

## **Angel Dust's personal foot sniffer**

Hidden within the concepts of one of the multiple skyscrapers of hell, the bell of an elevator rang out. Screen doors slid open for a male humanoid demon carrying a cleaning cart with him to leave the confined space. Without a word, he set foot into the carpeted space in front of him and looked around with wary eyes. The lights were out, hallways empty, and rooms quiet. Only a light red ray passing through a window at the end of the corridor was illuminating the numerous doors lined up against its walls like troops of soldiers firmly standing into place. No one was there, the conditions were perfect.

Without wasting a second, he walked towards the furthest left door and took out a crowded keychain from his pocket. He inserted the correct key and turned it inside the lock, breaking the only barrier that kept him from entering the room confined behind it. The room cleaner smirked. If there was an interest in waking up so early for his work, it was this room. This room was one of a famous demon called Angel Dust. Literally a legend in the porn industry, this demon that abhorred the traits of an anthropomorphic spider had starred in many famous movies that the humanoid demon had admittedly "Enjoyed a lot". But although many of the demon's private affairs were there to steal, like used undergarments or dildos spread here and there across the room, there was only one thing the intruder was looking for. Actually, it was two things in one.

One thing to know about Angel Dust is that he has never shown his feet to the world, not even once. Whether it is because of a complex or a commercial choice to sell this revelation at a premium price in the future was unknown, but one thing was sure; His knee high boots were the only barrier between his feet and the outside world. And the demon was looking for them. After a bit of rummaging, he finally found it: The pair he had been longing for. He breathed deeply in anticipation, a last gulp of fresh air before taking in the probably more horrid scent of the spider demon's mysterious feet.

He took the left footwear, stuck his nose inside the leather surface and pushed its insole closer to the opening so he can get a more consequent extent of that scent hidden to everyone. It was clear that Angel Dust was the kind of demon to sweat from his feet a lot. The aroma was ripe and moist, a bit muffled out by the smell of cooked leather, but the mere thought of sniffing such a popular individual's feet by proxy through his boots was enough to make him moan. He closed his eyes and imagined he was pushing his nose against the real thing, something that he wished would happen to him one day ever since he had seen the spider demon in the hotel lobby. The way he was dangling his legs from the bar stool was just calling him. And he had answered. But if only he could get a whiff of Angel's real feet...

"Having fun, sugar?" A nasal voice broke the utter silence that was reigning in the room and made the demon jump from his day dream, terrified.

He recognized that voice. Of course he recognized it, it was the owner of the boots he had just been seen smelling. "Shit, this is bad..." He thought as he slowly turned towards the voice and looked at the voice behind him with apprehension. There he was, in all his tall glory. Angel Dust was already tall enough, but from the caught sniffer's hunched over view, the spider was completely

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towering over him. But despite how terrified he was of the gigantic beast, he still only had one thought in his mind. If Angel Dust's boots were in his hands, or more like, on his nose, that would mean... He looked down, skipping over the white and pink striped vest and black mini skirt and going straight to the ground. But where he expected to see bare feet laying flat on the ground, he only saw the end of another pair of boots, similar to the one he had right now. Of course Angel Dust would have a second copy of his footwear.

"Heh, keeping your priorities straight, I see..." The towering spider chuckled.

The cowering demon looked back up at the grinning pink spotted face staring directly at him. His blooming cherry pink irises grew closer as the spider demon grabbed him by the collar of his uniform.

"Huh... W-Wait, I can explain! I-" The scrawny cleaner tried to interject, as he was effortlessly lifted up and dragged at the end of the bed located in the centre of the room.

"You know, I've seen you eyeing at my boots for a few days, I figured you'd try something like that." Angel Dust said with his usual cocky tone. "I'm not even mad, you have guts and I have a lot of respect for demons with guts..." He leaned towards the terrified smaller demon "What's your name?" He asked with his smile still in place, his single golden tooth gleaming.

"A-Aamon" He replied with a shaky voice.

"I see... Well, Aamon..." Angel Dust sat down in front of his cornered interlocutor, spreading his long legs at his sides.

Of course, Aamon would keep looking at the tantalizing footwear. He just couldn't help it, these feet were so close to him, he tried to resist ogling them, but just couldn't. Noticing that, Angel chuckled and teasingly rocked his legs left and right.

"Even with your back against the wall, you're still looking at them..." He couldn't contain a laughter and started laughing out loud while Aamon was dead ashamed and waiting for his chastisement.

But the spider demon wanted something else. He reached for his right knee and started removing the leather from the skin of his legs, little by little. The other demon watched, incredulous, as more and more of Angel's limb got exposed. He stopped at the ankle and did the same for his other leg. Finally, he placed both of those almost removed boots on Aamon's lap and spoke:

"You're lucky I find you pretty cute, sugar. Is it their smell that you're after? Well go for it, take off my boots and smell my feet~" He said, wiggling his toes before his shocked interlocutor.

Aamon's mind was full of incomprehension as he was still processing the situation that had unveiled before him; The famous Angel Dust, the spider that most demons dream to have in their bed, was offering HIM to take off his boots. Either this was an insane stroke of luck, or a trap that

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would get him killed if he were to take the bait. He wanted to be careful, but the porn star's covered feet placed only inches away from his shaky hands were taking the best of him.

Slowly, he lifted both hands and grabbed the left foot from its sides. His heart was rushing like crazy, but he kept his eyes fixated on the oh so mysterious wonder that was in front of him and started pulling. Aamon swallowed his breath. He was going to be the lucky one to discover what that private body part of this celebrity looked like. He had been imagining all the different possibilities for so long, theorizing about the multiple forms they could have: Actual spider looking feet or three toed paws, more or less fuzzy, with pink markings on or between the toes... He was finally going to have the last word on his imagination.

