**Jaw Strength & Raw Stench**

Synopsis: In a rare turn of events Louis has invited Legoshi to spend the weekend at his private family manor but Legoshi’s dirtiest foot fetishes are confessed. Luckily for him, the handsome deer is more than receptive.

Disclaimer:
–BEASTARS Theme
–Foot Worship
–Musk/Filth/Sweat
–Soft Trample
–Louis Dom
–Legoshi Sub

The vehicle engine hummed lowly to itself only ever deviating its pitch during the shifting of gears. The limousine travelled the winding roads of an affluent neighbourhood turning and gliding over the tarmac frequently like a sleek black eel swimming up a river. Inside, two figures sat across from each other with their conversations kept private from the driver, (shielded behind a tinted partition). One of the figures sat with picturesque posture, his hazel eyes reflecting little more than a calming stare. His antler tips rubbed gently on the ceiling. Opposite him was a very different animal sat with a hunch as his sprawling height did not fit the dimensions of this luxury car. This wolf wore a loose red sweater, blue jeans and large white sneakers to encase his long feet. The deer however flaunted expensive clothing such as a dark green shirt and burgundy suit, though the blazer and tie had already been wrestled free and folded on the seat beside him. With one leg crossed over his knee his precariously displayed foot seemed to fascinate the wolf and guide their gaze. It was hidden white cotton socks and black leather shoes each of exquisite craft and cost, though the larger animal still watched the foot’s direction as if constantly under a spell.

Legoshi stared with a concentrated blankness, showing very little process of emotion but clearly with a head full of racing scrambling thoughts. His mouth felt dry but he couldn’t pull his eyes from Louis' shoe. It tipped and tilted subconsciously, invitingly, dangling off the mantle of Louis' other knee. Was it the polished darkness of the leather? The distinctly sensual shape? The herbivore appendage inside? Either way, he found himself compulsively wondering how that shoe would feel in his mouth. It wasn't uncommon for a predator to ruminate these kinds of thoughts but unlike most in his tribe Legoshi buried them out of reach.

Like all prey animals Louis instinctively observed the behaviour of every predator around him at all times to gauge his own security. He studied Legoshi now by gradually turning his foot to point in one direction before turning it the opposite way, to which the wolf's beady pupils followed seamlessly every time.
 *'Disgusting animal,'* Louis thought silently to himself, suppressing a grimace.
 A part of this deer enjoyed the control he had over Legoshi but likewise it was equally enraging whenever a predator acted submissive because he knew that under their submissiveness there still hid a hungry beastly monster. The creases of anger began to cinch along the deer's muzzle and brow. His teeth gritted before he exhaled away his fiery thoughts and regained composure. Legoshi would only snap from his own gawking trance too when the vehicle drove over a speed bump.

Panicked and disoriented, the wolf suddenly looked up. He blushed and he rubbed the side of his neck into a scruffy state. He saw those handsome brooding eyes glaring back in his direction.
 "Where did you go? I lost you for a moment there," Louis muttered.
 "Oh, uh, hm?" Legoshi stammered for thought, trying to buy himself time to think of an excuse.
 With his brow rising suspiciously, Louis responded, "What is it, Legoshi? Spit it out. Are you nervous about seeing my home for the first time? I already told you not to be nervous, my father is away for the weekend on Horns related business so you shouldn’t have any reason to feel intimidated. Unless you have something else on your mind...?"
 A wholesome heartfelt smile from the wolf could not hide his private fixations. He decided to cover with a white lie. "I was staring at your shoes; they're... just so shiny. The light from the sunroof keeps reflecting off them and catching my eye."

Anyone experienced enough in the observation of predator behaviour would know immediately that the wolf was lying, although Louis chose not to address the fabrication immediately because for now it gave him more power to lord over his friend. Instead he smirked and extended that suspended leg forward into the wolf's general region, causing their fluffy teal and cream face to sear into a bright pink. At first Louis aimed his shoe in between the parted lanky legs and silently, smugly, threatened to rub the black sole up against their groin but in the last possible moment before any bulge-squishing contact could commence he lifted his foot higher and wavered it around under Legoshi's chin. The canine stiffened like a stone sculpture. His heart felt like it too had paused in fright.
 "You're really that interested? Pft, then be my guest. Have a closer look," Louis insisted.
 Bashfully – and with some shortness of breath – Legoshi wrapped his large hands around the deer's warm brown ankle, pushing up the trouser leg to bare the shin while the edge of a white sock nestled against his hand. The atmosphere inside the car felt untreatably heavy with tension. Louis never stopped staring while the wolf held his foot and stared down into its smooth shapely features. He was astounded to be so close to such a precious item, from a friend so dear.

