**Wartime Worship**

Disclaimer:   
–Paw/Foot Worship  
–Musk/Filth/Sweat  
–Soft Trample   
–Group Worship  
–POV Perspective  
–American Foxhound & Bernese Mountain Dog doms

Grover - a gritty American Foxhound with a body trimmed in firm fine muscle - leans back against the cool corrugated wall. The cigarette hanging from his lips glows a bright orange to contrast the surrounding encampment darkness. In the moonlight his pelt is milky white with biscuit brown tones coating his ears, backside and shuttering his oft-furrowed face. This hound is a strict and inflexible disciplinarian at heart trying to inspire strength in his ranks but often acting more like a terse bully instead. Tonight he wears a tight white tank top sealing in his stocky torso, and baggy brown trousers draping over a pair of bare white paws. His laced, leather military boots sit patiently away to the side while weathered brown socks hang limply from their mouths ventilating in rancid odorous steam.   
 The Foxhound grunts and puffs two spiralling trails of smoke through his nostrils, posed with one hand tucked behind his skull. He passes the cigarette over to the Bernese Mountain Dog beside him named Alby, who is an equally handsome animal overlaid in a shaggy coat of fur; black and white and ochre-orange all over in stunning assemblage. When Alby takes the cigarette and smokes a long drag he stares all the while at his friend – who he knows is prone to short tempers – simply for the enjoyment of irritating them.  
 Grover whispers with hushed importance. "Get your peepers off me! You're freakin' me the fuck out."  
 "Cool down man, don't blow your top. So what if I stare? I like admiring a handsome Yankee when I see one. You should count your lucky stars you get any attention at all with that lousy attitude."  
 "You wanna start something? I'll grab my dick and plug your mouth shut if you don't shut it yourself. Don’t waste none of that cigarette either… with the rations we get these days our supply is running thin," The Foxhound argues back. Both canines continue whispering to avoid detection.

The mountain dog grins and raises his orange eyebrows. “Gee, at the rate you talk about rutting me I’m startin’ to think we should get it over and done with."

Grover is about to give his sharp-tongued rebuttal when suddenly, alarmingly, both dogs are alerted to a nearby sound of a rattling metal fence. Given the intense paranoia of living in a military encampment during the height of warfare, neither dog can consciously ignore this suspicious interference. Alby growls under his breath and tosses the still-glowing cigarette away across the airfield gravel. It bounces and sprinkles in embers and ash before rolling into still defeat. Grover meanwhile moves to apply his socks but after seizing them in his fist he decides it may preoccupy too much precious time, so instead he shoves the socks into his pocket and leaves the boots abandoned on the ground. Alby stifles a chesty cough and quietly follows the barefoot Foxhound. The two sneak around the bend of the barracks curiously making their way towards the noise.   
 This is the central moment when they both lay eyes upon your dark shadowy figure up ahead at the fence line, awkwardly scaling the wiry surface with a large duffel bag slung around your body. In this first moment you haven’t yet acknowledged their presence, giving them the advantage. At first the dogs consider racing to alert a scout or signalling an alarm until they realize - after their eyes adjust - that you are not intruding into the base... you're trying to leave.

Grover takes the lead using his bare paws as a stealthy benefit on the otherwise crunchy, pebble-coated ground. Unbeknownst to you he creeps in from behind while thus far you are busy struggling to climb the fence. When the Foxhound is in lunging distance he quietly drags a used sock from his pocket and pulls it between both hands, stretching the heavy brown wool into a taut length that greatly distorts the imprinted stains. Alby holds his breath, flinching when Grover throws his sock-wielding arms expeditiously over your unaware head, wrenching you into a sudden grapple! Alerted yelps are muffled quickly into the sock which binds over your mouth and pulls tight. Your body is pulled into a hugging capture from behind! Grover struggles to hold you still. Together you stumble backwards very nearly crashing into the barracks wall before you are restrained and must comprehend surrender. You try to dig your fingers into the wrinkled band of musky textile squashing your lips and nose hoping for a breath of clean air but Grover's grasp is too formidable. The muscled Foxhound manoeuvres one leg around yours locking it in place so that you cannot kick wildly, at least with both legs. Eventually you come to understand the plight and cease all your struggling subduing to a gasping standstill; inhaling rapidly from the dog's soft footwear. The odour is earthy yet tart in your nostrils like rosemary vinaigrette. It reeks much like any sock would when worn for a full month without any laundering but the smell is undoubtedly sock-like and causes your eyes to water. Your heart pounds. Your lungs clench. Your palms sweat nervously.

"I.D him!" Grover growls.

Alby steps confidently towards you while you're pinned in Grover's hold. The Bernese Mountain Dog grins inches away with a knowing arrogance, unaffected by the sight of you. Alby crosses his arms and scoffs. "He's no threat. He's nothing more than a green leaf... some new guy I seen getting drafted in here last week with the other batch! Looks to me like he's trying to fly the coop! What do we think about that, Grover?"   
 The Foxhound feels you tensing. You insinuate an intention to struggle and run but soon give up on the idea when the hound behind you refuses to budge. Grover keeps you muzzled in his old horrible sock and quietly mutters directly behind your ear, saying, "A deserter? I always wanted to catch me one of these... I mean, ain't they just the lowest? I'm a red-blooded American see, so I don't take kindly to a coward who'd rather abandon his land instead of fightin' like a real man."

"Despicable," Alby spits on the ground, creasing that tri-colour face with anger. "So what we do with this yellow-belly?"

"Should we make him kiss the ground to show some appreciation for the country he almost jilted?" Grover asks. He embraces you tightly, practically spooning you whilst standing. He can hear every raspy panicked breath you make into the unforgiving sock musk.

"I'll give you one better," The mountain dog insists, "We got enough dirt all over our boots to substitute. If he wants to respect this land he can lick it out our treads!"

The Foxhound grins darkly, nuzzling his muzzle against the back of your head. You are more wide-eyed and skittish looking than ever. Grover transfers his elongated sock into a bundled heap which he rolls into one hand and clamps firm around your mouth. Panting, you moan into this balled wad of insulation which sandwiches its stinking hot wool into the big padded hand beyond. The sock is affectionately rolled around your nose smearing in its harsh tangy flavours and rubbing away your dignity. With little other choice for oxygen you take frequent sniffs each one violating your nostrils. The bully canines chuckle quietly at your disparate situation. You are truly prey in their arms feeling the Foxhound's abs pressing against the cold sweat of your backside, while the mountain dog has already lowered onto one knee and begun untying his own labyrinth of boot laces.

