**Hard Labour, Hard Leisure
(Part One)**

Synopsis: Your boss at the construction site – a large brown bull – teaches you exactly how you should behave in the presence of real, hard-working men.

Disclaimer:
–Willing Foot Worship
–Musk/Filth/Sweat
–Objectification
–Humiliating Domination
–Mature Dom
–POV Perspective

The ambience of your new workplace is anything but restful. Your ears are rattled by the cacophonous discord of drills, saws, hammering, clanging, the dumping of building materials, the roaring of heavy duty vehicles and the grinding rumbles of pollutant spewing machinery. The stench of disturbed earth, concrete mix and sawdust lingers in the air outside. At least you can take some respite here inside your foreman’s trailer where you patiently await his return.

Through these work site sounds you then hear the sloshing flush from a portable toilet outside followed by a squeak, a plasticised clunk and then ultimately the footfalls of one weighty beast pounding the dust and pebble-scattered grounds. Before trudging up those few timber steps and entering the trailer office, the boss takes a moment to snort loudly and then spit to the dirt repugnantly clearing his airways, with no respect to the property. Your ears burn red, (a sensation then repeated in your cheeks). Your palms and knees itch against the cheap carpet. Your joints wobble while your circulation slows. Around you the sights of minimal decor and peeling faux-wood veneer do little to keep your mind occupied while your body remains positioned on all fours, here on the trailer floor. The gravity of your boss's vacant footwear digs into your backside leaving behind small pinkish marks in your skin under your shirt, where the treads have chafed. Trembles course through your servile body but with each imbalance you feel the big work boots move atop your back, daring to tip or tumble onto the floor. This would be a direct failure of your assigned instructions. The boots must stay balanced at all costs. Repeatedly you tell yourself the very words that foreman had smugly implanted before he’d wandered outside: "You are a shoe rack; just a puny shelf who's only good for holding dirty boots. You don't move or whine. You just appreciate being used."

A sigh pushes through your lips when you straighten your posture and the boots regain an inanimate composure above you, settling, although you still flinch when the trailer door cranks open loudly. Sunlight sweeps into the room at last, illuminating the old stains and faded patches of carpet while gleaming over the lockers, a filing cabinet and the inexpensive coffee machine upon the foldout table in your view. Gently you draw in a quiet gasp when two brawny legs step into view, plastering the floor like malleable dough under their thuggish weight.
 Everything changes now that the foreman has returned. The room's atmosphere darkens. The demeanour alters. The oxygen itself feels thinner. Your muscles coil tightly around your every bone instinctively to stop you from falling apart like a bundle of loose rope. You gulp and stare at the share enormity of his feet standing at the entrance; rugged verdant shapes packed with mass and heat inside their thick black woollen socks. Pale dust and tiny fractured pebbles cling to his soles, crunching lightly as they're smothered down underfoot. Their clinginess is only made possible by the saturation of sock sweat acting like an adhesive to these outdoor elements. A ripened funk is wafting into the air with an essence of humid steam, reeking richly of the buttery oils and soggy remnants found at the bottom of a popcorn bucket. Of course you breathe the air not just out of necessity but out of delighted ecstasy too. The second-hand stink is sweet in your nostrils even from afar. The more you inhale the more you forget your integrity.

The boss grunts. After slamming shut the door behind him - sealing you in the room with him once again - he peels one foot back from the carpet lifting it behind himself so that he can rub away at the remaining stones and other discomforts still wedged in the sock wool sole. With the force of his large hand paving a path from heel to toes, any debris is swept away but the stains or damp marks previously ingrained during the long and arduous life of this footwear remain as they were.
 With beady eyes and a chewed lip you watch this procedure occur foot by foot until both his legs are planted back into the ground, firmly condensing their weight into faintly sweaty footprints wherever he stands. You hear an amused scoff. It makes the blood flush to your cheeks. You keep your eyes locked to the floor, nervously, shamefully... knowing your place in this office. Your lungs start to compact when the brute turns to face you directly so that you can ogle over his ten boulderous toe contours. You can hear the very gasps of the carpet and the creaks of the timber foundation beneath him as he steps closer, until he stands directly in front of you with his toes curling a small distance beneath your face. Your fingertips curl into the same patch of floor marginally feeling that peripheral warmth and fuzz of his socks tingling near your skin.
 While you stare frozen at the tops of these mighty appendages you know by their stout stance that the foreman is crossing his muscular arms over his chest, glaring down in your direction. This assumption is true, though instead of focusing on you he is staring at his boots lined side by side mounting your weak backside, making sure they remain undisturbed... (making sure that his living shoe rack is doing their expected job).

