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

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 story continues!)

Marcel doesn't have time to begin his countdown. Immediately you grope his warm flesh and swing your head down under his left arm, craning your neck for the best possible advantage. Rich fumes envelope your head. A meadow of thick greasy brown fur, soft yet slick, spreads with ticklish texture until your entire face becomes lost deep inside. Follicles prickle across your skin. Acrid B.O penetrates your nostrils. Your joints tense and your face crinkles against its sumptuous mask. You can feel yourself cooking in the bull's armpit while you cling onto his body squeezing finger indents into his toughened skin. The underside of his bicep sinks into the top of your skull, squeezing your head tighter as the nook of his armpit closes over your nose and lips. Warm trickles of moisture soak against you. Though the sound is muffled you huff in a lengthy desperate breath proving once again that you live in service to this hunk. When you've inhaled so much raunchy odour that your lungs cramp inside you, you release a fatigued moan and shudder helplessly back into the all-consuming armpit.

 To influence your captivity the bull lowers his other right arm and readjusts himself, wrapping the free hand expansively over the back of your head. You feel the fingers rake into your hair before he grabs hold and pushes forward on the nape of your skull. The pressure forces you deeper into the pit until your entire existence feels devoted to this one musky region. Fur sprawls over you and mattes under your face. Darkness, heat and stench are your only nourishment. No matter what, you cannot budge an inch with his hand now securing you in place.
 "Get licking already, you musk loving fairy," He orders.

 You obey with incessant admiration. Although your features are squished and your movements are limited you open your jaw and ply him with a series of sloppy licks and slurps doing everything in your power to drag your tongue through the salt and grit of this rugged pit. The bull's hand helps push, shove and guide you while your face is smeared like a rag always nuzzling the deepness and bumping up against his unwieldy bicep. Each lick flattens down the tuft of fur, soaking it in beads of saliva. Each lick also consecrates your tongue in his divine sweat salt. Though you have very little choice in any decision made during this slavish worship you at least have the liberty to decide on the method. You alternate between upwards licks, circular gyrating tongue movements, long suckles or planted kisses; all in the interludes of hungry sniffing.

Your hands – while weaker than ever – don’t know where to position themselves so they simply rub lightly along various places on the bull's torso, be that his neck or delts or the side of his ribs. You find that massaging his staunch physique helps bring a sensual mood while you lap away intoxicating yourself in his armpit.

 Occasionally the pressure eases from your skull giving you permission to nuzzle more freely. As much as you enjoy being face deep in the nucleus of body heat and body odour it feels ever more accomplishing to lick every possible surface and clean him thoroughly, even if that means licking against his underarm too. Other times Marcel will cram you in deeper than ever, forcing you to feel trapped with no other choice but to sniff his pit repeatedly until he releases you, (often with a chuckle or a narcissistic grin).

The passage of time is contorted. Although it feels like only seconds have passed, instead five minutes have been spent in the cosy cavity of this armpit. By the end you have grown so used to the feel of dank fur rubbing over your skin that the sensation is nil and imperceptible. You have licked with such passion, such obedience, that your own saliva now drips off your face whenever you are stowed back into your rightful place. Regardless of existing moisture or current cleanliness you lap like a dog rhythmically slurping over and over until small brown follicles cling to your throbbing tongue.
 Your movements have become noticeably weary and languid over time prompting the bull to squeeze your skull tighter and control your direction with more gusto. Eventually a small pat on your back signals your release. You pull out slowly letting drool and bull sweat hang off your chin while musky vapours still burn in your nostrils. Your neck aches from all the time spent in this unnatural stance. You are panting the fresh air, never knowing when you might lose the luxury again when you’re inevitably stuffed back into his other armpit or even his malodorous boots, (if you get so lucky).

