**Bitch of the Boot Camp
(Part One)**

Synopsis: A husky drill instructor and his subservient stoat assistant share the workload running a small boot camp together, years after their initial meeting, albeit with a very sadomasochistic relationship always pitting the stoat underfoot. When a new cocky recruit enlists and shows his colours the husky mentors him from one dom to another, using the stoat as a perfectly submissive training dummy.

Disclaimer:
–Paw Worship
–Musk/Filth/Sweat
–Public Humiliation
–Footjob (Part Two ONLY!)
–Blowjob (Part Two ONLY!)
–Multiple Doms
–Husky and Dhole (Doms)
–Stoat (Sub)

**(Four years after the events of the ‘Boot Camp Boot Licker’ story)**

Rays of infant light spill over the crest of backdrop mountains and sieve past the tops of postured pines, casting early morning shadows and an apricot glow across the grounds of this isolated boot camp compound. In accordance with the season's recent record breaking heats, the climate outside the staff sleeping quarters is already a blistering 75 Fahrenheit on a still and cloudless day. There is neither dew on the shrubbery nor any dandruff snow upon the mountain heads, which bodes for an exhausting day ahead for the newest batch of enlistees.
 This same dawn light burns through the beige tartan curtains of the drill instructor's bedroom illuminating its dank and dim surroundings with an amber tinge. Without any windows or doors cracked open the room is a breathless tempest of raw summer heat, further hindered by the fact the faulty AC unit has broken again at some point in the night as it is want to do. Nevertheless, a grizzled canine sprawls and stretches out unconsciously against his bedspreads snoring away to himself with a slacked open jaw. A sheen of humid neck sweat coats the space between him and his pillow but this does not compare to the body shaped patch of sweat fully soaked into the crinkly sheets beneath him.
 The animal in question is Garret Fords; a now 33 year old black and white husky whose militant lifestyle has built him a body that clashes attractively between muscle bulk and swift finesse. Under toned legs, his long arches struggle to retain a sleek appearance when his creamy tapioca paw pads are but bulging beds of meat; rounded, rubbery smooth and sensibly pliant. They decorate and equally weigh upon the tapestry of the soles forever providing a lure for weak individuals to gawk over.

***\*Ka-chnk!\****
 The door to Garret's bedroom cranks open quietly and slowly, pushed ajar by an elbow. A familiar stoat of scrawny nature and bright ginger fur peers inside shyly, only to be knocked with the fleeing breeze of B.O and ripened sock stink. Peter inhales a whiff that imprints inside his nostrils. He is unable to stop his big eyes from fluttering - or his fingers from curling around the edges of the breakfast platter in his hands - until the smell settles at the bottom of his lungs. Stifling a cough, he ventures further inside noting that old stray crusted socks are the only form of mess dispersed about the floor. Otherwise the space is orderly and cleanly, as expected of anyone with an authoritative upbringing.
 A uniform of desert coloured camo bearing an American flag stitched to its sleeve dangles ironed and ready from a wall mounted coat hanger, which sports the folded trousers too. Sitting below is a pair of masculine army boots with the power to make lesser men like Peter froth at the mouth. Despite the years of use they retain their rigidity and composure yet their current cleanliness is only cosmetic. The stoat knows all too well from extensive experience that somewhere deep inside their insoles are heavily debossed and warmed into a paw-print frame where an ombré of faded hue exists inside each indent, while sweat forever scars the grey cushiony interior. Their black treads are rubber-burned but still presentable.

Peter blushes at the sight of the near-naked husky sleeping soundly before him, reminding him of that first night so long ago which had sparked his life of indebted servitude to such a gruff and commanding Adonis. One monochrome leg sticks out from under the covers offering a complete view of its bare scrunching sole and all its wavy arch creases, rumpled like the skin of an accordion. He gulps at the sights and senses around him only wishing he could fulfil his depraved daydreams and stick his face inside Garret's boots, huffing out every molecule of sporty sweat ingrained inside them day after day. These impulses only strengthen when he squints through the dimness and sees two white socks strewn and overlapping flat across one boot opening like a lid of cottony canopy, keeping the shoe sealed shut after being tossed away during the night. The bottoms of each sock have turned yellow while black paw print stains are steamed into their surfaces. Huffing boots is no rare incident for Peter, though the ex-enlistee now lives by a strict conduct which forbids him from worshipping the drill instructor's footwear whenever Garret isn't a conscious witness.