"They're shiny because they're clean, you idiot. Some of us take great pride in appearances," Louis stated. "Clean enough you could even eat from them... if you were that freaky."
 This remark made Legoshi gulp. He subtly lowered his head, not to look demure but to get his lips closer to the toe tip of the footwear wishing that he could kiss it in reverence. Those long wolf fingers tightened their grip around the ankle, almost strangling the deer's leg.
 It made Louis' skin prickle. He hated feeling trapped by a carnivore, unable to escape, so he played into the wolf's obvious fetish to regain dominance. "You want to know how my shoes look this spotless?"
 Legoshi nodded quietly, almost hiding behind the shoe to avoid direct eye contact.
 "I was approached in the corridors one day by a twitchy ocelot, some nobody loser from Cherryton, who begged to lick my shoes. I was repulsed by his forwardness but had a dinner party to attend that evening with very little time left to polish them myself. He had the jitteriness of someone in meat withdrawal but I figured he’d only taste dirt on my shoes so it wouldn’t trigger any dangerous impulses in him. Turns out he was more interested in licking the footwear than he was in chewing deer. I didn’t want him to feel too special though so I threw him some petty cash and called him a whore, once he’d slurped off every last speck. He seemed to like that even more. It's amazing what some predators will do just to sate their filthy desires."
 "R-really? You actually paid him for that?" Legoshi's body wanted to salivate desperately now but internally he denied it, repressing any notion or insinuation of a 'hungry predator'.
 Louis' smirk was warm but the tint in his eyes was cold. "Now that I’ve come to understand some predators just fetishize herbivores like me, I realize that I know someone else who fits that description..."

The wolf had waded too deep in his hormones to pull himself back to dry land, so when the deer taunted his sensitivities by pushing the very tip of their shoe under his snout Legoshi succumbed and submerged into a stupor. With red-hot cheeks and flittering eyelids he let the leathery end of Louis' shoe push upon his nostrils and playfully smudge them into the tough materials. The flat black sole covered his drooling lips and chin too and his grasp around the ankle weakened despite the tension in his hands.
 The handsome deer sat at their end of the limo leg fully extended and raised up to the hunching canine's face. Louis may have appeared calmer but his breath toiled heavy inside him, too. That wolf possessed some strange alluring aura of meek subservience which Louis was excited to exploit. This was symbolic of true power and distinction. Legoshi was under his possession, and his direction, completely.

"Don't pull away," The deer commanded. "I want you to sit there in temptation... knowing that a proud species like you has a herbivore's foot on your face. It makes you feel something inside, doesn't it? Like heat in your veins? Stiffening muscles? An unusual sloshing in your belly? That's your body trying to understand your fetish. You predators are such sensory based creatures this probably feels ten times stronger for you than it does for me, so, naturally you submit a lot quicker. Blink if I'm getting this right."
 The wolf obediently blinked several times over; his nostrils flaring to smell the crisp leather and shoe polish. The more he inhaled the more his eyelids dipped while his jaw started to slack and provide an aqueduct for his drool to drip. Several droplets even pattered on the vehicle floor.
 The two sat with a locked gaze. Legoshi was patiently waiting for permission to worship the footwear while Louis was enjoying the sight of such a regressed animal panting at the end of his leg. He let them stew in desire a moment longer before he said, "It's probably better that you're this subservient considering our destination. House rules after all. It's tradition that we never allow a carnivore into our home unless they are there for ‘servile’ purposes."

After a boastful pause Louis finally sat back and waved his hand in a lazed gesture blessing the wolf with his authority. "Lick my shoe. Go on. Show me how weak and pathetic you are against your own self-restraint."
 Appreciatively Legoshi complied, confessing every pent-up primal desire through a flurry of hasty short licks each focused around the end of the sole. Dark wet trails ran flat up the sole before he curved his tongue and angled his head to run a dewy salivated slurp around the bending tip, picking up minute dust motes on his taste buds from the deeper recesses of stitching. The wolf moaned in hapless lust. His jaw trembled as the shoe was shoved in under his top lip probing the inside of his steamy mouth where strands of gleaming clean saliva dripped and soaked over the leather. He closed his mouth around it gently sinking his teeth over the entire toe cap until indentations were formed in its soft leather top.
 The furs on the back of Louis' neck stood when he saw the end of his foot now lost from sight, entombed in maw, as if being devoured gently. Still however he had invested all his trust that Legoshi would keep sucking and licking instead of biting down with those thick white fangs. The investment paid off. The wolf was too careful and cautious even in this storm of hormones to ever hurt his friend. When the leather squeaked in his vice-like toothy grip he relaxed his jaw and instead covered the shoe's end with his lips suckling it wet. The scene was reminiscent of a Cherryton memory where the deer aggressively shoved his hands inside Legoshi's mouth inspecting his teeth, only now the deer was doing this with his foot.

***\*Clonk!\****
 The limousine drove over another speed bump this time jolting the two animals enough that Louis' foot shoved deeper into the wolf's mouth gagging him and stretching his jaw to capacity. The sounds of mouthy gargling chokes were noises of delight and surprise.
 ***\*Schlllurp!\****
 The deer retracted his foot out pulling it back into plain sight only now with a heavy gleaming glaze of saliva. Legoshi gulped a breath of air before diving back into the sole rubbing his muzzle against its earthy tasting surface a second time. He slurped with longer more attentive strokes mopping every perceivable surface from the heel up to the tip. For the next few minutes conversation was halted and replaced only by the sounds of tongue-bathing.

Finally the limousine turned into a private avenue slowly passing through a set of large opulent gates. The road turned from tarmac to gravel for the short remainder of time until the car slowly braked to a stop. Legoshi - still holding the deer's leg in his hands - looked up with startled awareness. His lips and chin were damp in saliva.
 Louis smirked and yanked his foot out of their grip lowering it back to the floor where it contrasted against his other unattended shoe, clearly in need of a similar worship too. "This is only a taste of things to come. Just wait until we get inside..."