You sit upright on the foreman's lap blushing once again at the sight of his face. He is assured, masculine, tough. You however appear frail, gullible and spineless but committed to the role-play at the very least.
 "You lost track of time in there, didn't you?" He deciphers, grinning toothily. "I bet that's nothing compared to how much time you'd spend at my feet. I reckon if I strapped a nasty shoe to your pretty little face the whole day could whizz by before you'd know it."
 You're still catching your breath but you manage to wipe your chin dry, grind your crotch against the hard denim mound between his legs and then mutter: "Please give me the chance to prove you right on that, boss, please? I'll worship you from the moment you wake up to the moment you fall asleep if you let me!"
 Marcel belittles you by scoffing, clearly amused at your desperate proposal. "Mhm. Shush now I'm trying to think. It's too bad a boot over your face is about as much as I can do to you on a regular day. Men like me are too busy with our jobs to keep a toy like you fully subverted. I'm already buying too much time here right now that I rightly can't afford... so I'm gonna have to mark this as staff training or something rather just so the property developers don't suspect I lost precious hours to the kinky worship of some toe sucking queer."
 Marcel then scratches his hairy chin and says, "Tell you what. Forget doing the other armpit. I'm itching to use you proper in the time we’ve got left. Get the hell back down to the floor, squirt. My feet are hankering for that wet, thirsty tongue especially now that I know what good you can do with it."

Like a feral, trained animal you rush to clamber off his body and assume your expected position on the floor in front of him once again; fit with a kneeling posture and wide, begging eyes. The bull says nothing beyond the slight screwing off a disgusted expression, as he wonders how anyone could enjoy acting so depraved. He rolls his eyes and lifts his bare foot straight into the air, sticking out his leg with alarming speed until that bulky sole is shoved in front of your glowing cheeks, barricading your vision with its beautiful mass. It’s enough to stun the senses; like gawking upon a breath-taking art sculpture. Your breath catches in your throat; at least until you draw in its crispy hot odours with a joyous inhale. That smooth brown surface is too intoxicating. You cannot hold back. You’re too weak to muster that level of restraint.

Before you can process a plan of action, your libido seizes control. In seconds you are leaning forward; a ghost in your own body as your tongue slithers up his foot arch, sliding seamlessly like a wet mop. Again and again you prove your purpose by exploring through different sexually-driven motions and paces, always containing your licks to this softer instep area until the laboured etches in his skin gleam with saliva. Its depth and curvature provides the optimal flow for your tongue. Drool is painted into place so regularly between every hot shuddering breath that soon his arch is wet and slippery to the touch. It even begins dribbling down over his heel, (which you target next).
 The difference in these over-used pressure points of his feet is immediately noticeable. When you unroll your freshly salivated tongue over the heel's hump you can feel the callouses and the firmness rolling underneath. This lesser pliancy becomes harder to indent and the roughness has less traction so each slurp carries for longer, lapping slower, giving you ample more time to taste the flavour of his masculinity. This also applies to the ball of the foot which you sweep up towards hungrily, (first suckling the edge of his foot in open-mouth interaction, planting gentle kisses each time after your lips suck closed). Wending creases and clammy wrinkles in the ball affect the traversal of your tongue, guiding it through shallow fleshy canyons filled with blackened grime flakes. The generally muted salt taste of the bull's skin starts to adapt and adopt to a vinegary bitterness as you lick through the remains of lint, fuzz, tiny hairs and threads all branded in their own microscopic dirt. Even for a fetishist like you a grimace is still warranted after you pause to ingest this textured filth. As it washes off your tongue and falls away in a quick drool-doused gulp you try to watch the hypnotic curling and wriggling of Marcel's toes for a moment - just to appreciate their harmony and power - but the bull clears his throat with demanding overtones. His one raised foot wavers in the air rushing your face with sweet musky gusts. You can't help but smile at the popcorn smell no matter how faint or stale it grows in this poorly ventilated environment.

The tip of your nose digs back into the ball of his foot entering a particularly juicy crevice decorated in veins of black sock lint. "Nngh, oh my god," You whisper, bringing both hands up to grope and squeeze the fortified sides of his foot.
 Though it does not yield you squeeze it amid both palms and rub your thumbs passionately into his big toe and pinky toe digits, rolling them around while you busily nuzzle your nose in the wall of brown flesh and snort thoroughly. The bovine is sitting back with his arms folded once again; still mildly amused by the lengths you'll visit just to humiliate yourself. You supply yourself with several more longing inhales of this meaty appendage, puckering your lips until they press wet imprints beneath the area wedging your nose.
 "Smells good, does it?" Marcel asks, deriding you with a heavy smirk.
 "Yes, god yes, it really does!" You respond, practically panting out each word. "It's heaven!"
 "Mhm. Good to hear I suppose, but you better save that sniffing for later because your job right now is to be a foot –licking– loser. So lick already."

