**Justice Served**

Synopsis: After being caught during the failed burglary attempt of an anthro bear and zebra’s apartment you find yourself at their mercy. Instead of showing any mercy the two decide to make an example out of you instead.   
  
Disclaimer: This story contains sexually explicit scenery that may disturb some readers. Included themes are:  
–Paw/Foot Worship  
–Musk/Sweat/Filth  
–Two Doms (Bear and Zebra)  
–1st Person POV Perspective  
  
Profuse, thick and hot padding forges against your face like smelted metal filling a mould. As his toes spread apart unsticking from one another they release the dry musk trapped between them; a sweetly pumpkin odour so strong your nostrils want to seal themselves tight. Your eyes flitter open to see between the toes before they close again and snuff the light. Leathery arches sink on your cheekbones. His heels deepen into your jaw. The fur surrounding his sole pads is flattened in dampness. Large feet like these cover and fit your face possessively. You're compressed. You're muffled. You're insignificant to Conrad so long as his soles are comfortable. Desperately your tongue craves to drag over those pads and lick every drop of their flavour and yet it can't push past the barrier of two vinegary socks that sit balled in your mouth. You feel nothing else beyond the heat, the texture and the moisture of his feet. Those pads are as sumptuous as sizzling burger patties and as black as prehistoric tar pools. But what who’s complaining? This is the core of all your desires.  
  
His weight never shifts or teeters it only buries deeper into you. The black bear is neither lithe nor light so the pressure feels impossible to sustain and yet somehow you've endured for this great duration of time. He wears a white singlet, grey shorts and a pair of bulky tan Timberland boots with very grippy soles, so you're grateful he's barefoot right now.  
 Routine practices over these following months will help significantly in adapting your body and skull to the supposed 'trauma' of being stood upon, you're told. He's explained already that you'll be captive in this emasculating method for as long as he sees fit. Despite threats like these you're in safe hands. By this point in his history of sexual exploits Conrad is an expert at trampling faces.   
 Right now he's pulling your arms like reigns. A firm squeeze of your hands draws your focus from being so unrelentingly underfoot. The black bear's claws are long on all appendages. His thumbs rub the tops of your hands and your palms are putty in his own. This simple interaction is a code; a silent language you've learnt well these past twenty four hours which means he plans to step off you soon.

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How did you find the place? You performed your usual charismatic lure, pretending to befriend someone at a bar before loosening their lips once they were heavily intoxicated. He was a finely muscled black bear with a blonde muzzle who apparently worked in construction. He had wild theories about the next great financial collapse and would gradually come to confess he'd been hoarding a stockpile of silver bars for bartering, in case his theories ever became reality. That conversation was pure profit. Silver bars were small, easily transportable and highly valuable. How could any thief ignore a lead this precious from such a clumsy loudmouth? You just had to find out where he lived, so together you boarded the same taxi after the debaucheries. You offered to pay the fare for the bear claiming that you would stay in the taxi yourself after dropping him home and would continue the fare alone to your own house afterwards. This lead you directly to his address... to the place you would make your target.  
 How did you proceed after this? You had planned it meticulously. You wore boots two sizes larger than your usual size to leave misleading tracks. You were dressed from top to bottom in black clothes to avoid the chance of leaving DNA. You had staked out the apartment for a week and half to determine its two inhabitants’ work schedules and routines. You waited until you knew for sure the place would be empty. It was too perfect… an apartment several floors off the ground and distant from local law enforcement. You made sure to use the fire escape as an entry point because you knew statistically people living higher up in a lower income area would likely not bother installing security alarms on a fire escape window. All of these precautions and the job was still botched because you didn't account for any chance of the owner returning home hours early from their nightshift. It was supposed to be a swift burglary. Ultimately you were more surprised to see him return than he was to seeing you, "the buddy from the bar," suddenly robbing his home. He seemed oddly calm about it, almost as if he’d expected the visit. You were one leg out the fire escape window by the time you first felt the strong furry fist wrench you back inside, toppling you hard to the floor. The silver bars cascaded from your bag across the ground. In the blurring adrenaline-fuelled panic you don't remember how many pleas you would have made to bargain your way to freedom. Your heart was in your throat. You thought you were going to be handcuffed and arrested... though only one of those two became true and yet it wasn’t any police officers doing the handcuffing that night. You were shackled to the radiator until the second occupant arrived home. It was then that your heart dropped from your throat and plummeted into your stomach like a rock. The bear and his friend had plans for dealing with you the dishonourable home invader. The plans weren't meant to be consensual though fortunately for you there was a commonality between your desires and theirs, though this wouldn't be exposed until later that night.

