

## Extracurricular Session

"Game, set and match!" The deep referee's voice resonated from the height of its elevated referee chair, causing the two players on each of the court's side to halt their game. "Liam wins."

Both participants lowered their racket, sighing of exhaustion, and made their way towards the central net, each extending a hand for a firm handshake once arrived.

"Damn, I really thought I had you there!" spoke a black anthropomorphic panther, which limp hand was following the swinging motion of the winner's hand.

"It was a close one! You're one of my fiercest opponents in this school, you know?" Energetically answered Liam, a spotted cheetah, as he brushed off a tuft of chestnut hair that had fell before his right blue eye.

"I'm glad you think so! Although, I'm nowhere close your level..."

The two friends compassionately gave themselves a pat on the back before heading together towards the back of the playing field, where they had left their sports bag. They fumbled into their respective sack for a space to put their racket in, while the referee lazily climbed down his seat and walked towards the two tennis men. Hearing the loud thud of the person coming closer to them, the two felines turned around to face the chubby yet imposing silhouette, repressing a gulp. They nervously looked at Vince, an anthropomorphic moose with a caramel coloured fur, short blonde hairs accompanied by a short goatee of the same tint, green eyes overlaid by glasses, and a stripe of a lighter hue covering the top part of his muzzle. His face was covered by three sets of three beauty marks, two of them respectively located on his left and right cheekbone, and one placed between his brown eyebrow, which wide nature gave his face a stern expression. Despite Vince's outfit being very light, as it simply consisted of a rusty red polo, delft blue sport shorts and a basic pair of green striped white sneakers, his assured posture and stoic demeanour, added to a constant stern facial expression released a strange unnerving aura that imposed respect, as if a quiet strength that you wouldn't want to wake up was dormant inside of him. The intimidating Cervidae removed the glasses covering his green eyes and cleaned their lenses by rubbing the fabric of his red polo against them, before putting them back on the wide light strip on his muzzle, as it looked like his glasses were the origin of it. He finally spoke, after brushing his short blonde hairs with his right hand. He first looked at the panther, whose body stiffened from intimidation.

"Alright, we'll start with you, Jeremy." Vince casually started, as the aforesaid froze at the mention of his name. "Although your forehands were spotless, your backhand swings were too weak. They weren't a challenge to return. Make sure that your shoulders follow the motion too, that will give it more strength. Other than that, you played well."

"A... Alright, coach..." The black feline replied, looking down on the ground, still afraid to face the adult's piercing stare.

"About you, Liam..." Unlike his friend, the cheetah could stand the pressure of looking at the coach's eyes, although looking at anyone's eyes made Liam very uneasy in general. "Your general swings leave much to be desired, but your speed allows to cover more field and compensate this weakness. That's globally what gave you the upper hand on your opponent, but you were lucky that his swings weren't very fast. You have to hit the ball stronger if you want to win the national league."

"G-Got it! I'll do my best!" The spotted cheetah answered vigorously.

"Fine. Then the class is over. You can go home, Jeremy, but I need Liam for a little while. You can pack your stuff, but don't leave yet."

"Huh... Okay" Answered both students, slightly surprised at the coach's request.

Jeremy and Liam quickly packed up their stuff while keeping their conversation going, as Vince grabbed another chair from a side of the field before sitting on it, looking at his phone with a bored expression on his face. The two friends shared a fist bump before parting ways, the panther leaving towards the stadium's exit, the cheetah nervously walking towards the seated moose, who was tapping his left foot on the ground in an impatient motion with his meaty, yet muscled arms crossed.

"Sit here", the coach ordered as Liam was standing right before him, pointing at the ground at the cheetah's feet.

Liam complied without a word, sitting cross-legged in front of Vince's sneakers, as the moose was now above his eye level, intimidatingly looking down on him. He soon uncrossed his arms and bent down for his hands to reach his shoes, his wide fingers grabbing the white laces of his left shoe and expertly manipulating them.

"I've heard that you weren't as good in school as you were in tennis, am I wrong?" His deep voice echoed as Liam watched the professor's chubby digits slowly untie the shoelaces.

