**A Taste of Hard Work**

Synopsis: A young environmentalist chains himself to a tree in protest to stop the deforestation of the area. However this leaves him defenceless and bound, stuck as an unwilling plaything for the big blue-collar grizzly bear in charge of the logging operation. The bear has a lot of ways he can play with the protestor and make them regret their trespass.

Disclaimer:
–Forced Paw Worship
–Heavy Musk/Sweat/Filth
–Force Feeding (Foot Grime)
–Non-Consenting
–Age Difference
–Size Difference
–Mature Dom
–Grizzly Bear (Dom)
–Weasel (Sub)

Colossal machinery of varying purpose and significance such as dozers, yarders, skidders and bulky transport trucks - all with endless appetites for diesel - are parked around the harvest site. Wide dirt roads entrenched in vehicle tracks have been newly formed by the logging company for accessibility to the forest, though a large section of the area has already been cleared into a flattened dirt and sawdust sprinkled landing where piles of cut, unprocessed lumber are stacked and awaiting delivery to the mill. The landing provides a couple of plain job-site mobile trailers for the crew and space for any personnel vehicles or utility trucks.

In the youngest hours of dawn before the sleepy sun has risen over the hilly horizon, even before the trimmers and fellers have arrived to prep the day's work, an impassioned and proactive individual intrudes upon the logging site. The red furred weasel is but a slinking, sylphlike shadow that sneaks by the slumbering machinery; his backpack jingling and clinking with coils of thin chains. A smaller rucksack is slung over his shoulder sagging with food and water bottles to last him through his demonstrative protest. Two others follow behind him always glancing here and there; paranoid and scouting for any sign of staff or security.
 The environmentalist animals follow in the direction of the previous weeks' tree felling and find the optimal section of forest which will be targeted for harvest next. Whispers and smug attitudes are traded around. Together they enact their plan. The red furred weasel stands himself against the towering conifer trunk and holds his arms up while his friends unravel the dainty chains from the bag, working together to wrap each restraint across the weasel's body and around the tree's girth. They pull tight. They are fastened and secured by thick padlocks at the rear. One chain encircles the weasel's lower legs, the second across his waist and the third across his chest beneath his arms which he is now free to lower. The rucksack of provisions is tied around the middle chain to his right, easily accessible when food or hydration is required.
 Everybody expects the protest will last at least a week in order to delay and infuriate the logging company's hazardous work. According to the protestors' ambitious deluded ideals the company will surely leave the site and the trees will have been heroically saved by the group's determined mission for conservation. To them, it is a fool-proof plan. When the chained weasel gets low on provisions his friends will supposedly return on future nights providing refills and monitoring his overall health and mood. They all share an early celebration of high-fives and ecstatic words of motivation before the accomplice friends are given permission to scurry away before they are caught, leaving the empowered critter alone and bound to this living totem of nature.

Wilbur, the red furred weasel, is only a spindly and frail being who was never afforded the opportunity to grow any taller than a stunted 5ft 4" ordaining him as someone 'weak' and laughable in the eyes of other anthros. Instead of becoming bitter by the frequent bullying he found comfort in the idea of protecting those who couldn't fight for themselves, namely forests and waterways and natural structures or resources that were deemed profitable by big companies. He became radicalised after finding an environmental club on his university campus who often talked big about taking action. The few anthros here were non-judgemental and excited by the prospect of a new member. Their passions and rants to other students, especially any caught littering, marked them as hippies and dorks and losers which had made Wilbur feel right at home. However, public chants and picket-sign protests within their own campus plaza was making little change to the world only earning the group snickers, shouted jeers and the occasional pelted fruit or hackey sack or even a flip-flop from the jock animals walking by. Something bigger had to happen. Wilbur wanted more. He wanted real impact out here in the real world.

The grunting gargles and low roars of a pickup truck pervade the air reverberating around the forest trees, drawing near. Wilbur nervously puffs his chest and shuffles for comfort against his metal restraints. He knows he will have to confront one of the workers and act tough despite his personal limitations. Maybe he can even talk them over to his side and show them the error of their ways?
 Two bright headlights scan the dirt road as it drives closer. Pebbles, twigs and mud are flattened under the slow rolling tyres. Wilbur's heart starts to pound and his sweating fists clench stubbornly. The truck turns into the clearing scattered with pine needles, splinters and frizzy foliage debris in front of the weasel's chosen tree; blinding him in a sweep of pale golden light beams when the vehicle turns to park ahead. The pickup truck looks pricy and modern. Its large trailer compartment is occupied by two long steel tool containers bolted into its bed, covered with a cargo net of yellow straps. Dark wet mud cakes the tyre grooves and splatters up the side of the white body paint. The logging company logo is brandished across the car door.

For an unnerving moment the vehicle sits idle. The weasel cannot see anything more than a silhouette inside its cabin, the strong scented fumes pumping from its exhaust and the dusty particles dancing wildly in its headlights before the engine is killed. The door swings open. Two legs dressed in jeans and enormous steel toe workman's boots step hard into the ground planting naturally heavy prints in the dirt which breaks the spine of a long twig, turning it into flaky crumbs.
 The rest of the driver becomes visible, manifested in the sheer grit and bluster of blue-collar masculinity. Wilbur gulps the lump in his throat and he fretfully eyes the intimidating grizzly bear before him; a beefy burly beast standing at 6ft 7" with arms as thick and as dark as the tree boughs themselves. This matured grizzly's face and body is burdened with sumptuous brown fur. He looks to be about forty years of age, nearly doubling Wilbur's. He boasts a paunchy gut and a scornful face of strong features. He wears a yellow hard hat and his torso is dressed in a faded maroon-red plaid shirt with a small walkie-talkie shoved in its breast pocket, beneath an old stitched nametag that reads 'Gunnar'.

