**Aroma Therapy  
PART ONE**

Synopsis: Your co-worker at a spa/salon – a butch, unmannerly rhinoceros named Tyson – uses blackmail to punish you and exploit your fetishes, after discovering you shameful secrets.  
  
Disclaimer:  
-Willing Foot Worship  
-Filth/Musk/Sweat  
-Degrading Domination

-Verbal Abuse  
-Rhinoceros (dom)  
-POV Perspective (sub)

It started as a one-time risk – a simple, rare discrediting of your integrity – but it was right there… something so easy to pinch and stow into your pocket unbeknownst to any of your co-workers. You couldn’t help yourself. Your impulses had more influence than your own common sense. You hadn’t stopped to consider the possible consequences…

For the past six weeks you’ve been the newest staff member at the ‘Blossoms of Bodhi’ day spa; a meditative retreat made to pamper anthros with the money to spend on self-care. The facility itself is a trendy, modern luxury; a mix of wooden slat walls and white stone alcoves each fitted with backlit teak panels depicting the logo of a Bodhi tree flower. Water trickles calmly down wall-feature fountains in the foyer. Black river stones fill their bases. Fanning fern plants sit amid furniture that is contemporary but comfortable. Here there are private masseuse suits, pedicure and manicure centres, saunas, shower rooms, mud-baths and a space for the yoga class.  
 By far and without doubt your favourite aspect about working in this job is tending to the needs of the clientele; often young, bossy, handsome anthros who don’t see you as their equal, only their servant for a few hours at a time. As someone who nurtures a masochistic fetish towards other males, the job couldn’t be more fitting. As it so happens, you’re the only human amid a staff entirely comprised of anthro employees… one of whom is egregiously attractive.  
  
Tyson Whittaker is nothing short of a mouth-watering mirage. The anthro rhino stands at 6ft 5", hosting a burly body of armour-like brawn. Despite the dullness of his gun-metal grey skin you always feel compelled to grope its indelible firmness. His arms are stocked with rigid, round musculature. His pecs are pronounced above a rack of bulged blocky abs, which urges your hands to tremble on sight. The flow of muscle contouring across his body creates delectable aqueducts for sweat to follow. The rhino's face is a mixture of clean-cut majesty and fierce, untamed masculinity complete with stoic expressions. It's impossible not to be entranced when staring into the dead-pan stares of his light blue eyes.  
 When you learned the rhino is heterosexual it had dimmed your hopeful ambitions of ever getting to touch his body, yet over time you’ve begun suspecting his orientation has more depth than he’d ever admit. Something about him rings different. Tyson seems *-too-* comfortable and experienced in teasing any male employees he deems inferior or effeminate; showing off his muscle flexes while half-naked in the staff locker room, or pulling them into platonic headlocks to prove his biceps match the size of their skull… and even crossing his huge feet up on the counter top directly near another employee when sharing the reception desk. It’s made you salivate with envy and wish you could have that kind of casual bond with such a dominant animal.   
 You cannot ruminate about this horned beast without ogling over the most desirable region of his body; those plantigrade humanoid feet which have plagued the deepest depravities of your imagination since first laying eyes upon them. Tyson's feet boast a splendorous enormity in their proportions. His soles are meaty, toned and impassable with tough calloused textures that presume very little tenderness. His thick but stubby toes each end in dark grey toenails. A single sole could smother you down like a pillow until you lost yourself under its surfaces.  
  
The aforementioned ‘one time risk’ happened two weeks prior but ever since committing the act in question you’ve felt paranoid and meek every time you see that rhino staring your way with that famously dull, emotionally-detached apathy of his. These stares have been more common as of late, as if he knows something he shouldn’t…  
  