It took a few seconds, but finally, the demanding prisoner was almost fully uncovered. As the cloth was going through the last few inches, Aamon marvelled at the white skin revealing under it. A white similar to the rest of his body, yet it somehow looked even shinier... If immaculate purity had a colour, it would be exactly this white. Before the spectator knew it, the boot he was pulling was now completely off, revealing five long and delicate toes that gently swayed at the air that was finally delivered to them.

"Aaaah, this feels good already~" The spider demon said in a laid back tone, showing the flexibility of his toes with a wide toe spread that the demon who had basically become his servant had never seen before.

Aamon was surprised to see how humanoid Angel Dust's feet actually were. They seemed to be as fuzzy as the rest of their proprietary's body, but looked less... Puffy than he had anticipated. In fact, as he was attentively observing the five digits, he noticed nails at the end of which toe. In a sense though, it was way different than the different theories he had read. Besides... The young demon blushed very hard. This left foot was some of the most perfect feet he had ever seen. The toe-sole-heel proportions were mathematically perfect, and the alignment of his toes, following one of a roman foot, were forming the most flawless curvature he had ever seen.

He allowed his gaze to get lost onto the milky sole, which voluptuousness was fluently guiding it along the different lines of wrinkles that were created with each micro-movement, rising from the otherwise perfectly smooth and delectable looking surface like dunes moving under the wind in a white desert. Small beads of sweat were visible all along the area, hanging on to not fall to the ground, but the pull of gravity was too much to handle, and a bunch of them would descend into Aamon's pants, leaving a small trace of liquid on the demon's clothes. One could definitely notice how sweaty they were.

But before Aamon was completely hypnotized by his idol, the stub that he still hadn't removed jumped into view, almost rudely pushing the craft from gods that was Angel Dust's left foot. Of course, he didn't spend a single second worrying about whether admiring these feet was a good idea, and so he removed the right boot in record time, motivated only by the sight of the second asset that formed the most beautiful pair in the world. The right foot, liberated, blessed Aamon with the same spectacle than its sibling, toes wiggling, spreading around, a sea of sole wrinkles to look at, before giving more space for both of his feet to share. He gently placed both feet side to side on

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their stool and a wide toe spread allowed Aamon to take a peek between the sweaty digits, where a lot of those beads from earlier could be seen rampant along the fleshy walls surrounding them.

"Pheeew, that feels good~" The porn star, who had grabbed a few pillows on which to lie down, exclaimed.

There was a silence in the room for a few seconds, Aamon still marvelling at the godly pair which long toes were agitating in front of him, like a dog shaking the water away after a walk under the rain. He dared speaking again.

"U-Um... Thank you so much-" He could articulate before something suddenly covered his mouth.

"Shh... Just wait, you'll see why I made you do that." The spider demon reacted with an intonation drifting into an aroused up tone.

The star's interlocutor looked at the spider demon, puzzled as he didn't understand what he meant by that, when suddenly, his nose started to twitch from a harsh smell. A scent that he recognized, although he couldn't remember where it was from. It was damp, salty and very cheesy, enough to repel a subjected nose, yet... Aamon couldn't help feeling both curiosity and excitement at the warmth of that aroma. He realised the smell was coming from below, more precisely the thing that had covered his mouth, and looked down to see what it was.

His eyes widened. His nose was sitting right onto the space between the spider demon's big and second toes, its tip bathed in the sweat that had taken up residence there. In fact, as he realised Angel had placed his foot on the surprised demon's face with his nose between the toes, Aamon could feel the buttery warmth of the rest of the sole applying onto the inferior part of his face. It felt like his jaw was pasted to a heater, as the pleasant feeling rushing through its nerves was calming the excitation from having Angel Dust force him to smell his raunchy toes, although the rest of his entire body was shaking like a leaf.

"So, you're a foot smeller, huh? I should have killed you only for breaking into my room, but I figured I could give you a chance..." The tall demon spoke. "To be honest, I was thinking about opening for private stuff involving feet with rich clients, you come at the right time to be my guinea pig..." He added with a smirk.

Angel Dust then lifted his second foot and pushed it onto Aamon's left cheek, which had probably turned as red as the right one under the warm pressure onto his bare skin. Aamon gasped from under the sole that was taking his nose hostage, unwillingly taking another whiff at the wiggling toes. Once again, his mind turned blank for a moment, as if the coarse smell that was lingering between the spider demon's toes had hijacked his brain for a few seconds, wiring the sensation with intense pleasure. The foot sniffer moaned and closed his eyes in delight, letting more and more of that dominating aroma kick into his brain. Suddenly, the foot on his cheek started moving. It was scrubbing against the skin, the same way you'd wipe your feet before entering your house. Aamon's cheek started to feel wet from gathering the sweat coming from the mellow sole rubbing on its surface, but this wasn't an unpleasant sensation. He now had the honour of being tinted from the

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very being of his biggest fantasies; Angel Dust's feet had graced his face of their presence. How luckier could the demon be? Aamon took another smell, willingly this time, then a second one, and a third one, each inhalation being louder and louder. He had also started panting, opening his mouth behind the malleable mass that was pressing against his lips. He wouldn't dare planting a kiss on this sacred flesh, but the drool coming out of his mouth was an indication of how much he wanted to. From the other side of the room, Angel Dust smiled at the submissiveness of his catch.

"My, you look quite into them..." The spider demon's voice echoed in the room.