Never has the weasel felt so small and worthless by comparison. His knees instinctively close together and his shoulders stiffen at the sight of the person whom he was planning to either rebel against or try recruit. Crunching loud footfalls persist when the grizzly lumbers forward narrowing his eyes in stark judgement at the sight of this pathetic little critter trying to make a stand. Gunnar stops and towers over Wilbur, noting that their skinny arms and legs already tremble as they look up towards him with a tilted head and phoney gusto.
 "Rrrgh," He growls and speaks with a gravelly baritone voice that extracts deep from his chest. He sees various round pins on the weasel's grey hoodie symbolising green leaves, a smiling earth and one that says: 'Climate Care Squad!'
 "Fuckin' dumb as shit university kids again..." Gunnar rumbles, rolling his eyes and rubbing them in frustration.
 "This is your own fault! Y-your company is killing the earth!" Wilbur musters, screwing his adorable inoffensive face into a belligerent frown which fails to have any effect on the bear. "The money you make deforesting this land won't do you any good when we're all choking for oxygen and we- mmnph-hmphMM!"

Gunnar calmly places a huge hand over the weasel's face which dwarfs their head and sandwiches it between the tree bark and his meaty padded palm. The weasel's argument is snuffed into unintelligible sounds that trail into squeaks and whimpers veiled by toughened calloused pillowy leather. Clawed fingers clench around the very base of the muzzle right up against the wide-eyed face. Wilbur tries in vain to toss his head side to side but he cannot wrestle his mouth and snout out from the padding. He can smell the bear fur and other faint scents embedded in that leather. His hands flail up and grab the girth of grizzly arm, sinking in the dense fur but lacking even a fraction of strength required to overpower him. The hand pushes harder inward and for a moment the weasel worries his skull will start to crack or his teeth will dislodge. His parents had once warned him never to confront or retaliate with any ursine bullies, given their ferocious bone-powdering strength.
 "You tree-huggers really ain't too bright are you?" Gunnar growls impatiently. "What do you think happens next, huh? You think my crew arrives an hour from now and we all throw our hands up in defeat 'cause some sorry little sweat-rag threw a sulk and dressed up in chains? Naw, that ain't reality. Reality is I call the cops, tell 'em we got another dickless protestor trespassing on company property and delaying important work schedules. They come with bolt cutters, they snip those chains and they fuckin' arrest you then we get on with our day. Then you cry to your mommy and daddy about the big mean logger man."

Gunnar waits a moment for the weasel's bound legs to start twitching and kicking from a lack of oxygen. He then he drags his hand away releasing the aching mouth. Raspy desperate inhales bellow from the weasel. Once he regains equilibrium Wilbur is humiliated. His face scorches with red-hot temper. "D-don't touch me, I have rights too you know! That's abuse!"
 The grizzly starts to grin, realising what an amusing puppet he has strung up before him. It's not often he finds any entertainment during these long busy work hours when he is usually so focused on efficient operation. Still, he has reason to put Wilbur in his place and remind him of his poor planning: "You chose a reeeal bad day for it, little twig. Bet you wanted to halt production today and cause up a stir, didn't you? Too bad for you we had a breakdown of some critical machinery and the useless mechanics ain't been out yet, so my crew's all on paid leave for the next day or two until shit's been sorted. No one's comin' and you haven't done us any damage. Hell, even I wouldn't have come out here today if my phone didn't start chirping at god-damned 4:00 in the fucking morning with an alert from the security cams. You know how much I was looking forward to that sleep in? You know what you've taken from me for your shitty morality trip?"

"Wait, but... really? There's no work happening? B-but my friends won't back until tomorrow night! It doesn’t mean anything if I'm here by myself doing nothing! I'm supposed to be making an impact!" Wilbur stammers.
 His dejected embarrassment nourishes the grizzly. Gunnar enjoys watching the look of realisation sink on their face. Wilbur wriggles and jerks in his chains suddenly understanding how stuck he really is in the labourer's company.
 "I'm here now. I'll keep you company," Gunnar murmurs with a threatening disposition that makes the critter's stomach knot. "In fact, I'm not going to radio this in to the land owner. I'm not even going to call the police to cut you loose. It'll just be us way out here and no one will know a thing. Sounds romantic, don't it?"
 Wilbur feels his throat close with panic. His lips start to numb as his breathing turns to a light hyperventilation. He watches the grizzly turn and wander back to their truck. They unlatch the rear guard and reach into the trailer where they withdraw a scraping fold-out metal chair and bring it back; setting it open in front of the weasel's restless body.
 "Wh-what are you planning to do?" Wilbur croaks.
 "Nothin' much. Some good old fashioned fun, that's all. You owe me big for ruining my morning and ticking me off... but I'm sure we'll figure out all the ways you can make it up to me."

The towering grizzly suddenly raises a brow and flares his nostrils curiously when his apex-predator smelling senses pick up on a pleasant odour emanating from the protestor's rucksack. He wanders up to the side of the tree ignoring every defensive swipe and batter those small hands attempt pitifully in his direction, trying to shoo Gunnar away. These attacks feel like nothing more than wimpy pats against his body that he instinctively ignores without any recognition. Gunnar uses his deadly long hand claws to swipe the bag and slash it open. A few honeycomb oat bars spill out onto the ground at the foot of the tree followed by a stack of two sandwiches sealed in a plastic ziplock bag.
 Gunnar picks these up and tauntingly says, "Heh, thanks for the free food. Looks like good stuff! Ain’t enough to compensate for pissing me off but it’s a start."
 "Hey! Hey those are mine! Give them back!"
 The whining is rightfully ignored. Gunnar sits his weighty body down in the creaking metal chair filling the pale indented seat with his hefty rump. He rips open the seal and extracts a sandwich for himself, always facing the flummoxed weasel and teasing him with the sight of his stolen goods. The sandwich is rye bread filled with baby spinach, red peppers, red onions, sliced Swiss cheese, a slice of tomato and an apricot-based sauce. Though it seems comparatively small in the grizzly's hand Gunnar still shows his fearsome white fangs dripping with salivation and he bites into the sandwich merrily, while Wilbur can do nothing but stare in grief.

***\*Cccrunch! Slrp, schlrp!\****
 Gunnar is a noisy eater. He swallows down the food and chews with an open mouth like a slob. His grunt of satisfaction is interrupted by the smacking of his lips followed by the suckling of his fingertips.
 When the logger seizes the second sandwich and moves it towards his maw the weasel interrupts him with a plea: "Wait, hey wait!" He begs, "I'll have to eat something eventually y-you can't just let me starve here! Just save me something... anything!"
 Gunnar listens. As dawn's rosewood rays of light now begin bathing the forest zone and illuminating the lushness of his face he licks food residue from between his teeth and says, "Mmh, a little twig like you? You need some -real- nutrition. Lemme upgrade your sandwich to somethin' special I make for any new member who joins on my crew. Truth is it's like a hazing initiation they don't get to know about beforehand but I think you'll like it fine enough."
 The grizzly then holds the final sandwich out to his left and pries apart the bread slices in each hand letting the bulk of its fillings drip and spill out, slapping to the dirt below. He layers the mostly emptied slices together atop their plastic bag and temporarily sets them aside to the ground, freeing both his hands for what comes next.