Your nose slips out of the fleshy warmth but you fill the void with a new series of stroking, weaving, uneven slurps up and down his ball until the debris is paved and glued under your tongue and then swallowed like the rest. Your hands sandwiching his appendage act like a frame, guiding you to focus on that area and that area alone. At first the ball had looked grimy enough to demand a long time-consuming job but you’d found that most of the foot filth wiped away after one easy mopping. It's the ingrained dirt grazes left against the skin for days at a time which are the real chore. You want his feet glistening new so you spend several minutes devoting yourself to the ball alone, licking upwards with the topside of your tongue, lapping downwards with the underside, daubing the dirt marks with the soft wet tip, or sucking at the flesh like a toothless vampire. Gradually that dark ashy hue softens under all the moisture and begins to wear away, until finally you tongue has been made black and the sole is a healthy pale brown again… even if it's left you breathless and trembling lustfully in the process.
 Perfectionism haunts your anxious mind so without any command from the always-observant bull you drag your face down his arch, (sniffing along the way), holding his foot higher again so you can re-work his heel and apply the same mesmerised worship again. Fortunately even for a foot this lofty the sculpted roundness of his heel makes it all the easier to plug inside your mouth and suck on with lecherous loyalty. Marcel rolls his horned head back and stares at the office ceiling. He closes his eyes. He restrains himself for expelling an aroused sigh. You realize he must overly enjoy the sensation of stuffing your maw shut with his heel so you continue that same pattern of suckling around its girth, rinsing the tired heel in all your available saliva while your tongue occasionally snakes along the very bottom contour of his foot. Drool - from earlier - continues trickling down his sole in front of you until it halts at your upper lip.

"You know what?" Marcel mumbles, "To hell with the wager for now. If I go telling the fellas what a good slut you are they'll all want a slice of the pie. Ain't no way I'm sharing you just yet. They can wait a few days first before I break the news we got a bona-fide foot fag on site. 'Course, they'll find out eventually anyway. That'll be a good day for you I tell you what... bunch of animal construction workers all hyped up desperate to tear off their boots and show you your place. You'll be choking on man stink, swallowing paws as deep as they'll go down your throat, licking every microscopic crumb of toe jam, getting your nostrils plugged by toes, or maybe being forced to publicly jerk off into the same sock which you would'a just been sucking the rank juices from. Yep... you're gonna get it for sure. That's why I'm enjoying this one-on-one time while I can. Now hurry up and clean my toes out, slut."

Like a plunger pulling from wet porcelain your lips lose their suction and detach noisily from his heel, letting small dew drops hang from its bottom afterwards. When you put your tongue back against the surface and lick vertically up the lengthy sole over every bump and dip and crease you can feel yourself roaming over all your previous saliva. It gives his sole the texture of glazed dough. Any recent flavours have been watered down now yet this doesn't slow your enjoyment. As the sound of squelching moisture increases and your tongue rides over the warm ball, Marcel fans out his toes receptively.
 You’re so infatuated with glorifying your boss and his manly, mature anatomy that you don't hesitate to clean every inch of the toes spread apart before you. It begins with a humid slurp up the fronts of his three middle toes, which you fervently lap against five times over each time feeling them comb their digits against your taste buds like a soft fork. They bend and tilt back with the force of your oral muscle, glimmering in saliva beads afterwards. Afterwards you open your mouth and dunk them inside wrapping your lips around all three toe bases, ingesting each digit with enough passion and subservience that the bull himself blushes ambiguously. While they rest in your maw these toes are subject to a saturating, leeching suckle while your tongue licks through their oily pits; a flimsy slithering around the digits, one after the other, causing wet tendrils to hang and drip between them. The toes lean in to the worship. They curl and wriggle in the naturally muggy atmosphere, trying to pinch your tongue or at least curiously stroke its slimy surface as it cleans them thoroughly, bestowing you with more tangy flavours. While this messy lavishing proceeds your hands rub down the sides of his foot moving to grip around the arch instead, so that his big and pinky toe are finally released from your squeezing thumbs.
 ***\*Shhhlurp!\****
 The toes unsheathe from your lips and splay again in front of you, this time flicking the droplets back against your open panting mouth. Marcel clicks his fingers and growls, "Don't you dare stop yet, squirt. Not until they're all done!"