Aamon felt a tingling sensation through the entirety of his spine. "Sub?" It was true that those perfect feet were completely having him at their mercy. That's when he realised it. Those godly feet were only a part of the biggest phantasm that he had. His true desire wasn't to be able to smell this beautiful pair; It was to be dominated by them. Finding his new place as an eternal servant for these wondrous assets that were a miracle in the hell he had fallen into. Maybe it's a fantasy he's had from the time he was still alive, the desire to be one's submissive object. And the porn star was giving him just that. From the sole gently caressing and tainting his cheek, turning Aamon into their property to the delicious looking digits that started waving again in front of him, everything was made to indicate that the demon had now become Angel Dust's foot servant. Delighted, he took another smell, or to be more accurate, the toes demanded another whiff to be taken, and once again, this pleasure filled his brain, taking control of his fear and logic all again. The spider demon smirked.

"I think you know your place..." He said in a seductive tone.

With a dexterity similar to the one of a hand, Angel Dust slowly pushed his servant's body backwards to have him laying on his back, and lifted both his feet in front of the submissive demon's face, cruelly torturing him with more toe wiggles, at a distance so that his nose couldn't reach this scent any more. Nothing kept Aamon from reaching out with his arms, but for some reason, he felt like it would be disrespecting the two angels, surrounded by a halo of light caused by the lightbulb glowing from the centre of the bedroom's ceiling. It was only now that the submissive demon realised how big those feet actually were. Even from the distance, he could tell the length of one foot would easily cover one part of his face, as the other one would take care of the remaining one. He couldn't stop imagining his face disappearing under the huge weight of these delectable arches...

A few seconds passed, during which the foot servant kept looking, not effortlessly, at the tease that was shown to him in the shape of those ten toes twitching around above him. And finally, the reward arrived, as the pair flopped onto the surface of Aamon's impatient face, immediately spreading their sweat and warmth all over it.

"Yeah, you do..." The footstool barely heard from where he was.

Angel Dust watched the other demon's muscles relax under the might of his powerful and beautiful feet with an interested and slightly softened smile that he couldn't remove from his face. He sighed with pleasure at the feeling of his feet pressing against this soft and willing surface. It felt amazing to have a soft stool for himself, after such a long day of walking... Even if it was for his

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pleasure and his only, he couldn't stop thinking that maybe he had been waiting for this moment though, ever since he's seen these quite frankly handsome eyes directed towards his boots. He figured he could at least reward this attention and gently started rubbing his feet back and forth on his footrest.

From the other side, Aamon was having the best time of his life. He had found heaven in hell, and it was under Angel Dust's feet, where each fold and wrinkle rubbed onto his skin and lips in that hypnotizing repeated motion. His vision was pitch black, completely covered by the pair of toes covering his eyes, but his sense of smell and touch were going in complete overdrive. He couldn't even feel his skin any more, just the peaceful layer of warm foot sweat dripping and rolling over his face, like he had become an indistinguishable part of those soles. He started shivering from the excitement rushing through his entire body, and the honour of being owned by such a godly pair of feet. The tension around both demons was already reaching its pick, when Angel Dust spoke again, his suave voice resonating through every fibre of the submissive demon's being.

"Now start kissing." He ordered.

It was Aamon's liberation, and without wasting a second, he started smooching every inch of Angel Dust's perfect soles. He started with the heel of his left foot, coating the entirety of it from bottom to top, before tackling the arches. His lips traversed the entirety of this long, slender muscle line, leaving a speck on every seam and wrinkle they went by. Cooperating with what had now turned into a slave more than another demon, Angel Dust expertly moved his feet around the worshipper's face, forcing his mouth to press against the sole of his foot. He quickly wiggled his toes, making and unmaking a sea of foils that surrounded the other demon's face, like muscles forcing him to push deeper into the dreamy surface.

Aamon began moaning intensely and continued his labour, now completely guided by the superior demon's directions. Of course he would be, as he had internally devoted his entire being to the porn star. Besides, letting himself be implicitly ordered what to do was terribly arousing to him, as once again, the only thing he would have to worry about was the work he would have to do on those feet. Those terribly sexy feet rubbing against his face. The left foot went down, so down that its toes were now at the submissive one's mouth, drumming against his lips one by one, with its heel resting against his chest.

Understanding the order, he started kissing again. The feeling of his lips touching the delicate digits sent him into a trance, probably due to the higher amount of sweat sticking to his mouth, and the smell from the toes directly flowing through his nose as he was kissing the appendices. His sense of sight was not spared either, Like serpents from fairy tales hypnotising their victims, each of the five toes gently swayed back and forth, then from side to side, almost like a pendulum his eyes were latched onto. He moaned harder and louder when the other foot, that he hadn't seen coming, traded his place with the one he was currently taking care of. In a matter of a second, he found the sole he had been kissing only a few seconds ago laying flat onto his face, while he had a whole new area to play with.

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No. Aamon shook his head from side to side to remove this intrusive thought. It wasn't a game, and he wasn't playing. He was living his fantasy, being in total servitude of someone greater than him. The sense of honour he felt from that thought acted like a motivator, and he started kissing faster than ever before, at a rate that even made Angel Dust surprised.

"Good, he's really enjoying it... One more thing, and I got him." He thought while looking at his sub.

The spider demon lifted his feet again, denying Aamon of their grace another time for another seance of teasing. After around a minute of this beautiful spectacle, he lowered his feet once again, this time a lot slower than last time. He stopped their descent an inch away from Aamon's panting mouth, and pronounced only four words. Four words that wouldn't mean a lot without context, but in this specific occasion, it was all that was needed to seal the submissive demon's fate.

"Your tongue. On them."