The timorous stoat - who stands completely naked in the doorway wearing only a demeaning, pink frilly apron - carries the tray of dutifully served breakfast into the room setting it upon Garret's side table, (where he must first step over his own flat bedroll laid across the floor at the very foot of his boss's bed). Once the tray legs have settled down and the cutlery finishes its quiet chatter Peter inhales heedfully and thinks about squashing his face deep into that plump overhang of dog paw, desperate for a sniff of its scent though he knows permission is needed first. Still, it dangles there like bait. A sheen of stuffy air and salty dew clings around the whole appendage begging to broken through by a cooling tongue.
 "Wakey, wakey, sir! It's a new day ahead and the recruits will be rising any moment soon," Peter chimes to a startled snort and throaty grunt. He leans over and swings open the curtains, flooding the room with soft illumination.
 The muscled husky blows apathetically through his lips as he is pulled from a dream, limbering his toes with a wriggle both inside and outside the covers. He covers his glacial blue eyes with a forearm protecting them from the light. "Rnngh… show me some respect, grunt. Stand to attention!" He mumbles midway through a drowsy yawn.
 Peter's posture becomes straight and bolted as he forms a salute to the canine, symbolically pledging himself. He then waits for the husky to whip the covers from their chiselled body and sit themselves up in their bed before he places the elevated tray over their lap letting them bask at the view of steaming pancakes drizzled in maple syrup joined by a small dish of kiwifruit and strawberry slices, as well as a glass of orange drink sizzling with a soluble vitamin C tablet. Peter receives a side-eyed glance signalling him to drop the salute but there is more to this look… as if his boss is finally realizing the slight changes that have occurred in him over their time together.
 The stoat hasn't lost his fumbling meek charm or his overall ragdoll weakness but anyone who spends years working at a boot camp is bound to build muscle definition, as he has upon his effeminate arms and torso giving him a matured polish to the boyish frame he used to occupy. He is stronger and offers more confident mannerisms, even subconsciously. The bushy tuft of ginger hair is now a more refined and militant cut. A tattoo marks Peter's right bicep; one that reads 'Property of G. Fords' in small inked font surrounded by an outline of a horizontal boot print.

Knowing the daily ritual by heart, the stoat quickly strips away the apron and crawls his naked self into position kneeling atop his own bedding, facing towards the two beautiful dog soles levelled in front of his face. Giddily he puts his chin upon the edge of Garret's mattress and wriggles his muzzle in between the arches, still staying a quarter-inch away from any physical facial contact yet unable to stop his long silver whiskers from arching and stroking the soles nonetheless. His smile spreads. This is his cosy place; a place he spends every morning often times only allowed to simmer in the soles' glow sniffing their pleasant morning odours. Garret doesn't like spoiling his assistant by allowing them to lick or suck or massage too early in the day, not when his paws haven't yet cooked inside his boots for hours upon hours. He prefers they become ripe and sweltering and unbearable before Peter is allowed to indulge in them. Sniffing, however, seems harmless enough. It doesn't distract him as he feasts; scraping knife and fork against plate, slurping down bite after bite and glugging the drink in one fell motion while Peter gets nothing but a wall of white soles and cream pads blocking his vision and warming his face for the day ahead. Typically the stoat can't help but sneak in an erection whilst kneeling here, considering the ill-tempered husky cannot see anything below his shoulders. If he's subtle enough, Peter will sometimes even grope himself so long as his rod is softened by the time Garret is finished.

"Report to me, grunt. And get focused! You get lust drunk this early and you'll be useless all day," Garret boorishly instructs, clicking his fingers repeatedly from across the bed.
 Peter's drowsy eyes blink open. He busily inhales the molten atmosphere of the two paws hugging his entire orange head out of sight, then stirs and blushes apologetically. "The latest enlistees are settling in well. They seem to like your attitude at least, even when you shout in their faces and demean them in front of their peers. It must be this new wave of young guys trying to reclaim their masculine ego and status, probably for some social clout? Only one recruit so far seems to be, um..."
 "Like you? Small and better suited as a step ladder?" Garret scoffs with a busy mouthful, clearly meaning to put down the stoat though there isn't much lower the critter can sink when he's already happily nuzzling a pair of dog paws he sees as superior to his entire self-worth. The husky raises a brow whilst chewing. He curls his toes forward, all eight in one movement, scrunching the creamy pads together like chunks of soft warmed soap. The lint dotting along his arch creases is squeezed as they tighten into uneven crevices.