The whimper you respond back to him is a whimper of seduction and euphoria. With burning cheeks you pull on his weighty leg towing the impenetrable brawn and scratchy denim closer until your face can angle itself into the wide gap between his big and index toe, (that same gap you'd been forced to huff through earlier). The cache of toe jam is still there worthy of attention. Your lips extend and clamp around his toe webbing directly forcing each extremity to splay further and bend in a V shape around your lips, all so you can suck the fleshy recess clean with vigorous intent. That heated rubbery skin is massaged between your lips until every last spot of black bitter grime is rolled into your mouth, lost in the pools of drool. Your eyelids flutter and droop at the same time. You've lost so much attention that you do not even feel the tremors and shivers coursing through you constantly.
 "Now up the sides," He directs.
 You follow the instruction, concluding this toe web sucking so you can twist your tongue to each of the two surrounding toes prompting a slurp up their inner sides until they are trickling wet. This excessive bathing has finally started to make the bull's foot feel cooled and firmed. Most of its pent up body heat has evacuated. Even the musky odour has become but a hint of human breath and watery residue. Nevertheless you finish off your emasculating duties by scraping your tongue left and right rapidly under that plump pinky toe, sweeping out any lodged lint hiding in the crevice. All five toes have been successfully worshipped. As a result, your groin is throbbing like a heartbeat.

You don't want it to end. Risking the bull's impatience, you quickly lean forward one last time this time slapping your sodden tongue on top of the pinky toe, prodding near the front edge of its toe nail. Marcel raises a brow but does nothing to stop your fascination, even after he checks his wrist watch for a second time. You close your eyes. Your head begins dragging to the left. As your tongue continues hanging out it glides up and over and bumpy shapes of all five toes each time accurately gliding across the fronts of his toe nails one by one. Each scrape of those solid dark surfaces dislodges the minute traces of dirt tucked into each nail, giving you one last earthy taste to swallow and stomach.

The moment you finish painting his big toe's nail in a varnish of drool Marcel tugs his foot from your weak hands and swings his leg down. He plants a damp deep footprint down into the carpet, resuming a normal sitting pose for the first time in a while. Already, follicles of carpet fuzz are sticking to his sole clinging to the overt wetness ruining your attempts to keep him pristine.
 "Hmph. Seems like a good enough job for now," Marcel mutters. "Though I bet you feel mighty naked now, sitting there without a foot in your mouth. It's all you want to do with your day... with your life... now that you've had a taste of this prime beef. You don't need to nod and agree I know it just by looking into your bitch eyes. Then again, I guess any addiction is the same once you gotta stop cold-turkey. You'll do anything for another taste."
 While kneeling here before him absorbing every cruel word you swirl your tongue against the roof of your mouth trying to shake free any encrusted lint or grime marks still darkening your taste buds. Your tongue feels itchy and your eyes want to water instinctively from the musky zest which has drilled deep into each nostril, as if you’d just snorted gunpowder.
 "L-literally anything for another taste, boss!" You plead, glancing down at the tops of these magnificent anthro feet suffusing once again into the floor.

The foreman chuckles and stands up at last, towering over you. His crotch bulge hovers in front of your face persuading you to marvel at its shape and intensity. You lean forward on your aching knees and position your nose against his left thigh where the bulge extends into a longer, arched shape pinned under the denim. After a quiet subverted sniff you realize you can only smell the trouser material itself and dusty powders laced within. Marcel stares down at the top of your head observing your timid behaviours. He licks his lip slowly. He considers reaching for his pants zipper and freeing the sturdy genitals you seem so keenly invested in yet he knows he hasn't any spare time... for now. With a stifled grunt the bull side-steps around you and reaches down to grab one of his work boots from the floor. You wait patiently on your knees.
 The foreman then brings the boot opening to his muzzle, sniffs once, crinkles his snout, jerks his head away to one side and says, "Yeah, that'll do..."
 You gulp anxiously when Marcel saunters back in front of you, barely even trying to conceal their cocky grin. "Look up! And sit still!"

In one hand he grips his footwear by the tread, turning it carefully until he has inverted the entire object in the space inches above you. You tip your head back and stare with bulging eyes up into that dark vaporous tunnel of leather and padding. Its insole is now a ceiling above you, exposing how the years of wear have ruined its durability. What you see is an insole engrossed with rugged dents flattening it thin. Its black colour is so faded by a sheen of moisture stains and heated friction that the mesh has torn and patches of white inner-structure foam are visible though the holes, (albeit also stained and discoloured too). The black sock still balled inside is tucked deeper into the end of the boot though it sits in view, ready to roll out at the slightest disturbance.