Without a word, the humanoid demon stick his shaky tongue out, reaching upwards like a hand trying to reach for heaven. After what felt like an eternity, the two surfaces finally touched each other. The collision felt like a shock wave to Aamon, who immediately tensed up, digging his nails into the wooded floor to keep them from lunging at the pair. A gargled moan escaped from his mouth, as he stayed there, enduring the torture that was resisting the angelic soles. He stayed there, motionless, as he was waiting for his dominant's next actions.

"And now he's mine..." Angel Dust congratulated in his mind. He gently moved his foot forward, caressing the obelisk that had stood out to reach them.

The sensation made Aamon moan louder and louder. His tongue had become so sensitive that it felt like any stimulus that gently stroked it, like a wrinkle passing by or a drop of sweat latching onto the pink organ had repercussion on his entire body. Angel's feet were basically tasteless, only a light ensemble of salty sweat drops and musk, yet it was the best taste he had ever ingested in his entire life. His body demanding more and more, shaking from its very core as its merciful providers left more and more onto his tongue. He shivered as the foot started sliding backwards. If it kept going like that, soon, he would reach the toe area. That slight crevice under the toes, holding the peak of Aamon's lust within it, was finally close to reach. Only a few seconds away... The demon had a final contraction, preparing for the overbearing emotions that he would feel as soon as his tongue would even overlap that cave he had craved on for so long... He forced himself to keep his eyes open, not wanting to miss any moment of it.

But it never came. Without warning, both soles lifted up and moved away from Aamon's sight, as he was resting motionless, wondering what was going on.

"So, how was that for a preview?" The spider demon laughed.

"P-Preview?" Aamon repeated, livid.

"Yes. You weren't expecting me to give you the full package, were you?"

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"B-But... I couldn't-" Angel Dust's left suddenly presented itself in front of him, handing him a rectangle shaped piece of paper.

"Take this and go to Valentino's club tonight, around midnight would be the best. This is my business card for VIPs, show it at the counter and they'll bring you to a special room. We'll have all the fun here, where all my gear is~" Angel said, with a wink at Aamon.

Without a word, the submissive demon sat up and proceeded to take the card that was presented to him, deeply staring at it. It was graphically poor, with only black silhouettes of demons taking suggestive poses on a pink background with white text of a default font showing all the necessary informations, and a single word saying "VIP" in a yellow colour at the bottom right.

"How long are you gonna stare at this for? You still have a few rooms to clean, so get to it, sweetheart." The spider demon demanded.

"Y-Yes, I will... Thank you..." Aamon replied as he slowly got up, still shaken up by his experience, and put the sacred piece of paper in his pocket.

Sneaking a last peek at Angel Dust's bare feet, he grabbed his cleaning cart and left the room, without ever breaking contact with the white pair until the door was closed on his face.

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A few hours later, night had fallen onto the city, draping it under a dark blue layer. Yet the streets were as lively and bustling, if not more so, than during daytime. Crowds of people were going in opposite directions, sometimes bumping into each other, sparking insults and fights that ended as quickly as they had started, usually by the death of one of their participants, significant of a regular night in hell. Aamon was skulking around, using the walls to his advantage as to not get into such peril, with one objective in mind. He discreetly got out the business card that was given to him and quickly looked at the address noted on it, before looking up and ending himself face to face with a quite ordinary looking, albeit wide, building,. Only a poorly put up LED of an indistinguishable shape was sticking out from this perfectly mundane construction.

"Is this really the place?" Aamon thought. He hesitantly grabbed the knob and opened the door, anticipating that it might have possibly been a trap.

As soon as he got his first view of the inside, it was obvious that it was the good place. He was immediately confronted to a very large room, through which was spread a dozen of groups composed from other demons of all shapes and sizes, throwing money to the person choreographing on the stage around which they had gathered in a circle. The sound volume was close to deafening, with very loud music blasting on from powerful speakers, the latest music from a very popular pop star of hell. What was her name already? Vera, Veronika..? It didn't matter anyway, as Aamon's mind immediately went, not towards the women's teasing dance, but towards the right of the room, where a counter was located.

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Plugging his ears, he progressed through the run, avoiding the mass of ecstatic silhouettes pushing each other around, and made eye contact with the demon at the other side. He got out the card and pointed it towards the employee.

"Someone told me I had to show this to you!" Aamon yelled, so that the ambient volume of the room wouldn't cover his words.

"Heh? Sorry dude, only VIPs are allowed to have private sessions this wee-" His interlocutor said in a blasé manner. The cashier's raspy voice stopped short and his eyes widened in shock as he saw the information written on the card.

"HOW DID YOU GET THIS?!" The employee screamed, slamming both hands on the counter. If the room wasn't so loud already, that scream would have been the loudest anyone would have ever heard in their life.

"H-Hum... Someone gave it to me?" Aamon replied, feeling a bit uneasy.

"..." For a few seconds, the demon's interlocutor stared at his customer with a death stare, before regaining his composure. He pointed at his right, to a corridor that had a bunch of doors alongside it. "Door number 5." He coldly stated. Aamon could say his interlocutor was full of rage and jealousy from his clenched fists.

"Thank you!" He shouted again, opting to act as if he hadn't noticed the other demon's anger, and proceeded to walk towards the door labelled with the correct number. It was the furthest door to the left.

He turned the knob, and the door opened, revealing a large room, with a blue carpeted floor and walls with a stripe pattern alternating between two shades of purple. Sprinkled on the ground, many pieces of cloth and... "Specialised" objects were leading the way towards a king size bed on the centre, on which was laying...

"There you are~" Angel Dust lustfully welcomed the newcomer.