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Followed by the lanky wolf and all his curious inclinations, the young deer strolled towards the mansion stepping on the crunchy ground as they approached a set of large double doors. Sensing floral hints in the air, Legoshi sniffed until his powerful nose detected the fragrance of rose gardens nearby. He realized he'd never even seen his friend's private home before, yet now it towered over him with daunting appeal; a house of wealthy gesture that belittled him even more.
 The doors were opened from within as Louis approached; held each by two light brown bucks wearing stoic expressions, black suits and black sunglasses. They were silent guards but still receptive of their boss, however their sleek bodies stiffened when Legoshi sauntered in through the doors afterwards. Evidently the presence of predators in this stately estate unnerved them greatly. One guard would stifle a sweating brow as the wolf walked directly into their personal space, outmatching their height, hunching over them, yet lowering down to greet them face to face. In all innocence, Legoshi was merely inspecting his reflection in the buck's sunglasses but he was close enough that his warm breath fused with the nervous animal’s.

"Oh uh, sorry, hello, my name is Legoshi. You don't have to be nervous about me," The wolf said unexpectedly grabbing the sweaty palm of this guard’s hand, shaking it against their will. The second guard watched attentively whereas Louis simply rolled his eyes in annoyance.
 "Come away from them, you fool," Louis grumbled. "Remember what I'd mentioned during the drive over here? This house has certain protocols to follow... mainly that predators aren't allowed in these walls very often. If you don't want to startle anybody you'll need to show complete tamed subservience."
 With wide eyes and pinpoint pupils Legoshi looked back over his shoulder wondering what he can do to appease this rule.
 Louis answered for him before he could ask the question. "You need to take my shoes off, Legoshi. Right here in the lobby. It shows trust and a willingness to obey. Do it and nobody will see you as a threat."

The docile predator was happy to comply if it would truly put everybody at ease, so he approached his cervine friend and knelt down at their feet feeling the familiar drum beat of his heart once again. The foyer of the mansion fell quiet as Legoshi suffused his large spanning hands over the tops of Louis' black dress shoes. With pinching fingers Legoshi dragged and unravelled the laces one at a time. He was all too aware that his muzzle lingered near the deer's crotch and the subtle inhales of Louis' body odour become more frequent as the shoes loosened, gaping now at the leathery lips surround the deer's ankles. Without once changing his expression Louis placed a hand atop Legoshi's head for balance and slowly - in a tantalising manner - pulled his foot freely out of the shoe's hot confines.

As if lost in another trance Legoshi reached out and tucked his hand shyly underneath the deer's foot longing for a touch of their white sock. The deer reciprocated the sexual tension and stepped onto his beckoning palm, subtly nestling the width of his foot against the bluish grey fur. Confidently he rubbed in his scent so that it would stay wafting on the wolf's hand. Legoshi curled his long fingers around the appendage one last time before releasing the leg. Louis set his socked foot back to the floor looking down to see the strawberry blush in the predator's cheeks.
 Louis then whispered a private command so quietly that it could only be heard by Legoshi alone. "Go on. Sniff your hand."
 The surface-level dominance in Louis' voice was irresistible. Legoshi put his own hand, (marked in deer B.O), up to his face and inhaled a dizzying aura of odours that only his sensitive snout could truly understand. It was so sensitive, in fact, that he could smell the faintest traces of linen and washing powder from the last time Louis had washed his socks... nine days ago at the very least, judging by the humid staleness and pungent whiffs dominating the flavour.
 The two security guard bucks were only able to see the hunched backside of the house guest but still they passed each other a glance and an empty shrug.
 "Good boy," Louis whispered, softly patting his friend's head. Those two sacred words were enough to trigger a jubilant swaying and swishing of the canine's tail that swept the floor behind him. In the distraction Louis yanked free his other foot from its footwear doubling the body warmth he was already producing into the air, leaving both shoes vacant on the floor between him and Legoshi.

"Sir, would you prefer to leave your shoes here beside the door?" One buck asked to his boss.
 Louis shook his head, hiding an encroaching smirk. "It's not necessary. My friend here will carry them to my room for me. Won't you, Legoshi?"
 "Mhm!" The wolf rushed to agree, as if this deer now had the power to sap every last drop of his integrity.
 Before rising back to his veering height the wolf scooped up both shoes into his arms and hugged them to his chest, against his pounding heart. Their rich warmth spilled against him and made him long for a private interaction.

Swiftly the two had begun making their way through the mansion and its gilded, regal decor. Legoshi wandered behind Louis again as they passed from room to room and ascended a grand curving staircase. At first Legoshi was simply but nervously clutching the dress shoes in his hands, trying not to think about the high temperatures and coercive smells inside their black baked interiors. Louis' socks produced little noise on the wood veneer flooring other than hushed thuds. The wolf's ears twitched with every footfall.
 "You like the smell of my feet," Louis stated. This was not a question, merely fact. Legoshi had nothing to rebuttal back so Louis continued to speak. "I'm impressed you've been able to hide it for so long. After all those drama club sessions you've seen me change out of my workout shoes plenty of times but I don’t recall ever seeing your perversions back then."
 Shamefully Legoshi remembered the many occasions where he’d stayed behind long after everybody had left the locker rooms, only for the secret sake of covertly opening Louis's locker. Without any witnesses present he’d enjoy a passionate sniffing of their sneakers and rehearsal socks, (much unbeknownst to the deer himself). He didn’t want to anger them with this admittance, hence his silence lingered.

"Anyway, now that we're in my domain where herbivores possess all the authority I know I can have my fun with you," Louis threatened smugly, strolling ahead down the long corridor without looking back.
 "Like... what fun?"
 "Like you putting one of my shoes in your mouth and carrying it by your teeth until we get to my room. You were practically chewing it back in the car and don’t deny it. If you're going to behave like such a dog then that's how I'll treat you."