Outside of Alby's earshot Grover very quietly whispers a private message into your ear which makes you blush bright red. "Don't gimme a reason to use force, ‘cause I'm in heat and I wouldn't stop to make you a living condom... by that I mean I'd love to fill you with cum then toss you out."

When Alby finishes undoing his second boot too and stands upright Grover releases you but slaps your rump. You stumble forward into the mountain dog who then pushes you away to the side.   
 "I-I'm real sorry, fellas!" You stammer defensively, "I'm not a crook I swear; I'm just not war material! I hate it here... but I got conscripted, darn it! I... I just want to scram and wait till it's all over some place out on a farm maybe. Please? Can't you let me have that choice?"

"Zip it," Alby demands. He swiftly kicks off his boots one at a time revealing smoky socked paws which hadn't seen fresh air since early dawn, a day before now. Unlike Grover's socks his pair is marketed as 'white' though extensive use and negligence has left the soles soaked in a yellowish-pumpkin tinge of stains.

You gulp. You shake your head, trembling at the legs, staring with fixation at his boots. "No way am I licking those clean! Y-you can't make me, it ain't right!"

Grover's instincts signal that you might try to sprint back to your own barracks if given a window, so the Foxhound saunters behind you and blocks your path. "You think we won't tell the C.O we found you deserting? You'll be disgraced. Dishonourably discharged. Slinking back home a public embarrassment. You think anyone will give you the time of day after that? You'll be blowing married business men on their way to work, just to earn your breakfast."

Alby grins and bends down to seize one of his discarded boots, beckoning you closer with his other hand. "Pft, look at this bozo. First he doesn't want to help us win this war, now he doesn't want to lick a fellow soldier's boots? Fine. We'll give you some slack," He deliberates, staring down into his own boot opening and sensing its heat-wave vapours spewing out like a nuclear silo. "We'll wait till tomorrow and you can lick our boots then. It's gonna be a whopper of a training day, I hear. Long marches through some real unsightly terrain - mud, slop, bog - you name it and we'll be trudging through it."

Two weighty padded hands then drop onto your shoulders from behind making you jolt.   
Grover mutters, "But we gotta ensure you can stay put until then so uh... we're going to keep you with us for the night. Of course we demand a loyalty test first, so prep that big sniffer of yours and relax for a beat."

Contrary to any method of relaxation you stiffen when the Foxhound pushes you down and drags you resultantly to the ground, wrestling you low until you are forced to lie on your back with your grunting head pinned in between the canine's kneeling thighs. You make begging jumbled noises and jerk your legs and throw your arms but you are restrained flat with efficient speed. They squeezes your skull between their thighs, rubbing their groin on the crown of your head. Grover hunches over and holds your arms to the ground veering over your frightened face with a certain repellent smugness.   
 Alby helps from the opposite end of your body by stepping onto your vulnerable groin with his paw; discounting your integrity in one footfall. The crotch stomp takes you by such surprise you inhale sharply. The sizzled warmth of cotton sole blankets your crotch adapting the mountain dog's supple paw pads which fold and scrunch and nest directly against your bulge, unafraid to apply decent squeezing pressure. The confliction of weight and pleasurably soft textures confuse you though they aren't enough to distract you from verbalising stress and worry.

"Hey! W-wait, cut it out!" You protest, stuttering and shivering when Alby curls his toes in four slow juicy scrunches over the apex of your groin. Pleasurable heavenly sensations course your body.

The two dogs share a look of mutual understanding. "Don't worry 'bout it, I'll shut him up," Grover grunts.   
 The sour sock still pocketed in his meaty hand is put to use once again. The Foxhound fixes the woollen mass against your lips and he starts to prod it deeply with his fingers indenting the sock and coercing it between your lips. You cough on linty debris when the dog's sock funnels into your maw by force. Your mouth is only half filled when the second sock is unravelled from Grover's pocket and crammed into your drooling stuffed orifice too, plugging it until the brown tip dangles out between your lips. You are pacified and left sucking on the wool feeling dry fluff plaster along your tongue while a rich gravy of flavour seeps across your taste buds. That rosemary vinaigrette familiarity returns with extra strength. You have never felt so humiliated in your life!   
 "I read it somewhere once that in olden times, people who abandoned their post got whipped then trampled so the sand went in the wounds. Luckily I'm not -that- sick in the head so I'll just settle for walking on him, eh?" Alby suggests.

Grover - with your head between his legs - looks up at his friend with a raised brow, simultaneously cupping his palm around your mouth warmly to prevent you from spitting out the socks. "Don’t fib I know you heard that on the radio not in a book. You can't read for shit, you clown."

The Bernese Mountain Dog smirks in amusement but nonetheless he gives your bulge a last scrunching rub before walking, (with both those sweaty sodden socked paws), up onto your pillow-soft abdomen. One by one the paws land on their mark just above the groin and dent into your grey shirt cotton. The shock wave trembles your pelvis when suddenly your intestines and bladder are squeezed flat as a penny under the paws of that black, orange and white hunk. Alby tests the pliancy of his new living floor by making small kneading steps only just impactful enough to squish ripe grapes but not strong enough to hurt you. He looks delighted. His handsome autumn eyes light up with glee. Every sinking footfall, every press, elicits a soft coughing groin from your sock-gagged mouth.

Alby approaches up your body taking careful amounts of time to tread all across your torso planting his padded feet into your stomach for a particularly lengthy, straining time period. Grover watches the mountain dog have his fun, wiping their feet in long sweeping motions or short shimmying scuffs while your shirt is rummaged and pummelled and creased and pulled around by paws. Faint imprints of dampness mimicking the mountain dog's ball, heel and toe padding - the kind that would stick well to a linoleum floor - start to appear across your torso the more you are trampled softly.

Alby levers onto the balls of his paws letting his body weight torment your warm putty stomach underneath. He maintains this pose with meditative peace smirking all the while until your sweating face turns a bright red. Before Alby walks further onto your chest he wipes each foot backwards interchangeably in roller-skater motions, making a doormat out of you. When he treads over your ribcage he feels a gentle bowing, like the softness of rotted floorboards in a dilapidated house, and so before he can employ any kind of serious injury he changes up his position by lowering down atop the torso spreading his weight evenly. He decides to sit down against your trampled belly thereafter, dropping his rump heavily into the large cradle of abdomen between pelvis and ribs with his knees peaked and his paw soles rubbing cosily up and down your chest. You hate to validate any of this punishment, though admittedly it becomes much easier and less agonising when the mountain dog has seated themselves. The only hitch now is the proximity of two very fragrant paws heating against your chest and edging towards your face inch by inch.