Aamon's body froze into place, as the door behind him closed on its own, as if to let the two demons alone. The spider demon was... Less than heavy clothed, only his boots and underwear were still on, showcasing the parts of his body that most people were used to only see through a screen. In real life, the pink coloured heart pattern gliding along the enticing demon's entire torso was looking even more graceful and inviting, especially in the seductive pose that its bearer was proudly assuming.

"Mmh?" Angel Dust noticed Aamon's reaction. "Is it me who has such an effect on you?" The spider locked his sultry stare with his interlocutor's and waved his index finger at him, in an inviting manner. "Come to me, hot stuff..."

As if hypnotized, Aamon's body started moving on its own, and he started walking towards the laid down figure which swiftly changed position to face him. At no time did their eyes part ways

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during the few seconds that it took for them to be only inches away from each other, the eyes of the spider looking like vibrant red portals in which the demon's soul could lost itself, a pair of eyes carefully surrounded by eye liner and long eyelashes that read through his mind. Only a blink broke the contact, and the tall demon striked at this very instant.

Suddenly, Aamon felt a weight on his chest, the one of a soft leathery texture. When he looked down, he saw Angel dust's purple boot, pressed against his pectorals, strongly enough to avoid slipping, but lightly enough to not push him. It was just idly resting there using the demon as a living pedestal. The demon on the receiving end blushed hard. He now couldn't take his eyes away from the footwear, which fabric contorted to the digits that were moving from the inside, begging to be liberated.

"What are you waiting for? Get them off already, my toes have a surprise for you~" The dominative demon said, now propping his second clothed foot on the breathing footrest.

"H-Huh, yes!" Aamon quickly replied, as his heart began to race. He was starting to experience the emotions that had run through him earlier today, and was eager to fully relive them again, as he lifted both hands and started pulling on each sibling one by one.

The fabric slipped off the bare skin of Angel dust's legs very smoothly before coming out and falling on the ground, instantly revealing an intense scent that assaulted Aamon's nostrills. It was ostensibly stronger than before, with a much more potent vinegar after smell and a white aura surrounding both feet, as if they were fuming sweat. As the warmth and scent emanating from them was stronger, Aamon noticed they looked... More cared for, than when he saw them this fateful morning. Indeed, each toe nail was covered with light pink polish, and had a french pedicure done on them, which made them look particularly pretty.

"Hehe, I hope you like it, I've prepared my feet just for you~" He heard from the bed in front of him, as the ten toes that were presented to him gently scrunched. "By the way, take a good look between them..." He added with a mischievous smile.

Intrigued by what the porn star just said, he took a closer look at the pair of digits in front of him, pushing his nose into the smelly shield that surrounded them and moaning in delight of the warmth that covered his face. That's when he saw something strange between the little and fourth toe of the spider's left foot. A strange pink coloured sphere that denoted from the pure white skin of the rest of his feet. Was that... A candy?

"Before we get to the real deal, I want you to eat these~" Angel Dust spread his toes, revealing that in fact, there was one of those flavoured sweets between each of his long and slender digits, each carefully lodged in a fleshy crevice that looked like it was made for them.

Aamon marvelled at the discovery, and as he was blushing more and more, ready to open his mouth and gather the ten toes in his mouth, he got stopped by the pair pushing into his chest again.

"BUT!" The spider interjected. "No sucking. That will be for later~ Alright?"

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Aamon felt a ball of excitement form in his stomach at the mention of getting the slender toes in his mouth at some point, and could only stutter a mumbled "Okay" before Angel Dust deigned lifting his feet up again.

Slowly but surely, he stuck his tongue out and carefully grabbed each flavoured spheres with his tongue, forming a roof that would surround it before he can grab them and push them inside his mouth. The thing is, each time he would rattle his tongue in such a way, Aamon's tongue would obviously touch a bit of the silky texture of the other demon's toe, causing him to get a very small glimpse of their salty taste, stronger than before as well, almost completely hiding the strawberry flavour of the candy he was swallowing at the same time. The licking demon realised this was planned by Angel Dust in a way to entice Aamon with a small taste and smell preview of his sweat coated digits, and the porn star knew that he knew, as he took it upon himself to wiggle his toes at each of his footrest's tongue's passing.

Soon, almost all of the candies were swallowed, and with a last gulp, Aamon finished his task, visibly affected by the small sample of heaven he received as a reward for this mission. He panted and expectantly looked at the spider demon's sultry eyes.

"Wh-What do I do now?" He asked, begging for his interlocutor to tell him to worship his feet. Angel had a bit more imagination than that though.

"Kneel." He replied with an authoritarian tone, yet with a lustful voice.

The demon did just what he was told without a word and got down on his knees.

"Now close your eyes. I have another surprise for you"

Once again, he did what he was told to do. For a few seconds, he heard a few paper noises, like something getting unboxed, followed by a metallic sound.

"Show me your hands."

Aamon thrust his hands forward, hoping Angel's surprise was putting his feet on his open palms for a rub. Instead, he felt the delicate touch of Angel's fingers aiming for his wrists. The feeling sent small tingles down the demon's spine, as the taller one was gently rubbing along his arms with those long pointy fingers of his. Angel Dust was definitely good with his hands as well, he thought. Then, he heard a clicking sound, and a weight flopped onto his wrists, pushing them down straight to the ground.

"Alright, you can open them now~"

The demon allowed himself to see again, and immediately looked down to see what had caused his hands to fall down like this. His eyes opened wide. Around his hands were handcuffs, which restrained his wrists against each other. He tried to lift his arms up to examine them further, but their weight made it very difficult to hold them in the air for more than a few seconds. He looked

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up to see the spider demon now towering over him as he had sat back on his bed. He was smirking with lust.