"N-No, you're right..." The student answered, curious as to what his coach was up to. "I've never liked sitting tight and listening to theoretical courses..." He shamefully admitted.

"I see... Well, I can do something to help you. But everything has a price." Vince said, untying his right shoe's laces.

His two shoes untied, the Cervidae shook both of his ankles, as the loose footwear eventually let go of the body part it was covering, now exposing the coach's bare feet. Liam's heart skipped a beat at the view of the chubby four toed parts, as an intense smell spread in the air before reaching the cheetah's snout, which twitched and dithered as the perspiration scent caused a gasp to escape from his mouth and a blush to form on his cheeks. The moose casually extended both legs, sliding his feet closer to the student, whose incomprehension was closely tied with excitement as he felt the air heating up in front of him, as the smelly arousing feet were within the student's reach, soles laying flat on the ground, only exposing their tops to the feline's view.

"You see, my previous... Assistant's gone abroad with friends for his holidays, and now I don't have anyone to tend to my feet after a long and exhausting day of work..." Vince's authoritarian tone resonated again as he rubbed his toes together, showing their mellow nature to his student. "So, I thought you could... Replace him on that point." Liam felt a drop of sweat roll down his forehead as the coach raised his feet, letting them rest on the ground by their heels, while their sweaty soles unveiled and were now facing the cheetah's crossed legs. Unable to move his gaze away from the meaty surface, Vince's next words sent a shiver down Liam's spine. "Let's make a deal: You lick my feet clean, and I make sure your grades go up. I have a lot of influence in the entire campus, that's not gonna be hard." Vince splayed his toes, as the arches of his feet projected outward, showing just how deep their curve was.

Despite the pair being relatively short, it was perfectly balanced by their width and meatiness, each wrinkle showing how deep the elongated crevices went, and how much wiggle space they let for a face or fingers to rub on. Of course, Liam first attempted to look disgusted by the sight, but the foolish trial was betrayed by the blatant reddish hue on his face as well as the lovesick look he was unintentionally

giving them. Vince sneered and wiggled his toes. Liam was still processing what was going on when Vince extended his legs even further, placing his two feet on the student's tensed joggings, pushing their soles against the fabric of his bright yellow shirt. The thin nature of the cloth's fabric easily let the moose's soles' warmth, sweat and pressure spread over Liam's stomach like a moist blanket, while the seated Felidae could only gasp at the sudden weight he felt both on his crossed legs, caused by his coach's heels pushing them down, and on his belly, as the dominative moose's soles were pressing against the bottom of his torso. Vince's foot muscles organically and naturally rolled around the cheetah's abdominal area, who felt the muscles hidden behind the cushion surface repeatedly palpating their target. As a node had formed itself in his throat, Liam couldn't say a word, and could only witness each one of the steaming feet alternatively press against his pelvis. His face quickly got covered with an intense shade of red that was similar to the red hue of his coach's polo.

"Don't tell me you don't want to. You don't have a choice anyway." The profound and intimidating voice of the chubby coach resonated, tightening that node in Liam's throat even more.

On these words, the coach started to slowly travel up his student's body by using his sensitive skin as a stool to advance his feet upwards in a vertical walking motion. He scrunched his toes on the organic wall with each step, causing Liam to jump and tremble with each of them, at some moments unable to retain his aroused panting. As the feet were slowly but surely making their way towards the feline's face, the student's muzzle twitched at a gradually increasing scent invading his nostrils, a mix of a bitter and salty after-sports sweat, and a hint of a naturally cheesy and earthy stench, resulting in a raunchy scent aggressively rushing through the Felidae's sensible nose captors.

His mouth started to shake and try to express discernible words, but only gibberish mutters escaped the bottleneck that had become the cheetah's throat, as its owner felt the marching feet push against the different parts of his tensed torso, leaving its damp signature as the wet print of his sweaty feet pasted onto his body to mark and drench like a towel he would casually keep washing his soles on, while browsing through his phone just as casually.