You had just finished a morning shift of working reception, ready to pack your things and leave, when Tyson lumbered past the desk tossing a rag and chemical detergent bottle into your panicked clutches. He muttered some uncaring command telling you ‘the boss’ wanted you to scrub down the staff locker room, (before he wandered off toward the massage suits where a white stoat had previously entered some minutes prior. You presumed Tyson was personally requested to pummel the back muscles of this client with his enormous hands; considering the grunts and groans you would hear coming from that room afterwards. The same client had been here once before but had left the premises with a slightly awkward walk; as though the rhino’s rough technique had hurt their back. Regardless, you knew deep down the boss had truthfully asked Tyson to perform this menial chore yet somehow being the recipient of his handed-down duties had felt arousing at the time, so you heeded the rhino and scampered to the locker room.   
 Upon entering with innocent intentions your eyes cast toward a particular locker door that hadn’t been properly locked and had therefore swung itself open by a narrow inch. You gulped with heavy awe recognising immediately that this was Tyson’s personal locker… the very vessel where his casual clothes and shoes were stored before dressing into his uniform each day. The idea of peeking inside and witnessing the anthro’s footwear up close was too tantalising to ignore, and so you did just that. You moved quickly and inconspicuously. After pulling the door ajar you laid your sights on a black backpack on the lower compartment, followed by followed clothes at the centre and then a glorious pair of brown walking boots sitting upon the metal shelf. The view was more than you ever bargained for. There half-stuffed inside these boots were a pair of used, unlaundered socks hanging out over the rims tempting you beyond your self-control.  
  
You later stirred from the drunken trance realizing you'd spent the last eighteen minutes plastering those socks around your face in feverish intoxication, plugging your nostrils with aromatic cotton and huffing musk straight from their fibres. These socks were starch-white with grey around the toe caps. Musty footprints had left a yellowed tinge, irrigating through their soles.   
 The same endearing devotion was then given to the rhino's sizeable boots which were held over your mouth like a ventilator while you extended your tongue deep inside and licked up the insoles within until their grippy textures felt smooth and slick. The air inside them was toasted to a smoky crisp but stunk of apple cider. It was a rush of hormones – a dizzying high – and your body wanted more than it could handle.   
 In that moment you made the lingering decision. The boots had to remain but the socks were too invaluable to leave behind. It was a quiet day. Nobody was around. Nobody would know it was you. You could pinch these socks for your own deviant predilections and get away with the crime unseen. What harm could it possibly bring?

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In present day, at your usual morning hour, you have awoken to a message left by your boss in the staff group chat. The message itself makes your pupils dilate. It reads: “Morning team, reminder that the spa is closed to our clientele today for staff training. Unfortunately I’ve found myself with a timely fever and cannot come in to oversee the training. As our longest-standing employee, I have assigned Tyson Whittaker to take my place and see that you – our newest members – are fully coherent with all your responsibilities. Take care!”  
  
An hour later you approach the premises with nervous excitement, exhaling and white-knuckling the handle before entering through the front frosted-glass doors. Your thoughts are stuck in a mile-long traffic jam. You’re not sure what to expect working as the rhino’s subordinate for a day. Tyson rarely bothers to acknowledge your existence most days but now he will be in charge of you and the other staff, likely exploiting his authority while it lasts. From the moment you enter the foyer your attention is affixed not on a room of anthro employees but instead on a singular anthro; the bulky rhinoceros himself wearing a teal polo shirt tucked into the waistline of his beige shorts, and a waterproof wristwatch. He sits in a white faux leather chair behind the curved reception counter. When that horned head looks away from the phone in his hands and looks in your direction he stares you down with dead-pan ambiguity. Your chest is already tightening. You close the door behind you and smile with detectable timidity. Your body language gives away your guilty conscience.  
 Tyson’s deadened stare lasts a few seconds before he turns his attention back to his phone. He then clicks his fingers sternly summoning you over like a pet being brought to heel. You quietly gulp, weary that nobody else has arrived yet, but you approach him nonetheless. When you step past the threshold of the desk and find yourself standing awkwardly in his immediate presence you realize the rhino is sitting barefoot with his footwear kicked off, (left to waft under the shade of the desk). Tyson has once again decided to wear his big broad sandals instead of the expected white work shoes. He has been known to ignore this uniform stipulation and wear these sandals often but you’d never had the rapture of seeing them unworn, despite how often you silently begged he would kick them off in the break room during your shared shifts. One glance and they already look so delectable they encourage you to salivate. You can sense the danger fuming from the treaded footwear. The brown leather is warped and malformed under sets of deeply debossed footprints, each as black as smudged lead but with a buttery gloss in desperate need of a hard-working tongue bath. You can only imagine the bittersweet flavours of its grime.  
  