Though bashful in his motions Legoshi did not hesitate to lift one shoe to his muzzle where he was mugged by the dark wide oval opening; the gateway to the shoe's tremendously raunchy interior that set his sensitive nostrils ablaze. The smell was just like burnt toast and crispy parmesan cheese, festered into the leathery walls and burnished turquoise insole. The fumes were so alluring that coloured spots glittered in the wolf's peripheral vision.
 While holding the shoe in front of his face he had blocked his own vision of the hallway ahead but a scuffing was heard the moment he was rendered vulnerable. Suddenly a small hand clutched the front of his sweater and aggressively shoved him backwards, pushing him into the corridor wall with a loud thunk! The deer's other hand moved fast to push flat upon the shoe sole and force it over his friend's face, never relenting on the pressure even when the shoe was cosily stuffed to the brim with their muzzle.

Adrenaline coursed through Louis's veins as he pinned the captive wolf against the wall forcefully making them sniff from his shoe. Their bodies were pressed warmly together. Legoshi's long legs had bent inward and spread awkwardly as the herbivore overpowered him so effortlessly. His back throbbed lightly from the impact with the wall but secretly he enjoyed this. With every inhale his nostrils sucked out the stench from that worn dress shoe. His world spun faster consequently until he was too dizzy to fathom his luck. Here the stink of parmesan swabbed the rims of his nostrils leaving a vivid imprint on his memory! Legoshi whined happily though the sound was muffled by shoe insulation.

The bags under Louis' eyes seemed darker and full of brooding control. "Carnivores with sympathy for herbivores is a noble thing," Louis derided, "But you're not noble. You're just a carnivore who's so scared of themselves you're letting yourself get dominated by me. I know you have the strength to fight me off but you just won't. You love this. You want to feel helpless and used so you can prove to yourself that you’re harmless, right? Well I’m not going to waste the chance. I’ll make you feel as used as an old sock if I have to."
 Legoshi's panicked eyes stared into the hazel gaze of the deer which never broke their concentration on him nor would they blink during this confrontation. He nodded in defeat, moving the faceful of shoe in tandem. His muzzle cramped into its confines barely fitting and pushing the leather in restraint. That turquoise insole smeared against his mouth and snout letting him smooch its rolling grooves and damp indented fabric. All he could breathe was a vulgar distilled odour and every moment was heaven incarnate.

Louis glared sharply to the right upon hearing a door open and close further down the corridor. A moose butler left from one room and calmly strode into another, never noticing the two animals and their torrid predicament.
 The presence of this staff member had at least reminded Louis to collect himself before making too public a scene. He backed away from his friend releasing their sweater which had already bunched into red ripples where Louis was previously clenching the cotton. Legoshi helped guide the dress shoe off his muzzle when Louis stepped back but in compliance with an earlier demand he fixed the shoe's opening between his jaws and secured it in his mouth letting the entire footwear dangle heavily over his chin. It was held in place only between the wolf's lips and teeth, clutched by its heel. Behind the shoe Legoshi smiled and blushed jubilantly which made the skinny deer smirk once again.
 Louis folded his arms. "You’re well behaved, I’ll give you that." He then turned and strolled further down the corridor once again padding the floor softly with his socked feet. With one shoe in hand and the other in his mouth Legoshi followed in his wake, like an obedient pet.

The two animals would soon enter Louis's bedroom; a lofty expanse decorated in beautiful furnishings and gaudy brilliance. Ornate oil paintings of other prideful herbivores framed the walls; their stoic gazes speaking of a bygone decadence.
 "Drop my shoes over there by that chair," Louis directed.
 Legoshi - with his tail wagging no less - unhinged his jaw until a partially chewed and slobbered shoe tumbled loudly to the floor in front of a fancy chair and monstera plant. He dropped the other shoe nearby and looked back to the cervine with his innocent demeanour.
 "Uh... Oh. I’ve forgotten to take off my own shoes, I'm sorry for the disrespect," He quietly apologised.

While standing upright the lanky lupine hunched and balanced on one leg ready to remove his white sneakers one after the other. Louis watched closely, narrowing his eyes as he saw the large sneaker yank away from a long foot of scruffy teal fur, bony toes and sharp claws. Noticeably the wolf wore no socks which would explain the sticky caramel popcorn smell infiltrating the air so suddenly. This shoe also thumped to the floor but Legoshi wouldn't lower his foot until he had finished flexing his toes rigorously, hoping to himself that he could air out the toe gaps without appearing rude.
 Just as the second shoe plucked off the other foot Louis chimed in with a new humiliating instruction. "Sniff your own shoe. I want to see how loyal you really are to my demands."

The now barefoot Legoshi looked startled but showed little reluctance. His chest was pumping with excited breaths when he lifted his sizeable sneaker close to his muzzle and took a series of light inquisitive sniffs. The smell was very familiar to him as his own body odour; one smelt so very often as he had rarely worn socks with these shoes. The warm fumes escaped the sneaker opening and teased his nostrils with their sweet flavour but were hardly as glorious as the deer’s. He blushed at the fondness he felt for his own footwear stink before setting it down to the floor.