The temperature rose up very quickly, and the cheetah was mesmerized by the view of the four rounded toes slowly climbing their way up, scrunching and splaying on a few occasions, allowing him to see the moist secluded space between his toes, multiple sweat drops naturally rolling and proliferating in the dark crevice. He tried to calm down, his heart pumping faster than he ever thought and the thought of this pair soon invading his face in mind. Nothing could escape from the student's maw except repressed pants and slight moans that he would make sure to suppress before the sound even came to Vince's ears.

He couldn't lie to himself though, despite the coach being very intimidating, Liam had always been attracted to the moose's feet ever since he met him for the first time. He was dying to ever see what was hidden inside this pair of sneakers which he was always wearing, and which smell sometimes got into his very sensitive muzzle. And right now, his almost bare body was getting "walked" on by the feet he had daydreamed about in class. It was so sudden, yet so... Enticing. Liam felt a wave of excitement rush down his body as he inadvertently straightened his back and pushed his chest forward to feel more of this godly pressure that bristled each singular hair of his furry body, while grabbing both of Vince's ankles to push towards his body and closing his eyes as the blissful emotion flooded his brain for a split second. Liam realised his mistake right away, and in a hasty reflex motion, he retreated and apprehensively opened his eyes, only to watch the uncaring face of the Cervidae who seemed to care the least in the world.

"Heh, seems you're into this kinda thing... Not that I care, that just means you'll do a better job." The moose snickered, breaking the only hope that the student had of getting away with what he had just

done. Vince wiggled his toes, deeply pressing on his student's pectoral area. Although the cheetah could feel like it was, the wiggle wasn't intended to be a tease, as the moose was only rooting for the pleasant feelings which the clavicles deeply pushing on his digits procured him.

Liam's blush only intensified, at the same time ashamed of his action and confused about the flippant attitude of his trainer.

"I-I'm sorry coach, I-" Tried to justify the dumbfounded student, before getting cut off.

"Oh, stop it with the fake chastity." Vince interjected in his signature tone, a calm one, yet with a hint of mightiness that commanded respect. "Just do what I tell you, I don't care whether you have a foot fetish or not." He continued, brushing his toes along Liam's clavicle, still looking at his phone's screen without bothering to raise his head towards the Felidae's face.

Liam couldn't believe his ears, as his eyes widened at the sound of the coach's permission. He didn't move for a few seconds, thinking of the possibility that this was a trick of his mind, but he got cut off by Vince's impatient pair pressing and rubbing on his neck. Due to the direct contact between the moose's smooth feet and his spotted bare skin, the cheetah felt a new wave of excitement rush towards his brain, as he was now in direct contact with the four toed soles, sensing their unobstructed warmth and sweat deposit and slide along his throat. The close distance between his nose and the tip of the smooth digits, added to the excitation burning inside the feline's body, provided a scent much more intense, which gladly rose up from their source in a damp fume that the cheetah was receiving right on his face.

The student closed his eyes and decided to fully give in, raising his shaking hands to grasp around the Cervidae's ankles once again, pushing their end on the bristling cream coloured fur of his throat. The tender flesh fluently slid around their support, caressing and rubbing the cylindrical object by carelessly traveling their large wrinkles all around it, while the cheetah was sliding and brushing his fingers against the ankles and tops of his coach's feet, sensing their smooth skin roll under the pressure of his fingers. He managed to sneak his thumbs under the balmy soles, palpating and rubbing wherever he could on the rounded arches, feeling each single muscle giving their texture to the mouth-watering pair of soles he was touching. It was as if Liam could sense each singular muscle, nerve ending, and other internal working on these soles, and this caused a new shockwave to shiver down the cheetah's spine. Liam was still getting accustomed to the softness of the coach's feet against his fingers, when Vince suddenly slid his feet up once more, as the area of both of his muscular sweat perfumed soles were now pushing against the entire surface of Liam's face, curling their digits and holding a strong grasp on his facial features.

The cheetah was taken aback by the sudden explosion of senses which he didn't have the time to get used to, as the only thing he was able to see was the brown skin of Vince's toes covering his eyes. The intense scent charged through the entire length of his nasal cavity, invading their captors with the information of an exuberant smell, result of multiple hours of boiling inside the heavy sneakers that kept the perspiration and musk of the bare feet that were inside them from escaping, before spreading through his brain and lungs afterwards. Liam's nose wasn't the only part that was attacked by the stinky invaders though, as the damp and moist atmosphere from the bottom of the coach's soles was wetting the eyes and cheeks of the student under them, basking it in this cooking atmosphere that was almost draining.