The shaggy dog shuffles his backside into a comfortable groove and stretches out his legs bridging them over your chest, over Grover's mouth-clamping hand, lifting his feet to smother the rest of your face comfortably. Mouth, nose, eyes and brow are buried in cushiony cotton covered pads that generate such generous temperatures you can no longer feel the night air upon you, only foot heat. Alby grits his teeth in a leer. He paints your hardy facial structure in sweaty linty residue, patting and slapping around. He splays all eight canid toes across your forehead curling his claws into the furrowed creases. Your cheeks burn an igneous blush. Your fingers constantly, reflexively splay and twitch as if operating invisible typewriters while one mutt sits on you and treats your face like a footstool and while the other mutt vices your skull in their thighs and feeds you his vulgar set of army-brand socks.   
 Alby and Grover say nothing for a while. They simply admire their teamwork in teaching you, a weak deserter, a well-deserved lesson about loyalty and commitment. Grover will on occasion dry hump the crown of your head during the same instances where the mountain dog pushes his soles hard into your face, expunging them of sweat trickles. He parts his paws and criss-crosses them idly to keep your face busily mounted and indignant underfoot. Alby later keeps one paw standing on its heel forming an anchored indent into your forehead. Here he raises this appendage high in the air away from you and tries to push the sole up against the snout of his Foxhound friend.

Grover grimaces at the sudden assaulting sight of a paw shoved in his un-amused face. He sees an entire surface of saturated colours splotching and spattering into dark paw print shapes, shimmering with a misty heat and an accompanying malodour. A large hole in the fabric reveals the orange shiny ball pad within, peppered now in black crusty grains of grime.  
 "Whoa! Get those spoiled meat plates outta my face!" The Foxhound growls, pushing his free hand against the sole to force it backwards. The bottom of Alby's sock feels as moist and sticky as boiled lettuce.   
 The mountain dog sneers and cackles hysterically, finally dropping that appendage back onto your face again, stacking both his paws at once for the sake of applying extra pressure. "Don't kid yourself," Alby says, "You must have some kind of feelings towards 'em since it was you who told me to wear these socks all day every day."

"I said that so you'd stop peeling them off and throwin' them down to my bunk every night. You try sleeping when filthy socks drop onto your face, it ain't easy I tell ya."

Still with his boot gripped in one hand Alby throws his arms up in playful defeat. "Alright, alright. But if it was the other way around I wouldn't fuss if your socks got tossed to me."

"That's because you're sweet on me," Grover muses.   
 "Eh shut up, wise guy."

The two share a fond smirk. Grover then yawns exhaustedly and stares up at the night sky watching the stars glimmering in the black emptiness above. He moves his hand away from your mouth feeling traces of drool depart your lips. This muscle-bound hound clambers to his feet for a standing stretch of his tired body.

With the rest of your mouth now openly in view Alby shifts his paws overhead momentarily masking the entire front of your mouth under both feet for an interrupted eighty seconds of groping; sanding his curled soles up and down over and over physically commanding your head to follow each direction. Your lips are pulled this way and that, not without some discomfort. Your nostrils too are flattened under the ball pads every few seconds yet because your mouth is clogged in Foxhound socks already these nostrils are your only source of oxygen. Your timing relies on taking breaths in rushed but accurate intervals else you suffer the potent stink of the canine and accidentally inhale direct currents of unappetising air from the squishy masses of orange pad leather and thin marinated cotton. Eventually the shuffling paws slow down to a halt and park their toes in a tight curl, (creating an array of pleated sock ripples), expressly over your nose.

Grover stands by solemnly and observes his friend's antics. "You done playing with him yet? We gotta vamoose sooner or later. If that bugle sounds at dawn and we're still out here, Sarge will lose it."

“I'm having fun picking on this joker. I don't know, it's a goof. He knows we got some juicy blackmail on him now so if you consider the potential; he has to do everything we ask, even if it's some real wacko shit like sniffing our socks," Alby responds.

Grover can’t deny his enjoyment of toying with a weak helpless runt like you as it reminds him fondly of his upbringing in a military academy for misfit juveniles; a private high school where the strong reigned supreme and the meek were always the target of emasculating hazing ... but even in this reminiscence his expression stays naturally rested in a dull deadpan frown.

"Fine," He grunts, crossing his strong arms once again. "You get five more minutes with him then we drag him back inside and keep him there till morning. But he stays at the foot of my bunk when we get in there, capeesh? Maybe a night spent licking my soles will make him remember what it means to serve dutifully and loyally. They got all kinds of pebbles, dust and dirty grass stuck to 'em now after being out here barefoot."

During the canines' conversation you are lying still and captive, hardly bothering to twitch a finger now. The expense of energy spent struggling under the mountain dog's sitting body is pointless. All you can do is listen to your own thoughts wishing you'd waited a few hours longer to sneak off the base; a plan that would have spared you all this repugnant obedience to these similarly aged soldiers. You spend the time with your face closeted in Alby's soles breathing to and fro from their sullied fabric which reeks just as badly as the Foxhound's socks taste inside your mouth. Never have flavours this cruel and bitter attacked your senses before.  Never have you wished so much for a total loss of your ability to smell. While the linty Foxhound sweat upon your tongue tastes continually of that same organic rosemary tinge, the mountain dog's socks radiate a flavour worse than the army's own powder cheese ration packs.

Alby is curious to uncover all the hysteria so he lifts his own boot to his face and squeezes his grinning muzzle deep into the dark brown opening. His face is quickly sheathed in the tarnished leather, hushing the sound of the powerfully drawn sniff that ensues. Alby sucks the zesty air from every corner of the boot's interior and winces with only his clenching eyes visible outside the boot rim. He quickly withdraws his nose and holds the boot a wide distance away from his face, turning to wheeze and splutter out the over-ripened B.O on his taste buds.

"Blegh! Gee, that bucks like a bronco! To think I've been rubbing that smell all over his face tonight! Urgh! I don't feel poor about it though... this coward deserves it for trying to weasel his way out. Don't you, buddy-boy?"

Hastily the mountain dog slides his paws back down onto your heaving chest punting the breath from your lungs. Alby adjusts himself, crawling and ambling up onto his knees now straddling your body amid his thighs and groin. In this new mounted position with his rump weight finally alleviated from your stomach Alby is free to lean forward and look down straight into your glassy eyes. The face to face affection lasts only briefly before Alby winks and the boot in his hand hovers upside down above your face. Your eyes almost bulge from their sockets.  
  
"Say now, what'cha think about sucking face with this boot, eh? If you really don't want it, all you got to do is say no... out loud."

You now panic under the scrutinous pressure, sweating at the brow as you shake your head in strong opposition. "Nph! Nm-nph-mphff!" you say incoherently through the mouthful of Foxhound socks.