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"It's just too easy ain't it," Conrad remarks. "One whiff of these steamy feet and I've got myself a living doormat any day of the week. Hey, outta' curiosity, how's it going down there? You almost finished?"  
 On first appearances it sounds as if he's talking down to you. In actual reality he's glancing back over his shoulder gearing his question towards the other anthro in the room. Ren, (a name abbreviated from Renaud), is a dashing but rugged zebra who, like his ursine friend, carries himself with toned and sturdy prowess. He wears a brown singlet and long ratty denim jeans, over black boots. Ren is squatted beside you delighting in the graffiti of your bare skin. With a marker pen he carefully writes a series of letters into your torso until he completes the word "WELCOME." As a tattoo artist by day the zebra has experience inking a person's body. His line-work is clean and bold, albeit humiliating. An unlit cigarette dangles from between his lips more as a tool for concentration than anything. There are other words that etch you too. Under your navel are the words, "Stand here!" with an arrow pointing down to the groin. Other insults such as, "Sole slut," and, "Foot rag," decorate many various areas of your body, like signatures on a cast.  
 "How's it going you ask?" Responds the distracted Ren. "I think he's my finest work of art yet. I hope this marker is waterproof. Let's try not to rub it all off with our sweaty footsteps too soon, eh?"  
 The two anthros laugh together sharing in a moment built solely for demeaning you. With your face still squashed under two toasty pad soles you're subjected to listening with no real participation in the conversation beyond the occasionally sexualized moan. The pen tickles your naked upper body as Ren continues writing obscenities into your flesh. It is only after he finishes this crude artistic expression that he stands to his feet before taking a seat in the rustic dining chair placed conveniently behind your head. There's little space between Conrad and Renaud. They face towards each other with a common interest in you; lying flat on the floor at/under their feet.  
  
You hear the glassy sound of their beer bottles chinking together in celebration.  
 "If only they could see the pride in our faces," The black-white equine says after a long sip, now having diverted his cigarette to his fingers.  
 "I reckon sight is the one sense they don't got, but don't need neither. So long as they can hear our commands, feel our feet, smell our musk and taste the humiliation... that's all the senses they need," The bear smirks. "Hey, why ain't you stepping on his face yet?"  
 Renaud grins at his drinking buddy and nudges the front of his boot against the top of your head, just under the area where Conrad's bare toes are curling. "Ah, for two reasons mainly. Firstly, these boots have not been kicked off once in say... 14 hours? Not since the early morning shift at the parlour. While you've been having fun playing with our guest all day I've been making sure he has a REAL stink to look forward to. Secondly is the issue of limited free space. While their face is so squashed by these broad, beefy black bear soles I have no room to rest my own. You're a very greedy animal, you know."  
 The two chuckle again and drink more of their cheap, refreshing alcohol. A few minutes pass by quietly as Conrad stays standing on you and Renaud stays sitting in his chair, messing your hair with the tip of his boot. They often fall into silence when watching you suffer beneath their rank, masculine soles. The suspense is a threatening feeling but being treated this way is also a mind-numbing glory, only truly understood by people as submissive as yourself. You don't try wrestle away from the nostril-clogging stench of foot musk nor do you try squirm under the uncomfortable weight. You lie there and take it forbidden to do anything else, hoping by the end of it your face will be steam-pressed into two perfect bear paw prints. If only you had the ability to speak you'd tell Conrad about the beauty of his paws, the way you love how the fur is liquorice black on top but toffee coloured on the bottoms, (at least surrounding his full-length and very meaty sole padding).  
  
Your nose is currently the only area of your face still visible. It sticks out like a shark fin protruding from the water, but squeezed cosily amid the feet.  
 "Fresh air break?" The bear asks the zebra, referring to you.  
 Ren shrugs, "You think they deserve one?"  
 Conrad scoffs. "They doesn't deserve nothing we give them. Guess I just felt like being civil."  
 "This is rare, for you."  
 "Plus their sweaty face is startin' to make my soles itch. You know I've been standing on them for something around two hours straight now?"  
 "But you said it yourself: You said you want your feet to spend more time on their face than spent in your shoes," Ren reminds him.  
 "True that," Conrad grins. "But as much as I wanna put this gross little bitch in their place some more I think I gotta move and get that blood circulation going."  
  