Liam tried to get the feet off his face at first, as he had been unable to catch a breath before getting smothered by Vince. He grabbed his coach's ankles and tried to wiggle and pull them out, whimpering and moaning from panic, but the moose was having none of it, and kept both of his soles firmly planted

in the middle of his student's face while still browsing through his phone, forcing the Felidae to bear with the potent smell and sweat of his worn out soles. After a few seconds of resistance, Liam finally submitted. He lowered his hands down, and with a bit of apprehension, took his first big whiff of his coach's soles.

More of the sour flavoured air forcefully introduced itself in his nose, numbing and paralysing Liam's sense of smell with each incoming stream of their bearer's scented air. Anyone would normally be turned down or disgusted by the intense smell busying their captors, but in Liam's case, each sample of this extra spice sent a shiver down his spine, as his entire being filled with an ardent blissful feeling of arousal and excitation with every inhalation. His breath steadied and slowed down, as Liam lifted up his hands again, but this time, instead of using them to repel the steaming pair off his face, he passionately pushed on the top of his soles on his muzzle, tightly blocking his nostrils with the moist skin of the Cervidae's soles, moaning and panting blissfully at the oncoming smell he had become dependent for.

It wasn't long before Liam's satisfaction couldn't be filled by the only smell of the dominative feet he had over his face anymore, and as the organic matter of Vince's soles surrounded his lips, the cheetah started to deeply smooch the wrinkly zone, gifting the wonderful surface Vince allowed him to pamper and kiss with a warm suction feeling coming from his humid mouth. Upon covering the pair with the loving embrace of his lips, Vince moved his feet around the face of his foot stool, deciding on the zones of his feet he wanted to have pampered and covered with kisses. Liam moaned louder, as the dominative behaviour of his sports coach flipped a switch on his brain, triggering a level of total submission to the impassive moose, who kept swiping his pair around the spherical skull, effectively using it as a foot toy.

The kissing, rhythmmed by the feline's loud moans, purrs, and pants of pleasure lasted for a few minutes, before the dominative coach, without warning, pointed his left foot's toes towards his student's face, and forcefully poked the digits on the edges of his lips. He did so with enough force to force Liam's mouth open and insert as many of his digits as he could inside the warm and wet area, causing a gasp to escape from the Felidae. Unprepared for this situation, the storm of flavours invaded the student's buccal zone by surprise. The raunchy taste was one of a salty flavour, added to the warmth of each digit pressing down on his tongue then up on the roof of his mouth, gliding and sliding along the edges of the feline's mouth. Vince squeezed the tongue between two of his digits, clearly stating his order as to what he wanted the inferior student to do with this wet and warm organ of his. If that wasn't enough, the moose kept pushing his foot more and more forcefully, before he finally managed to pluck his entire set of toes inside the warm cave, almost making Liam gag as a response.

The cheetah got to work very quickly, entranced by the assault his taste buds were receiving. He still couldn't believe he was currently worshipping the tired and smelly feet of his coach, although it would be more accurate to say that Vince was forcing his feet to get worshipped. Liam wasn't complaining though, as his tail was furiously wagging behind his arched back, proving the student's implication in the task at hand.

He slithered his tongue around and between each singular digit, gathering each little speck of dirt and sweat that had accumulated and cooked on their elongated supports during the whole day. Each of the spices of an earthy and cheesy sweat taste that were sliding down Liam's gullet were sending shivers down his spine, each singular gulp making him more aroused and more excited, as he was blissfully letting this particular spike fill his lungs and brain, ready to completely submit to the smelly pair for good. While the submissive student kept sucking and licking on the set of digits dancing inside his mouth, Vince continued rubbing his right foot on Liam's face, soaking his fur with the droplets that

were still sliding down the multiple wrinkles of his wide sole, while leaning the worshipper's face backwards, allowing the beads of sweat and patches of dirt to slide more easily into the cheetah's being.