The baffled critter stops trying to jerk in his chains and he falls into a puzzled silence at the sight unfolding before him. Gunnar lifts a cumbersome leg dropping his own booted foot across his knee. Wilbur is witness to the atrocious state of their grimy treads perhaps expected from the hard-working logger but still stomach turning nonetheless. Pancakes of ground gritty muck form a layer of yellowed-brown dirt that is drubbed and pounded into conformity, smearing up to each edge around the jet black sole and filling every stern zig-zagging groove in its pattern. The dirt has mostly petrified acting more crumbly nowadays and less like a sludge, proving its age. Dead discoloured grass and fragrant pine needles stick out from the swampy crevices. Wilbur's skin crawls, (only to become painfully aware that these treads are neither the last nor the worst of it yet).
 Gunnar plucks the black ropey laces until they dangle lifelessly. He hears a whimper of uneasy epiphany ahead but he doesn't intend to reassure them or make any false promises. Instead Gunnar grabs hold of his big boot's toecap and heel in each hand. He starts to tug at interchanging rhythms moving the boot away from the paw inside like a seesaw until he reaches an apex of loose comfort and the footwear yanks free. The logger's heel is pulled free first. The boot itself is rotated and withdrawn sliding its insulted black lips and the hardy tongue up over the top of the foot-paw before being lifted in the air. The weasel is given a quick view of that boot mouth; pried and conformed to be able to swallow the bear's burly leg every day of its miserable existence. From one glance the interior is a dark deep festering void of thermal pressure and eye-stinging steam and greasy molten grime forming an undulant bed of its own across a dark rubbery insole that has caved and collapsed into a sheet of bumpy, smudgy, crater-like paw print. Scalding currents spew and billow out from the footwear releasing a faint shimmer of a heat wave. Wilbur - horrified into a speechless jaw-hanging stupor - looks down at the unwieldy magnitude and overbearing mass of the paw left behind in the grizzly's lap. It is no better than the boot.

The paw is cling-film wrapped in a black sock with a red toned heel and toe section. Its material is thick and woolly but any soft, fluffy fleecy textures of old have been slowly lost and smoothened out and stiffened with every wear over the years. What remains is a sock that has been traumatised into an oily rag riddled with sweeping ripples and lateral creases over its arch though the space between ball and toes is especially pinched, wrinkled and crimped. Being a bear, Gunnar has five padded toes fighting for space though the paw is still properly animalistic as opposed to humanly. As such its five claws - each nearly two inches in length - pierce through the sock tip like blades forcing frayed wounds in the sock.
 In other parts the sole looks partially moth-eaten where rounded mangy holes penetrate the fabric, supplying visibility to the grizzly's dark grey pad meat inside. These holes act like street grates venting wisps of steamy vapour and internal heat. Between the tones of red and black a striking paw print is stained so incontestably against the sole, sagging with new moisture while also tinted and faded in the burnished regions where old moisture has been left to soak and dry. It is a dank print with its very own humidity. To be inside there would be akin to being water boarded by pure sweat.

Gunnar sets the foul-breathed boot to the ground and sits here in his seat for a long minute, using the time to smirk at the chained weasel and show off the sizeable sole of his socked paw that now airs its musky radiance. The paw - while on its side - stacks its toes atop one another which begin to wiggle and slide into curling scrunches for the weasel's entertainment. That lustrous imprinted fabric sways and rumples in thick currents to the movements happening inside.
 "You hungry yet?" He asks.
 "N-no, I mean, kind of but what are you... why are you taking your shoes off? If you're trying to annoy me by being impolite it's not going to work! I live in a dorm room with three other guys and one of them's a coyote who plays tennis so I'm used to shoe stink by now!" Wilbur pouts with an angered blush.
 Gunnar shakes his head in dismissal. "Heh, that's cute... you think some university pipsqueak is on the same level as a feller like me? I work my back off here every day maybe eight or ten hours depending on the day. It's hard work, real hard... men's work. You couldn't cop it. Cold mornings become hot days real fast. I sweat by the bucket load. I come home reeking so bad the smell is now in my carpets and walls for good. Ain't no prissy scented candles gonna fix that. I'm a walking aphrodisiac for any musk-sluts out there."
 "W-what does this have to do with the sandwich?" The weasel is scared to ask.

Nothing but a wink is given by the bear who bends down and picks up one of the mostly clean bread slices in his left hand. He then slaps it flat against the heavy verdant curves and shapes of his paw sole holding the bread captive and sandwiched flat, soaking the essence of stale sweat marks against its brown dough. For a moment the weasel is too perplexed to fathom a word. He simply gags quietly and watches the bread get dragged up the sole and rubbed in like a square cleaning rag. When it peels back there are visible crumbs, flakes and tiny seeds ingrained across the sock sole sticking deep in its damp black wool.
 Next, to Wilbur's continued disgust, the matured bear puts his hand and the bread slice into the neck of his shirt, reaching down and feeling around under the plaid material until he stuffs it against his fuming soggy armpit smearing it around like a roll-on deodorant. Wilbur wants to be sick. His body feels enervated and weak against the conifer tree trunk. He watches Gunnar extract the bread slice which now looks spritzed by sweaty moisture on the one side with at least two brown fur strands plastered on. The slice is then kept in his palm until the next stage begins.
 Gunnar chuckles deeply to himself and says, "Forgot to mention this part but my workdays have me so beat I'm often too tired to shower. Either I kick my boots off, crack a cold brew open and drop down on the sofa or I crash straight into bed and fall asleep with my boots still on. It's been about ten days since I last showered. That ain't anything compared to how long I've been wearing these socks... I'd say about thirty days running by now."
 The weasel gags once again. "Y-you're just trying to psyche me out. That can't be true, nobody would be that gross! Nothing you say or do will make me surrender this forest to you!"