At long last Conrad releases his grip on your hands and lets your arms flop back down, flimsy as ropes. He draws in a breath and peels his feet out of your face but the residue of sweat and insole grime has given them a slight resistance when departing. The moment they do depart a nurturing gust of air rushes to caress your rosy roasted cheeks.  
 Though it should be you who’s relieved it's Conrad instead who expels a satisfied sigh as he steps back from your head, momentarily stepping on your lungs before settling back into his own dining chair positioned to straddle over your legs. The prior pressure on your eyeballs leaves you seeing strange colour patterns for a fair moment afterwards. Far above a ceiling fan spins in lazy drift. You lie there staring dumbfoundedly at the ceiling in the process of recollecting your lust-drunken thoughts. The spiced pumpkin flavoured stink of black bear foot musk is reluctant to leave your nostrils.

Just as all seems calm you blurt out a sudden, "HUMPHH!" When Conrad, (now throned above your lower half), dumps one big foot onto your crotch and curls his toes over the waistline of your underpants. Your legs squirm over the floor, kicking and writhing slowly as your crotch compresses snugly underfoot. Conrad hauls his other foot up upon his knee where it stays balanced, exposing the tiny portions of crud and fluff sprinkled helplessly across the landscape of padding. You squeak as bare bear foot begins steamrolling back and forth. Gentle and slow are the motions yet your crotch feels like a boat rocking in the waves of a stormy ocean. The bear glares at your reddening cheeks as he rolls your groin underneath his soft cushiony sole. There is an element of disgust scrawled into his expression. You stare back into his hazel eyes; mute for all the old socks rammed into your mouth. Their flavour has been sucked away hours ago and now they taste like nothing more than a wad of wet cotton. Despite only being in your company for twenty four hours the bear already knows your exact way of thinking. He can see you mouthing away at the gag trying desperately to suckle even one more final hint of flavour. His glare brightens into a cocky grin; the very embodiment of ego.  
  
"Foot rag is looking hungry," He retorts.  
 "That's what we're calling them now? We have so many insulting pet names I can’t choose!"  
 "Call them whatever you want, Ren. Doesn't change the fact that they're hungry for a nice big fresh helping of socks."  
 The zebra smirks and says, "Fresh is an ironic use of the word."  
 "Yeah well it's your turn to do the honours. I just hope the little shit did a good job cleaning my work socks. Hadn't washed them all week and I'll need 'em for Monday."  
  
You wince at the sudden creak of Renaud's chair followed by the instant looming of his bulky figure which stands tall behind your head casting you in shadow. The striped animal bends forward to look you dead in the eye; his chiselled face stoic at first. You want to appear focused and listening but so long as Conrad's paw keeps generating friction along the bulge between your legs your mind will remain a distracted frenzy of thoughts. The bear's paw is thick enough that its fuzzy edges brush alongside your thighs with every rub.  
 "So, you really like the taste of socks huh?"  
 You listen to the zebra’s question watching the way his lips curl into a smile; a smile which the zebra's green eyes don't reflect. You nod your head never breaking eye contact.  
 "And you probably think Conrad's work socks were rich and flavoursome?"  
 You nod again, twitching violently as the bear strikes a sweet spot that confronts you with a surge of arousal.  
 Ren hasn't blinked yet but his expression is deadly calm. "Yeah? You think that? Hmph I'll show you what real flavour tastes like. First I need your mouth ready for a second helping so... let me help you with that."  
 Immediately you wince as he reaches downward but it's no help. Before you know it a butch hand is plunging into your mouth, thick fingers groping around the wet cottony gag and brushing all over your gums. Once seized he yanks out the socks which unravel to reveal themselves as saliva soaked, wrinkled and misshapen. Ren stares at them with a grimace but Conrad looks proud before the socks are tossed into a random corner of the room. You finally have the ability to speak although you chose not to say anything quite yet.  
 "This little bitch has a mouth like a washing machine! My socks are looking good enough to eat from heheh maybe that'll be another punishment for another day," Says the bear.  
  
Your spine shudders and your skin crawls as the zebra lifts his sturdy leg bringing the bottom of his booted foot up to your face. Delicately carved into the smooth arch, (between the heel and ball of the boot tread), is a faded message in miniature letters which reads, "If you can read this, you're my bitch." The text is upside down in your vision but the message still applies.   
 Ren sets it down against your face reminding you about the cruelly humiliating sensation of having your nose squashed underfoot. The hard rubber heel presses your forehead followed by the rest until the tread pattern is quickly imprinting on your skin. Eventually the discomfort grows too unbearable and you roll your head to the side, where the boot continues to squash your head. By the coverage of the boot alone it's obvious his feet are just as big as Conrad's.  
 "You're going to lie still and hold my boot right here in place, won't you?" The zebra asks. "You'll need a firm grip because it's going to rock around a lot when I pull my hot tired foot out."  
  