The licking continued between the wide digits, and once the four toes were completely cleaned, the moose mechanically withdrew his left foot and replaced it with his right one, casually switching the role of each of his feet. Liam half closed his eyes, more than pleased to show his delight to the renewed stock of sweat and dirt, while he started lapping as best as he could on the digits. They were travelling around the moist area, pushing against the student's teeth, tongue, and cheeks from the inside, causing him to shake and tremble of excitement, as the atmosphere inside his mouth became completely filled with the scent of the raunchy digits that he craved for so much.

Vince then started to slide his foot back and forth inside the student's mouth in a repeated manner, gliding the wrinkles of his soles and arches against Liam's lower lips with each new motion. The student's moans couldn't be heard, as their origin was completely blocked by the massive brown coloured foot taking all the space in it. The coach still wanted more though, and with a sudden motion, he withdrew his foot a bit, before sling his wide sole even deeper than before, the ball part of the coach's foot now forcing its way inside. Liam's eyes were half closed from the amount of pleasure he was having right now, sucking and licking the massive body part like the submissive pet he had become, while tenderly caressing the top of the moose's foot, or at least the part that wasn't inside his maw, purring and furiously wagging his tail.

With the other foot, the coach scrunched and splayed his toes around his worshipper's face, scratching the short and spotted fur of his cheeks and tinting it with the remaining sweat drops he had left on his soles. Seeing the cheetah's head take a browner hue was very satisfying to him, so he continued rolling his soles and toes around the spherical skull, grabbing tufts of fur and hairs between his smelly toes here and there, pasting their wetness and warmth on every surface they got in contact with. Then he started wrapping his toes along Liam's ears, which had flopped down due to the intense blissful emotion he was feeling right now. The sensors didn't give any resistance when the moose started brushing his toes on top and in the interior part of them. He experimented with the organic material, clenching it between his toes and lifting its extremity up with the only dexterity of his digits, before letting it flop down again like a falling cloth, before giving the other ear the same treatment.

The surface felt very smooth and sensitive to Vince, as Liam could hear the friction sound of the brown digits scanning the surface of his rounded ears which, due to their thin skin, made each singular interaction, touch, or caress on their sensible fur feel more intense than anything he had ever felt until then. This effectively forced louder and louder purrs to be heard from around the entire field, while Vince kept playing with his new foot toy, as if completely ignorant of the feline's arousal always reaching higher and higher points. Vince gave a pat to his student's forehead with his big toe and withdrew his foot from the feline's maw, as a long bridge of saliva eventually broke between Liam's mouth and Vince's big toe.

"Alright..." The moose started, retreating both of his feet together in front of a disappointed feline, panting for sane air.

Little did he know that the worship session wasn't over yet though. Before he could even catch his breath, Liam witnessed the pair violently move towards his gaping mouth once again, as both of the moose's feet were forcing their way in this time, forcing the feline's mouth open to its maximum. The coach succeeded in inserting his eight wide digits inside the wet cave, with his left foot's digits on top of his right foot's, each singular one wiggling and splaying around at their own rhythm, while their sucker was barely able to breathe. In fact, his head was forced backwards a bit, as he felt the pressure

of the pair lower him down on the ground, as the young man slid down under the dominant coach's chair, looking up at the impassive green eyes looking down on him.

"... Now you get it all in." Vince ended.

The moose didn't have to repeat himself, as Liam immediately closed his eyes and, listening to his coach's order, started working on the bundle of digits that were waiting for his warm and slimy tongue to lap on. The organ first ran aground on the digits of Vince's right foot, relentlessly wrapping around and gathering as much of the potent drops of toe sweat as they could. Upon colliding with the feline's taste buds, the salty tears sent shivers of an unfathomable intensity down Liam's spine, who was panting and moaning at a much faster rate than before. This was mostly due to the excitement, but also from the space that the invasive toes were taking in his maw as well, the digits filling the entirety of his mouth as an impassive Vince kept spreading and curling his toes inside the warm cave, causing the foot cleaner to gag. It didn't feel uncomfortable for the student though, as he lapped, sucked and rubbed the wiggling toes with his wet tongue, pressing against their rounded and meaty surface, sinking into the tender skin of these wonderful digits.