Already the scene is too much to process. The rhino is confidently poised with one leg raised and lopped over the other knee while he taps away slowly at his phone screen, (from your standing position you can see that he’s idly playing a tactics based mobile game). His foot is cocked forward in the air levelled with your crotch. Gently it wobbles to its own rhythm. The slant of his sole exposes you to the view of its ample dimensions, rough-hewn contours and deep instep. Miniscule curled threads join a scattering of dark blemishes along his sole, stuck under the adhesive sweat glaze. Whether subconsciously or deliberately motivated, either way his heavyset toes tease you with eye-catching movements while they hover here in view. The digits have a seamless, dreamy fluidity to them; coaxing, splaying, rolling together, bending and furling one after the other... as if playing an invisible piano. It's a slow and lively wriggle that enchants you into speechless observation. The other foot is pressed flat to the smooth tiled floor.  
  
Already your cheeks are singed in rosy tones. You worry that you’ll only lead yourself into trouble if he catches you staring too intently. The chances of becoming sexually stimulated right in front of this intimidating co-worker grow more likely by the second. The simple matter of his blasé demeanour is spellbinding enough on its own.   
 In an effort to distract yourself and proceed with the day, you clear your throat and shyly ask: “Hey, Tyson, um… where is everyone else? I didn’t think it’d just be us.”  
 Without looking up from his phone Tyson mutters his response in a gravelly yet soothing monotone: “Not coming. The sheepdog fella turned up but I let him bail ‘cause there’s no real boss here to know any different. Then I texted the zebra guy. Told him not to show up either. I wanted the place all to ourselves anyways, just you n’ me… figure now’s our best chance for a little one to one chat.”  
 You interpret his words as a thinly veiled threat. On top of this looming dread, it's difficult to concentrate on gathering your words when your eyes are so busy following the motions of his toes squirming below. You clutch at your sporadic thoughts and stammer, "Oh, uh, w-why’s that?”  
 His foot begins gradually turning at the ankle, stirring the air until it pauses suddenly in an upright stature. The toes bend back and the ball pronounces in your direction letting you see the durable grey sole and the shine of its sweaty veneer. You still can’t decide if the rhino means to entice you and force your attention on his feet, or whether he’s merely very comfortable with himself in public. Whatever the case, right now the stillness in his once agile foot and the unshaken calmness in his expression seems… predatory. You start to feel small and cornered.   
  
“Should I tell ya, or should I show ya?” He bluntly asks, building tension on purpose. It keeps you magnetised to the floor.   
 You watch the rhino place his phone onto the counter top. His big hand then digs into his pocket rummaging around for something unseen. Tyson pauses and then drags something long, wrinkled, white and grey from his pocket. It begins as a scrunched ball in his fist before unrolling revealing not one but two socks. He holds them up to dangle in front of you. From the moment your eyes register their familiarity you become paralyzed. Your blood infuses with an ice-cold current. It numbs your flesh. It slows your pulsing heart. Your eyes widen as they recognize the very pair of socks you'd recently stolen. Right now the only warmth you feel inside you comes from the pools of red forming in your cheeks.  
 Tyson raises a single brow. His expression is stoic but demanding of your accountability. "Mhm, I know that look on your face. You recognize these filthy things, don't you?"  
 "But... h-how? Where did you find them?!" You croak, lost for words. You know for a fact that you left his old socks under the pillow in your bedroom before leaving your home this morning.   
 “I didn’t find ‘em, dipshit,” He grunts; his eyes darkening with malice. “This is a different pair of mine… just look the same as the ones you took. Wanted to see if you were stupid enough to incriminate yourself. I’ve seen you blushing like a dainty wuss every time you look at me so I figured you were the one who must’ve stolen ‘em that day. Guess I’ve caught myself a pervy freak just now, huh?”  
  
Your eyelids jitter. Your spine hardens like a steel rod lodged inside you. Your mind scrambles like static. You instinctively ponder the likelihood of fleeing right now and never showing your face in this day spa ever again. You start to slowly step backwards, hoping to retreat, but Tyson stops you with one shake of his head. “Don’t even try…” He orders.   
 Embarrassment glimmers in your eyes. You sheepishly stare at the floor, avoiding eye contact.

“Yeah…” He says, “Now I gotta decide your consequence. Can’t have some creep invading the privacy of his co-workers’ space, right? At least that’s what management would say, before they kick your ass out of here. Personally, I got other ideas… so we're gonna have a talk about what happens next. Let’s start with you getting down on your knees so I know you ain’t gonna run away. I’m guessing you’re real familiar with that position anyhow." Tyson points his finger down to the floor. He maintains the balance of his hefty foot hanging lopped in the air but the socks are carelessly tossed to the counter beside his phone.