Your head is sandwiched to the apartment floor. Regardless you blindly reach upwards and clasp your trembling hands on the sides of his boots securing its position. The leather has been heated by the sun all day and the thickness of the foot within is palpable. Your stimulated reflexes make your thighs clench tightly together around the black bear's ankle, closing his oversized paw in as it rests over your crotch. Conrad, still sitting contentedly over your lower body, smirks wickedly. His paw starts patting your groin down in heavy padded repeats, over and over, while he enjoys watching your punishment. You jolt and shiver with every impact, which annoys the zebra.  
 "I said hold still you worm! I'm trying to unlace my boot!"  
 According to Ren, a person's head is not an easy or balanced surface to stand on while undoing one's laces. Generously you try to obey him though naturally the bear keeps patting your groin almost hoping it'll cause you more trouble. Finally the boot becomes loosened and what releases from within its asphyxiating interior isn't just the zebra's filthy socked foot but also a pungent noxious odour too. You feel the foot's shape through the leather as it slides backwards and peels from a damp insole, wrenching out into the open air leaving the empty boot to sit on your face steaming with musk and relieved of its duty. With his foot now exposed - toes wriggling and crackling inside his sock - Ren can feel the currents of heat rising from the boot's mouth underneath his sole. You only wish your face was at the side of his footwear, opposed to being trapped under its tread.  
  
The bear sitting a few feet away crinkles his blonde and black face at the rising scent. Ren is quick to act. He kicks the boot away off your head so it falls onto its side, facing you directly as you lie still with your head to the side. You can see inside his boot through the large opening; closely viewing a tunnel of wretched hot black leather and an insole that was once white but is now saturated in odd brownish-black stains of a deep, deep humanoid shaped footprint. Ren doesn't want his musk going to waste not after saving it all this time for you. He drops his socked foot onto your face angling it just right to smother you and pinch your nose right between his toes, pinning it under webbed toe-gap fabric. The effect of the stench is immediate! It's putrid and intoxicating! It reeks of cream cheese sizzling on a grill and you love it. With his forceful foot he rolls your head so you're looking directly up again only you see nothing but cottony abyss. Your brain pounds with endorphins and dopamine. Your entire system is flooded with bliss and your veins prickle with lust.  
 "WOOH! That's rich. More than I thought it would be but hey that's the kind of raw musk you get from a pair of sexy zebra feet like these!" Ren boasts, wriggling his toes in a compact rhythm over your nose. The bridge of your nose is dug into the ball of his foot, right down the middle. Your skull feels like a soft fruit under his weight. Every little shift and tilt of the foot and you hear the sound of sodden squelches. All that's visible of your face is your mouth and chin.  
  
"S-so… so sexy," You manage to groan and whisper both at once.  
 "Oh look, it speaks," Conrad says to Ren before curling his long-clawed toes against you.  
 "Well I don't want it to speak, I want it to SNIFF," the zebra growls pressuring your face down underfoot. His toes fan outward stretching the sock, upping the dosage of toxic stench filling your nostrils. "Go on. Nice long inhales. Show me how much you want it."  
 You sniff with such ferocity that it feels like a suction of air inside your head pulling your nostrils taut. The breaths that leave your mouth are shaky and weak. Your muscles seem to relax the more you huff from the depths beneath and between his toes. To your dismay the black bear stops ironing your crotch under his padded sole and decides to cross his feet instead, resting the heavily stacked pair on the peak of your bulge while he calmly sips the remainder of his beer.   
  
The striped equine tucks your nose into the plush bedding of his sock one last time before his foot rises away to hover a few inches above your face. Your nostrils are tingling even as the toes unblock them.  
 "What did you think, huh?"  
 "Y-your feet, god, I mean," You stammer uncontrollably, "Th-they actually generate heat! I can feel it cooking me, e-even now!"  
 "Heh," The zebra snorts, "Yeah they'll keep you warm all winter long if you want. I hate to think what'd happen to them if I dropped a little mouse feller in my boot then wore him all day."  
 "You don't need to think, dumbass," The bear interjects. "You've already tried it more than once. Remember that one we shared between us for a whole week?"  
 Ren shrugs, unable to conceal his prideful smirk before his focus returns to humiliating you. "So if you think they're so hot how about you cool them down for me. Lick the bottom of my sock, foot lover."  
 You obey in an instant. Your life right now is about impressing these two dominant anthros and you're committed to the task. Realistically your options were either one of the following: Serve their every debasing command and pamper their egos or have them report what you had attempted 24 hours earlier, to the local authorities. Your choice of punishment wasn't a difficult decision.  
  