With his arms still folded Marcel shifts his hand just enough to glance at his wristwatch. He snorts, blowing the puff of air belligerently through his nostrils. "Still got five minutes on the clock, squirt. Then I'll consider whether your punishment ought'a go on longer, or if you’ve learned your lesson yet. Don't think you can bargain your way out this time. You know the rules. You fuck up out there, you get punished in here."
 Instead of nodding or responding verbally you remain contractually silent and still; only sniffing discreetly over the animal's two feet while their fumes drift up directly into your face like a zesty heatwave. Your crotch tightens at the sound of his voice - so gruff, merciless and deeply grizzled - so apt at speaking down to you, knowingly in the manner that a superior should always treat their inferior. Marcel is a bully and a disciplinarian, hosting two different moods throughout the work day. Either he is brooding and reclusive around the constructive site saying very few words beyond the mandatory barking of instructions, or he is manipulative and conceited and masterfully power-hungry whenever he is alone with a weak rookie worker like you. You're attracted to all sides of his personality. For someone with your virility and the specific tastes in butch alpha men, it's impossible to ignore a presence like Marcel.
 This anthropomorphic bull stands at 6ft 8", hewed in hulking musculature and a mature yet laboured physique. His complexion is a shade of dark brown with a cream hue over his muzzle and pale brown tones under his clammy soles or palms. Tangles of shaggy hair fall over his eyes and head and protruding horns, like a brunette willow. The locks are streaked with grease and sweat much like the existing lustre of perspiration all over his skin, (this kind of sweat is an occupational hazard of working construction hard and long everyday under the beating sun). Dust and dirt patter across his chiselled form, keeping him always in a dishevelled state. He wears a sleeveless vest of fluorescent orange over a tight white tank top, so worn-through with sweat that the stains around his neckline and armpits appear permanently marred. Beneath this is a pair of coarse denim jeans with the leg ends tucked into the necks of his socks. The bull's footwear – the pair stacked on top of you - are the typical set of industrial grade work boots; steel toe, thick insulation, mustard yellow exterior accented by hardy black rubber and rows upon rows of light brown laces. You can currently feel that their sole treads are so filthy the grooves are condensed with gunk, earth and gravel... no doubt leaving light boot-prints in your skin.

You feel humiliated down here acting as a shoe rack for your boss but this is the entire point of Marcel's punishments. His urges to flex authority often land on you; the newest member on the site with the most lacking experience and the frailest build, at least compared to the anthro labourers around. He knows you put up no resistance. He knows you are palpable and meek to instruction. More relevantly, he knows that you more than any of his other workers are prone to mistakes and learning curves. This provides the masculine bull a perfect excuse to deride and demean you, moulding you through these unorthodox punishments that more often tend to his private ego than his managerial responsibilities. It helps, naturally, to have the kind of unquenchable humiliation fetish and desperate thirst for alpha domination which has plagued you your entire life. Although Marcel entertains these fetishes every time he commands total subservience and unquestioning emasculation from you, you have never once summoned the otherworldly courage to actually confess your kinks to the bull. In fairness, you hadn't needed to say anything. He'd deduced it every time he caught you staring at his boots or feet, or every time you muttered the smallest clues about your deviancy during lunch break conversations. Marcel needs only look into your eyes to see the quivering beta within. It is all too evident from the dirty boots upon your back that your boss doesn't respect you; doesn't even recognize you as a 'tough hardworking guy' unlike all your co-workers. In spite of all this you don't complain about the biased mistreatment. You enjoy it. You obey it.