Your body is confused by arousal and panic blending together into one liquefied mood. There is nothing you can say to defend yourself and so without uttering a word you lower yourself onto your knees. Your head bows down heavily. You tremble all over like a battery-powered vibrator. Somehow you manage to hold yourself together regardless of the knotting nausea in your stomach. As your face lowers down past the raised foot a gust of apple-cider stink flows into your nostrils. Its sweet but acrid tones hasten your heart rate. Once floor-bound, all you can do is stew in your embarrassment and stare down at the top of his other foot pressed into the floor-space by your knees. Its masculine contours and grey hues act as a distraction from the dread rippling through your every nerve.   
  
You feel completely at the whim of this surly animal; powerless to make any of your own decisions. As the tension only thickens you expect Tyson will call your boss, the police, or outright break your jaw with one swing of his sledgehammer fist. Instead, he asks one curious question: “You’re a dumb shit but I’m betting you’re at least creative enough to know what’s gonna happen to you now, right?”  
 Before you can produce an intelligible answer the rhino suddenly lowers his foot down and rubs it firmly overtop of you, flattening your hair and driving your dome into the high arch of his foot. Your entire body jolts violently as if reacting to a high-voltage shock. An unsteady gasp expels from your drying mouth. You aren't remotely prepared for this surprise smothering despite having fantasized hopelessly about it for weeks. All you can do is petrify into a subservient statue having no choice but to let this anthro roll his rugged sole back and forth over your skull until it finds a comfortable resting place. Your pupils dilate. Your mouth feels fuzzy and your groin electrifies. Locks of hair at the rear of your head are trapped between his toes. The equally grippy heel nestles itself at the top of your forehead, concluding the clammy sweaty clamp he now has over you.   
 The anthro's foot is unmanageably heavy to the point of discomfort. You grunt and tense your neck doing all you can to keep your head levelled in the air. Your fingers clench against your own thighs. It’s an overdose of sensations. The pressure is consistent from heel to toe but you shudder pleasurably at the thought of his flesh paving your hair down underneath. The subtle wriggles from his toes massage into your skull. You groan and puff out a flustered breath, unable to say anything coherent. With this one rhino foot making a footstool of your head, you’ve become unplugged from your self-control wanting nothing more than to salivate for his amusement. For now your gaze has nowhere else to drift but down to the other foot suffusing its toes into the floor below, spreading a freshly fogged footprint over the glossy surface.

Tyson’s irritated voice then descends down on you, overlaid by the gentle exercising crackles of his toes above. He says, "Here’s how I see this going. You're gonna be real confused right now ‘cause not many foot sluts like you know what to say when a fella suddenly treats ‘em like some worthless piece of furniture. Kinda ironic since you spend all day dreaming about it happening. You're welcome… by the way. I could’ve ruined your life from this if I really wanted to but instead I’m giving you a chance to make it up to me. And you *-will-* make it up to me. I got the whole fuckin’ day to deal with you however I want. Ain’t no one here to stop me."

You try to nod your head obsequiously but the weight bearing upon it keeps your mobility stifled and restrained. His rigid stance and his tensed leg captivate you in your rightful place, albeit you do manage to rustle your hair up against his arch and feel the warmth of its friction. Tyson rolls his eyes languidly when he feels your pathetic attempt to serve the very fetish which first landed you in this degrading position.  
 “Anyway…” He grumbles, using his channelled foot muscles to keep you still. “I’ve had stuff go missing before but never a pair of rank old socks. Made me really have to think about the kind of thief I was dealing with ‘cause they certainly weren’t looking to profit here. Had to be more personal… more weird. Am I right so far?"

You ‘nod’ once again, in the same limiting manner as before. The resulting sound is a quiet, scraping rustle.

"Wasn’t sure what to think about someone who wants to rummage around in another fella’s footwear… but I had to assume you snuck ‘em outta here and huffed their stink like a drug addict all night long, until you passed out. Stop me when I get something wrong."

“I-I didn’t mean any harm,” You groan; trying to make pleading eye contact but finding yourself unable to look any higher than the rhino’s midriff. “For a guy with my interests, stealing your socks isn’t an insult, it’s… it’s a sign of admiration! I know you’re straight but you’re still the hottest person here and I just… my feelings got the best of me!”  
 The foot begins to shift in place. Candidly it pets you and patronises you, expecting you to put up with the daunting neck strain and aching pressure simply because it’s more entertaining for him to see a pervert suffer as a result of their own incompetence. Tyson is treating you like nothing, just as you've always wanted. You couldn't have asked for a better outcome to a very tense conversation.