An amused Louis grinned at the sight. "You didn't even flinch. If you’re that used to it I’m surmising that you sniff your own shoes all the time. I'd imagine this is refreshing to worship my feet for a change."
 Legoshi nodded. His cheeks were almost as red as his sweater. "What else should I do, Louis?"
 Louis licked his lips and stared down the wolf's body. Those baggy clothes hung off him softly, as if made for an animal even larger than he. Two clawed feet stuck out from beneath the blue jeans leggings, pressing their heat into the carpet. He couldn’t deny the admission that his friend was adorably naïve and innocent… but this didn’t diminish the desire to overpower them.
 "If you really want to be tamed and domesticated by a prey animal... if you really want to feel lower than me... then I have to treat you like my personal carpet. So get on the floor and lay flat, pervert. Your kind has walked over my kind for centuries now it's my turn to show you how that feels."

Enthusiastically the wolf pulled off his sweater desperate to feel the deer walk on his bare torso. He then positioned himself low to the ground, eventually lying down after Louis tossed him a red cushion to rest his head upon.
 Legoshi had never felt so diminished and nervous around his friend before. This time he felt like prey, vulnerably sprawled on his back awaiting his trample lesson. Louis basked in his sovereignty while he walked around the wolf's body in slow contemplative paces until finally stopping between their parted legs. Louis stared up the long gangly body to the blushing fluffy face at the end.
 "You're dying for me to step on your groin, aren't you?"
 Legoshi nodded rapidly, too ashamed to utter a word.

It happened in an instant. Suddenly with no further prelude, a warm weighty foot struck onto the wolf's groin covering the entire shape quickly under its sleek sole, rocking their entire body with a violent jolt. Legoshi whined happily and closed his eyes. All he could focus on was the heat radiating through the bottom of Louis's cloud-soft sock. His jeans protected him from feeling the truly pleasurable smoothness of its cotton but he was grateful nonetheless.
 "Don't mind me if I feel overcome by the urge to wipe my feet on you," Louis teased, showing a rare slyness and lack of empathy. "That's just what happens whenever I look down and see a doormat like you."

Legoshi shuddered. The socked appendage demonstrated the issued threats by pressing in forcefully and dragging backwards, swiftly guiding the heel off his groin into the gap between his thighs with arch and ball and toes following thereafter. The motions were rough and scuffing; deliberately jostling the crotch within through a series of grinds and rubs. Stilted grunts murmured out from the wolf who struggled to stay quiet.

When Louis had wiped his foot straight down off the groin he wasted no time in returning it directly back on top of its hardening bump, purposely making the poor canine squirm and shiver. With every dopamine inducing stroke and swipe Legoshi drooled more or panted louder. He craved to have those white socks pressing on his physical body but the deer still effectively toyed with him even through his denim pants. Gently toes curled and pinched over any creases it could find in the denim plucking at the material though the foot which he would feel mildly against his genitals beneath. It was only when the groin began rising and hardening into a summit that Louis stopped using the region as his personal doormat.
 The deer was experimenting, using Legoshi like a test subject, trying - with ease - to reduce this large predator into a puddle of pitiable servitude. For this ambition Louis would have to continually disrespect his friend until he could eventually claim ownership of their willpower.

Legoshi wheezed sharply when without any warning Louis walked up onto his crotch with both feet at once squeezing flat the rigid bulge under his full body weight. Sensitive anatomy was quickly suppressed below the two cumbersome soles. Legoshi's breaths bounded from his gaping mouth in short impatient gasps while he stared down his body and saw ten rounded toe bumps concealed in white fabric, all scrunching into his abdomen. Louis' weight sunk deeper inward until at last he decided to stroll forward and intentionally trample the wolf's torso next.
 Perhaps the airy lightness of this skinny animal wasn't a surprise, though Legoshi still winced and splayed all fingers and toes each time another organ was trodden over during Louis' gradual approach. Their footfalls still drove down into his teal and cream fur ploughing the lushness flat into sweaty matted footprint shapes… but their light impacts prevented any expected pain at least.
 The deer's weight only felt more palpable when Louis halted in the middle of Legoshi's comfortably malleable torso. He'd stopped his momentum directly over the wolf's stomach where the surface was still squishy and warm and enjoyable to tread over, (whereas the ribcage would have been too firm and rugged beneath his soles to properly enjoy). The choice to stand atop the stomach of a carnivore was especially symbolic for him.

Legoshi gulped a mouthful of saliva and stared dreamily up at the herbivore using him like a rug. He lay back panting quietly awaiting their commands. Louis raised his left foot and craned it over the wolf's muzzle blessing them with a complete view of his sock sole, daring their arousal with the sights of those doughy soft contours and curves and shapes that form his delectable foot. Light brownish-yellow shades had stained the underside spreading into a distinctive footprint imprint over the fuzzy cotton, ruining the starch white tones with the signs of neglect. The grated parmesan and burnt toast stench almost seemed to trickle down through the air and invade the wolf’s nostrils.
 In their usual graceful vigour, Louis’ toes began to spread and shift and roll in gentle ebbs inside the sock manipulating their cottony veil into a series of folds and ripples. Speechlessly the wolf watched them; his belly aching from the puncturing weight of the deer who was concurrently standing on the one leg. He had to clench his eyes to ignore the thickening lust and hunger scorching through his veins.