Your tongue presses to the heel of his fuzzy tarnished sock, surface to surface, soaking in a patch of saliva against the dirtied fabric. Spanning Renaud's sole is a perfect humanoid footprint made from a greyish-brown-black stain. The sock is already damp even before your tongue connects. Its thick material ripples and moves as your tongue pulls along licking all the way over every curvature until it meets the bottoms of his toes. The zebra just stands there still with his other foot in its boot. His black and white pelt looks velvety under the apartment ceiling light. His figure is staunch and unmoving; patient in his abuse of your subservience.  
 "You want more? Have more." He instructs. He generously repositions his foot so the heel is once again by your mouth and the rest of the foot overhangs your neck. Fervently you press your tongue to the marked area again and wait as his foot slides backwards; forcing your tongue to ride up the medial of his thick raunchy sole following the same track as before. This becomes a pattern which repeats constantly for the next three minutes, though on some occasions Ren will zigzag his foot across your waiting tongue and other times he'll simply rest it, covering your open mouth. Further down your body the bear's paws are dormant. They haven't once moved and rest continually crossed on your crotch, burdening it with a slight throb. Just as you start to lap under the digits of all five zebra toes Ren suddenly wipes the sock dry against your face, abrasively, and then dangles his toes over your lips.  
 "Just hurry on and gag 'em I want another turn! My soles already miss the sensation already," Conrad mumbles.  
 The zebra shoots him a glare. You try to read the equine's instincts and so you gently clamp your teeth around the loosened tip of his sock just ahead of where his toes end. Your jaws clench as you hold tight. Ren's glare softens as he looks back down at you and then, gradually as he can, he begins pulling his foot out of the sock while you pinch and tether the fabric between your teeth. It stretches tight before it starts to slide off; elastic mouth slipping over his heel and eventually falling down his entire sole. The process is linty and messy. Your nostrils still flare with the potent stink of his cream cheese musk. Within seconds the zebra's foot is completely free, completely bare and exposed in all its beauty while the vacated dirty sock flops straight over your face.  
  
You hear the thud of bare foot hitting the hardwood. You can imagine his toes splaying, (behind your head and out of view), as a fogged footprint is forming between Renaud's warm pure white sole and the varnished floor. It isn't long before you hear more grunts, shuffles and rustles. More loud noises ensue and then suddenly a second boot drops onto the floor beside your head. The sickly sweet smell that fills the air doubling the previous amount of musk presence indicates that the zebra is going fully barefoot, finally relieving his other leg too from the cramped airtight oven of the footwear.  
 Bravely you reach to your face and unveil it from the one sock still covering your eyesight. When you pull it down you can see the tall handsome animal looming over you, one leg bent and raised as he manoeuvres to peel away the second sock. The motion is slick and his toes are already splayed when it tugs off, littering any lint that was spared from being stuck to his sole. Ren barely observes the ball of sock in his fist before tossing it down to your face. You barely have enough time to flinch before a sturdy zebra foot plants itself on top of the two socks. He pushes on the ball of his foot slowly riding your face - toes groping the fabric that sleds against you - until the socks plough and gather and fold and eventually spill over your lips into your mouth, guided by nothing more than his foot. You listen to him snicker as his sole veers over you. His big toe prods and pokes the socks deeper between your lips until they're funnelled in and filling your mouth completely, just as Conrad's work socks had done earlier. It's a great wad of steamy flavour. Immediately you start suckling. You can taste the sweat laced within the fibres. You're forced to ingest the condensed taste of foot while a pure white sole (that gleams with moisture and black grime speckles between all of its scrunching sole wrinkles) taunts your very existence. His big toe pulls out from your mouth and your lips seal his socks within. Of course his bare foot can't help but wipe over you on its way back. Your body sooths as you breathe the pheromones radiating from it. A glaze of sweat is left trailed up your face. You want to melt into the floor and be his property to walk upon forever!  
  
Conrad repositions his own paws crossing them the opposite way around, sinking them back against your groin and reminding you that there are two brutes that control you, not just one. It's mentally noted too that with this new grimy sock gag from Ren you're back to being helplessly speechless.  
 "What now?" The zebra says, standing straight with his heavy feet flat to the floor. He stares coldly down at you.  
 "I just wanna marinate them in paw sweat so badly," Moans the bear. "Hey how about we swap seats so you can have their junk to stand on and I can have their face for a while."  
 The zebra shakes his head in refusal. "You've had all day to play with the bitch. I've barely done more than shove my socks in their mouth."  
 "Well, you wrote WELCOME on their stomach can't I at least tread and wipe my feet on them like a real doormat?"  
 Ren sighs and bends down to pick up one of his discarded boots. "Tell you what," He says, idly turning it upside above your head. "I have an idea on how to sort out who gets the bitch."  
 The zebra is squatting down low again standing on the balls of his feet. He stares only at the black bear in front of him as he lowers his musky boot opening straight over your face. It drops as fast as an iron weight but the impact is gentle, encircling your mouth and nose precisely until there isn't even a crack for fresh air to enter. Inside his boot is a hell-scape of searing heat and mildly suffocating malodour but you breathe it in with crazed addiction, every breath numbing you senseless. Ren is comfortable squatting here behind your head if it means holding the boot down in place a while longer. His knees are parted and his own bulge, trapped in denim, is presently above your eyes. You feel like a patient undergoing a procedure; inhaling from the gaseous respiratory device that is his stinking boot and ready to pass out. The zebra uses a free hand to grab your arm. He forces your hand to take hold of the inverted boot so that it can stay plunged over your face without toppling.  
  