   “For a guy with your interests…” Tyson scoffs, mimicking you while ruminating deeply about those words. He rubs his palm against his chin, matting its bristly hairs.

The flesh of your forehead ripples gently around the girth of his heel which slowly begins to drag down your brow inch by inch. As the majority of your hair forcefully greases forward and you feel toe digits raking up your crown you realize the rhino is now sliding his foot down your face, led by that flat heavy heel. Your heart pumps like the pistons in an overheating engine. There's no point in pretending to grimace when those grey shapes graze their way over your facial features, blocking your vision once they pull past your eyebrows. You welcome the pressure ironing your skin down flat, even when it snags and stings.

The crux of pain comes when the arch smears down your brow but the heel rides down the bridge of your nose never relenting in its force, warranting more and more of your nose cartilage to squash inwardly and flatten unwillingly until it becomes smothered in gritty rhino sole. Before your nostrils become entirely compressed you sustain a long sniff of his distinctly tangy aroma, enjoying what you can as your sense of smell is snuffed into redundancy. At this same time five aggressive toes splay and curl throughout your hair letting some locks drape over them while others are seized in their gaps. As the rest of the foot lowers the hair caught between his toes will yank and encourage you to wince or grunt. Tyson would be able to slide his sole down your face at a faster pace if he wasn't so intent on cramming it forward for added traction.

Before long you find yourself mystified in the depths of an intimate faceful. The heel has ground to a halt over your mouth. The arch plasters your nose while your brow becomes a numb smudge against the ball. Grey flesh, tepid with natural warmth, swallows your face like the thickening slurry of unset concrete. Only the most constricted wisps of breath can flow in or out of your nostrils.

Still with dead-pan countenance the rhino stares blankly past his own horn at the topside of his extended foot. He watches the muscles and tendons sealing tightly around each thick bone, leaving veiny bulges on the skin to exemplify the amount of concentrated pressure being driven into you. If your backside wasn't taut with nervous tension you'd likely have fallen backwards by now.

"Well," Tyson mutters, "This is your fantasy you're living out, so you tell me how good my feet smell..."

You huff and shudder. Serotonin soaks into your brain. You cannot see anything but you can feel the scrunches of flesh making malleable creases and steamed wrinkles across their unforgiving surface. At least for now his sweat has dwindled; less like palpable drips and more like a slippery spread of salad dressing from toe to heel.

"Hmmnph," You moan sensuously after sniffing into his arch, rolling your eyes into your head even as they remain closed. "Smmphs so grrd," You slur; each word meandering into a muffled collision.

"That good, huh?" He sarcastically remarks.

Without warning the foot slides even further down, at first pulling your skin with it as your features initially stick against his sole. Meaty dips and humps continue their transition at your expense until the toes stroke in separated splays down the reddening skin of your forehead and your nose swipes its way into the centreline of his broad, calloused ball. Tyson doesn't stop there. He knows you're already a useless melted-down cohesion of hormones which gives him the freedom to toy with you in any way that most pleases him. He decides to shunt his foot down yet another couple of inches until the ball is now content to press widely over your puckering, chapped lips.

Your nose finally takes residency inside his torrid toe gap, (locking in between big toe and index toe), forcefully implanting both nostrils against Tyson's malleable webbing. It's perhaps the softest part of his foot but also a place of localised potency. A vapour - like the ripeness of an old apple orchard - becomes your only source of oxygen for the next few minutes. Gratefully you skate your nose left and right along the webbing while the surrounding toes curl and plough indents into your sizzling cheek flesh.

His apathy might often leave him difficult to read but those who know the rhinoceros well can always tell when he feels deep, satisfying enjoyment. This is one such moment. He doesn't care about you as a person; he only wants to exploit your desires for his entertainment and ego. Of all the lusty queers he has put in similar situations, you kneeling here and receiving this faceful of foot is a new ‘speed record’ for him which itself is something worthy of pride. Every loud sniff you draw out from his toe gap is another dose of confidence for the already overbearing animal.