Shaking his head and returning to another forking of pancake ooze, Garret then asks a more casual question. "How's the pillow still holding up? The fumes had better be fading by now... you aren't here for a free high, after all. Too much work to be done for that."
 Peter doesn't need to remove his muzzle from the close buzzing embrace of the two heels to look at the referenced object when he already has an infatuated familiarity with the lumpy discordant pillow to his right which is not stuffed with any ordinary cushioning but is instead filled to the brim with several years' worth of used unwashed socks bundled and balled and burrowed together from many a source; their aromatics and miry surfaces barely veiled by the thin pillow casing that holds them all in unity. The majority of these musky stale imprinted contents belong to Garret reeking of his prior use but in the past 12 months the drill instructor had also been collecting any used socks from the anthros enlisting to the camp after their course had completed. It required scarce convincing as they adored the husky enough to follow his lead and so often shared his cruel sense of humour, knowing the submissive assistant instructor would have to sleep upon them every night breathing in stink as he rested his head.

"They make the whole room smell like your feet, sir, of course I love it! Every night I love it! I get to remember my place every time I take a breath!" Peter exclaims, snorting another long hushed inhale of husky B.O and trapped warmth straight from the source. He craves to rub his black snout on the plump heel pads but he abides the unspoken rules instead, (no matter how many hunger pains he feels in the proximity of these soles).
 "I'll make you smell like my feet if you don't watch it," Garret growls; his bravado and natural predatory aggression always fogs over the fact that these specific threats don't scare his slutty staff member, they only activate his libido and further devolve him into a spineless horny doormat.
 Peter grins to himself; amused that the monochrome hound tries pretending that they don't have the same randy 'morning energy' as him. He thrusts his elbows up on the mattress edge and excitedly raises his head higher up the two soles tracing a pet-like sniff of affection around the wide ball pads, making the toes flex sharply to warn him away. Now that he's elevated he can look past their claws and knuckles and gaze upon the handsome dog sitting up in their black boxers; body thick with lush fur and muscled contours. It's surely tempting to pucker his mouth around one of those maw-sized digits before him and see if he can suck it before receiving a hard heel kick to the snout but Peter would never truly disobey Garret not after all his taming and training... though it's fun to tease that threshold every now again without fully crossing it. All in all, the stoat is a loyal soldier. That said, the man who was once his own drill instructor offering him a full time job and accommodation - after everything that happened in the beginning - seemed like less of a charitable offer and more like an excuse to keep and control Peter for his own selfish pleasure, not that Peter had any objection.

For now the husky frowns in annoyance, glaring down his body at the fetish-driven foot slut sniffling slowly around his toes as he eats the meal made with their adoring servitude. He admires their restraint for not drooling like a savage down his scrunching soles or for not plunging their snout into the leathery consistency of his pads but admiration does not equal respect. Garret refuses to have any respect for someone who fantasises about having their tongue used like an insole, no matter how many times said tongue has helped rinse his paws of thickened slippery grime and sweat, or helped diminish the long day's brewing of funky stench. If anything, the more often Garret has used Peter's mouth like a bath the less he respects him. At least this is something he can exploit to bolster the values he wants ingrained in the impressionable younger men here; showing them the stark difference between the dominant and the degenerate.

Within a couple of hours into the day's activities Garret, Peter and all twenty enlistees stand inside the camp's gymnasium. Everybody has removed their boots at the entrance so as not to scuff and tear the insulated rubber mat flooring. Both instructor and assistant stand in the centre together surrounded by the others who watch on in a wide circle. So far Garret has spent the morning explaining and demonstrating the various technicalities of close-range hand to hand combat using Peter as his sparring partner in order to show weak points and vulnerabilities in the body, as well as evasive grapples or deflections to deter and confuse an opponent. During the shuffling and shifting of canine and mustelid, faint socked paw prints of condensation are left dragged across the floor beneath them. Garret had also previously unbuttoned his camo shirt and left it aside, meaning the stark outline of his sweating pecs and abs sealed beneath his black tank top have been a constant distraction for the other animal.