Alby grins and lowers the boot closer by another inch. You can see directly into its neck all the way to the jet black insole and its indents. "Hm? Aw shucks, I'm sorry but I ain't hearing any spoken objection! You must really want this smelly boot in your face. Who knows, maybe it'll make you forget all about your troubles here."

Grover stifles a laugh by holding a fist to his chin, composing himself back into a serious figure of authority. You, meanwhile, are in a state of desperation trying your utmost to probe the brown socks out of your mouth using only your tongue. Your lips gape. Your tongue curls and twists and pushes at the boulder of wool yet all your saliva has lately soaked it through and given it extra weight. You are frankly too weak to achieve anything whilst laying this flat on this airfield ground, without the use of your arms.

Alby shrugs, positing a twisted fictional innocence as if the blame is not his to take. "Well whaddaya know, he's googoo for dog musk it seems."

Immediately after saying this the straddling canine shoves his inverted footwear down closing the gap at last trapping you inside that hellish vent of leather, depositing your lips and nose deep into the surprisingly squishy insole as the boot neck crumples against your face. You try to twist your head to either side or liberate your nostrils from the acrid dome of Alby's heel indent by any means necessary. The animal does not allow this. He drives both hands down on the upturned treads pushing until the loosened laces drape lazily over your brow. The moonlight brushing his grinning face exaggerates his visage of psychopathic glee. You try to forbid yourself from enjoying the whiffs you must inhale of that nocuous fetid boot air. For survival purposes however you are resorted to snorting in its humidity, expelling dry exhales back into the same boot until your breath is recycled frequently.

"What's the intel, soldier? Describe what our disloyal little rookie is huffing, would ya? I might even rub one out to this memory later so tell it good," Grover asks of the fellow canine. The Foxhound's bulge is tightening in his army slacks as he stands by observantly.  
 "I'm no gourmet but if I had to say anything, I'd say my boots reek like someone threw too much garlic into a cheesy garlic puree! I still got a zing in my nostrils from the sniff I just took. You're welcome to my other boot if you're so inclined."

Grover refuses the offer with a simple scowling grimace. Alby snickers playfully when the Foxhound says, "Don't get lippy, else I'll let this schmuck leap that fence and you can take his place at the foot of my bunk instead. Our pads get so muggy after a day's worth of training I really don't care whose tongue I gotta use to cool 'em down, so watch your tongue or it'll be scraping out toe jam before you know it."

After three more minutes of garlicky boot huffing your breathing has slowed to an infrequent crackle. Your nostrils flare against the malleable insole indent. Your eyes roll back in a haze. Your hips and sides are squeezed still between the legs of the Bernese Mountain Dog sitting atop. Occasionally a watchtower spotlight far across the base scans the grounds yet it never permeates this dark gravelly alley between barracks and fence perimeter, allowing the two canines to punish you without fear of discovery.

Grover looks back over his shoulder, purveying the intense darkness all around. Eventually he whistles to call an end on the night's antics. He summons the mountain dog to get off you at long last, which Alby obeys reluctantly. With a pouting sigh he gropes his boot tread and yanks it from your face waking you from your slipping consciousness.

Cold air settles on sweat soaked skin. You breathe it in graciously only to find the clean oxygen is no longer familiar. You have almost grown used to the violation and the fumes trapped in those worn-out boot confines already. The confessed warmth and cosiness of Alby's body weight then climbs away as the hound stands to his feet, keeping his footwear underarm after collecting the other boot off the ground. The smirking dog strokes your nose with his socked toes one final teasing time before letting you free.

"Up!" Grover snaps his fingers. You groan and roll to your side.

Crunchy pebbles and dusty debris roll from the backside of your blemished grey shirt when you crawl onto your hands and knees weakly. Both dogs tower over you glaring until you raise upright, standing on two wobbly legs while the rest of you trembles timidly. You don't feel worthy standing next to these real soldiers whose patriotic bravery and commitment to the war effort shine infinitely brighter over your lack thereof.

Grover steps in behind you and puts a hand on the back of your neck. At first it feels supportive until you realize the Foxhound is grabbing the scruff of your neck like a controlling master. His other hand beckons low below your mouth. "Spit 'em out. You've sucked my socks long enough I'd wager."

You aren’t shy about optimistically unhinging your jaw finally showing the capability to cough and wretch out the two socks from your stuffed maw; a moment you'd desperately waited for ever since you were first caught escaping. The items tumble indolently with the help of your pushing tongue, falling out into Grover's palm as a sodden heap of doused drool and matted wool. The excess saliva drips between their flexing fingers. The Foxhound grumbles quietly under his breath. Before shoving the wet articles back into his pocket he mutters, "Suppose they needed a wash anyhow..."

"Eh, let's skedaddle. I can hear the sandman calling, telling me to get the fuck to sleep," Alby yawns.

His yawn breaks into a chuckle when the Foxhound replies, "Yeah, yeah. You're a real comedian. I'm thinkin' me and the new toy ain't getting much sleep tonight anyway, seeing as how I can't trust him not to scram the moment I turn in."

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The barracks door squeaks ajar, slashing the darkness within by a pane of sharpened silver moonlight. Revealed throughout the long room are rows upon rows of bunk bedding stocked with a company of soldiers all slumbering and peacefully unaware. Alby creeps in first padding soft on his socked paws. He makes his way to his and Grover's stack of bunks, sets his boots silently on the floor then ascends the ladder with utmost discretion. There is only an innocuous rustling when the Bernese Mountain Dog tucks himself under the covers. He shuffles some more, pulling the short bedspreads up to his chin which retracts them from the end of his bed exposing his paws openly, (as is the same for many of the other soldiers in the room).

Grover guides you through the darkness leading you around the other boots and footlockers occupying the floor. You are carrying your 'runaway' duffel bag in one hand and the boots of the domineering Foxhound in the other, (which you'd been demanded to hold on your way inside). All items are deposited down beside Alby's footwear. Quietly Grover then tugs off his trousers too leaving his attractive muscular body dressed in nothing but white briefs to match his white tank top. You can't help but glance over the powerful legs once they bare themselves. You gulp when he see the Foxhound climb into their own bottom bed underneath Alby's, though they choose to lie atop the bedspreads.

Grover stretches himself out comfortably slipping his hands behind his head and crossing his toned legs together at the foot edge of the bed. The curt animal is undeniably handsome lying there in the dim light; his apathetic face, abs, bulge and bulky masculine paws sparsely outlined in illumination. You stand about awkwardly unaware of how to occupy yourself, gazing frightfully at both pairs of canine paws before you viewable in their separate tiers of bedding. You blush and focus on Grover feeling too bashful and traumatised to look at Alby's discoloured socks any longer after spending the night already unwillingly huffing and stuffing your face against them. The more your eyes adjust to the darkness the more you can look around the barracks and see so many different pairs of paws and feet - socked or not - in every bunk.