Louis could hear the wolf trying to sniff the passage of air between his sole and their snout but he refused to lower his foot until they had earned this reward. They reduced to quivering and salivating again the moment one specific word was sternly uttered; “Beg.”
 Through whines and inhales Legoshi – swimming in blush – pleaded for degradation. “Ngh, p-please, Louis, your foot is driving my nose wild please, please step on me!”
 “What do you want to do when my foot covers your snout?”
 “I… I want to huff it, badly! Sniff every last whiff! I really, really need this I’ve never felt so crazy about anything before! Please stand on my face! I won’t care if it hurts, I promise!”
 The smirking deer lowered his foot carefully until the convex plumpness of its ball almost nearly brushed the front of the wolf’s snout… except the foot swerved a few inches upwards again prompting a desperate whimper from below. Legoshi had tried to rummage his muzzle into its centreline crease but had missed by a fraction of space before it tauntingly rose out of reach. Meanwhile Louis’ other foot continued to drive and tunnel into his stomach, condensing the patch of matted fur beneath.
 Louis let out a quiet chuckle of cruel amusement as he continually lowered his foot into nuzzling reach and then repeatedly lifted it faster than the wolf could react. Legoshi’s face felt hotter than fondue. His jawline was dripping in saliva. During one of the foot’s retractions he had even lightly bit at the empty air hoping to snag one of the sock’s thick ripples in his teeth, had he not missed once again. He would mutter pleas and whisper hushed beggary.

Finally the deer stopped playing with his ‘prey’ and kept his foot raised one last time, this time with intention. “Look at you, you’re a mess… a freak… but I’ll throw you a bone. I won’t even waste my time wearing socks because frankly the best way to put you in your place is to trample your face with my bare feet alone.”

Legoshi’s eyes glittered like a sunlit ocean and he nodded aggressively, though Louis could barely see his face beneath his raised leg. Louis managed to balance on the one leg and reach down simultaneously to wrench his sock down over the ankle. He pushed at its wrinkling rim until it slid over his heel and exposed the breadth of light brown sole for the first time that evening. Temptation struck the wolf like lightning. He wanted to howl but repressed it fast so that the house staff would not be alarmed and spoil the moment. Inch by inch the sock was pulled off the foot, slowly exposing more of that succulent sole and all its soft fleshy creases.
 When the sock was half-way removed, Louis stared down on Legoshi and debased him with a simple reminder. “Every animal around is going to smell my herbivore footprints all over you, for a good few days at least. Everyone will know exactly what kind of pervert you are.”

With barely a sound to escort its departure, Louis curled his fingers over his own toes and hastily yanked off the last half of sock which he tossed carelessly on the ground amongst the other various footwear but what remained in sight some inches above Legoshi’s face was a mesmeric buffet of supple brown toes and hot smooth foot flesh. The skin was brushed in a light shine of perspiration. The margins of the sole were adorned in compounds of damp lint and dark edible filth. The throbbing erection between Legoshi’s legs could not grow any harder in its denim prison despite its desperate intentions to tear through the peak of the tough material when he watched the toes flaring out above him, presenting four chasm gaps each wide enough to clutch a nose between them.
 Legoshi’s brain was trapped in suspension, unable to deliver him information or responses. He could simply lay there in stunned silence and watch the deer drop that irresistible leg down on his face with a wet slap of sound! He found the end of his muzzle already entrenched in the deer’s deep arch before he could shake from his fugue state. His nose and mouth pushed hard into such comforting heats and such tart musk. The heel pushed under his chin below and the ball clamped over his brown nose. The foot wrapped him, ensconced him, like a ball in a catcher’s mitt. When he sniffed straight from the heavenly source his vision was flooded with new ethereal colours. The sole was slippery with sweat from top to bottom. The toe gaps touching the top of his muzzle were black with sour treats this wolf wished he could lick out immediately. He had never belonged anywhere as much as he did in this prostrate position with a herbivore standing on his stomach and mouth; the two most infamous parts of any carnivore anatomy.

Legoshi felt a light scrubbing and kicking against his torso, which he soon discovered was the deer filing his other sole against him until it had loosened and become baggy over the foot, (without Louis needing to bend over and manually tug it free). This meant the deer could still gradually remove his other sock after enough rigorous shunting against the wolf’s ribs. After several long minutes of this the sock was finally shaken off the end of Louis’ foot and left lying on his torso. In all that time Legoshi’s reality had been constantly warped with the huffs and gargles of pure venison musk. The toes did not un-clench from his muzzle and the arch forced itself flat on his lips forcing him to breath from its short velvety surface. His eyes had been bulging for so long they were dewy at the tear ducts. He couldn’t help himself. He was victim to his own powerful senses; addicted to theses male pheromones which controlled him more than the perfumes Haru had worn the first time they met.

Louis’s roguish smirk returned when he stared down on them and saw the fog in Legoshi’s unfocused eyes. “Heh. You’ve got it bad, Legoshi. I don’t know how you’ll ever survive without my feet constantly in your face, once you leave this house. You’ll try to sniff your own shoes again to remember this day but we both know you’ll never be satisfied unless I’m on top of you.”
 Nothing but a longing moan of acceptance was responded into the foot sole.
 “As for me, I’m having quite the time up here,” The deer teased. “But one foot doesn’t seem right… maybe I’ll try for two.”
 Before the wolf could even murmur another oppressed noise, he slid his sweaty appendage aside off the front of the muzzle and instead plastered the side of Legoshi’s face entirely underfoot. Their right eye was covered rendering them with only half his usual vision. Legoshi shuddered when the toes scaled over his facial features on the one side and settled on his forehead as warm as porridge. A glimmer of foot sweat and linty residue was however left upon their snout as a souvenir of the first step taken with Louis’ bare feet.