Wilbur has chosen the wrong words. He has issued not only a fun challenge for the worker but an invitation too. The grizzly silently accepts this with a lick of his lips and reaches down for his sock. Fabric is rolled and bunched into a thick band around Gunnar's ankle. He then continues rolling it over his heel and uses the slacking as leverage to pull and whip the bulky item away from his paw letting it dangle from his grip; less like a limp inanimate object and more like a hollowed carcass. After one lightheaded glance at the freshly naked foot Wilbur feels inclined to believe the 'thirty days of sock' story.

The grizzly foot is naturally broad, wide and long with a brick-like weight. The sole is one unbroken, uninterrupted slab of pliant grey patty; its meatiness somehow bulging yet still compressed into an even surface from heel all the way to ball. The sole has small angular wrinkles and grooves and scar-like creases criss-crossing or stretching all over the pad surface. Its skin texture is scaly and leathery. There is but the thinnest immovable gaps and rifts bushing with sullied brown fur between this ball and the five big oval toes. Plentiful quantities of sweat and lint and fluff and crud have slipped into these inescapable places building and gathering and stewing and decaying for a long time without rescue. The fur over the top of the foot is matted and glossy like a rich satin.
 Wilbur's stomach twists inside him. These are the filthiest paws he has ever seen. They are unapologetically packed with grime across every surface. The entire sole pad slab is a mosaic of thick black lint and thread amalgamations which have fused into sticky wet blotches and streaks that coil and splay, glued into the meat in the form of a typical print. Some of the splotches look like crushed mangled spiders. Everything is steam-pressed and shellacked under a varnished of oily perspiration that gives the grey flesh a glossy quality at times. Old pale specks of carpet fuzz, small hairs, leathery insole flakes and a smattering of food crumbs walked on from the floor of his house are scattered from heel to toe sticking underfoot against their will. Grime build-up surrounds his toes and sole pad like black pollen along the edges. A lone sock thread even coils and hangs from one of the toe claws. Musk is steaming from the succulent soles; not visible to the naked eye but nearly close enough to form misty wisps. It could take up to a full hour of determined licking just to break through this surface and mop these bear paws clean.

Gunnar tilts his head to peer down proudly at his sole. His toes bend back and forth in timely unison feeling the fresh morning air. "You see all this? I could keep you fed on this for some time," The bear teases.
 "Wh-wha? Yuck! F-fuck no, don't you dare! You can't! It's inhumane, i-it's foul to even joke about it!" Wilbur splutters, earnestly afraid and revolted by the older anthro. The weasel's eyes naturally start to water when the stink from the paw, the sock and the boot all reach him now as a light breezes carries it onto his face. It smells like the kitchen grill of a cheap fast food establishment; like stagnant beefy grease brought to a boil amid sticky forgotten ketchup stains.
 "Naw, you'll learn to love it... even if it's just a survival mechanism telling you to cause you have no other choice, eventually you'll stop fighting. Anyway, I reckon there's about enough crap here to make you that sandwich now."

Gunnar, (in ignorance of the critter's soft whimpering pleas and whispered swears of self-blame), begins the unsightly food prep by stating, "Any good eating's got to have a base of flavour to start with, like a bed of foot lint for example."
 The bear digs his thick fingers at his heel sinking indents in the leather. He pinches and grabs a web of flat sticky wool fluff which has to be peeled before it unlatches from the skin, bringing stringy threads with it. The fluff is then sprinkled delicately over the light brown face of the already undignified rye. He continues to shave away the layer of trampled grime bit by bit with every new piece of drenched lint or palpable smudges that he displaces from his sole and rubs off against the dough, slowly adding more and more as he works his way up his own sole. Threads - wriggly or curled - are plucked individually. Oily sweat is dragged and swept up on his fingertips also qualifying for the transfer. The bear pares away large gatherings of lint from his ball pad area first and then focuses on the caches of impure accretion tucked in between his ball and his toes. The dark mossy clusters pulled from this rank trench will aerate with a tepid heat and twinkle with sweat dew. Everything is dumped across the bread like a grotesque spread.
 "Next I add a bit seasoning to spruce it up some," Gunnar smirks.
 He starts scratching deep underneath his toe claws and their recesses to file out any crumbly specks of dried grime that have been hidden here for weeks given Gunnar's lack of claw hygiene. He then drives a fingertip in between each ripple and crease in the arch padding from end to end bulldozing out any droplets or assorted grains which had been festering there. He holds the bread on an angle and rubs his fingertips gently overhead, salting its tainted face with all these findings.

"Heck I almost forget the chutney, that's my favourite part!" Gunnar announces.
 The thickset anthro scrounges for 'ingredients' in the last unexplored place on his paw; deep in the soured musk vents between each toe. For this part he must place the customised sandwich back atop the hollow plastic ziplock bag lying on the ground in front of him. The grizzly lifts his paw off his knee and sends it forward in the air, nudging the very back edge of his bare heel against the rim of his chair so that his sole floats like a fleshy overhang above the bread awaiting below. Next he reaches forward holding each side of his foot, hunching forward toward the now-raised knee so that he can peer down at the top of this surly appendage.
 Gunnar splays two of his toes starting a sequence from those furthest to the right. His thick digits take force to manually pry apart and open their humid gaps for ventilation. When they do, they present the true edible treasures packed and cowering in a hot broth of sweaty messy brown fur in the very crotches of the toes. Blue-collar worker toe-jam... it is a lumpy soft tangy sprawl of grime bits cooked together and melted down into a black honey, sticking and webbing between each digit. Despite its damp appearance it is fragile filth which can easily crumble into tiny loose dollops. The quantity in this gap alone is enough to cover the whole tip of the weasel's tongue and yet there are three more toe gaps on this specific paw to be evacuated still, (let alone the other paw).