"Psst!" Grover signals, glaring over in your direction.

"Y-yes sir?" You whisper back, scared to wake those all around you.

"Before you park up at the end of my bed for the night... I got a swell idea for you," Grover whispers back. You strain your ears to listen. "Be a pal and go around the room, bed by bed, and give every single paw in here one lick. I want you to apologise for disrespecting this army! You can start makin' up for your sleaze-ball actions by doing this. After you lick every fella's feet you crawl straight back to me and work on my pads next. Got it?"

Your heart skips a beat. The colour drops from your face and terror fills your big eyes once again. "What?! I-" (You cover your mouth to control your volume), "-no way am I doing that! No way no how!"

"Don't question your orders! Do it! Or I'll make you do it at dawn when everyone's wide awake."

You half-whimper and half-sigh in defeat. You glance anxiously around the barracks hardly even sure of where to begin. By now your eyes have fully adjusted. There are many different pairs of legs from many different animals all unsuspecting that a stranger could soon be kneeling at them for a lick, as per the Foxhound's cruel command. Grover nestles in his bed and watches you stumble to the nearest end of the room. You look back pleadingly at the barefoot dog but see no mercy in their unwavering expression. It works in Grover's favour that you are too scared of the repercussions to refuse him.   
  
Covertly you lower onto your knees at the foot of an unknown bottom bunk, bringing your grimacing face close to a pair of bare paws belonging to a snoring raccoon. Your lungs feel tight as a fist. The feet are displayed inches away with fully padded soles from heel to toe which have the firm, wrinkled texture of a wallet. You draw in a stunted breath, fluttering your eyes. You kneel next to the raccoon's boots and gently sniff the air above their openings to detect any stink, though surprisingly you are only met with a leathery fragrance. You now brace yourself for the lick. You close your eyes and lean into the raccoon soles, extending your tongue as far as it can reach. The tongue physically trembles as does the rest of your jaw. Anticipation and adrenaline surmount each other building the tension in your chest until the very tip of your spongy pink tongue presses against a surface of organically warm padding. A set of clawed toes twitch at the touch. You freeze in place but keep your tongue daubed into the ball of foot. Your blood is ice. You wait and count to a 30 second mark before the raccoon snores again, reassuring you to continue safely. Slowly you drag your tongue up one side of the ball following its convex shape until your nose brushes lightly under the animal toes, (which have slowly subconsciously splayed further apart the longer your lick persists). Carefully you depart your tongue and lean away, tasting little more than a faint sprinkle of salty flavour. Your entire body shudders yet you sigh in relief that the raccoon did not wake.

Continuing onward you stand tall and confront the sight of another canine in the upper bunk; a dozing shirtless Boxer dog who is lying on his stomach hugging a pillow to his drooling face. The crinkled bed sheets are barely covering his body at all. They are slipped and bundled messily out of place exposing their full body wearing nothing but black briefs. Both doggy paws here are upturned and boasting their platter of soles visibly. Nervously you gaze over the undulant contours of their meaty black pads, embedded in the caramel fur. Still under threat, you must lower your chin against the clawed digits and hover your lips above the toe pads so closely that you can sense their warmth without making contact. Out rolls your tongue poking first into the tuft of sweet fur between the Boxer dog's middle toes. From there you slurp upwards over the ball pad running a trail of saliva dew over the course texture, picking up a taste redolent of microscopic parmesan flakes. The lick continues over the ridge of padding and travels up the softly curved arch matting its fur. You are relieved that the canine doesn't lurch awake but you stay prepared for any uncertainty. You gag and step away, wiping your tongue with his fingers. The knowledge that Grover is still watching your every move gives you an inkling of performance anxiety.   
  
The next bunk over consists of one empty bed below and then an upper bed beholding a tall brawny bull with jet black skin and fearsome white horns. The bovine is sprawled on his back with one leg extended straight and the other leg hanging limply off the side of the bed. It dangles like a heavy pendant unbeknownst to the very bull who is too deep in his slumber to care. You look at Grover for help, wondering which foot you must lick on this peculiarly positioned beast. Grover smirks sadistically from across the room and gestures his command by pointing downwards, telling you to lick this overhanging leg. Is the Foxhound trying to get you caught? You tug at the hot neckline of your own shirt feeling a creeping panic.

Regardless of fears you turn back to the bull. You puff a breath and lower down onto one knee in front of the sinewy black leg, wishing you could have had it easy with the other leg above. Down here you can see every detail in the ample humanly shaped foot sporting thick black toenails and heady toes.  Behind the leg the bull's pair of army boots are neatly positioned on the floor, boasting a size that could engulf your entire skull. Fumes with a braised beef fragrance hover around the bull's boot openings.  
 Your two shaking hands reach forward and hesitantly touch the veiny topside of the bull's foot. Several times over you shy away and release the foot each time submitting to your nerves, until finally you wrap both hands around the large appendage holding its calloused heel and warm, plump ball. The leg sways in your grip, wobbling in the air, which keeps your heart elevated into your throat. Slowly you start to pull forward and angle the foot backwards cradling its heel - which fills your entire cupped palm - until you are now staring at the sole instead of the topside. The rumbling breaths of the bull above indicate he has not yet woken, despite his entire leg being repositioned in the air for licking convenience.

Before your chest explodes you bring your nose to the sole and lick a long winding snaking slurp from the bull's heel, up his arch, through the centre of the ball and over three of the five toes. At first the flavour is mute simply tasting like an ordinary lick of flesh until your tongue crosses into the deep crevice of space beneath the toe digits. There you shiver at an ambushing taste of vinegar where an obvious cache of bovine toe jam was disguised against the black skin.

You gulp and shiver a second time, regretting swallowing the grime on your tongue. You grip the foot tighter as a subconscious reaction, squeezing its very torrid meatiness in your palms. You stare belligerently at the platoon of upright toes shining when the moonlight casts over your saliva marks. You are reminded that earlier tonight you were so very close to sneaking away from this military base forever, yet here you are now back in the very place you hoped never to see again, obeying some sick Foxhound's demands and tasting multitudes of feet for punishment.

With methodical care and an abundance of patience you slowly manoeuvre the bull's leg back to its original dormant position, pushing it back without swaying it too aggressively. You guide the foot to drape downward once again, returning your view back to its strong upper surface again. Eventually when your confidence rebuilds you releases the foot and let it hang by on its own. As you stand again and begin walking away to the third set of bunks you suddenly paralyse at the sound of loud rustling from the bull's bed! You become a statue once again. In your peripheral vision you watch the bull wake drowsily and scratch their thigh. They mutter something unintelligible and then drag their overhanging leg back up onto the mattress with a thump. Your pounding heart almost drowns out the noise of the bull yawning and nestling. After nearly a full minute of standing deathly still you hear the breathy sounds of the bull falling back asleep. It had been a dangerously close call. If you had been kneeling down there holding their foot out for another five seconds longer the bull would have stirred to discover his invasive groper. The thought alone makes you shake like a leaf.