Clearly bored of stepping on your crotch, Conrad stares blankly at his own thick toes as they splay and flex to pass the time. "So what's this idea?"  
 Now content for you to hold his boot yourself, the zebra stands up and walks across the apartment. With ease he drags a wooden table from the room's corner and pushes it over your body, trapping you in the shade beneath it. One end of the table slides an appropriate distance up to the bear's torso, with the other ending just by Renaud's chair. It's a perfect fit and you're lying there beneath it - between the table legs - snug but easily forgotten. You suck the foul flavour from the zebra's socks. You inhale the rich smell from his boot. You don't question anything as Ren takes his seat by your head then groans happily, before stretching his legs and crossing them on top of his inverted boot tread. The weight compacts it against your face truly giving you no chance to sneak a breath of fresh air. You can see under the calves of his jeans. Your head and the attached boot is now his acting footrest while he and Conrad sit at the table together, treating you like an object that needs no acknowledgment.  
 What you cannot see is Ren dropping a deck of cards to the table top. He slides over a hand of them to the bear and gets comfortable in his seat. "I think whoever comes out on top of some good old *Texas Hold 'Em* gets to claim the bitch as their prize. In the meantime I'm going to enjoy keeping their face stuck inside my rank boot! Maybe it'll fry their brain before the winner even gets them. Won't be too much of a loss."  
 Conrad has the devil's grin as he adjusts himself too, planting both broad fully-padded paws against your groin now; the breadth of which forces your legs to part. "Hell of an idea there, Ren. I'll take you up on that. In fact let's make it best of three games. That'll give our rug some time to absorb your stink and remember this moment forever."  
 "How do you think the little slut's doing down there?" Ren asks his friend, smirking smugly.  
 "Who cares? Everything that happens is their own fault. They wanted to break into our place and get away with it? Ain't no chance of that. I make examples of anyone who wrongs me and this toe sucker might be my favourite example yet."  
 You listen to their chatter with nothing to look at but the underside of the table, the boot tipped upside-down on your face and the underside of Ren's legs too.

And so it happens. The two anthros begin to cheerfully and carelessly play poker on the table you're lying beneath. They take the time to enjoy themselves. They drink more beer, they make lengthy tangents of conversation and Renaud finally lights the cigarette he'd been holding onto for so long. A painfully slow but completely erotic night passes by as the two continue to enjoy themselves. The effect of wearing a zebra's boot like a gas mask for this length of time has notable effect. Your throat is dry and hoarse. The strength of Ren's musk has opened the door to many new experiences, such as feeling pins-and-needles in your nostrils for the first time.

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At the end of that first night underneath the poker table, hours into the games, the zebra had finally conquered with a 'Four of a Kind' hand. Conrad was belligerent but accepting of his loss and traded you over to the zebra completely for the remainder of that night. According to rules set between them you were - for that night - the sole property of Ren. He enacts this proudly and literally. Before long you were dragged out from beneath the table and repositioned before the sofa where you would serve as a rug for the black and white beast. Softly creasing soles would curl over the width of your head, pinning you comfortably. Bare toes were dipped into your mouth but you were forbidden from licking, (a torture in itself). The other foot was lowered to your groin which the black bear's paws had originally been keeping warm all night beforehand. He controlled your every thought. Soon the zebra would commanded you sniff vehemently enough that he could feel the air pulling through his toe gaps, while he watched a pre-recorded wrestling show on the television and kept you at bay. Once more according to the prior poker rules Conrad wasn't allowed to put his paws on you yet though this didn't stop him from 'accidentally' walking right over your tender naked torso on his way across the room, while Ren had quickly deviated to the bathroom. That night ended with you tucked in the warm bed of the zebra; his strong tense arm wrapped around you pulling you close while his naked chiselled body rubbed up against you. The feeling of his faintly snoring breaths against your neck made you blush and you caressed a hand down his velvety forearm. The endearing innocence of that moment was interrupted only by the idea that, come sunrise, you'd most likely be his foot slut once again and might be licking your breakfast of his big white soles. At the very least you appreciated being wanted by two different males this way even if it meant you were living a role of enslavement.  
  