Suddenly the bull shakes this upturned footwear rigorously over you. Tiny dark grains of grime and lint are loosened from within, raining down against your face. Your clamp your eyes shut. A whiff of raunchy buttery boot stench flows out. While your eyes remain closed you hear a loud thunk. Marcel smacks the bottom of the shoe, hard. After a second more violent thwack the sock - as predicted - falls out in a panic, flopping against your face like a warm wet rag. Thereafter it slides off the bridge of your nose and tumbles limply into your lap. More granules of insole filth sprinkle out the shoe afterwards.
 "Put it in your mouth!" He commands on the spot.
 There is no room for self-control or filtered thought. Your reactions are an instant reflex. Lacking any hesitation you snatch up the wad of old soured wool and cram it into your mouth ravenously, shoving it in behind your teeth and burying your tongue under its suffocating thickness. You close your lips as much as you can fit, already sucking on this mouthful and embracing its luxuriously acrid sweat flavours.

The hopeful side of your lust-drunk mind assumes the animal might reward you for your haste and subservience, perhaps with a pat on the head. You'd have accepted any patronising form of praise. Instead Marcel shoves his boot forcefully down onto your face enclosing your airways and orifices in a ring of bulky boot leather. The fumes storm through your nostrils reigniting that craving for his stench. Warm waves of endorphins wash through your brain. Your eyes bulge then clench sporadically. Marcel screws the footwear tighter into place chafing your cheek skin, silently promising not to let even one whiff of musk escape out the sides. He wants it - and you - to be contained together forever; growing so familiar that it breaks your perception of what clean air should or shouldn't smell like. Even with a sock gagging your mouth you snort that shoe stink over and over regardless of the tightness in your lungs. It takes several minutes of this drowsy huffing before you finally lift your hands up to each side of the boot and hold it firmly in place yourself, allowing Marcel to pull his own hand away from the tread. It helps to have his power there forcing the boot hard into your features, though you manage well enough on your own to hold the boot exactly where he wills it to stay.

"You good? I don’t want any of that foul stink venting out. That's your gift from me... and I don't like seeing a gift get squandered," He states in a vaguely threatening tone.
 "Mmh-hm!" You garble through the insulating sock and boot gag combination.
 "Good. Now lie down in front of the door, freak. And keep that boot tightly held. I want you acting like my doormat so that I know exactly where to expect you every time I trudge in and out of this here office. Hell, with the mud I've tracked in over the years I’ve always needed a punk like you to wipe my feet on."
 Your breaths are already growing short and raspy. The burnt popcorn fumes suck deep into your airways with every breath, though you have no other choice but to enjoy it and fuel your blushing cheeks. Feeling mentally exhausted from this consenting workplace abuse is no excuse. You still must lie sheepishly on your back and straighten your body out like a rug, which is at least admittedly relaxing on your irksome joints. The bull looks indefinitely taller and more muscular from this perspective; veering over you in all his greasy, shaggy, toned masculinity. His smirk is also that much more demeaning.

Your hands curl around the neck of the boot, sweating nervously as they clench the mustard yellow surfaces and the criss-crossing laces. You gulp a mouthful of saliva accompanied by a flock of salty lint. The boot does not slip or budge from your face thanks to careful manoeuvring. Once you are laid completely flat you glance to the office door on your right and cautiously shimmy your body over towards it, like a struggling worm. Soon you are lying across the threshold looking like a pathetic embarrassment in the eyes of someone as superior as him; sniffing another animal's footwear and wishing for him to step on your vulnerable body simply because he boasts power over you. There is no regret in your mind. You know you deserve these punishments, no matter how demeaning they become.

Whilst lumbering over to one of the steel lockers the bull commentates on a thought that has been lingering in the back of your mind. "You wanna know why I'm still wearing one sock? Why I only let you lick one foot or worship one armpit? I only just got you to confess you're a foot fag less than an hour ago... you think I'm gonna let you go all the way fully when you're still only half the slut you could be? Squirt, you've still got a lot to prove. You can't buy the full property with only half the deposit, after all. Plus... well, let's just be honest, there's still many hours of a very busy day left to go. You're dumber than you look if you think I've finished sweating and brewing up B.O. But that's just part of the fun, ain't it? You get to lie in here all day huffing my grubby boots just waiting for me; your mind going crazy with fantasy over how bad I'm gonna smell later... how drenched in sweat I'm gonna be. So maybe - and I'm not making any promises here - but maybe after work I'll feel mighty generous and let your mouth soak all that up from the sock and the armpit you missed out on before. We'll just wait and see... won't we?"