Marcel wanders over to the coffee machine at the front side of this trailer. He then sighs and rests his lumbering body into a chair which he has dragged closer and turned noisily to face in your direction. His body nestles. His legs extend and then one lops heavily over the other, crossing both feet on the floor deliberately in front of your suspended face once more. You're bestowed with that delectable sight of his soles still wrapped in fuzzy black, teasing their stocky proportions and bewitching outlines. These appendages taunt you inches from reach keeping your gaze fixated and your mind clouded by lust, as if Marcel wants you to collapse into indulgence and cause the boots to tumble from your backside so that he might punish you more for supposed ‘disobedience’. As you sniff the air continually you discover his feet are not the only source of odour. His clothes and skin alike sizzle from the day's worth of stale dried sweat, earthy grime, armpit B.O, sawdust and synthetics. It's a smell of unapologetic testosterone reminding you of your inability to compare to a real man like him.
 You stew in degradation; enraptured by the toe digits of those crossed feet always watching their thick round shapes shifting, clenching, spreading and bending playfully down below your chin. Small holes disperse around the sole, perforating the wool over each ball and heel until spots of brown skin show through the blackness. One hole sits above his middle toe fraying around its tip like a medieval monk's hairstyle, allowing you a glimpse of that bare digit and its dark toenail beneath.

Silence crowns the small office. Your cheeks incinerate with blush. Now that the bull's eyes concentrate on you directly you try even more earnestly to maintain a rigid pose and act like the shoe rack he desires, even when the fumes of popcorn flavoured sock stink tickle your nose and trouble your ability to focus. Finally the bull lets out a long yawn. Sluggishly he reaches forward - bending over in his chair - and fumbles a grip over the front of one foot until he squeezes an ample cluster of sock between his fingers. Your eyes bulge as you watch the process. Slowly Marcel pulls upward dragging off his sock until it stretches like a coating of warm black mozzarella. Gracefully, and without any resistance or wrestling required, the sock slides over his heel and up the sole creasing only in the clenched areas, moving to the sound of fabric sliding against flesh. He pulls it all the way off replacing smooth and humid dampness for a bare brown foot littered in thick swamps of sweaty lint which plaster up his sole like climbing ivy; bushing and fluffy between his toes where the majority of the greasy lint has festered. A faint graze of dirt imprints the skin of his heel, ball and toes… the outer margins of which gleam with fresh sweat. Heat and confinement has left his sole skin slightly wrinkled but you're thankful enough just to witness its glorious state. This bull can only break your spell when he tosses the dangling sock in your direction, scoring himself a point when the ball of steamy wool lands inside one of his boots.

Marcel makes a subtle grunt of approval before slapping one open palmed hand down on the nearby table, groping over a magazine which he drags closer. After he raises and flicks open the pages you cautiously glance up long enough to witness the imagery of a shirtless exotic lioness sprawled in flirtatious invitation over a four poster bed, decorated in gold and jewellery. Crude text printed in the corner reads, "The only place in the desert that isn't dry."
 When you scroll your eyes back down upon hearing another rustle you realize Marcel has stretched his legs those critical few inches closer, putting the crossed feet directly under your nose and chin. The idea of lowering your head and filling your maw with his sumptuous foot - all the way to the back of your throat - is not only possible now but also extremely tempting. Yet even under the spell of these endorphins and pheromones you do not lose your sense of wit. You know this is another test designed to break you into shape: a test of willpower and restraint. You’re half curious to suck on his toes regardless and explore the consequences of failing but you don't want to probe the bull's temper.
 This employment market in this town especially during this summer has been especially limited. After so many ignored applications and failed interviews you finally looked past your pride by applying for the one industry still hiring: blue-collar construction. At least it provided the perks of being toyed with by superior anthros who only ever communicated through jeering jokes, crude talk and cocky one-upmanship. You knew you'd be an easy punching bag around the site; an outsider without the proper build or macho demeanour to fit in with the rest. The other builders jested over 'tits', babes, old school rock and sports games with which you were substantially uneducated. Sometimes you wonder if Marcel only employed you for the sake of making you a slavish prop for his and the other's entertainment.