This was almost a week ago now. You aren't illegally captive and you aren't on any missing person's lists. The two anthros have made it clear that you've served fair punishment and that the door is always open when you're ready to leave, only you've insisted yourself that there's no rush. In fact, you’ve begged to stay. You've even offered to pay your share of rent to make your accommodation official. Five days have passed since you tried to steal from Conrad but there's been little change in routine otherwise. By day and by night your captors continue to dominate and emasculate you whenever you're lucky to be in their presence. Nights spent sleeping in Ren's bed are always more sensual than sleeping in Conrad's.  
 The irony of inflicting a punishment that the culprit passionately craves is never lost on them though. It would not matter whether you loathed or loved the foot and paw abuse because they enjoy it too momentously to conjure any different style of continued discipline. For the first few days the anthros competed irrelevantly in deciding who gets to dominate you when as their hunger for it overrode their own friendship, though soon they met the civil conclusion that it was easier to share you; to objectify or degrade you together at the same time or just whenever it was easiest.  
  
Tonight is a Friday night - the end of a long, long week - and sitting ahead of you is a tired ursine and equine who in this moment are incredibly grateful to have such a foot-hungry slave like you. You; who won’t flinch at the ghastly musk wafting from their four bare soles and four boots right now, choking the purity from the air all around. You; who is dictated by fetish and is therefore incapable of saying no, even to the most debasing demands.  
  
They sit side by side on the sofa. Evening amber light slips through the opened windows illuminating their beefy soles all stacked alongside one another on the same black footrest.  
 "Ain't no use in wearing socks at the construction site today," Conrad mutters with a subconscious flexing of toes. He sits back with his arms spread along the backrest, unlike Ren who sits with his arms crossed. "It was hotter than hell so I figured I'd spare this bitch the labour of pulling sock lint off my soles all night again."  
 "Mhm. They can probably only ingest so much sock lint in a week anyway," The zebra adds; closing his eyes as a refreshing tongue slurps slowly up his curvaceous sole from heel to toes.  
 "I think different. You're resilient, ain't you? You can swallow all the paw grime and sock lint you want yeah?"  
 You pull your dripping tongue out from the tepid tasteful crevice of zebra toes, (accidentally drooling down the ball of his foot in the process), to look at the bear. As you've grown used to saying very little you don't waste potential foot-licking time by talking. Instead you turn red in the face and nod to his question. He grins widely and you return to lapping at the bottoms of Ren's filthy toes. Fresh from their boots, having endured busy day inside them, the feet and paws of these anthros are sticky with an infused blend of sweat and insole grime. Their odours imitate how they smelt on the first night; cream cheese and pumpkin spice. Your nostrils are buzzing with the zest.  
 "Go on," The zebra mocks, "Lick up my toe cheese! Scrape it all out like it's the best meal ever to touch your tongue. I've got ten toes buddy, that's eight servings of toe gap that you need to clean out. Pronto."  
 Your persistence and pace is especially demanded on a hot day like this when there's nothing better for their soles than a cooling tongue bath. Happily you kneel before their footrest and indulge their desires. Your tongue snakes between every toe wiping up every last parmesan-tasting speck of grime until all that remains is a glossy wet coating of saliva trickling down the foot. When Renaud's feet are this hot the flesh is malleable and soft, as you've come to learn. Your tongue works hard to clean out these gaps and you don't rest until you've moved along and kissed, suckled and slurped every one of them spotless. He rewards you by rubbing his clammy soles up and down your face, groping and shoving your head around between them and leaving warm wet footprints against your cheeks. Though it flies by you spend half an hour on the zebra alone, letting his raunchy feet play with you and cover your airways until you submit and sniff from the depths of his sweaty soles rabidly. After a series of verbal taunts the zebra squeezes your head tight between his feet before shoving you aside, veering your head in the direction of Conrad instead.  
  
"How about you go serve some bear paws for a while eh? You can come back to mine later once they've dried out."  
 "Th-that seems only fair! Thank you," You chime.  
 Conrad smirks at you without pause as you crawl over to his towering fully padded soles that barricade your vision.  
 "Can I lick between your toes too sir?" You ask.  
 "Have you earned the right to?" He responds with a raised brow; his soles an inch away from your face.  
 You simper shyly and say, "I've... I've done my chores today. Washed your socks and scrubbed your other shoes clean."  
 "And what about my gift? Have you been wearing that all day like you promised?"  
You glance down at your bulge feeling the firmness and bend of Conrad's boot insole that cups around your groin, which he'd shoved down your underpants earlier that morning. "Yes sir it's still in there! It’s been rubbing against me all day."  
 "Good. You still ain't gonna lick my toes though. Give it a few days so I can really fester up a good meal for you. Instead you can honour how hard your master works by kissing my soles a hundred times. Go anywhere near my toes and I'll go extra rough on you in bed tonight."  
  