To great relief the third set of bunks provides you an easier and less life threatening experience. You're able to approach the top bed first and find a short but muscled red panda lying spread like a starfish, snoring innocently with his hand lopped over his fuzzy belly. The vibrant animal has forgotten to remove one of his dirty grey socks on the left paw. You hold the edge of the mattress and lean in on tippy toes. Only after you stuff your face deep against the jet black paw, embracing its squat plump shape and lush fur, you realise you had not lingered in hesitation this time. In fact, you even glide your nose horizontally under the red panda's toes for a long sniff letting each round digit roll softly over your nose contours. You quiver yourself out of the habit and blush in confusion. You try to blame the sniff on investigative curiosity to spare yourself some embarrassment, though a flutter in your chest contradicts you. Now eager to move on before you confuse yourself more, you quickly lap the paw in three successive licks over its slick cream coloured pads.

You ignore the socked paw and bend down to reposition yourself on all fours at the bottom bed now, where a silver fox with a bronze tinged muzzle lays on his side curled in the foetal position to stay warm. His skinny black legs are stacked atop each other and extended into reach, permitting you to gaze at the eight brown toe pads all assembled and stacked atop each other in orderly collection. You peek your head into the fox's bed space and bring your lips to the stockpile of toes. For six everlasting seconds you mop your tongue up the pads one by one starting from the bottom and cleaning upwards consecutively rolling it over each dry brown bump and dipping it into each furry black dip. Both paws emit a homely body heat through their soles which keeps you in toasty comfort until your tongue flicks up off the last toe pad, discarding two different rivulets of drool which trickle back down the swarthy toes.

The next few bunks afterwards blur by in a sequence of varied anthro species and the marginal differences in worship. Each bed you visit successively shaves off more and more of your paranoia. Though a soldier might stir, twitch or even shift in their sleep nobody is a light sleeper and nobody wakes to catch you in the act. When reflecting on your luck so far you understand that these young adults are worked to the bone from dawn till night in preparation for an incomprehensible hell out yonder on the battlefields. Exercise and training regiments are drilled into these men, so when they collapse into a bed for the night they intend to stay there.

On your way around the room licking the feet of everybody present - fulfilling Grover's command - you are less repulsed by your own behaviour. Hesitancy becomes an endangered concept. You are now close to coming full circle with only so few beds left until the venture ends where it began back at Alby and Grover's bunk. Until then you must attend to the final few soldiers.

You peel back the linen sheets on one bed to uncover the bare humanly feet of a dark brown buck propped closely side by side, whose long toes flex subconsciously when the musty heat trapped under his sheets escapes quickly through the lifted recess. You keep the bedspread pinched above the feet with both hands. You are lost for thought. You feel an unexplainable impulse to suck the buck's big toes instead of performing the mandatory lick.

A buttery aroma simmers around the feet tempting you closer. Predictably the scent increases the closer you move until your face dips under the raised linen and your nose sweeps over the tops of the toes. To the touch they feel like wads of slender baked fudge. Your eyelids flutter again against all control. You are scared to confess it but this humiliation feels oddly, incurably, fitting. It’s hard to believe you’re so casually nosing around in between the toes pushing them apart with snuffling nostrils. The smell this close in the toe pits is like the pungent, yellow buttery oils found in theatre popcorn. However you cannot move on until you fulfil his duty. You cave to your impulse at last and open your mouth wide over both big toes at once, closing your lips for a hearty dual toe suck.

An immediate sense of pleasure is felt like a shameful kick to the gut. You clench your eyes shut; internally shouting at yourself to stop and flee though for whatever reason your body yearns to stay sucking buck extremities. This depraved side of you wins the battle. You stay at the foot of the bed for several long minutes sealing the big toes inside your maw suckling their digits until they are slippery and glossed in saliva.

"Mhf.. Get off my ffffeet, Sam, you've.. had enough," The buck mumbles in sleep-talk, never really waking but apparently recognising the feel of a tongue running through his toes. You don't know who 'Sam' is, though you can only imagine what the herbivore is dreaming at this time. Out of respect, when it is time to relocate to another bunk you gently covers the buck's feet under their sheets once again and affectionately pat the two tented bumps of their appendages.

Next you grovel at a pair of raunchy army boots you find kicked underneath the bed of an attractive auburn coloured dhole. You stick your blushing face into its depths and sniff with dramatic inhalation. The experience is a revelation which makes you wonder if you ever truly hated the boot of the Bernese Mountain Dog earlier, or whether that was simply an instinctive self-restraint in a moment of panic. Privately you wish you could relive that moment again with your current foreknowledge, if only to test how you might react when forced to sniff Alby's potent footwear again.

Your tongue is later allowed to taste the parched, cottony bottoms of a skinny snow leopard's socked paws. You lick both sock soles as an unnecessary and personal bonus but this still doesn't feel like enough. Greedily you nibble at the tips of their socks one at a time until you can pinch an empty ripple of stale cotton between your teeth. Like a perverted maniac you have no conscious thoughts of your actions or their consequences as you grit your teeth and lift your head steadily stretching more and more of the snow leopard's socks. The fabric becomes taut with elasticated tension until the sock openings finally loosen out from underneath the heavy heels, whizzing fast up the arches with scattering lint until the fabric crashes into bundled crinkles halfway up each paw. From there the socks are easy to pry away and spit out softly to the floor exhibiting an array of pink feline pads. The clawed toes react to the change in temperature, curling just enough to winkle their greasy digit pads. Shamelessly you know you want to taste these pads but your removal of their socks was far too novice and graceless, so much so the unaware leopard wakes in a stir and yawns loudly while you kneel in rock-solid silence. Eventually they roll to their side and resume their slumber still innocently suspecting nothing. You decide it is too risky to lick their pads by now. The time to move on is nigh.

Lastly you lower to the final bottom bed of the bunk directly beside Alby and Grover's. Before pampering the slumbering blonde kangaroo in this bed you glance shyly to the right and make eye contact with the intimidating brown-white Foxhound. Those dark eyes hold a certain mistrust, as though Grover is still worried you might fake-out and desert the base at the first given opportunity. His bare hefty paws are still crossed at the end of his bed. He has hardly moved from his position once.