"That's the pricey stuff right there," Gunnar mutters deeply. "That's what all the dirty freaks want but few rarely ever get. Count yourself lucky, little twig. I mean that, too. Some of the fellers made me a joke profile on one of them gay hook-up apps for a lark one lunch break but it turns a lot of folks got a thing for big mature bears like me with a smutty bio. I started getting so many hits my phone wouldn't stay quiet. Lots of colourful fruity lookin' folks especially. Some big spenders too, apparently..."
 The weasel anxiously tries to distract his tormentor from continuing to defile the sandwich by engaging in the uncomfortably lewd conversation with which he wants no part, but feels inclined so that he can try humanise himself in the bear's eyes and be let free or left alone. "Oh yeah? Tell me more about that!" He squeaks out, sweating nervously at the sight of the foot flavoured sock lint sandwich below.
 Gunnar falls for the lure and keeps talking while his toes remain apart in the air. "Got myself in the habit now of replying to one of these freaks every so often just for the kick of seeing 'em squirm and get so hung-up over some silly DMs with a grizzly they ain't even met. It's a crazy thing. They beg and grovel and do anything I instruct 'cause they've got some twisted craving for leadership and boy do they pay through the nose at the snap of a finger. Doesn't even have to be a reason they'll still do it. If they pay enough or catch me in a good mood I send them pictures of these musky ol' grippers."
 "Yeah?" Wilbur listens, faking a wobbly smile. "Sounds like you should really be saving those uh, b-big scrumptious feet for those guys then! Y'know, don’t waste them on me... let them have all that flavour! Everyone wins! I've decided I don't need to eat anyway, I can just wait for my friends to check in on me in 24 hours!"

The logger completely ignores the young protestor and continues rambling instead. "One loser wanted me to put my phone on record and slip it inside my boot, then stuff my paw in and wear it for a whole shift so he could hear and live out some pussy fantasy of being inside my shoes for a day. Told him upfront that ain't happening. I'm hundreds of pounds of pure grizzly and my phone would crush in an instant, let alone get filled with paw sweat and stop working anyhow. Another guy, some Blue Jay, even forked over half a grand just to meet me in person and be my footrest for an hour. I didn't let the fucker even so much as sniff the air when he turned up. Just used him for what he paid for but gave him no extra benefits; no licking, no touching, nothing. Even put a pillow on his back so he didn’t get any direct contact with my feet. Point is these fellers are going to be bummed out when they realise I've got my own new plaything now to occupy my free time and bully around so they'll have to fuck off to someone else. I reckon I could keep you about a week before people stop believing you just ‘got arrested’ but you'll be broken in by then and you’ll be begging to stay. Heh, now that’s a real way you can pay me back."

With his foot aimed high over the sandwich, Gunnar pushes his thumbs up the top side following the guardrail bones and their dense furred valleys until his thumbs are led into this exact toe gap. They push at the layer of toe-jam starting from the back, rolling it forward out of the toe crotch it had called home for so long. The gunk starts to separate and smudge his thumb tips before it slides out and drops like a dark glob atop the other lint and crud already insulating the bread's surface. Before moving on the grizzly attentively massages his toe webbing back and forth until any stray flecks are shuffled out. He repeats this process again with every heated toe gap until every last crumb and morsel of the frizzy toe-jam is sloughed out and subsequently cleaned out to an agreeable degree. Aside from the imprinted stains, the sweat glimmer, the odd thread or the truly ingrained flakes of pad grime that require more stern dedication to scrape away, the paw looks much cleaner than it had moments ago at least regarding its lint ratio.
 Instead of concluding the vile snack and considering himself satisfied with his creation Gunnar plants his behemoth foot straight into the ground, nearly stomping the sandwich flat altogether by a few sparing inches. Even this firm patch of earth obediently shifts and forms around his paw to create an ursine paw print mould as if he were stepping on wet clay. Follicles of dark green pine needles are pressed up between the spreading toes. Wilbur is beleaguered to see the bear reaching down untying his other tan and black boot now.
 For a moment the sandwich is ignored until the second footwear is lugged off with an effort of force, opening to a torrent of steam and releasing its beefy malodour. Expectedly the second reeking red/black sock and all its faded sweat-bathed imprints is pulled by its stretching tip and wrested from its clingy hold over the right paw. The sock is not left to dangle alone, however. The grizzly picks up his original sock currently laid in wait over his own lap. He brings the two socks together shaking and stretching them into a suitable shape between his hands.

"It ain't complete until we give it a drizzle of sweet sauce," The logger winks.
 With the weasel watching his every move Gunnar twists his fists around the combined sock ends slowing wringing the wool until it bends and tightens and squeezes into braided suffocation; always aiming them over the bread slice and its soiled fillings. Through sheer grip the absorbent socks abandon their resilience and begin to drain out their moisture which runs off the bear's fingers and hand pads before dripping in rapid but small quantities directly from the contorting lengths of wool. Wilbur's stomach feels exactly like the tortured socks right now as he watches them spill and weep the sweat that has been stored in their dense fleece, showering the dough with light pitter-patters. When Gunnar cannot extract any more from simple twists he balls both the fuming socks between his closed fists and compacts his palms together like a junkyard crusher, forcing the material to condense and sieve out the final few drips. Gunnar then throws the used, mangled socks away to the side where they slap quietly to the ground.

Wilbur must groan and writhe and wait for the bear to then double-up the sandwich contents with all the fetid scraps and lint smearing his second sole too. Vinegary swathes of jet black sock fluff are peeled and amassed. More granules and sticky specks are shovelled on. The edges of the thick pads are swept. The toe gaps are parted and combed clean for everything but their volcanic wafts of musk. Dollops of toe-jam sludge are flicked from finger tips to rye bread. This time the bear even lowers his paw over the food and wriggles his toes to the full extent of their dexterity, ensuring no crumb is left unfiltered.
 At last this paw thumps into the dirt too and the lunch sits idly between each appendage appearing complete, at least until Gunnar says, "Voilà. Now I just gotta heat it up so the ingredients melt together, all nice and toasty. This will just take a few minutes."
 Before he closes the sandwich together with the other spare slice Gunnar spits into its centre amid all the other unpleasant toppings, then he scoops up the meal in his hand and lowers it down inside one of his boots to 'cook'. The sandwich is shoved in and left sitting in the noxious depths atop his roasted insole. Wilbur's lip quivers. He watches the bear take his other unoccupied boot and invert it; turning it over and sealing its mouth against the mouth of the first until they are pushed tightly together and conjoined at the lips, unable to ventilate and forced to share their vaporous heat.