You draw in a shaky breath consequently inhaling his strong unwavering musk. Your lips pucker and lean inwards that final inch closer until you can no longer see past the black bear's feet. His sumptuous pads are so thick, begging to be nuzzled and licked, but you've learnt that when Conrad gives a specific command you had best follow it to the letter. You start kissing both his soles individually counting every kiss and planting your lips randomly to any region of his soles, remembering the warning of course. With every kiss the tip of your nose sinks helplessly into the firm flesh and you can smell the musk right from his pores. The black bear teasingly curls and wriggles his toes making them so alluring despite your restriction to them. Every so often you turn your gaze from one paw to the other and lay down a series of wet horny kisses, each time picking up the faintest taste of salty sweat against your lips. Much like your time spent with the zebra, thirty minutes passes with unrecognizable speed.  
 "Is that enough for now?" Ren asks Conrad who is clearly lost in a dreamy state of mind.  
"Hmm? Ergh sure, fine. I guess the bitch does have to make us dinner sooner or later."  
"Unless we just get take-out delivered? That way we don't have to give up all this loyal worship so soon?"  
 "Smart idea, zebra!" The bear comments, "But it'd be a shame if our boots weren't properly honoured either."  
 A padded paw plunges over your face and shoves you back out of the way. You know exactly what's coming from previous nights' experience. The heavy footrest is dragged away from the sofa clearing the space at their feet. Ren lifts his legs from the floor and Conrad mimics the action, but not until he picks up one of his tan work boots and one of Ren's black boots. He positions them side by side despite being an odd matching, on the floor in front of him. You hear the zebra's sharp whistle and see him pointing to the now empty area of space.  
 "You know what to do," Ren smirks.  
 "A living footstool is always better than an inanimate footstool, after all!" Conrad adds.  
 You sigh and crawl on all fours, turning horizontally as you reach them so the two feet and the two paws - both heavy in their mass - may lower down and prop themselves on top of your naked backside. You have to strengthen your arms to keep yourself balanced, to prevent yourself from collapsing under the weight of their legs, only it's impossible to stay clear-headed when the mismatching pair of boots is sat directly under your face. You can see into both of them, down the dark infernal interiors of the footwear where no innocence or purity exists. The smell carries on the heat rising from each boot. Renaud crosses his feet casually on the small of your back where you feel the weakest. Conrad leaves one paw atop your shoulder plates and rests the other on the dome of your head instantly weighing it straight down. Your face hits the openings of both boots but your nose slips between either of them smelling the leather and construction site sawdust residue instead. The heat of the boots scours your cheeks and clenched-shut eyes instead.  
 "I'll call the pizza place then," Suggests the zebra, already ignoring your existence.  
 "When the delivery guy arrives open the door wide so he can see our new roommate submitting hard under my paws. I want this little prick to be witnessed by someone."  
 "Hah, y'know if he's a horny sub too maybe we'll be giving the delivery guy an image to fap to tonight! He might even want to come back for a closer look," Ren jokes.  
 "Pfft, doesn't matter. There ain't nobody more pathetic and slutty and deserving as our bitch. You hear that bitch? You're all we'll ever need to kiss, rub, lick, sniff and support our feet. Congratulate yourself for that by the way. The fact your even here is all your damn fault."  
 "Mmmhmmph..." You moan wearily, sexually exhausted but still so unequivocally aroused as you nuzzle both the bear's and zebra's stinking over-worn footwear.  
 "Yeah shut up and keep sniffing our boots. You don't get to talk again until we finish our dinner," The bear threatens.  
 Ren moves his feet from being crossed to planting flat on your back connecting them and making friction, while his knees rise and he busies himself with the phone call.

The night from here on out is going to be more of the same already experienced over the past week. You don't know how far these two will go in the future to break you to their will, yet every second is more enjoyable than the last. One thing you do know is that their masculine feet and paws will continue to supply everlasting flavour throughout your time spent living with them. In the end it doesn't matter how potent the musk or how extravagant the humiliation, so long as it never ends you'll remain in a foot fetishist's heaven all because of one failed attempt at indecent, criminal behaviour. This is a heavy punishment... but it's one you'll hope to relive for as long as it’s possible.

**THE END**