"That day you nicked my socks I had to walk home in my boots without any spare socks to soak up the sweat. Had rugby practice that day too. Got back to the uni campus by evening, kicked off my boots and bam- immediately stunk out the entire fuckin' dorm room. You probably would've loved it; hot, rancid stink like boiled corn and fruit gone bad. Felt like there was so much steam blowing off my feet I thought the damn smoke alarm was gonna go off, all because you wanted to be a perv."

The air falls silent for the next few minutes, save for your struggled exhales and emphatic inhales. Tyson remains dormant, keeping you stationary. His foot's grasp becomes tighter and warmer over time. His toes are solemn for now, briefly refusing to wriggle against your nose or cheeks. Eventually the flesh melds its temperature to your own feeling like nothing more than a weighty but organic attachment stuck to your face. You want to prove your obedience and perhaps make him feel more open to mistreating you in the future so you enforce a consummate effort not to struggle or make any faces at the humid air between his toes. Soon the rhino, (with his sole always attached), cranks and cranes your head onto a backwards tilt forcing you to look up at his fearsome face. The tops of five toes intrude into your peripheral vision. The thickness of his ball and arch still push against you but a lone stream of saliva has leaked from your lips and presently trickles down the middle of his sole.

Now that he can stare into your widened eyes and feel more power over you, Tyson says, “Like I was saying though... ‘A guy with your interests’ is just a foot slut. Don’t dress it up all fancy-like. Say it plain and simple.”

"Mhm, mhm!" You meekly agree, unable to respond with real words.

"Now you say it too. It ain't gonna stick unless you know what you are and believe it every day."

"Im-r frrrt slrt," Your repeat; your words tumble out contorted in sound. His ball buffers it all.

"Now sniff," He orders, pinching your nose between his extremities. You balance the base of your nose against that rubbery toe webbing in the deepest trench of the toe gap, snorting an airy gust of his musk and tasting days' worth of stale, accumulated sweat. Before the whiff is over Tyson instructs you once more. "Say the words again."

"Mmr a foot sslrt!" You try to announce, loudly into his compacted sole.

During the words "foot" and "slut", separately, the rhino pats your face down with two succinct heavy impacts; rearing his foot away only so he can squash it back into your aching nose again and again. Each one claps on your flesh with a loud raw smack, garnering a flinch and a vibration through your skull. It feels like a boxing glove prodding into your face during a spar.

After the second pat his foot lowers away to the floor pressing itself flat beside the other in front of your knees, discarding your urges to nuzzle back into its unyielding sole meat. You're left with large, light pink foot prints and graze marks imprinted against your skin showing faint glimmers where sweat residue remains. You're panting for air but still you’d prefer to reject any oxygen that isn't laced with his B.O.

Tyson now sits staunchly; his crossed arms and his muscled body appearing more austere than ever before. He looks down on you with gruff indifference, identifying you not as his co-worker but as his property. It's the same look you'd once seen while walking through the park where you’d witnessed a sporty male Dalmatian taking a rest from their jog. In an extreme case of 'PDA' they were sitting casually on the park bench but with their legs extended and crossed over the back of a low kneeling human, who by all assumptions seemed to be a close acquaintance with his anthro dominator. You've always longed to see that same smug, audacious expression in an anthro dominator of your own… and now this moment in time grants that very fantasy.

Your eyelids flutter. You feel lightheaded. Tyson however can still command your mesmerized attention at the click of a finger. He draws your gaze by muttering the words, "C'mon, I got a secret of my own to show you... something that'll send a foot sniffing sissy like you into a frenzy. Get up and follow me to the locker rooms."

You stumble into the white tiled room like a trembling lamb, following closely behind this sauntering animal. Your heart rate and blood pressure skyrocket when you realize he has led you directly to his locker. Tyson grunts a comment under his breath about you ‘returning to the scene of the crime’. He cranks open the squeaky locker door without any difficulty, having failed to lock this compartment yet again. You cower behind his brawny frame and stare bashfully into its confines, observing the same layout of items as you had seen previously. To your surprise the anthro bends over, (almost knocking you with his rump), and fetches that ambiguous black backpack from the very bottom of the locker.

Tyson turns to face you. You're stricken with a nervous worry, not over the contents of this bag but for the fact that Tyson has dropped his apathy in exchange for a subtle grin of haughty, concerning narcissism. You'd never seen him display this expression before which sent cold pinpricks along your bloodstream. You gulp and watch the animal unzip the backpack, dig his arm down into its mysterious depths and grab something which crinkles incessantly. Your pupils dilate.

