubbery tip of Patch’s running shoe swings inward before the thighs can close around it, whereupon it anchors into the impala’s groin.
 A shudder leaps up Aaron’s spine. His shoulders and upper body jerk with ramrod tension. Aaron does not let go of the wolverine’s paw but he does yelp quietly against it when his bulge meets the sneaker. Kaz smears his foot with wrapping oppression around the front of the muzzle to muffle the sound. Both he and Patch are grinning wickedly again. Aaron tries not to make eye contact. He stares into the curled cottony toe shapes mounting his face and huffs at the gaseous linen stench. A shaky weak hand cups under the wolverine’s heel supporting it while it hovers in the air. Aaron tries earnestly to retain his technique and so he starts rubbing Kaz’s heel and later their arch with hand movements that skid left to right, as if he were moulding a spinning clay pot into shape.
 The paw feels naturally heavier in the air than when propped upon the other but Aaron ignores the additional strain and tries not to bring any extra attention to himself. Patch withdraws their leg away from the groin just long enough to trick Aaron into false security before swinging it forward again, and again, gently repeatedly tapping the concealed groin with a mellow tempo. The impacts are so light that they cause no physical harm or duress, only panicked gasps and winces. Aaron returns to kissing the socked sole more emphatically now, once again targeting the holes where a patch of sticky hot sole padding awaits the moisture of his lips.

“Heh, look at the way his body jumps every time his dick gets touched,” Patch murmurs to Kaz, who is currently trying to extend his foot closer towards the captive’s muzzle yet they resist and hold his leg in its current proximity despite their frail and lacking arm strength. Loud sniffs and exhausted mouthy noises are insulated by the sock cotton which tugs and drags and crinkles against Aaron’s tortured snout.
 “Know who it reminds me of?” The wolverine responds teasingly. “Reminds me of you that first weekend we started flatting together. Didn’t even know each other that well, remember? We tried to break the ice with a few drinks and a movie--”
 “A few too many drinks,” The rabbit interrupts, bemused by the memory.
 “The moment you went from tipsy to wasted you were falling all over me every time you tried standing up. I had to force you lie down on the floor at the foot of the sofa, even pressed my soles on your lap to keep you down so I could focus on the film. Wasn’t much longer you started humping against my feet.”
 “Still the best footjob I’ve ever had,” Patch remarks without a hint of shame. In the background he drops his sneaker into the depths of Aaron’s bulge again, ignoring their whimper. “I think it was, at least… I was pretty tanked.”
 “Pft! You can’t count it as just -one- footjob. I kept you there until dawn just rubbing and stamping. You came like five times through the night. Had to toss you the smouldering flip flop I’d been wearing all day just so you had something to suck on while I stroked you off between my soles. Hell if we didn’t have these gigs you’d probably be where our guest’s sitting right now.”
 The rabbit grins; light beaming in his lime green eyes. He playfully flicks his hand up the back of the wolverine’s head, deliberately messing their fur. “You can talk, tough-guy; the guy who loves spending those boiling summer nights at the end of my bed keeping my paws cooled off. I click my fingers and you’re down there in a flash like every other basic sub.”

Kaz waves away the comments from his roommate and strokes his clawed fingers along his own bulge, privately indulging while the tension is wrung out of his paw by the series of squeezing hand rubs and grinding muzzle movements. He realizes Aaron is snorting voluntary whiffs from the blackish paw prints burnt into the cotton, possibly to feign redemption and penitence. The shape of the cervine’s snout burrows into the base of every toe gap condensing the oily mushy toe jam hidden between them. Next, another lick seeps saliva into his sock as it zig-zags up his heel and arch contour, producing another scratchy sound. The surface is so dry and raspy on the tongue that Aaron has to pause to rejuvenate his saliva before continuing the lick across the width of that ball pad imprint. Sour threads are pulled by the oral muscle’s force, then matted by its moisture. Before the heated moment passes Kaz clenches his toes ensnaring a thick ripple of fabric under their rounded lumps. He tilts his paw forward and bumps it suggestively against the front of Aaron’s mouth which opens on cue. The impala receives a gagging mouthful sliding in toes-first, filling his maw enough that his lips stretch painfully around the girth.
 “What’re you gonna do, bitch? You gonna suck it?” Kaz interrogates.
 He flattens the tongue underneath the weight. He steamrolls his musky foot forwards and back letting his claws reach the rear of the mouth which encourages splutters and coughs from the impala who can barely breathe past all the cottony intrusion. Patch uses this moment to press his running shoe down on top of the groin too, gently smearing it around in weighty circular movements. An array of shivers and quivers race up through the impala’s body.
 “I’ll… I’ll suck anything you want,” Aaron’s muffled plea is an attempted bargain for mercy. He furrows his sweating brow at his choice of words, feeling hollowed by the measures he has to take just to be these animals’ source of entertainment. As such, he has no choice other than to close his lips around the front half of this wolverine paw and suck once again on that filthy marked fabric and all its succulent filling.
 Amid the gargles there is a rustling sound when the paw drives in and out of the maw. Kaz grits his teeth pleasurably and says, “What’s that? You love sucking on other men, huh?”
 “Mhm! B-because I’m your bitch… I’ll do anything you say!” Aaron yields. His false words are only half-coherent when he is ingesting such a busy mouthful.
 “Heh… good boy,” Kazimir beams.

The wolverine is content to wait and watch for a few minutes longer, if only to test his victim’s limits of dedication. He foregoes the stacking of his feet; now resting them both back to the floor on their heels which forces Aaron to bend lower just to reach the soles. He must plant his palms to the floor for stability, too. It’s an effort he shouldn’t seem so eager to fulfil but nonetheless Aaron uses his position to lick Kaz’s sock several more times. Each slurp mattes the fuzz down and peels small pieces away. The sound is like a chalk duster rubbing over sandpaper but the dominant animals pay it no mind, so long as it means they’ll earn their pay check.

Toward the end of the hour Aaron is fatigued though he is graciously given a minute to gather his breath again without any of the four feet badgering him incessantly. His fingers ache from the needling and kneading over impassable paw padding, which has left his hands teeming with warmth and a lingering smell. His tongue throbs raw. His jaw longs for a break. His nostrils have numbed. Yet above all else, all the cervine can think about is returning back to work in the coming days knowing that someone only a few desks away had organised this vengeful operation. They would know everything that happened to him during this capture. He’d never be able to look them in the eye again, least of all for the infidelity with their girlfriend.
 Despite this soul-draining fatigue Aaron knows his day isn’t over yet. For the past while the rainbow-haired rabbit has been persistently hinting how eager they are to have their turn using him like a personal toy; hinted of course by all the stepping upon Aaron’s groin treating it like a car gas pedal every few seconds. Now, finally unable to ignore the blonde figure in his periphery any longer, the impala glances timidly in their direction. Eye contact is mutually made. The rabbit winks, slyly. The impala gulps dreadfully. The time to worship them is now due.

**(To be continued!)**