You exhale a nervous breath and turn back to stare at the kangaroo lying peacefully in front of you. Both blonde paws are armed with lengthy lofty shapes and grey coloured pads; alluring as a baker's tray of pastry goods. You decide once again to abandon the 'one lick per soldier' rule for something more satisfying and diverse. You lean inward. You push your lips into its smooth arch, wobbling the elongated foot without disturbing the kangaroo. You kiss the fur once then lift your mouth an inch higher and kiss the sole again in its new place. Slowly a line of wet smooches are planted in vertical order ending on the centremost toe pad. The final few kisses are performed blindly while you stare off to the right again transfixed on the Foxhound's eye contact. Grover is clearly enjoying this punishment, watching your mouth make contact with everybody else's feet so candidly.

Your cheeks scorch with bright red blush. You're still scared of the canine's masculinity and demeanour, though you find yourself unable to look away. They may have started the night as your captor, bully and blackmailer but the urge to make them satisfied is slowly becoming a disgracing addiction you can't yet fathom. Licking and sniffing these other feet paws all around the room has deconstructed every inhibition and social norm ingrained in your mind. The experiences have given you a tolerance... an acceptance... even, dare you say, a hunger.

"C'mon over. You're done with them now it's my turn to use you," Grover whispers, summoning you down from the kangaroo's squeaky mattress to the smooth barracks floor.

You do not resist anymore because you are not the same person you were only hours ago. No longer do you feel the need to gag or whimper in repulsion, nor to feel that bubbling overflow of shame and emasculation. All things in account; your opinions on joining the war effort has not changed. The phobia of hearing that air raid siren blare in violent uproar across the grounds still keeps you locked with tension. Learning to operate a firearm and use it in combat is equally petrifying… although at the very least for now you can share in the company of these many pleasantly handsome anthros and keep your anxieties at bay.

You crawl on all fours to the end of Grover's bed confronting the bulky crag of those two American Foxhound feet stacked and crossed in all their overwhelming glory. Weighted heels and sunken arches of snow white fur sweep into a terrain of thickly defined pads all huddled together, competing for space. Their peanut butter colour gleams in the nightly wisps of light demanding your full attention. Neither you nor Foxhound can see each other's faces through this wall of paws but you can predict each other's countenance.

Yours is a frazzled mix of embarrassment, confusion, growing acceptance and equal parts intrigue. You kneel with a sheepish servitude, displaying the disposition of a high schooler asking their crush to the prom dance. Grover's expression is a subtle smirk disguised as a blunt blank slate of emotion. The canine lies back above his wrinkled sheets leisurely enjoying the ownership of you; his new bitch.

The worship doesn't truly begin until Grover impatiently hisses the phrase, "Hey, hop to it already, you foot loving floozy! You got all night to lick these stompers clean but that doesn’t mean you have to dally."

His obnoxious words make you smile. You say nothing yet immediately prove devotion by rubbing in against the Foxhound's instep carrying your face over the arch in a seamless long nuzzle and accompanying inhalation. This time you do not close your eyes while performing with sensual fluidity, exploring up and down their sole's dips and mounds. The pale fur stinks of an ashy bitterness, like rainfall dried into concrete. One lick is timidly scraped over the instep first before a second is lapped against the heel. Grover's toes flex above. The dog falls quiet again. You sigh romantically against the cosy cavern of paw arch, bristling away the fur in gentle ripples. The warmth expelling from Grover's feet is the perfect embrace on a night like this.

Your hands - currently clenching the edge of the bed - advance forward. They splay and slide up over the mattress stopping only after they can caress and pet the canine's sturdy legs. You slip one hand beneath a rigid calf muscle. Your other hand cups over Grover's shin and rubs down its girth back towards the paw, eventually stroking up the paw's masculine topside. In the meantime you shift yourself across from one foot to the other, dragging your nose from arch to arch and momentarily probing the deep narrow crevice between the crossed feet for a muted sniff. Once nuzzled into the second arch you now give it the same treatment licking its instep and heel in between various lengthy huffs and smooches. The motions feel automated. You're entranced to a degree where you feel like a visitor in your own body watching yourself worship the animal without any control over your own actions.

"Yeah," The Foxhound grunts, "Can't dance around it any longer... you're hooked. If later you try tell me you don't like feet I'll say phooey to that. Seems all you needed was the smallest push to get your motors going but I figured that the moment I yanked you down off that fence and got you in a dizzy with my socks. See, I got a nose for sniffing out bitches like you and this base has got a real lack of 'em as of late. I was gettin' ready to turn that scruffy mutt above us into my fuck doll 'till you came along."

Like a wax stamp, one broad ball pad of pliant succulence presses itself deep and direct into the front of your nose repressing your nostrils. The ball pad does not toy around it simply and candidly stays against you. Hot ripples are spread around its brown leather. Grover can feel your airways attempting to breathe in the pad's rosemary musk to no avail, (as the squashed nostril openings cannot muster the pressure to suck in any air through its airtight seal).

Grover fans his toes in the cool air in stark view of your eyes and continues to lecture you with degrading remarks. "What the boys in those pop-up recruitment shacks don't tell you is it's like a prison out here. Lotta’ animals in their sexual prime desperate for connection and willing to uh... 'experiment'. Me? I've been itching for a spineless poof like you to play with. Heck, I think we all have."

Until the Foxhound decamps his paw from your nose you must spend several minutes lodged in its leather, licking underneath it on all the fur bushing up against the plump banks of ball pad. You scrunch your hand tighter around the back of their foot massaging the thick stemming phalanges bones and muscles you can feel in your palm.

"You wanna know what else? If you really hated feet you wouldn't have laid there like wet cement waitin' to get paved when Alby was climbing all over you. Now if he and me had done that to a real male they would've put up quite a scene - kicked, cursed, thrashed, fled or even shouted - but here's you just letting that yappy idiot steamroll your face in his putrid socks and boots, while making a meal of my tasty socks too! If you got no defence or nothin' to say then you keep tendering to my soles like some lousy servant."

Your blushing face - whose heat hardly compares to the pads festering in your personal space - is much too stowed into these dog soles to make itself visible. You can only listen to their taunts with ashamed and accepting silence.

"Mhm, that's what I thought," Grover grumbles.

There is a series of noisy rustles when the animal switches his legs over to cross them the other way around, scraping his sniffed pads away from your nose granting brief untouched freedom until the toned legs cross again and the new paw slings over the ankle, propping its meaty density straight back into your face.

"See, this is why you're lesser than normal people," Grover states as he finishes adjusting, curling his thick toes in rapid swishing scratching gropes on your cheek and nose skin. "Normal people can keep it in their pants when they spot a dame or a hunky fella. We can function all proper-like and stay civilised. But you... you're blitzed the moment any guy takes off his shoes. You lose your fuckin' mind when you see paws like this."