During the next demonstration Peter is made to charge forward and swing a prop foam bat from different angles though each mock assault ends with him being quickly dejected and disarmed by Garret, forced to surrender. In the last similar attempt he is also left disoriented when the husky chooses to improvise added humiliation; flipping the stoat over ensuring he lands on his back with a startling thud. In a blur of black and white Peter only has time to flinch and whimper before a husky leg is raised above him, flashing a view of its yellow stained sock bottom and the dirty pad imprints clinging to the matching shapes within like wet cling-film, before it drops down and warmly covers the entire width of his throat from heel to toes pressing down with a heavy, smothering squelch. Garret controls the pressure using enough force to squish the stoat's windpipe and shorten their breath supply but not enough to induce panic or choking. Peter can only surrender and let the foot rub over his neck staining his fur with its light misting of moisture. His own heels slide and skid against the floor as his legs writhe back and forth to the amusement of everyone watching. He plays along and pretends to wrap his hands around the husky's shin hoping to push and lift the weight away, only to find he truly lacks the strength and wit. Had the husky been a true assailant with harmful intent, there’s nothing he could have done to defend himself.
 "Watch him struggle down there looking all pathetic and weak," Garret declares, "He can't even lift my leg. He wouldn't dare try because he's in too vulnerable a position. You stand on an enemy’s throat like this and you communicate an immediate message; they move in any wrong way and you'll step down crushing their esophagus like an insect. I could keep him here as long as I want and still have all the power, so long as I’m confident he’s disarmed. Hell, I could sit down and use the rest of his head like a footrest if I was so inclined."
 The other anthros - all at least 20 years of age - share a chuckle at the embarrassed stoat's expense.
 "What do you say to that, grunt?" Garret cockily asks his pinned opponent. "You want to be my footrest or you want to be scraped off my foot instead?"
 Sheepishly but performatively Peter complies, "Y-yes sir, I'll be your footrest! I'll do anything, just please don't crush my throat!"
 Another round of laughter echoes through the room.

"See?" Garret gazes around scanning their intrigue and attention to his lessons. "Pride's a funny thing. People wear it on their puffed out chests all the time but the moment you stand above them with all the power they'll trade that pride to save their own life, every time. Of course, most enemies won't already be foot loving freaks like this guy."
 Whistles and jeers and some disgusted faces too emanate from the encircling crowd, tinting the stoat's face from orange to a bright flustered red. The jokes made against him are personal and intimate but the public disrespect is euphoric. Time has developed his masochism and exhibitionism enough that he yearns for these open unabashed teases that will inevitably have people gossiping and mocking him behind his back. Garret buries a smirk and drags his socked paw backwards, wiping it to the floor, releasing the neck from the cosy clamping. The blushing stoat rises shakily but quickly to his feet before he accidentally produces a visible bulge.
 Before the second evocative demonstration begins Garret explains how the recruits can avoid a similar fate if they find themselves on the ground and feeling vulnerable. He reminds them that a quick thinking fighter should find opportunities in any stance and so he lies himself on the floor instead for a change and silently gestures for Peter to stand in front of him.
 "During the adrenaline of combat people are often so focused on blocking upper body attacks and defending their face or torso with their arms that they often forget to protect their legs, especially at the back of the knee. This is your chance to surprise them with a leg sweep and bring them down reversing their advantage in the fight. If the element of surprise is available, never ignore the window it provides."