***\*Bleep! Bleep! Bleep! Ble--\**** The bull stops the timer set on his phone, pulling his feet back away from your face and slanting them flat to the floor. He thumbs around his phone screen for a minute before shoving the device back into his jeans pocket. He sighs under his breath and tosses the magazine aside, later repositioning his stance so that he sits with his elbows perched on his knees and his hands interlocked in front of him. You decide you're allowed to stare up into his dark, stoic eyes at last."Time's up, squirt," Marcel grunts. "Punishment's over. You can technically move about now, but I’d suggest you stay on your knees and mosey up in front of me. I wanna talk with you some more about the way we operate 'round here.""Oh thank you, boss, your boots weigh a tonne! No wonder your legs are so strong, having to lug these around all day!"You mutter bashfully and reach awkwardly behind you, patting and groping at the unseemly large work boot propped on your upper back.
 You grab hold of its reinforced exterior and bring it down over to the floor beside you, finally alleviating half the burden you've carried these past fifteen minutes. Flakes of dirt start to sprinkle away as you reposition. The boot pressing on the small of your back has no choice but to slide away and then topple onto the floor with a hefty clunk. As a show of respect you clutch it and pull it upright, placing the two pieces of footwear side by side in tidy fashion. When you hold your hand over both their gaping mouths you can feel the heated vapours rising out from within; a sensation similar to holding your hand over a bubbling stew pot.The bull snorts quietly in retaliation. "Quit your brown-nosing, punk, it ain't amusing anyone. Just keep doing what I say to do."His frowning expression begins hinting at narcissism when you transition from all fours into a modest kneel and drag yourself closer until you stop in front of this brawny horned goliath. His humanoid feet span and squeeze into the carpet just in front of your knees, matting the dark grey fuzz underfoot. One appendage is still dressed in the suffocating heat of its wool sock while the other at least has its freedom. You heart drums faster at the premonition of what comes next. You know deep within yourself that gradually Marcel is gearing you up for more worship, forcing the thought that you won't be leaving this office until you belong in this bovine's possession. ***\*Klck-crk!\**** Those interlocked hands extend and crackle their knuckles therapeutically in front of your face, barricading your view with his calloused palms for only a moment. When they lower you see his grinning face; teeth barely bared and those heavy tired eyes half hidden behind the willowy locks of hair... but still a grin nonetheless. It sends your heart fluttering behind your ribcage."You know why I chose that punishment, keeping my boots on you like that? Because you clearly got a problem with balance seeing how you couldn't even push a wheelbarrow straight early this morning. You damaged a whole lot of them brick, y’know? Figured this would be a good lesson to teach you the proper way of things. Tried it before when I worked for a different company and I had to deal with a scrawny layabout, except back then I only put a couple tool boxes on his back. It just felt more fitting to make you my shoe rack this time, don't you think? I dunno... I look at you, I just see you as the kind of loser who likes being underneath a fella."After this invasive break-down of you and your desires you try to gulp down the growing dryness in your throat but you only emphasise your nervous disposition. The bull chuckles. You clench at the sound of his bare foot peeling off the ground and raising up to face level, levitating so closely into view that the warm ball of his foot scuffs minutely over the very tip of your nose; a brief and intangible experience but in that moment the contact of his bare foot skin - so plump and firm yet rubbery smooth - is immediately unforgettable. Afterwards there is a hair's width of space left between your face and the foreman's sole. It keeps you in a frozen stasis, obsessing to the faintest tingles on the forefront of your lips. It feels like the pull of two opposite magnets being held closely together. Your heart is racing. Your vision is blocked by a wall of fleshy brown, so soft in its hue but so masculine in its broad bulky shape. You are staring paralysed into his instep, losing yourself in its depth. This one bovine appendage could easily blanket your face and press it flatter than a pan-cooked omelette.The foot slowly rises higher until your lips are level with its dirty heel. After a pause it then lowers downward again in that luring languid pace letting you absorb every fine detail, embrace every second of its warmth, smell every whiff of its strong popcorn fragrance all without ever getting that fulfilling faceful of meat you’re desperately craving. You're only awarded the most insignificant grazes of his foot accidentally brushing over your nose or chin. Soon enough however he stops satirizing you and gives you that exact desire. Marcel’s toes lower into view and curl forward, bending until the plump ball underneath them starts condensing. Small etches in the skin deepen into snaking, uneven creases. Only the big toe stays fully extended... pushing down onto the bridge of your nose right on the crest of cartilage between your eyes, gifting you with its warm supple touch. Your internal organs feel like a tangle of burning rope. Your eyelashes flutter. A soft gasp escapes your lips. Teasingly the foot continues moving down until his toe strokes all the way along the nose ridge, stopping only to push hard into its malleable tip, squeezing your nostrils too. Your head spins. Thoughts swirl. Your face is hot and beet-red. You're grateful he doesn't fully seal your nostrils because you need them to inhale every huff of his raunchy musk. The big bull is grinning from behind this raised leg but your vision is already blurring. "Tell me I'm right," He bluntly commands.You almost choke on the words when they blurt obediently from your mouth. "Ghn- you're... you're right... I-I am one of those people.""And what makes me right?" He asks, now scrubbing that toe up and down on the spot pushing your nose around under its digit.
 "B-because you're always right, you're smart and perceptive and you're better than others, that's why you're the boss!" You stammer back, breathing hot air against the wrinkling foot sole.
 "True," He nods, "But change up your answer. That ain't the one I'm looking for."
 You can feel the stress escalating. It would be wearisome to concentrate with any anthro foot in your face, let alone this one; still freshly stewing in funk. "Because... uh, I'm a bitch. I'm a needy, co-dependant bitch that needs to get trained into shape… so I can serve real men like you!"