During the process of saying this and likewise spiking your heart rate simultaneously with every taunting erotic word, the bull yanks open the locker sourcing himself a spare pair of work boots from within. He drops them heavily to floor, stuffs his legs inside each shoe until they swallow his thick feet whole, and then he bends over briefly to fasten the laces. When he stands upright again he turns and grins slyly at his debased worker, lying on his floor with a shoe-muzzled face.
 "Don't mind me," He says, "I got a job to do and protocol insists I wear steel toe boots out there but... I just couldn't take away the ones I've got you huffing from like a hungry lil' foot pig now, could I? Good thing I keep a spare pair handy. Otherwise, how else would you lie there nose-deep in that delicious bull funk 'till the end of my shift, hm?"
 You don't respond. You can't respond. You can only lay here and listen to the clomping footfalls vibrate against the floor as he walks directly over to you, standing like a towering behemoth to your left. Your body is cramped between him and the door he wishes to exit. Naturally, this dominant beast exits the only way he deems worthy; by stepping on your body.

The grippy blocky shapes of his black rubber tread are brought into view when Marcel lifts one foot high. He lowers it down harmlessly into your stomach but continues pushing and driving the pressure until your shirt is rippled into scrunching creases, all stemming from that deep indent. Your organs are squeezed. You gasp inside the boot ingesting more musk only this time inadvertently. Marcel can see your cheeks flaring with hot rosy tones. It seems to boost his ego, instead of garnering any pity.
 "I reckon I'd call that a constructive employer/employee chat," He muses, twisting his sole harder into your torso until you wince. "I'm sure glad you learned your lesson today but lemme teach you another one. My advice for the future? Anthro fellas like me and the crew out there are busy guys. We don't like wasting time guessing whether or not you're some foot humping fuck doll or not. So the next time you're getting hired for another site, or for other guys, you best get on all fours right away and lick the boss's boot tops in front of everybody. Let 'em know what you are right off the bat. Saves 'em all some energy and trust me, they’ll appreciate it."

Suddenly your stomach is flattened under enormous weight. Tingling electric sparks of pain and shock jolt through you, instinctively tensing every muscle in your entire body. A second anchor of weight then plunges into your chest too bending your ribs like elastic under the ample size of Marcel's other boot. Hundreds of pounds of relentless bovine are sinking into you as the beast stands grinning on your torso, both feet at a time. The puncturing pressure almost forces you to cough out the sock gag. Your fingers tremble. For a moment there is insufferable tension and your innards feel like mushy soup while your lungs pulse and throb beneath your boss's stout body.
 When your eyes start to water, your cheeks turn a stressed purple and you can only wheeze his musk in croaky doses, Marcel nonchalantly squeezes the trailer door handle and swings it open calmly taking his time as he steps down off you onto the steps outdoors. Your body seems to re-inflate in these heavily squashed indents but not without leaving light red bruises in the formation of two big boot prints, across your abdomen and sternum. You cough several more times but you force yourself to keep sucking his sodden sock ball. You hate to see this handsome animal leave but you're relieved not to endure that doormat experience any longer than was necessary.

Marcel yawns and stretches in the fresh air outside. He looks back over his shoulder through the open door frame and says, "That advice I gave is mostly hypothetical, though. I mean, really, you think I'm letting you go anytime soon? Heh! Me and the fellas have a lot of pent up stress and testosterone to take out on a plaything like you. If I'm speakin' honestly, we could keep you around for -years- if we have to... no matter how used up you get. You might not even remember your own name by then, just whatever pet names we most often call you. You think on that while you spend the day snorting that boot, you hear? I'll see you much later on, squirt."
 The door slams shut behind him, sealing you in alone... entombing you in this trailer room and its stagnant cocktail of odours. The last you hear of the bull's presence is the gravel crunching under his boots as he walks away to re-join the other workers. After that all you hear once again is the shrill sound of saws, drills and industrial machinery once again resonating in your ears.
 Without any autonomy or agency, you nestle comfortably into the floor and continue holding that upturned work boot. You wade your tongue through the thick sour wool and you relax your nostrils into a repetitive inhaling ritual... not to selfishly entertain your fetish, but to obey the bull's every wish and command. You might as well learn the permanence of obedience now because if his words are anything to trust, this is going to be your life for a long, long time.

THE END