When the arm withdraws it unsheathes a sagging ziplock bag sealed shut and clenched in his fist. Its plastic has turned opaque with a steamy condensation sourced from the bulky objects imprisoned within. You blink several times. Your brain understands what it is seeing but still you take several gawking seconds to process your thoughts. When Tyson extends his arm to shove the bag in your vision and you're finally hit by the realization. Your throat parches immediately expunging itself of moisture. The items fermenting inside this ziplock are none other than a pair of enormous sports sneakers; bright white in design with black burnt-out treads, dark blue laces and foamy dark blue insulation on the interior. Its sodden insoles are grim, heavily dented and forged into place from years of foot-smothering usage.

Your jaw hangs. Your eyes dart alertedly across the bagged shoes in your vision. You're speechless and inanimate. That seething condensation is evidence enough that the isolated atmosphere in there is one of soupy heat and unrestrained stench, percolating until the air itself is moist and polluted.

"Wh-what’s this?" You tremble as you speak. Your voice breaks.

"This is something I've been cooking up for a while. These are my nasty gym shoes... been wearing 'em for years now and they reeked normally before but now they've been stuck in this bag for months stewing in their own goodness, waiting to meet the perfect foot slut. It's a lil' project I've named 'aroma therapy'. Huffing these will either break you one way or the other; could ruin your appetite and turn you off the stink you think you love so much, or it could be like a perv's ultimate wet dream and you'll never live another day without wanting to be a real man's bitch. I don't give a shit what it does to you, but you're going face deep in one of these no matter what. So... lemme' introduce you."

Two big rhino hands grasp each side of the bag and hold it under your alarmed, flaring nose. Your ribs cling around your lungs as you hold your breath in frazzled anticipation. Those thick fingers pinch the plastic then pull, cracking the ziplock seal. The assault is instant. The stench is already sharper than a handful of whiteboard markers and more pungent than a barrel of rotten apples, mulched in vinegar. Every neuron in your head is zapping with rampant activity. Endorphins and dopamine flood your system, stunning you suddenly into a dizzying spell. Your nostrils, esophagus and lungs immolate as if inhaling fire itself. One breath over the partially opened bag makes you wretch out a wet, breathless cough. Your thoughts are spinning in a whirlwind. You can't yet decide if Tyson's aroma therapy is too much to handle, even for you As it turns out, you don't have a choice in this matter.

Before you have any time to consider consenting the rhino rustles one hand inside the bag and grabs a single sneaker, wrenching it out along with a flavourful cloud of zesty, hot air before he rubs his other fingers and thumb around the ziplock, grinding the seal shut again before any more precious vapours escape. The bag is tossed down atop the backpack now laying on the floor by his bare feet. Your body tenses and shrouds into itself protectively but the rhino grabs the back of your head with his free hand wrapping it broadly over the back of your skull. You're towed forward violently and suddenly towards the opened mouth of this overpowered sneaker, (conveniently held at face-level).

You don't remember the full transition. In one instance you're breathing the regular, cold clean air of the locker room... in the next instance, you're sandwiched between rhino palm and raunchy shoe insole while a padded rim encircles the entire lower half of your face pushing so persistently against you that the shoe itself scrunches and compresses. Pressure and texture is the least of your worries. Your nose is immediately anaesthetised under the musky influence of its toxic distillation. Your eyes are bulging as the stench screws up into your airways, forcing you to accept its uninvited presence.

Your cheeks are tickled by a flow of involuntary tears. It's not an emotional response, merely a biological one. Your body is in shock; shaking violently with your knees knocking together. Your vision is filled with the length of Tyson's sneaker top and the tips of the grey fingers groping around it, from behind. He ignores your muffled spluttering and coughing against his insole. He ignores the colour washing from your face. For him this is a one-way interaction. He doesn't care about being your friend or seducing you into a relationship. The horned beast is simply bored enough that he sees an easy target in you, especially when hinging his ire on disciplining you for the stolen socks.

Despite the red swells of blush, the twitches in your eye or the spasms of panicked energy dancing through your nerves you feel comfortable and safely cradled in Tyson's hands, gulping the un-breathable potency of his sports shoe with no alternative. The aroma is a bewildering mix of arid dryness and boggy dampness. Each inhale tightens your lungs more and more, weakening them even as your heart beat grows forever more vehement. No matter how the rest of the day goes, this knockout stench will forever be ingrained in your memory. Your entire face is clenching and twitching now as the vinegary vigour crawls deeper into your very being, nullifying your once-lively thoughts.