Marcel is pleased at your answer but he illustrates this only through the movements of his foot. The big toe taps your nose twice forcing you to blink each time before he pulls back and splays every toe apart for your gawking pleasure. Humidity and confined odour don't squander their opportunity for escape. They flow out from between the digits, emptying into the fresh air. The performance has you captivated. Likewise the bull is enjoying the figurative leash he has around your neck.
 Your lips feel dry and cracked at the voluptuous sight before you. The valleys swoop down deep and narrow, barely hosting enough space between each thick surly toe. Lying at the bottom of each pit is an embroidered stain of black wool lint, either broken down into scattered wet specks or spread over the fleshy webbing like a clump of tart fluff. The creases previously compiling over the ball of his foot are now ironed out, pulling the skin smooth and shiny once again, (at least until the toes eventually close together again).

Finally after a demonstration of painful patience - waiting and watching like a pet dog with a biscuit on their snout – you’re permitted your reward. He plants his foot into the lower half of your face grinding and twisting that warm clay-like flesh over your entire mouth and jaw until your chin has dug into a greasy indent in his sole. You close your eyes and indulge it willingly, accepting the cosy smothering while your lips squish and contort into the dirtied foot surface. Your nose is corked inside the gap between his big and index toes burrowing in until the digits clamp and peg around your nostrils, squeezing so hard the tip of your nose turns pink and you moan into the rugged landscape. All you can feel beneath your punished nostrils is the warm hammock of toe webbing and the copious toe jam compacted in place. The smell invites itself into you whether you're ready or not; reeking bitterly, now like burnt popcorn kernels. His foot plasters and clings strong like glue, never easing off until you are truly captive to its forceful clutch. A foggy haze pulses through your vision every time the toes curl into you a little tighter, more and more, forcing your eyes to bulge while your rosy cheeks keep his sole toasty warm.
 You gasp at the limited supply of oxygen from the toe crotch and ponder the limits Marcel will reach just to dominate you. Immediately he answers your question by lifting up his other socked foot and stowing it over your upper face now too, burying and overlapping the bare appendage underneath. All the colour and light in your vision is snuffed out, replaced immediately by an unforgiving darkness. Your eyes are forced shut by the pressure. The rest of your face is covered in nothing but the sodden wool and its muggy aura. Your ability to sniff from that sweaty gritty toe crotch is suppressed even more so, reducing your breaths into thinned gasps. The feet are not content to simply flatten and smear in one set place. They each rub themselves inward shifting subtly to the left and right, interchangeably. Toe digits furl forward and grope your skin, pulling on the indents they’ve made. Your body begins quivering uncontrollably.
 You feel fragile. Hot gaseous musk fills your head burning their odour into your memory. All your ears hear is the clammy rubbery friction of the bull's brown foot against your mouth and nostrils, or the fuzzy scuffing of sock wool against your eyes and forehead. Even when you release a struggled moan through the corner of your squished mouth the sound is captured in the insulation.