Once a stable balance was achieved Louis transferred his right foot now too all the way from the wolf’s stomach to the last remaining half of his face still visible. This was not an easy process as the wolf’s head was suddenly more difficult to stand over with only one foot. Louis wobbled and swayed in those brief seconds until he could plant his right foot down onto the solid, fluffy surface of carnivore skull. Only then did he finally feel accomplished. Here he was; once a frail and scared product of the Back Alley Market, now a successful surviving adult cockily trampling over the very species of animal he had once felt so oppressed by.
 Louis stood atop the predator patiently absorbing this pride and accomplishment, caring only slightly for the structural integrity of the wolf skull sinking face-first into both his bare soles. He knew Legoshi was safe. He could even feel the shape of their lips curving into a giddy smile beneath his two meaty heels. If this were any other carnivore Louis wouldn’t have any sympathy or compassion and would delight in stomping them underfoot for the sake of poetic justice. However he knew the wolf was different from the others and didn’t deserve any such pain. That wouldn’t convince the deer to step off their face any time soon, though.

“Just because I’m being gentle with you it doesn’t mean I’m just going to stand here like some boring figurine,” Louis spoke down to the shapely presence below, hearing and feeling their heaving breaths against his soles. The pointy tufts of teal coloured fur stuck out in view from beneath the sides of each foot, yet beyond this there was no other visibility of Legoshi’s face.
 He not only kept this promise, he exacted it immediately. Louis started to knead the skull slowly using intermittent see-sawing transitions of all his body weight which would lean into one leg before leaning to the other. Each channel of pressure would squash the respective foot more firmly into that side of Legoshi’s face until his eye and cheek bone ached in compression. For the deer this process felt very much like trying to peddle a bicycle through thick knee-high mud. His steps were slow and calculated smothering that fifty percent of wolf head one after the other, time and time again, until the wolf’s lips were pulled into a toothy grimace and grunts of fetishized discomfort would faintly resound beneath the deer’s heels.
 “Like I said before,” Louis warned mid-trample, “Our entire society is built of animals with strong noses like yours. I doubt you’ll be able to face a single person without them knowing straight away that you slut yourself out for deer feet. Your canine friends will definitely track the stink the moment they see you. But smell is only part of all the evidence, isn’t it? I think I can make it more obvious if I knead on your face long enough to leave tarry black footprints. That way nobody will ever be confused about your… deviancy… again.”
 Louis looked up and twitched one ear, listening for that specific muffled moan of horny pleasure below before he grinned to himself.
 “Heh,” He snickered, “Maybe my feet aren’t that dirty today but mark my words Legoshi, one day I’m going to mark your face in footprints so dark and thick you’ll have to take several baths to scrub your fur clean. I’ll do it even if I have to walk home barefoot through the city streets then stand in a patch of mud, before I take a nice long stroll over your face.”

Legoshi gargled happily. His mouth was too full of drool and the two heels propped heavily on his muzzle were too condensing to let him speak a single coherent word. Perhaps he needn’t say a word regardless considering that his stiff, paralyzed crotch said more than his mouth ever could. Nevertheless he grunted each and every time the deer’s weight shifted left to right or back again, constantly treading his face flat and branding him in their muggy hot prints. In the few seconds that each side of his face was victimized he would feel every bone and muscle compact beyond what he thought he could ever tolerate.

Though neither animal had realized, an entire half hour of constant facial massaging via barefoot kneading had occurred before Louis changed his position and decided to turn 90 degrees to the side, where he would tread and subsequently squash Legoshi’s head onto its side too forcing its right half into the red cushion. Both two feet were now turned and standing atop the left-most half of Legoshi’s face, crushing down and plastering across the width of his head. His neck felt twisted at first but the wolf was at least given the liberty to roll his body on its side as well, feeling the carpet of Louis’ bedroom bristle underneath him.
 When his vision returned from a deep black spotty haze the wolf realized he could see out of one eye at long last. His muzzle was also freed from the pressure and smothering that had previously consumed his ability to speak or breathe cleanly. Despite his unwavering love for Louis’s B.O, Legoshi couldn’t resist his own body’s need for inhaling fresh untainted air at last.
 The transition to this new pose was roughly handled and hardly comfortable, but still worth the world to the horny wolf. Until today he had never had anyone’s feet near his face, now he had spent much of the afternoon lying beneath his favourite pair. In this new position Louis’s heels were sunken over the back edge of his head while his cheek, temple and jaw were altogether paved under those frequently warm soft soles. The left foot in particular was rubbing back and forth along his jaw bone grooving a deep lengthy crease into its own arch. The big toe would glide along his lips during this process, using its digit to coerce the lips into parting slowly and exposing the drool-soaked teeth within. Legoshi lay immobile on his side feeling the comfort of the pillow to his right and the pleasure of the two feet to his left, each one sandwiching his head in the middle.

“You shouldn’t have waited so long to show this side of yourself, Legoshi. I think I would’ve enjoyed rubbing my feet in your face back at Cherryton, disgracing you in front of all our peers. There wouldn’t have been a soul in the school that wouldn’t recognize you as the lame wolf who only lives to be at herbivore feet. That was your opportunity to be mocked and belittled everywhere, probably luring some of the meatheads like Bill to shove their feet in your face too, for a laugh. Oh well. It’s better that I have you all to myself nowadays. With this privacy I can treat you as disrespectfully as I want without tarnishing my reputation,” Louis said, flexing one set of toes over the end of Legoshi’s chin while curling the other set over their forehead, keeping their skull pinned down.