Suddenly, with whip-like speed Peter receives an unprepared upwards kick to the groin startling him effectively for the crowd's entertainment. The soft lumps of socked paw pads now rams between his legs extending fast until it has planted and seized around his entire bulge. Trouser fabric is crinkled. Dexterous toes curl in a rigid splay. Peter's body tenses like a rock, enveloped in the soothing warmth and pressure. Garret overpowers him before he can recover, swinging his other leg out and hooking it behind his wobbly knee faster than he could ever hope to react. The impact bludgeons him off balance, reeling him over until he tumbles forward for a moment flattening and buffering his crotch firmly into the sole like a baseball in a catcher's mitt.
 Within seconds the stoat has collapsed on the ground allowing the husky to roll up into a tactical position where he lunges at the blushing dazed critter and rolls over him in a fierce tangling wrestle that enshrouds him in flailing limbs and tensing muscle. Everybody watches in awe taking mental notes at the bodily linguistics, observing the way Garret takes pure control by straddling him from behind and wrapping his legs around Peter's in such a way that completely immobilises them from anything more than frustrated twitches of inactivity. At the same time Peter's arms are wrestled above his head and a set of bulging toned arms hooks under his pits, capturing his neck and his useless limbs in an inescapable headlock that now renders him paralysed prey, as if coiled from behind by a giant boa constrictor. His throat is pushed against Garret's forearm. His face and panicked eyes burn with breathless, helpless humiliation. The more he struggles and jerks the tighter he is wrapped. The husky's panting directly beside his ear is gravelly and masculine. Garret's own bulge rubs up against the groove of Peter's buttocks as they lie here bundled on the floor amid countless overlapping and semi-faded paw prints while the sounds of cheers, murmurs and chuckles are heard.

"What're you going to do, grunt?" The dog snarls playfully and loudly, pushing his chin into the top of Peter's skull to keep his head still. He can feel the critter's adrenaline pumping through them. Their body is warm and lithe and nimble; perfect for grinding against and clenching tight in the interwoven binding of their limbs.
 Peter's grunts and salivated squeaks are all he can muster for response. His body visibly trembles as he is treated like a training dummy for an attentive audience. Someone - a class clown - shouts out, "Choke him out, sir! Make him your bitch!"
 The mustelid shows zero resistance when the canine releases his limp indolent body from his clutches only to then roll over him one last time and pin him down onto his back, straddling his torso from atop so his frosted blue irises penetrate the stoat's glimmering eyes. A bushy black and white tail wags between the gap in those raised stoat knees. Now face to face, Peter gulps and shudders pleasurably when he sees his boss shed a sly wink. Peter suspects he knows what will happen next.

The next process is demeaning and degrading, exactly how the animal enjoys to be treated. He is but a comfortable prop who lets the husky sit heavily on his stomach and readjust themselves until they can wiggle their rump in place flattening the edges of his pelvis while leaning back enough to use those raised knees like a backrest. The weight anchors on his abdomen, more so than ever when the drill instructor lifts his legs one at a time and drops his heavy masking paws right over the stoat's face, sharing the two smothered halves between each sole.
 ***\*Thump! Thump!\**** Each side of Peter's vision is blacked out underfoot. His skull compresses into the rubber mat as rank toasty paws grind and pat and iron his features into a malaise of musky weighted darkness. His lips are plastered down. His eye sockets are like pockets used to hold the dominant padding while his brow is viced and his forehead is creased under the span of socked toes that spread their fabric like thinned, stained awnings. His snout is lost between the arches which compete to bury him out of sight. The living footrest sniffs and snorts with untapped glee, debasing himself publicly just he can open his nostrils and suck down the blazing stench of military dog feet that smells precisely like all the layers of a lasagne. While the soles push and knead into his face like it were pliable putty, massaging rough lint shreds and spare sweat into him through the sock fabric, Peter enters a bliss zone. He lives for those combining flavours; the oven roasted beef, the zesty marinara, the creamy sheets of pasta and the crispy coat of cheeses bubbling and browned around the edges.
 Any vapours carrying these rich scents is inhaled straight from the socks and kept reserved inside the horny stoat's lungs. His heart pounds against his ribs like a sledgehammer trying to demolish a wall. His lust is a virus that infects his mind and halts any new thoughts from entering, especially when those spongy toes curl forward or when the heels perch on the edge of his jawline. All this pudgy paw meat steams over him, teaching him that he belongs underfoot and nowhere else. Weakly his hands grope and clutch at the army patterned trouser legs, rubbing the husky's taut calves with sensuous movement but the husky does not relent or peel his soles up even to offer a sliver of fresh breath. Garret keeps using his assistant like furniture and has no intentions to climb off him just yet. He lets his appendages fuse down like pillows settling into the skull grooves until the heat and friction binds both feet and face as one entity.