Sweat is squeezed from his soles and transferred onto your skin. You feel like a limp piece of fabric held by force beneath a scalding clothes iron. You're pushed as deeply into his feet anatomy as you're allowed, barely feeling those travelling trickles of sole sweat as your face begins to numb over.
 "I don't get how any of you freaks enjoy this so much but it sure is fun being on the giving end, I gotta admit," Marcel comments. "Mind you, you better huff up all that stink now because sooner or later it'll fry right through you and you won't be able to smell nothin' afterwards. See you gotta realize… I get up before the sun does then only get home by dark, and I work nearly seven days a week sometimes so these feet get boiled in sweat and baked into these socks. You be thankful I gave 'em time to air out earlier and didn't immediately shove my feet in your face the moment I put those boots on your back. The smell then might’ve knocked you out cold."
 Marcel smirks when he listens closely to the sound of your muffled sniffing; a rapid pace and rabid excitement that inhales microscopic flecks of his toe lint every few breaths. "Go on then," He persuades, "Keep on sniffing. Fill up them lungs and get tough to the stink. A real man's musk is the lifeblood of any bitch like you. You can't live a day without it, can you?"
 You reply with a garbled noise of euphoria, snorting up each sweet buttery huff while the five bare digits pinching your nose and cheeks grow so familiar and warm they practically melt and merge with your flesh. Drool manages to seep out and soak an imprint of your lips into his pale brown ball; an imprint distorted by the deep ripples and wrinkles of its scrunched surface.

The gruff builder continues to tease and berate you. "But you wanna know the best part about all this? You just made me a fistful of cash. Me and the other fellas around the site had a little bet going on you. We figured you had to be some kind of kinky perv' so we made it interesting. If I could break you in and bring out your secrets in the first week of you starting here, I'd win the wager. Only rule was I couldn't threaten the answer out of you. Had to use the only tool you'd respond to; these big, handsome, delicious feet. Easy win, right? You didn't even try to resist… typical spineless foot fag."
 "Mmhm-mhm!" You mumble back agreeably, trying to nod but finding the two feet have such a powerful hold they keep your head contained in one place, barely able to budge.
 "Good. Now kiss it."
 Marcel wrestles the bare foot down an inch until those five toes splay across your mouth, pinning each corner of your lips down between two round digits. You try to pucker your lips despite the resistance and purse them into his toe gap where you feel the slick moistened webbing, which you kiss delicately. In this instance of vulnerability several of the toes nudging against your lips manage to slip through in between and treat your saliva-filled maw like a bath. You groan and grumble, (blinded by the other socked foot), and wrap your mouth around these toe heads suckling on them like soft lollipops.