“What you have right now are special hand cuffs that I ordered today. A very heavy weight has been put into them, making it very hard to lift your hands.” He explained. “You might be wondering why I made you wear these, right?”

Before Aamon could reply, he was immediately faced with the white slender soles of Angel Dust. The top of them to be more accurate, which showed their fresh pedicure under a better light than just before.

“I want you to worship them, but no touching. I want you to lap at them like a dog lapping at water~” The spider demon said devilishly. “You can eventually reach them if you lift your hands high enough, but you’ll have to show your strength to deserve it.”

Aamon’s eyes grew wide open as felt a shiver down his spine. This thought of being completely owned, dominated even, by another demon, compared like nothing else than a pet whose only purpose is to lap at its owner’s feet... His tongue was already rolling out in a Pavlovian reflex.

Slowly, as if to turn this instant into an eternity, he moved his head forward and started licking the top of Angel Dust’s right foot, deeply murring and moaning, his head tilted downward. Gently yet while making sure to not forget any spot, he lapped at the long surface, from one end to the other, getting in the small bits of grime and sweat they were covered with. He would also take deep smells every time his nose came into constant with the pure white flesh, fidgeting in place from the sensory overload that his nose was victimised of. In addition, as if that wasn’t enough, he suddenly felt the pressure the spider demon’s other sole rub the back of his head, brushing the strands of his short hairs with his delicate toes. To that, he responded with a deep moan of appreciation.

But of course, Angel Dust wouldn’t stop there. With his left sole, he was only ruffling the hairs of his humanoid pet, which wasn’t enough for him. He started rubbing and drumming his toes lower and lower on Aamon’s head until he reached the back of his neck, and flattened his foot on it with the precision of a surgical strike, right on the weak spot. Immediately, his pet’s back arched up while the strongest murr Angel had ever heard resonated in his ears. He smiled at how good he was at dominating his partner.

“Good boyyy~” He said in a languishing manner, making sure his sentences would end with a raunchy undertone to them, while he kept drumming his toes on the submissive demon’s nape, like he was hitting keys on a piano.

With every pressure, the warmth of these worn out digits spread around the entirety of Aamon’s being, as if only a skin to skin contact was enough to put him into a profound trance which was more and more difficult to get out of. It was a mystery to him how the spider demon were able to find all of his sweet spots, and the exact things that made his mind go haywire, but all of it was

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## Angel Dust's Personal Foot Worshipper

Story by Ohmagaz

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fine by him. Perfect, even. He assaulted Angel's presented foot with kisses once again, before sucking on each toe one by one.

The taste was divine. Aamon could tell they had been treated to be as sweaty and warm as possible. It was close to intoxicating, in the good sense of the term. The slightly acidic yet salty taste was tingling his taste buds just enough to suck out the entire aroma that had coated Angel Dust's digits throughout the day. Aamon closed his eyes and moaned again.

"You like the taste? I made them very smelly just for you to enjoy, pet~" The kinky dominant teased, while wiggling his enclosed toes within the cave that retained them prisoner.

Once again, a critical hit. For Aamon, the mere thought that Angel had made his feet adapt to him was more than an honour. It was... Just like he had envisioned in his wildest dreams. Once again, the situation was pushing all the switches in his brain. He slithered his tongue around each of the five digits he had engulfed in his mouth at once, leaving trails of saliva on these tender fleshy cylinders.

He stayed like this for a few minutes, before the foot finally escaped of its own, and traded its place with his sibling, without a word said by any of the two parties. The message was clear. Aamon started kissing this other foot now, panting as the cosy and warm embrace that was covering the back from his head before turned into a stingy temperature shock between the skin of the demon's heating body, and the toes of Angel Dust's foot, made cold by his servant's own saliva. If he still had a humanoid shape, the noise he was making was similar to one of an actual dog, as his frantic pants and suckling noises were getting faster and faster without stopping, to the point of almost hyperventilating.

He kissed along the top of Angel's left foot and took his time sucking each of the five wiggling digits that were presented to him. Aamon would keep moaning like crazy, but at least the pants had slowed down, pacified by the presence of the other demon's digits within his maw. He coated each toe with the saliva that he was starting to run out of, as his throat was starting to become dry from all the slobbering. But Aamon didn't care, no sacrifice seemed futile as long as he'd get those perfect feet on his face.

Once he was finished, he gently let the toes leave their moist den, and just looked at them for a few seconds, wiggling and tilting around like they were dancing. He then heard the voice of the spider demon echo from above them.

"Alright, there's one spot that you haven't cleaned yet, right?" As he said that, Angel Dust reunited both of his feet together and lifted them up in a way to show his still worn out soles right in front of his servitor's face.

The sight made Aamon gasp, then moan from pleasure. The amazing pair was standing right before him, the big surface appearing like an uncharted territory, made of fleshy dunes and small beads of sweat that only asked to be explored. He approached his face to this area of wonders, but the landscape disappeared all of a sudden, lifted up by the kinky spider who looked down on him, smirking.

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"Heh, I have a better idea... Get on your back." He ordered.

The kneeling demon complied without a word. He mastered some efforts to lift up his cuffed hands and in the matter of a second, he found himself laying on his back, facing upwards in anticipation. He was now resting his weighty hands on his stomach, something that would probably have bothered him if he was taking notice of the weight of his wrists pressing on his own body. What he was seeing had taken up all of his attention, though. Standing like an eclipse, were both of Angel Dust's soles facing the ground, as an outline glow produced by the light on the room's ceiling was defining their smooth shape with such an accuracy that it made Aamon's body tremble. The rest of the soles were also dimly lit, giving the clear white hue a darker tone that made it look like it was a different pair of feet resting right above him. Actually, they looked even softer and... Admittedly, imposing, under this new light. It was simple; They looked like gifts from heaven. Fallen angels flying above him, only waiting to be reached out to and worshipped like the divinities they were. Two miracles dancing on top of him for the demon to go reach to them.