One after the other each set of toes lifts up and taps upon the fuzzy forehead massaging ripples of orange around each sweaty digit surface, while the rest of the soles stay lathered like hot glue. By now the dog can't help but grin. He lets his body sink an indent into the soft intestines. He grabs the slack arms of the stoat by each hand and holds them like reins, interlocking fingers so that their respective pads rub warmly and dryly together.
 "Once again, do not expect your opponent to simply lie here and take it like this perverted pussy. He's just a training puppet; broken in long ago." Garret instructs with his usual contempt and apathy towards Peter. "Ideally you should ensure your opponent is out cold before you move. Are they slack as a wet noodle? Do they flinch or jerk if you pinch their skin? How slow is their breathing? Check for lively reactions and always remember, show no empathy! The enemy will surely not give you any."

For the next thirteen minutes Peter lies here like a sled supporting both the rump and the paws, feeling himself meld and condense with the flooring. The blanketing soles only increase in heat over time and gradually restrict his breath to thinned wheezes where the musk blows in and out of his airways. It's akin to face-planting a whole lasagne dish without resurfacing. Garret idly takes questions from the enlistees, (some serious and others juvenile), about hypothetical scenarios and other suggested fighting techniques. Everybody including the drill instructor ignores the squirming stoat stowed underfoot as if his plight means nothing more than the entertainment value it had already provided. It makes Peter feel worthless yet he craves that very feeling every time a new course begins and a fresh faced batch of anthros comes to learn he is nothing but a weak willed doormat to Garret; the one true authority here.

Two individuals in the audience catch the husky's eye every so often, as if he senses a different aura from them compared to the other forgettable faces. One is a short statured Jack Russell Terrier named Eddy with a scruffy brown and white face, and frail proportions. Their body language reads of timidity; sunken shoulders, bowed head, shrinking demeanour, paws turned slightly inwards on each other. The sight of them lowers the husky's brow into a quick cinch of frustration. He feels a special disinterest towards dogs like this who put shame on the species. He blames their cowardice for the reputation of 'canine obedience' that he has spent his life defying. As he dwells on this frustration he pushes his soles harder into the footrest face below, squishing and smearing and sandwiching the features until he hears a muffled cough against his soles.
 Sitting beside the Terrier is a tall and slim 20 year old dhole named Caleb who sports big ears, avocado green eyes and a mixed pelt of copper and brown; the latter covering his arms and legs. The pads on his hands and therefore feet are a supple peach pink hue. The lanky animal is already a better excuse for a canine. His expression is a portrait of smugness and cocksure attitude. He knows his worth over others and seems apparently familiar with the Terrier's yielding energy, as he slings an arm possessively around their shoulder in a manner that reads, "You're mine", (much to their chagrin).
 Garret remembers reading this dhole's application and taking special interest. Although Caleb was a high school dropout who reportedly exhibited the traits of a rowdy inattentive bully, he also fosters intentions to one day join the Marines which garnered the husky’s approval. Caleb is anything but inattentive right now. He watches Garret using and abusing the foot slut stoat with an intense concentration, taking mental note of the way this butch hound displays such easy dominance. Even whilst sitting here intrigued the dhole exudes importance in the way he rests his paws on his heels always lifting them -just- high enough off the sweaty damp imprints which he’d already marked into the floor, in order to tease a peek of his soles cloaked inside his dark grey socks. The socks themselves have colour faded stains burned into their fabric denoting the position of his pads. Caleb then leans over and whispers something crude into Eddy’s ear, (pointing at Peter's indignant position struggling for breath under the musky sandwich-press of masterful feet), which causes the colour to flush from his Eddy’s face. His intentions will later become relevant.

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The rest of the day unfolds as scheduled. Peter adopts the responsibility of half the enlistees who he guides on a slow march while Garret's squad enjoys the more exciting task of target practice and weapon safety training using replica rifles, shooting harmless pellets at the range, breaking only for dinner in the mess hall. Peter's approach to teaching felt like an effeminate betrayal of Garret's forceful, disciplinarian style especially when he could hear the husky's deep-chested shouting and barking voice reverberate from the other side of camp. Evidently people had less respect for Peter than the leader they preferred, though he still tried his best. His new muscle definition and militarised lifestyle had done little for his perception, though being publicly used like a sweat rag for Garret's paws hadn't helped him any, either.