While the two animals wait for the food to be enveloped in the insufferable atmosphere of boot heat Wilbur feels his knees knocking together. His small body is pumped with dreaded anticipation. He knows the bear is serious and is not merely teasing him. He struggles again, in vain. His chains jingle but hold him tight. His friends have done too well a job fastening him to the tree.
 "P-please don't do this, I'm not like those guys you mentioned I don’t enjoy paws in the slightest, it's not my thing! Y-you're taking this too far! I just wanted to protect this forest from your cruelty! Please!" Wilbur pleads, desperate for any way out of this oncoming punishment. Surely the worker has at least a sliver of mercy for him?
 Gunnar laughs to himself, shaking his head while a leer spreads across his big heavy face. "You couldn't even pick the right trees to hug, you fuckin' dipshit. This here ain't a natural forest or land mass. You're on private property... a plantation of sorts. These trees were grown to be cut, on purpose. They were always going to be cut. You might just be the dumbest, most unplanned protestor I've seen in my two decades working here."
 The look on that red furred face makes the early wake-up worth all this trouble now. Wilbur is pale. His eyes seem glazed over. His whiskers twitch as he pitifully tries to find any valuable comeback.
 "Yeah that's right," Gunnar grins, "You ain't even protesting shit. The crew's gonna be laughing about this for months when we resume work.
 The weasel falls quiet. He is defeated and outplayed by the older anthro. This also means Gunnar is not tormenting him to dissuade his protest or stop his mission, he is only tormenting him for the raw sadistic enjoyment. The weasel is nothing but prey to this blue-collar brute.

"Ding," The grizzly grumbles, several awkward minutes later.
 He lifts the upturned boot away like the cloche on a food tray. Muggy air curls out from the sudden parting. The boot is held in the air upside down while the grizzly shoves his free hand deep into the innards of the other, groping at the sandwich left baking against his insole. He pulls it out feeling the physical temperature in its dough.
 "Last thing left is to give it a nice grill effect; makes the whole thing come together," Gunnar mentions, slapping the sandwich against his upturned boot tread.
 Already its surface becomes imprinted and lightly indented by the lateral, grated tread grooves caked with clumpy dirt. Naturally the upright boot is swiftly picked up maintaining its posture as it is dumped down atop the sandwich, pressing both treads together and 'grilling' each side until the bread is squeezed between their pressuring vice. Once the footwear serves its purpose and finds a contented place back on the ground, the sandwich is finished and held in the proud bear's hand as if he'd just prepared a gourmet dish. With a grunt and a heave the lumbering beast rises from his creaking fold-out chair, casting a shadow over the terrified weasel.
 "Eat up, little twig! This is gonna be so much better for you than all them lousy vegetables. Just don't forget to thank me afterwards."

Loud frantic objections fumble from the weasel's mouth. Wilbur tries to kick but his chained legs offer no service. He scratches at the air trying to keep the bear at arm's length but the bear remains apathetic to his lack of impact. Wilbur sucks his lips in sealing his mouth closed, jerking his head to one side. Gunnar isn't impeded by any of this. He casually swipes the weasel's arms down with his lone forearm which he then plants across the entire width of that skinny torso, harmlessly crushing the shoulders and collar bone against the tree trunk. Wilbur's eyes bulge and water. His windpipe feels restricted. The boot-stewed sandwich made of all the bear's paw gunk and smelly sock lint and toe-jam garnish hovers by his mouth. Wilbur muffles a cry through his mouth restricting the food of any access. Amid his thrashing he can see the brown tread marks outside the bread. Although there is a rich bounty of crud inside, it is not a thick enough substance to part the bread slices with a visible divide so for now at least the snack only looks like two rye slices innocently stacked.

"Hey now, just be grateful I didn't include my 'special mayo' like I did with them initiates I mentioned," Gunnar mutters gleefully.
 The seeded crust rubs against the weasel's face. He grunts and moans in distress but the grizzly has enough patience to wait out the tantrum. Being this close to Wilbur's snout, the bread has a noticeable smell like a garlic infused burger patty. His nostrils try to clench on their own. His entire brow crinkles in disgust. Soon the tossing and turning becomes tiring on his neck and his jaw aches from clenching so tight. His chest is heaving with panicked air that he wants to pant out but has been withholding in fear.

The moment Wilbur tries to part his lips to allow out a breath they are rammed open by the food. Gunnar pushes the back of the sandwich and crams it in the unwilling mouth snuffing out gargles of begging rejection. The weasel's small sharp teeth instinctively dig into the soft dough when it slides over his tongue dragging the thin earthy streaks of dirt. From corner to corner Wilbur is inundated by the mouthful. He cannot speak through it he can only inadvertently suck it and drool, wetting the bread to a soggier state. He refuses to bite down. He doesn't want it. He wishes he could spit it back in the bear's face.
 "Chew." Gunnar sternly instructs.
 "MNmNh!" Wilbur argues.
 "Do it. Now." Gunnar narrows his eyes, burning with ire and intimidation. His voice lowers to a baritone growl.
 More gruelling minutes pass. The weasel can only rush his breaths through his nostrils while the tall bear's forlorn face looms over him, breathing down on his tipped-back head with hot powerful exhales that blow through Wilbur's fur, often making him flicker his eyes.
 "You've got ten seconds before I kick your ribcage in like a bundle of brittle sticks. Hospital's a long drive from here... you'll be better off if you just obey me," The bear threatens.

Reluctantly the weasel's willpower collapses. His hope is dead and he feels lifeless; broken, even. He knows there is no escape. He is stuck with this dominant bully twice his age for twenty four hours at least and there is nothing he can do but face submission or exhaust himself beyond repair with all these worthless struggles. He hesitantly closes his jaw around the bread, clenching his tear-studded eyes as he bites off a mouthful. Regret and humiliation overcome him instantly. The taste of toe-jam and fluffy lint spill from the tear around the basin of his tongue, awash in a puddle of saliva. The taste is salty and zesty. It blends with the soil marks on the bread. His entire body twitches suddenly at the strong smack of flavour. He grimaces and braces himself for a swallow. The only way out of this situation is through it, like it or not. Small fingers tense and clench. Wilbur gulps the crusted corner and immediately shudders when he thinks about what he is ingesting. He feels disgusted in himself. He gags and moans. His jaw quivers. There isn't any time to recover before more of the sandwich is shoved deeper into his mouth, force-feeding him to remind him he is powerless and easy to puppeteer.