Marcel stares at you with crinkled disgust although he can barely make out any of your features behind his own appendages. "What did I tell you? No balls, no dignity, just a pervert who wants to lie down and get walked on by the rest of society. The sight of you would revolt me if it wasn't so much fun toying around with you. At least you get a kick out of it too, otherwise I’d have to worry about you being a little tattle-tale.”
 ***\*Schlrp, schlrp, schlrp, schlrp!\****
 You suck and you salivate and suckle some more mouthing vehemently over the toes, which still remain splayed enough that they keep your lips stretched. You can taste the dried sweat salt and the earthy dirt smudges on his skin. The tips of each digit only penetrate just enough to curl over your bottom teeth. Most notably his big toe is lodged in the left corner of your lips, probing against your gums and inner cheek lining. In the heated, cushiony darkness you begin to feel dizzy. This is an overdose of ecstasy and serotonin; a sensation to prove this is the most pleasure you've ever felt in the shortest span of time. Leisurely you lean forward letting his soles support your head weight. You are defenceless, helpless prey to a butch and grizzled animal sniffing from his feet as if it were the only form of language between you. Whatever personality you had before has been replaced by pure obedience.

Nervously you lift your tongue amid the tide of heaving hot breaths and roll its soaking tip over the front of his big toe, scraping the skin wet until you reach the thickened toe nail. For a moment the toes clench tighter until your teeth ache. Afterwards they slide back out one by one wherein you are left suckling only his big toe in a final example of desperation, lapping meekly at its digit until it too unsheathes with a moist *\*pluck!\**
 Vibrations rattle the trailer floor when each mighty leg thumps down flat, denying you any more oral worship. You realize now with the pressured weight removed from your face that you can open your eyes at last, albeit weakly and with a long period of adjustment before you can visibly see Marcel's impressively muscled figure lounging arrogantly in front of you. Sweaty black lint freckles your upper face amid the warm smear of sweat generously donated by his socked sole. Your nostrils continue to itch with that potent musk. Never have you maintained a raspberry-red blush for so long. Somehow it feels foreign now not to have his feet burying over every inch of your head. Your facial features are naked without their dense mask of sole meat. Marcel snickers to himself; the deep tones of his voice sounding so masculine and matured you feel compelled to stay on your knees and act the part of his loyal pet.

"W-why are we stopping now, boss?" You croak, having briefly forgotten the sound of your own voice. "I thought we were just getting started? I... I can keep sucking your toes if you want? Please? I'll suck them all day. You can dock my pay, even."
 The bull can hear the defeat and broken will in your words. It brings him a modicum of amusement. "Listen to yourself. You're a pathetic bug."
 His demeaning words are muttered with a grin, making your eyelids flutter. You feel drained of breath. "I am," You agree without hesitation, "That's why someone like you gets to play with me however you want. You've got all the power. You're so strong and healthy and manly and I'm just a bug squirming under your foot."
 The bovine rolls his eyes though deep down he enjoys your incessant praise. "Yeah, yeah. Quit your yammering, squirt. I ain't fully made up my mind about how to continue this, yet. Your face sure feels like a cosy place to stick these rank feet on a day like this but… I dunno, it sounds a mite interesting to end our time here and make you go mad with the denial. Now that you've had a taste it'd really bend you the wrong way seeing me around the build site, watching me kick off these steaming boots on break, knowing what a stink I'm cooking up but never being allowed to serve at 'em again. I could banish you from even looking at them and you’d have to obey, no matter how hard it was."
 Your heart pounds with adrenaline. He's taunting and threatening you with a complete cut-off of access to his feet... your fragile state of mind can't bear the thought. "P-please, sir, don’t consider that option, your feet are so divine they deserve the attention and you’re right I couldn't live witho-"
 "Shut up," Marcel grunts, interrupting your pleading. "You think your begging helps your chances? Pft. I'm getting a kick just out of watching you panic. I got you hooked bad and we both know it. You're right about a couple things at least... I do have all the power. I could even get on one of them queer apps and bring over some skinny bitch with the same appetites as you, then make you sit in the corner and watch him tongue-bath every inch of my feet, digging out all the nasty flavours caught between my toes while you can't do a thing about it except whimper jealously."