"Ya like them, heh? Show me if you're worthy of them and reach out to them. Only a touch with the tip of your fingers, and they're all yours", a voice from above said. It was the one of Angel Dust teasing the demon below, but for Aamon, it felt like the most graceful offering ever, given by none other than God himself.

And so he reached for the sky. The resistance that the weight on his handcuffs was giving was nothing compared to Aamon's desire as his arms were extending further up, with only one goal in mind: To touch Angel Dust's soles. His fingers were extending as much as possible, as if magnetically attracted to the wrinkly surface that kept wiggling at him. He was only a few inches away from the consecration, and after a big breath, he lifted up his back to get the necessary level of height to reach his objective.

Aamon touched Angel Dust's left sole from the tip of his finger. As he felt his fingers lay flat on the silky texture, he sighed from both pride and bliss, as a shock wave traversed his entire body. But the demon knew this feeling was going to end all too fast, as gravity pulled him back on his back, and the angels were out of his reach again. Unless...

The demon blinked. Was he dreaming, or... Was the pair of soles descending to him? He thought Angel Dust's feet had definitely made him insane for a moment, but the smell emanating from both feet growing stronger and stronger and the warmth invading the entirety of his face was too detailed for it to be a simple illusion.

The twins were coming down, as a muffled snicker was heard from above. Soon, all the details from the spider demon's soles were visible, and so close to him that the array of lines and circles from the print of his feet made him slightly dizzy, drawing him in like a tornado. And then, after a few seconds of anticipation that seemed to last an eternity, the pair slowly landed on Aamon's euphoric face, with a barely audible "Plap!" sound and started rubbing up and down on the skin, releasing their filth all over the pores of the delighted demon's facial features.

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The demon couldn't feel more in his place, right under the soles of a superior demon who knew how to trigger him in the most sensitive ways. He started moaning and panting again, and raised his arms once again. This time, he didn't have to extend them to an extreme length to reach for the source of his fantasies, and it's with a disconcerting simplicity that he placed his heavy hands on the top of each member of the pair. If gravity wasn't enough, the weights on Aamon's cuffs were pressuring the pair of soles they had taken hostage onto his face even more, allowing the demon to sink even deeper into this smelly yet astoundingly tender flesh.

Aamon was now going crazy under there. He took long drawn out whiffs at every second to get the extent of that scent down his nostrils, from the base of Angel Dust's toes to the bottom of the heel that was passing by from time to time. Of course, he was accompanying this with bunch of kisses and licks, from a mouth that could barely open under the mellow pressure pinning it down. He was still able to capture the essence of the spider demon's warm and worn out soles with each lap though, inserting his tongue between every seam and crevices he could. He was slowly filling his body and mind with the porn star's empowering soles, under a concert of moans and pants that were only amplified by Angel rubbing on his feet with his powerful pair.

"So, how does it feel down there? Enjoying yourself?" He teased, making his servant shiver in place from the excitement that these sentences provoked in him.

He slightly shifted his feet so that his left one was gently caressing his cheek while the other one kept giving the demon below the most delectable massage ever. He chuckled at the tingling feeling of the demon's tongue reaching out to the bottom of his sole, painting a moist abstract piece of art on this blank canvas with his saliva. Angel Dust grinned devilishly. Without a word or a warning, he pinched Aamon's face between his big and second toe, forcing him to breathe through his mouth. How amazing was it to feel the refreshing streaks of air pushing down onto his terribly tired feet, slowly dispersing through the rest of his sole and giving it a general cool down... The sensation was divine enough to make him wiggle his toes a bit at each air passing, giving unintended caresses down his little sniffer's face. He began wiping his foot on the lust-filled face again like on a doormat.

Only this time, instead of the natural roughness of worn out skin rattling against him, the drool coated sole was sliding in a much smoother and much more fluid manner, gracefully blessing the demon's skin with the passing of each wrinkle brushing every one of his facial features. The demon sniffed at the strong odour, which still wasn't gone. It was not as intoxicating as earlier, but it was still enough to form a smile on his face and a moan from his throat.

Soon, it was the other sole's turn to get worshipped. Aamon witnessed Angel retreating his right foot from his enamoured face, before laying it flat on his chest. Despite the layers of clothes separating the two pieces of flesh, it was as if this barrier was simply inexistent. The pressure of Angel Dust's massive foot on him felt like his bare skin was touching the one of that beautiful, perfect sole. And the way it was slightly shifting to make itself comfortable was only adding to that excitement. But the demon wasn't allowed to watch that spectacle for too long as the spider demon laid his left foot flat on Aamon's face, implicitly telling him to get back to work.

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The demon stuck out his tongue once again and started lapping on the new surface, letting loud moans escape from his throat. He religiously cleaned every bit of Angel Dust's smelly sole while rubbing his face against the spider demon's delicious rounded arch with vigour.

The mighty foot on the other hand was completely passive, only enjoying the tongue bath that it was receiving with toe wiggles and splays that would bless Aamon's view and encourage the dedication that he had towards his task. In fact, the more active sole was the one currently resting on the submissive demon's chest. It kept caressing the cotton ground it was resting on in a circular motion, scrunching and splaying his toes on the way. For a few minutes, Angel could only hear deep moans and suction noises, and feel the refreshing coat and saliva spread all along his sole. He sighed from relief and lied down for a moment, closing his eyes in delight.