The tongue slid between two toes, as Liam was slowly getting drunk of his dominant's foot taste, a coarse harmony made of a footwear scent coupled to a rancid humidity that the student particularly loved, as his arched up back, as well as his hands firmly grappling the ankles of the pair he was worshipping could attest. Liam could feel his slimy tongue run across the skin he was cleaning with an outstanding fluidity, as the smoothness of their skin aroused him to no extent, encouraging him to continue his tongue bath, while looking at Vince with lust filled eyes that expressed an immense gratitude by the same occasion.

Vince didn't care about what the student thought about his treatment though, as he was casually browsing through his phone, enjoying the free purification session his cheesy toes were receiving. Feeling the warm water slowly coating the very tip of his wide and chunky toes relaxed him, and he had to admit it, that feeling of superiority given upon dominating a student played a role in this enjoyment too. His toes clenched and squeezed around the passing cheetah's tongue, as he crossed his arms and leaned back, simply enjoying the admiration given to his sweaty digits.

And admiration, Liam still had a lot of it to give. The feline's throbbing heart was beating as fast as the rate at which he was licking and sucking his coach's meaty toes, his organ dancing along the soft walls until they were too slippery to clean anymore. He passed his tongue between the top of Vince's right set of toes, with the new objective of cleaning the left set resting above, which had yet remained untouched. Liam's tongue leaped far from its origin, a muscular activity which the cheetah could actually feel a starting ache from, while the twisted organ was squeezed between the big and the second toe of the foot it was passing by. A simple pain wasn't going to stop the cheetah from stimulating his arousal though, as his devoted being continued its relentless job, not letting a single speck or irregularity survive on those digits he loved so much.

Twilight began to manifest itself, as evidenced by the hue of the sky which gradually turned an orange hue, yet Liam kept slithering his tongue and collecting the precious bids of sweat from the pair with a passion that never wore out. The cheetah actively tried to push the pair even deeper inside his maw many times, even reaching a part of the wide rounded arches of his coach's left foot in a successful attempt. His throat was getting dry from all this sweat deposition, but the student couldn't stop trembling and shivering from excitement since a few minutes already, as if he had reached and maintained a peak of pleasure for multiple minutes straight. He suckled and extended his tongue towards any bit of surface he could dominate and mark with his tongue's secretion for what felt like

an eternity, alternating between the top and bottom sets of digits, which would dry off each time they were left alone for the other set of toes to be taken care of.

Vince, who had slumbered after a few minutes, slowly opened his eyes and readjusted his glasses, before looking up at the warm sky covering his head. He took out his phone and looked at its home screen.

"I see..." He looked down at the conquered feline and wiggled his toes inside the maw before continuing.

"Well, I got to go now."

Immediately after these words were pronounced, the moose's feet retreated from the mouth of a cheetah whose eyes widened from fear at the idea of letting these divine soles disappear from his grasp. He tried to push the pair back inside his mouth, but the strong coach had no troubles breaking away from Liam's weak, although motivated embrace. Shot down from his cloud of pleasure and pure bliss, Liam could only difficulty mutter pleas for the pair to get back to him. Unfortunately for him, their owner wasn't listening, as the cervidae mercilessly put them back inside their sneakers, letting the wrinkly and perfect assets disappear from the cheetah's view for good.

"P... Please... I want them..." Liam's pleading tone expressed. "Your... Your soles..." Vince turned back to him and looked at him in the eyes for the first time since the worship had started.

"Oh, don't you worry, you'll be at my feet again. I won't let such a good licker get away that easily."

The student smiled from relief, as his breath was steadying little by little, and his mind was coming back to him. In fact, he already started to feel a bit shameful for his almost bestial behaviour from a few seconds ago.

"From now on, you'll take care of my feet whenever I tell you to. Give me your phone number." The moose said with his regular uncaring tone, and his phone already out.

Once again, Liam couldn't believe his own ears, and after the few seconds his clouded mind took to process the question, he exclaimed, his voice resonating through the entire field:

"Y-Yes, coach!"

**THE END**