You can already feel your thoughts tying into a knot of envy. Your only protest is to continue advertising your subservience. "You wouldn't want some random guy, boss. They don't know you or respect you they're just there for some quick selfish pleasure. If you made me do all the worship instead I'd be putting my heart into it, making you feel as important and superior as you deserve! You know I actually care about putting your needs before my own."
 Marcel listens half-attentively. He sighs through his snout. He then runs a hand up through his messy hair tilling the locks between his horns. Thoughts are ruminating behind his steely gaze. Finally he scoffs and says, "Lucky for you I didn’t grow up with any kinda money, so I was raised never to waste something useful… I guess I can see the potential of making you a permanent decoration in this office; a nice living footstool could really spruce the place up. Why not, right? You are one useless excuse of a builder and I don’t got the patience to train your skills. Least you can do around the site is crawl around after me everywhere I go and kiss my boots, even if I was busy yapping with one of them site inspectors or a snooty architect, you'd still be down there kissing my boot dirt. You’d be purely ornamental. I wouldn't pay you no mind, until I’ve got you alone again."
 His words cause an excited whimper to slip through your lips. You squirm atop your aching knees, trying to stifle the giddiness when the big bull narrows his eyes into a judgemental sneer.

By now the trailer atmosphere is stagnant and musty with the foreman's odour hanging in the air, unable to ventilate through the dust-mottled windows or their sealed venetian blinds. You benefit the most from this unventilated smell, constantly indulging in his musk, savouring every inhale.
 Marcel watches your nostrils flaring open. He listens to you breathing in these long lusty lungfuls. "I'll tell you one thing, squirt. If I'm gonna let you enjoy any part of me then you best learn to enjoy -all- of me, head to toe. It ain't just my feet that sweat and stink up the room, as you surely know." He pats his denim-clad thigh gesturing for your approach. "It's been days since I've last showered, so if you get your ass up here and give my pits the tongue bath they desperately need maybe I'll feel a little more incentivised to reward you. See I don't deal with any of that antiperspirant shit, so it gets pretty ripe under there. Best keep in mind this ain’t a question and I’m not looking for your permission. You can refuse if you want, but if you do then you’ll be marching yourself straight out of my sight."
 To illustrate his intentions Marcel lifts both his arms tucking his hands behind his head in a show of obnoxious contentment, suspending all that sinew and bulging muscle until the bushy armpit fur is fully exposed. You watch the bristles of sweat-drenched fur basking in these underarm alcoves, teeming in luscious heat. They glisten like morning dew but stink like an old gym hamper.

Your legs feel too numb to stand yet you still scramble to meet his demands and drag yourself up onto his lap, before his impatience has time to stoke. The process is congested with awkward grunts and rustles. Your boss's sturdy legs are spread proudly and offer just enough space for you to mount him like a whore. Your legs hang down and you squeeze that dense layout of thighs and jeans in between, huffing out an embarrassed breath when you wriggle your bum into a cosy place above his knees. By the time you're rested you sit bulge to bulge with the smirking bull who slowly gazes you up and down, flexing his authority as your bodies are intertwined so closely together that you feel his toasty yet aromatic body warmth. You mutter noises of apprehension while your hands - with intense trembles and clamping tension - meekly rub up the sweaty cotton ripples overlaying his abs, before pressing your palms gently against his firm pectorals. Your entire body shivers on top of him. Your cheeks are hot with fiery colour. The bull's heavy breaths blow against your face.
 Finally he finishes smirking after you sling your puppet-like hands over his chiselled neck and shoulders, holding onto him for balance and support. The armpits are displayed gloriously before you. It's hard to choose which one to burrow your face into first. For now your mind is still in a state of processing the situation. An hour ago you were sweating under the sun drudging around the worksite performing the required manual labour. Now you're busy seducing this alpha male and filling your lungs with his foot stink, moments away from sodomising your taste buds with the worship of his sweaty torso too.
 "I'm going to count to five. You'd better be nose deep in one of my pits by then or you'll never get smothered under a faceful of my feet again, you hear?" The beast threatens, warming your rosy face with his breath.

(To be continued!)