Gunnar eagerly listens to the sound of munching and slurping. He smirks at the shivering critter, relishing their weakness. Bite after bite, gulp after gulp, Wilbur will infrequently wretch and gag nearly sending the chewed mouthful of salted foot grime and bread insulation back up his throat in a heave of regurgitation but he wrestles the urge and swallows the pasty mixture back down before he hurls. Sometimes he will bite directly into a waxy wad of toe-jam and taste its bitter honeyed flavour. The smell of musk is always light and airy but present enough to remind him the food is polluted. A loose hair or old sock thread might stick to his tongue on the way down. The sweat helps lubricate his chews and chomps. He never wants to see bear paws again after this traumatic experience. Moreover, he never wants to chain himself to a tree in protest again. He can never risk confronting another logging company with any equally domineering, nasty workers. It was wrong to come here. It was wrong to expect any better from the grizzly.

The sandwich pocketed in the weasel's slobbering groggy maw becomes smaller and lighter the more they consume it, involuntarily ingesting the taste of Gunnar's unwashed feet and socks. When the final corner pinched between the bear's fingers is dropped on the tongue and rolled back down the raspy throat, (glugged with another grimace), Gunnar wriggles and rubs his robust fingers inside the weasel's mouth until they are sucked clean. Indistinguishable crumbs and flakes and grains litter Wilbur's maw, stuck between his teeth or plastered to his pink gums. His taste buds are grazed in a faint dark smear. His head spins. He can feel the 'food' sitting in his bewildered stomach which leaves him feeling sick and uneasy. He pants and drools. His breaths resound with a wet gargling rattle. Thin matted streak marks run from his eyes down his cheeks where tears have travelled during his meal.

"How's that for fine dining, eh?" Gunnar smirks.
 Wilbur wretches again as the mental imagery of all that transpired stands its ground, haunting him and daring him to cough the sandwich out. He isn't sure if the grizzly expects him to lie and offer praise or if he gets more sadistic satisfaction from his disgust but either way the weasel refuses to say any kind words about the force-feeding.
 "Putrid!" Wilbur groans, "I want to be sick! It's a miracle I wasn't already! Y-you can't just feed people toe-jam and foot grime without their permission!"
 Gunnar rolls his eyes, finding their objections to be nothing more than a nuisance. "Just like how you can't trespass and obstruct an entire work operation, just 'cause you get a chub over trees. You don't know how lucky you are, little twig. Just think about how mad I'd have been if we were on schedule and ready to work today. Wouldn't just be me, neither. You'd be surrounded by my whole crew, all pissed off, all butch predators and all hard workin' men who don't take any guff from some silky cum sock like you. That sandwich would've been ten times as thick and nasty. Either that or you'd be spilling seed from every hole with a full belly... or you'd be flat as a board in the dirt, trampled so much under a long line up of real heavy boots and paws just aching to squash you bloody. That pretty young face and body got off mighty easy today, all things considered."

The weasel's heart pounds violently in fearful thought. These threats only make him want to flee his chains even faster now before tomorrow comes. The bear's bare paws have been slowly caking with dirt up their bottoms and sides while standing here towering over his prey. When he takes a step closer he must first step out of two freshly matted prints in the earth, formed just from him idly standing here in one place. Gunnar grabs the zipper on the front of the weasel's light yellow and periwinkle hoodie, dragging it unzipped in one rough but speedy pull. Wilbur whimpers when his hoodie is then wrestled off him and yanked by its hood up over his arms and head before being fully tugged away out from under the chain wrapping his chest. This article of clothing is tossed aside to the dirt without a second of consideration.
 "Wait, w-what are you doing now?" Wilbur asks.
 "Making sure you -never- forget how unwanted you are on my company grounds," Gunnar vaguely replies.
 The grizzly then grabs the neck of Wilbur's shirt and slashes it open with his hand claws, dividing the weak fabric like hot butter. The tassled ripped remains dangle openly, showing a red furred torso that has luckily avoided any damage from the claws. In this state the shirt is subject to be grappled and yanked away from its wearer too, leaving them entirely shirtless and quaking. Wilbur flinches with dread and uncertainty when the bear kneels down and casually pops off his sneakers with the lightest tug, tossing them to the pile. Lastly the petrified critter feels the button pluck open on his trousers, loosening them enough so that each trouser leg can be violently tugged down one after the other, over and over until they slip down under the tight chains and pool around his trembling ankles. The trousers, once removed, are skidded across the dirt. Gunnar stands tall again grinning down at the scared tethered animal that now stands undressed, wearing nothing at all beyond his white socks and underwear.
 "Please don't hurt me! Please!" Wilbur squeaks.
 "Hurt you? Naw, I just want to humiliate you and prep you for a photo so I can show my guys later. They'd be chompin' at the bit to get a piece of you so I'll have to send it when you're well and truly outta their range, heheh. Maybe I'll keep you safe at my house. I can keep you chained up there too since you seem to love it so much! Maybe even chain you down to my ottoman to make things easier..."

While speaking the logger wanders over to his two discarded socks in all their heavy, black and red glory. He lifts them by their stinking toe ends and meanders back to the weasel with thumping footfalls.
 "I was gonna pull one of these over your dick but I reckon that thing’s gonna be far too small to fit in my socks, so I guess they're both going in your mouth instead."
 Groans, cries and pleas are quickly extinguished when the weasel's open mouth is suddenly penetrated by a dual stuffing of enormous, fragrant socks seeping in their oils and old moisture. Gunnar's salty beef stock and kitchen grease flavours leaks down and around the weasel's thrashing tongue. Wilbur lets loose another tear and continues gagging and choking on his own breaths repeatedly when his cheeks are stuffed and lined with bundles of the endless imprinted fabric. He can feel the slippery grease on his lips too as if he'd just crammed a bunch of sloppy burgers into his maw; more than he could ever hope to chew through. By now his snout is too numb or too stubborn to sniff in the heavy volumes of scented heat rising from the last folds of visible sock wool still poking out his overstuffed mouth. His taste buds however have no internal defence. They are free to be overwhelmed by any spare sock lint and toasted in these potent flavours as he involuntarily sucks on the two socks, gradually leeching on their sweat storage until the moisture in his maw becomes more about the bear's feet than his own saliva glands.
 "Mmphmmph-hhmphm!" Wilbur shouts into his mouthful.
 "Fuck it," Gunnar concedes, "I'll still put a sock in your crotch, it's just gotta be a sock that's real small and petite so it's more thematic."