You try to stay attentive but the paws perpetually flex and wriggle against your face, wiping your nose in playful strokes and slaps. Each chunky toe digit flaps up and down, up and down, opening access to its warm salty toe pits before slamming shut and leaving you with a faceful of stubby black claws. Your raised blood temperature keeps your face in an ignited bond with his peanut butter brown pads which have softened into a stickier, supple surface now that they are relaxed. Despite this the whitish dust, scarce grassy blades and crumbly stone granules treaded into his pads earlier outside still remain which implies a course texture that rubs against you constantly.   
 Suddenly the Foxhound's toes splay upright, unfurled and spread menacingly in the air a short inch away from your flustered face, like a large spider raising its forelegs before pouncing into attack. You puff a pent up lungful of air and gaze half-lucidly into the deep canyons between every toe, seeing each gap marked in its webbing with a gritty toe jam that has the appearance of miniscule brownish-black moss. A voice in your brain still tries in good faith to remind you how much you once disliked that unhygienic crud but that voice is dim and fading under the loud drumbeat of your heart. You realize by now that the Foxhound isn't lying back anymore he has sat up on his rump deliberately so that he can stare down on you and watch you fanatically break down in submission at the raw power of his paws.

"Tasty ain't it?" He mutters smugly and quietly, watching you sway in a lightheaded manner. "Just don't touch it. That gunk builds up in the night but it stews real bad in the day, so you can either have what's there for breakfast or you can wait till it's ripe and slurp it out for supper tomorrow night! By then there'll be enough toe jam to plug up your nostrils."

You groan in unrepressed fervour. Even your eyeballs feel hot now. Your groin is harder than steel but is trapped in the suddenly claustrophobic material of your uniform trousers. This is a point of no return; an end to all debate about your involvement in foot paw fetishism. You almost feel defeated by the notion that your groin could stiffen this much over male anthro feet… especially these particular feet basking in their own superiority at the end of the mattress, mounted purposefully in a view that you'll never forget.

You give everything over to Grover - willpower and dignity especially - and lean in to plant your glossy lips against his ball pad in a sloppy bated kiss.

"I.. I love.. your paws," You pant.

"No... really? You're kiddin'!" The canine sneers with fake sarcasm dripping off every word.

Now that he is sitting up with his knees in his torso Grover uncrosses his paws again for the sake of convenience and comfort. When they are separated in finality, the toes of one paw curl fiercely over the crest of his mattress. The other paw, without warning, shoves impolitely over your face hugging every fleshy feature into its cramped musky confines. In the blur your nose gets caught between two toes which clench around it tight enough to squeeze the cartilage within. Your nostrils are squished and rubbed together into compact slits barely capable of sucking any air aside from the earthy paw stench. You don't even fight the smother anymore.

"I know you're likely wonderin' to yourself, 'Why do anthros take their shoes off so often?' Well I got your answer: the heat. You gotta understand certain anthros like me only got furry soles and pads that sweat up a monsoon when we wear these gimmicky boots and socks all day long. You could cook a pot roast in my shoes at the end of any given day so excuse us very fuckin' much if we need to air 'em out so often. I bet you can feel that heat wafting off me right now, can't ya?."

Grover never removes his sole off your face he merely illustrates his point by fondling your nose and lips with the ebb of his rhythmic toe squirms, allowing for a moist squelch noise to permeate.  
 Your coherency in speech is affected by the squishing insulation against your lips, yet you try your best to moan against them before mumbling, "I'll... I'll cool your pads down every day, sir! Please let me lick those pads! I got the shakes just thinking about it!"

"Oh now you wanna lick them, huh?"

Grover teases you by locking your nose so tightly between his middle toe crotch that you cannot pull away you can only smell the potent exhaustive scent. Your lips drool against his sweating ball pad patiently waiting for permission. The American Foxhound can see the eagerness in your eyes, giving him all the power he needed over you. He smirks but his eyes stay deadpan and glaring.  
 You close your eyes and sniff his stale musk, begging afterwards, "I wanna lick 'em so bad! I have to!"

Grover scoffs and snickers, amused by your pitiable loss of willpower. His next few words tangle your heart strings and imbue you with an unexpected mix of feelings both good and bad. "Too bad for you 'cause I've changed my mind. These pads ain't so ready for you yet... I wanna wait until the scum is REALLY caked on! Trust me. It'll happen, just gimme a few days and you won't even be able to see my pad colour underneath all the mess of dirt, dust, lint, grass, carpet fluff, insole black stains, loose hairs, whatever, you name it. So keep your pansy tongue moist and ready 'cause it could take hours to scrape through a layer that rich. Until then I'm gonna do as I was and lay back in bed for a spell but you stay there at my soles like a good lil' fruit and I'll let you sniff them aaall night long. I feel one lick though and you're a dead man so don't try any funny business. I'll know."

You shyly nod into his foot paw brushing your nose up and down his muggy toe gap, rolling and nudging his big heavy digits sensuously over your face during the motion.

The soldier gives you one final daunting stare of seemingly indefinite length - warning you without a word - before he settles back into his bedding and lies sprawled in a state of dozy comfort. Perhaps out of mistrust and paranoia Grover stays awake despite the heavy bags under his eyes and lets himself enjoy your subdued, victimised commitment to his ego. Moonlight plays softly over his laboured abs once again. Grover sighs; his content now primed. He hears your wheezing sniffs and snorts. He feels his toes push when their digits are individually smelled or their gaps are stroked by your nose. There is constant friction and therefore there is constant warmth. You become so engrossed in these military dog soles that any concept of time is lost in a dizzying fog.   
  
Hours pass by in disorienting blurs ravenously devouring the remainder of the night. You move very little in all this passing time. You stay slouched on your knees at the foot of this animal's bunk nuzzling him, losing yourself in the bottoms of his feet for nothing other than his satisfaction and dominance. His threats stick so permanently in your mind that you obey his command not to lick, even when Grover eventually drifts away into a deeply fatigued slumber. When the Foxhound's body becomes limp and weighty, when grumbling snores arise from his opened mouth, your heart still hammers and your blush still burns. Your mind is now a scrambled signal of submissive ideas and conflicts. You are too absorbed in your new-found perversions to ever live life as a normal person again. It's obvious now that this is how the rest of your night will persist, yet you can only imagine what comes tomorrow morning

This isn't anybody's fault but your own. For disrespecting the country and cause so flagrantly with your earlier cowardice you owe it to Grover, Alby and everyone else in these barracks to indulge in absolute obedience and respect... no matter how long it takes you to pay that price.

THE END