Angel Dust thought about Aamon for a moment. He was still wondering about what he should do of his new plaything. When he had given him that VIP card earlier today, the spider honestly expected this foot worship to be a one-off thing, but after this experience, he just couldn't let such a talented worshipper get away like nothing ever happened. Actually, Aamon had somehow managed to make him feel proud about his feet, something that he never thought possible, in the kinkiest way, at that. It was more than obvious to him that this feet obsessed demon was not someone to pass on. He was about to actually fall asleep when a ringtone sat him up in a jolt.

Aamon yelped a bit as Angel's feet pressed hard on his face and stomach all of a sudden in surprise. He too, heard the melody coming from the other side of the room and was wondering what it was about. He looked up and saw Angel Dust grimace.

"Uurk, it's time..." He said, visibly frustrated, a strange contrast to how sultry and teasing he sounded right before.

Before Aamon could process what the other demon meant, he was meant with both of the white soles right in front of his face.

"It's been two hours, my next customer is coming soon. So, give them a last kiss, alright?~"

Aamon was surprised. Two hours already? But it didn't even feel like ten minutes! Did his sensation of time really get distorted that much from the contact with Angel Dust's feet? Did they really have that kind of power? He quickly found his answer when he realised his entire body was weak, as if going through the most intense workout ever. His arms and back felt sore, and he was sweating profusely, unless this sweat was actually Angel's? Well, it didn't matter anyway, because one thing was clear; The worship is over.

Reluctantly, he gave a goodbye speck to the centre of both soles, one that lasted for a few seconds, trying to grab every bit of this parting moment, before letting the pair go from his sight. He then heard the noise of a small metal object falling right next to him.

"By the way, here's the key to your handcuffs" He said while walking away towards the desk on which his phone was shaking.

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Still panting, Aamon grabbed the metal object and freed his wrists from the prison they had been put into. He then got up, surprised by how his hands felt surprisingly light after being subjected to this strong weight, and looked at Angel Dust, not really knowing what to do.

Angel bent over forward to grab his phone and stopped the tonality that emanated from it. But he didn't turn back to Aamon yet. Instead, he pulled a drawer and fumbled into it, looking for something. Angel Dust being Angel Dust, of course he would make sure to let one foot stand on its toes while continuing his research, just to tease the other demon, who gulped as he marvelled at the delicious curve of the exposed arch.

"Aah, here it is!" The spider demon exclaimed as it took out a piece of paper from the bottom of the drawer. He turned around and walked back to Aamon and extended him the object. "Take this.", he said.

"A-Another VIP invite?" Aamon interrogated Angel, puzzled as he grabbed the rectangular piece.

He took a look at it, but instead of all the graphics and texts that were on that last paper Angel had given him, nothing other than a simple phone number was written on it.

"Nah, you can just reuse the one I gave you until the end of the month..." Angel replied, passing right in front of the other demon and grabbing his boots from the floor before sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Oh, what is it then?" Aamon asked in return.

"Well, ya know how nobody has ever seen my feet before?" He rhetorically questioned as he put his bare feet back on his boots under the gaze of Aamon, who was still blushing at the sight. "That's because only important clients who pay BIG money can get to see them. The 'Runs the entire society of hell behind the curtains' kind of important, you see what I mean?" Angel said as he finished putting on his first boot. "For now, they're only able to see pictures of them, and I'm the one who takes them. But since recently, they started to annoy the fuck out of Val to get me to make actual videos, and that, I can't do alone. Val has already got a trusty cameraman, but I wanted to choose who would lick my feet in the said videos..." He continued, sliding his second foot inside the other boot.

Aamon looked at the spider demon, still wondering what all of this was about. Once Angel's second boot was put on, he got up and approached the other demon. Teasingly, he started to caress his chest and continued his explanation.

"And that's when I thought about YOU. Always ogling the soles of my boots at the hotel~" He said, causing Aamon to gulp. "I knew your love for my feet would make you the best candidate for the job, but I still wanted to test you... And you did particularly well!"

"The... job?" The other demon nervously asked, wary about where this was going.

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"Yep. You will be my little foot worshipper from now on~" He replied in a seductive voice that made Aamon feel like he was melting in place.

"Wh-What do you mean?!" He exclaimed, flabbergasted by this reveal. This was such an unreal scenario that Aamon wondered again if he wasn't dreaming.

"Hehe, you'll see... I suggest ya' save this number on your phone. You'll get a call soon, sweetheart~" He said in a jolly tone as he pushed a stuttering Aamon out of the room.

Before the unofficially hired demon could say anything, the door was closed by another demon who passed behind him, probably the next customer Angel was talking about. Still appaled by what he just had been told, he could only look down on the streak of numbers written with black ink as he was walking back home.

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A few days passed, and life seemed like it had turned back to normal. Aamon was back at cleaning the rooms and corridors of the Hazbin Hotel. He hadn't dared confronting Angel Dust about the surreal experience he's had with him whenever they would run into each other. It's not like the porn star started any conversation with him either, they would just pass each other without a word. For some reason though, Aamon felt like his sly gazes towards the soles of the spider demon's boots were always met with a slight tease in the form of them moving or twitching around. Was the demon aware of this all the time? The peeping demon blushed hard just thinking about it, but tried to focus on his work instead.

Soon, Aamon's work day had ended, and as night was beginning to set on the crimson horizon, he was now hanging out in the room that had been prepared for him in the hotel. Living in your workplace, what an insidious way to increase work efficiency... Aamon tried closing his eyes, but his phone's ring tone surprised him and made him jump in place. He got the rectangular device out of his pocket. It was 10.30 PM, who the hell could be calling him right now?!

His eyes widened when he saw the number displaying on the screen.

**THE END**

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