The larger animal couldn't move under all that pressure he could only withstand it and enjoy the soft spongy smoothness of Louis' two soles pampering his head. While lying on his side he would lay atop his right arm causing it to gradually tingle and turn numb; similar to the sensation in his cheek and jaw bone currently. He would realize too that Louis was not content to simply stand on his head; that Louis would instead rather knead this portion of his skull through a series of humiliating tramples and pats and wipes each one imprinting his fur with faint grimy footprints. The wolf flinched and gasped every time one of the feet peeled upwards and thumped back down into his shaggy teal fur. The impacts time and time again vibrated his skull and made him clench his teeth reflexively. Inch by inch Legoshi's mouth began opening and gaping and filling at one side with bunches of pillow fabric, (as a response to the soft harmless stamping of feet). Frequently after each footfall an entire set of toes might scrunch the wolf's muzzle, splay over his temple or chin, or flatten over his left eye.

With his head turned on such an acute angle the wolf could see the series of socks and shoes, including his own sneakers, sprawled across the bedroom floor close by. The socks had been thrown by Louis and landed facedown, displaying their upturned and stained undersides with raunchy footprints grilled into their once-white cotton. The mere sight kept him stimulated and stiff between the legs. As an added bonus, between the footfalls Legoshi could still smell his friend's unforgettable odour in short but satisfying whiffs. This allowed his cheeks to stay ignited in their bright blush constantly and productively warming Louis’ feet.

Finally the treading came to a stop and the deer sighed in relief, having felt nourished by his abuse and emasculation of the predator animal. He smirked down on his fluffy doormat, squeezing tufts of their bluish-grey fur between his toes.
 "Are you starting to understand how it feels to be someone else's property, Legoshi?"
 "Mhmghh!" The wolf half-gargled through his throbbing, trodden jaw between heavy breaths.
 "And you aren't put off? You're still obedient to me even though I get my kicks trampling that thick empty skull of yours?"
 "Mm! Mhm!"
 Louis did not respond after this. Instead he smiled and breathed a long exhale through his nostrils. Nonchalantly he slid his left foot over the gap of Legoshi's mouth and fidgeted the foot into its opening, prying the jaws more until his heel and arch was wedged into that wet hot mouth space squashing the jaw in the process. Fangs lubricated in drool sunk against his sole flesh pushing it into a pattern of creases, wrinkles and indents. He ignored the mouthy fragmented moans from below until the foot was rightly adjusted into place. Almost immediately, the slicked edge of a long pink tongue rubbed into his sole and emboldened his ego.
 "Yeah… you know exactly what to do," The deer insisted, seeing that the wolf was looking up at him despite his head being so aggressively pinned to one side. Their eye was bulged. There was a look of plea in their small black pupil and heavy eye bags.

Because of his pose and position Legoshi could not lick the foot with sufficient ease. He blindly angled his tongue and strained it around struggling to work it into each grimy ripple of arch. His licking efforts were therefore less effective but he only cared about Louis' needs in this moment. In weak strokes and wet slaps his tongue fell limply against the arch and slurped, dripping in saliva, trying his best to wash away the dark film of any sweaty foot dirt he could access. The taste quickly reminded him of salted caramel.
 "Come on, is that all you can do?" Louis reprimanded, tipping forward his other foot over the wolf's forehead so he could scrub their brow underfoot in harsh fast rubs. "This is your golden chance to lick my bare filthy feet and you're only putting in this much effort? I don't want to kick your jaw to get you working but I will if I have to."

No matter the strain Legoshi still applied himself with all his merit, hungrily gliding his tongue up the available space of sole cleansing any tasty crud and lint he could lick off its surface. His primal canine instincts were triggered with each lick, lighting up a lightning storm of synapses in his brain, injecting him with stamina and adrenaline, blurring his vision while he coated his taste buds in herbivore sweat. Due to the very way in which Louis had crammed his foot into their mouth, Legoshi only had a limited area of sole to bathe but he would not feel accomplished until this area was gleaming.

After five minutes of this the wolf had only achieved so little. His head had begun throbbing under the deer's weight and his tongue was sore from its duties. Louie stepped down hard on the wolf's jaw testing its strength as well as its pliancy but the creamy muzzle would not suffer or succumb to any amount of trampling.
 "Your jaw is so strong... I might just stand here all day long," He taunted, flexing his toes excitedly.
 He was not misinformed; Legoshi's jaw was most certainly a powerful feature. It had a natural strength evolved from a bygone need to chew apart dense meat. That idea alone perhaps might have frightened the deer once but today had taught him that he could wipe his feet all over the wolf's mouth without them ever snapping into a bloodthirsty craze. Louis was not the prey anymore, not with this beast submitting to his every beck and call. He and his wolf would have many more plans to explore together; plans which Louis knew would transpire all evening and even follow through into future weeks.

It was not easy or common in this world for a sleek young character like himself to dominate a carnivore into concrete loyalty, so it was only appropriate that Legoshi now felt more like a prize - a trophy - to him, than a friend. Trampling their face and demanding foot licks however was only the beginning of their contorted relationship. Louis even made a silent bet to himself that before nightfall he could make the wolf suck him off in a torrid tongue-soaking experience of orgasmic fellatio. Until then, the deer was satisfied simple to stand here and boast his superiority. Legoshi, obviously, had no objection. So long as he was in the deer's company he knew his herbivore fetish would never go unattended.

THE END