Gunnar reaches back down to the skinny legs. He grabs the weasel's left paw and strips their sock away cleanly leaving behind a red foot with curling insecure toes exposed to the morning air. The grizzly then slides the protestor's underwear down their thighs enough to free a laughably small, flaccid parcel whose insignificance brightens the expression of the older animal. A phone is quickly slipped out of Gunnar's pocket. He chuckles and takes a photo up close, having never before seen a shaft only two and a half inches long. The gagged weasel's face is a brighter shade of red than ever, radiating the intensity of his public shame and embarrassment. He watches Gunnar tuck their phone away again then open his small white sock pulling its lips ajar in those big fingers, creating a fuzzy tunnel within. The grizzly pulls the sock over his entire scrotum and genitalia swiftly sheathing them inside the warmed cotton interior, releasing the elastic mouth so that it closes around the frizzy abdomen fur at its base. Wilbur's underwear is then pulled back up and the sock bulge is thankfully hidden from sight albeit compressed cosily between his legs now.

"Now for the finishing touches!" Gunnar exclaims, scooping up one of his boots next.
 To Wilbur's perpetual dismay the boot is turned upside down and clutched by its tread like an arcade claw-machine carrying a prize. The laces are all liberated thus loosening the boot with as much slack as its sturdy exterior will allow. Gunnar grins with vapid glee and holds the upturned footwear directly over the small weasel's head lowering its broad mouth right over his scalp and twitching ears. When Wilbur feels hot currents cascading down his face and he glances up into the vertical tunnel of steamy wretched hell he finds himself viewing the insole like a leaky ceiling pooled with damp and rot.
 It is during this moment that an objective terror freezes every function in his body and the weasel realises something dire, something deadly; due to the gratuitous size difference between him and the ursine, especially with his own below-average proportions in general, Wilbur's head -just- meets the criteria to fit inside the boot. Not just his face... but his entire head down to the shoulders. It will not be an easy fit. It will cramp and budge and squeeze painfully to enter the big boot's neck but Wilbur knows deep in his tired, throbbing chest that he will indeed fit.
 The last he sees is that smug, toothy grin and the last he hears is: "Hope you've got strong lungs, little twig."

Tears stud the protestor's wide dewy eyes. All he can do is moan and shake his head seeking mercy. The boot is brought down, pushed and lowered and screwed tightly over the critter's skull until every inch of their frightened face becomes masked in the uncomfortable vessel of rich buttery stench, blinding darkness and a sauna of billowing blistering heat currents which all only get worse the further his head is crudely corked inside. Gunnar curls a fist and hammers the muddy tread several times to knock the boot as far down as it can humanly fit. These impacts vibrate the entire footwear within sending seismic tremors through the weasel's skull. His ears are flattened down under the touch of the sticky insole above. The sides, back and front of Wilbur's head graze against the confines and the friction of his own fur bristling against the boot's cushioning sounds deafening in his perspective.
 Wilbur's crinkled, cramped muzzle is stuffed hard into a smothering of mesh and foam boot tongue that squishes his nostrils into pockets of raw sweat stink. The boot is such an unbearable burden to wear in this fashion; top heavy with the length of its appendage area protruding forward in front of him like a heavy overhang. Torture is too diluted a word to describe the moment. The weasel cannot scream. His eyelids and airways burn in the smouldering, beef patty stench. It's like a pepper bomb. His body jerks and spasms in timely convulsions of panic. He cannot see anything inside the boot. His eyes refuse to adjust, especially when a droplet of insole sweat drips into one eye stinging it enough that he clenches them both. His fingers and toes are paralysed into tight curls. The weasel's lungs are already occupied, cramping with the musky ingestion. His mouthful of socks does nothing to help him. Wilbur can only glean the smallest fraction of relief when he scrunches his neck and awkwardly angles his head back inside the footwear, turning his face up towards the slippery and brutally indented insole. This does not free him from his anguish but it does slip his snout and mouth higher into that longer more cavernous cavity of the boot normally reserved for the bear's paw. Though the dark air is still ever so polluted here at least the weasel is no longer suffocating into the wall of cushioning.

Wilbur hates this beyond what language can convey. It's his worst nightmare come to life. He feels lightheaded yet his head also pounds like a drum. His breathing is stunted. His body is locking up under the embrace of the chains. His trembling legs must close together just to quell the panic-induced need to piss himself. The smells are lacing into his face fur permanently. His neck and forehead is slick with torrents of his own sweat. Wilbur is half-crazed. He will do anything to escape this punishment! He will lick those meaty grey sole pads clean and feed himself on foot crud every day for weeks, months even, instead of this! He will do it for every blue-collar grunt on Gunnar's crew too. He'll offer fellatio, he'll let the grizzly take him from behind, he'll be a doormat for those hundreds of pounds of bone crushing bear brawn, he'll wear a maid's outfit and be his house slave, he'll even spend a day at his university butt-naked wearing a sign around his neck advertising 'free paw slut'... anything but spend any time inside this unfathomable footwear foulness! However, Wilbur has no way to communicate this to the logger. There is nothing he can say or do to bargain his way out until the shoe is eventually tugged off him but by then the bargaining power will already be pointless.

Gunnar steps back and aims his phone at the sight before him; capturing in full the near-naked, scrawny slim helpless critter wearing but one sock and a pair of stuffed underwear, writhing and pulsing, with an oversized workman's boot in place of where there should be a head. His malevolent smile is unbroken when he takes the picture, proud to boast his living trophy.
 Leaving his other boot behind alongside the foldout metal chair, the big beast lumbers barefoot back to his truck. He calls out to the weasel and issues a lasting promise. "You're gonna hear my truck drive away now but don't you fret, I'll be back very soon. I've got a whole hamper back home full of old used socks I wore ragged but never washed! Figured I'd bring the hamper back here and give us plenty more ways to have fun before I think about what else to do with you. At the very least it'll be lunch time in a few hours and I bet you can't wait to slurp all this mud fresh off my paws. Mm-mmm! Until then, you sit tight and you let this be a lesson for the future; you mess with a hard worker and you'll surely get a taste of hard work!"

**THE END**