Just as your knees begin to bend and buckle forward you dreamily reach out and try grasp for the sinewy arm ahead, hoping to secure a solid grasp on him before you faint inside his heavenly footwear. The rhino grunts in disapproval when your clammy hand wraps against his forearm. He briefly removes his other hand from the back of your head and uses it to slap your wrist away, reprimanding you for touching him without permission.

"Don't hold onto me you dipshit, hold onto the sneaker. You're gonna be wearing it on your face for a while so you best get those noodle arms functioning good n’ proper..."

Although you're in a dozing trance sniffing in loud lungfuls of that vinegary miasma, (losing yourself in the glittery fog of lust), you use the last of your lucidity to heed his command and clamp your hands around each side of the big heavy footwear, helping to hold it against your face.

"Hmph, you really are depraved," Tyson snorts. "Would'a figured you'd pass out or tap out by now. Then again, I ain't got any high expectations for a horny freak like you. At least it's good to know you'll grovel at my feet no matter what state they're in. Gotta remember that the next time they get *-real-* filthy."

"Nnnmph-hm!" You agree, though none of your words are discernable. By merely pursing your lips inside the sneaker you have already ingested another mouthful of sullied sour air.

The rhino sighs to himself and releases his grip on the tread, trusting you to keep the shoe's muzzling position maintained. The lack of masculine grip means the shoe does not squash or grind so aggressively against you anymore but you still try to keep the soft blue rim sealing around your nose and mouth as adequately as possible, greedily containing the thick vapours inside for you and you alone to huff. Tyson can hardly see your face behind the framing of this upward-facing footwear though he prefers the view his way. He stands back, admiring the combination of his most aromatic gym shoes and the licentious libido of his newest foot slut. In his mind the imagery fits together like a lock and key.

While you’re busy panting into the rank insole goosebumps suddenly sprawl across your skin and your hairs stand on end when a large calloused palm presses gently over your chest, feeling for the speed of your pounding heart. At least, your impressionable love-struck mind believes this to be the reason for the rhino's intimate caress against your ribcage. In reality, Tyson is only placing his hand here to prepare for what comes next.

It takes only a single, simple push for your body to thrust backwards against the opened locker. Your guard is much too lowered for any strategic defence and so you stumble back without protest, focused only on keeping yourself shut inside the sneaker until your back slams lightly against a metal surface causing a raucous rattle and echoing clang. Your body proportions are an easy fit inside the locker dimensions, (at least after squeezing your shoulders in tight). You understand your cues and so you shuffle yourself deeper inside the locker, taking the rhino's stoic glare as a directive hint.   
 Once cramped inside with your body huddled to meet its dimensions - always with the steamy shoe clasped around your face - you see the rhino grab the locker door and slam it shut ahead of you, narrowly missing an impact with your slightly-bended knees. Darkness engulfs you, (excluding the light rays slicing through the segmented gaps in the door). It's reminiscent of a high-school bully shoving someone in the lockers only much more erotic.

You sheepishly take your prescribed shoe sniffs and peer around to each corner of the locker, pondering about Tyson's plans. He answers your thoughts by pounding a fist on the door and barking the words, "Don’t thrash around too much ‘cause you're staying in here for a while. I'm gonna go hit the sauna until I think you’re ready to be let out. Wanna get myself dripping with sweat. Don't stop huffing either... I'll be back later, bitch. Enjoy the stench."

With that you hear the slapping fleshy thuds of bare footfalls lumbering out of the room, back into the corridor. Your ears remain perked until that sound eventually dissipates. You puff out a sigh of relief, finally realising how intensely your legs are tremoring. Even your hands tremble around the sides of the sneaker which you lovingly nuzzle, rubbing the rim around your features in soft circular smears while trying to scrape your nose up the sodomised topography of his insoles. By now the stench has permeated through you and your airways with such noxious effect that you have begun acclimating, (though the lightheaded-ness and intoxication still somewhat imbues you). For now you have no choice but to settle into this cramped uncomfortable space for as long as it takes, to show Tyson your patience and your subservience. At the very least you have his foul sneaker for company until that time comes.

**(To be continued!)**