By the end of the night when all recruits have returned to their barracks and stars glimmer above in the violet sky Peter is sent patrolling around the grounds on his lonesome. When he wanders closer to the barracks his whistling dies down and his ears perk to the sound of noisy commotion coming from within. The silhouettes of many recruits stand about in the lit windows as if gathered inside for unruly reasons.
 ***\*Clunk!\****
 The barracks door swings open, startling the inhabitants inside. Several anthros scurry back into their bunks pretending to be impartial to the scene occurring at the centre of the room. The rest remain cheering and whistling. Peter barges through and sees the dhole - Caleb - mimicking the very same moves performed by Garret earlier in the morning. The brown and copper canine sits atop the belly of the writhing, grimacing Jack Russell Terrier planting both his youthful bare paws straight over their face with such rugged conquest. Eddy’s expression tells that he does not share the same enthusiasm as his bunk buddy. He moans and grunts and shouts incoherently under the faceful of slender soles that grope on his muzzle and splay over his eyes trying eagerly to mash as much coverage as possible and keep him huffing the supply of buttery cinema-floor flavoured musk which Peter can smell from across the room. Several other recruits hold the Terrier's arms and legs down to the floor preventing him from fighting back.

For a second the stoat's heart flutters, flooding him with fond reminiscence of his time here in the barracks before he'd truly fallen under Garret's command. He too had been shoved around, held down, bullied and teased by his superiors but in ways that triggered his young fetishized mind. Nowadays however he believed he’d earned the right and the subsequent expectation as assistant instructor to stop this kind of behaviour happening under his watch, regardless of nostalgia. At the very least he needed to show compassion for the anthro who clearly wasn’t a willing participant in the smothering of foot paws.

"Hey!" The stoat barks with false confidence, clapping his hands a single time, "Hey, quit the infighting! Get off him, recruit, we don't tolerate any of this shit in here!"
 Sensing no threat whatsoever Caleb simply leers which turns into an ecstatic snicker when his bicep is grabbed and he is yanked aggressively off the small dog. He wipes his hot fluffy soles over Eddy’s gasping face and rakes their lips with grippy toe pads in the fleeting moments before he is pulled to his feet. Once freed the Terrier scrambles back, desperate to regain their breath.
 It startles the stoat when he realizes the dhole stands taller than him now, dwarfing his ability to act stern. Caleb looks down into the assistant instructor's eyes with an unbroken smirk. "What's the fuckin’ deal, bro? We were just joking around! No harm, no foul!"
 Peter rolls his eyes dismissively. "I know what I saw… you want to do that shit you wait until the next sparring class and only then! Since I know you won't take my word for it, I'm taking you to see D.I. Fords. Maybe he'll wipe that smirk off your face?"
 Playing to the crowd, Caleb retorts back: "Pft. Or maybe he'll wipe his feet all over your face again, since you enjoyed it so much last time?"
 The recruits - now climbing back into their bunks - laugh and holler at Peter who blushes vividly, catching his tongue without a word of witty comeback. Instead he growls sternly under his breath and leaves the barracks pulling the tall dhole behind him by the arm, barely giving them enough time to cram their bare paws back inside their boots on the way out.

The black and white husky is carefully polishing his old army medals with a delicate kit and cloth when his office door raps with a loud, precise knocking.
 "Enter."
 "Apologies, sir," Peter mutters breathlessly as he tows the obnoxious recruit behind him into the room, releasing their arm at last.
 Garret peers bluntly over the rim of his reading glasses with a raised brow before removing them. Caleb pouts with a belligerent frown, as if unsure how his actions are considered troublesome. Peter addresses the situation explaining what he'd overheard and witnessed. He apologises for not instilling enough order, as though inheriting some blame for Caleb's behaviour.
 After listening with a deadpan stare Garret sighs and rubs the space between his blue eyes. He turns to the dhole and questions, "You were restraining your bunk mate and forcing them to indulge in your feet? Why?"
 "Because it's funny as fuck, sir," Caleb responds without filter, then clearing his throat and crossing his hands in front of him. "Uh, and I wanted to practice the moves you taught us earlier."
 "He also insulted me, his C.O," Peter points out.
 "Shut up. I'm talking to the recruit," Garret clicks a finger impatiently at Peter who stiffens and seals his lips with a dash of embarrassment. The husky sees the dhole bite his lip in amusement and bow his head to hide it. "You enjoy putting others underfoot. That’s what I’m hearing? Hm… so tell me, how does it make you feel when you're above someone else commanding authority?" Garret asks; his tone hinting at curiosity.
 "Invincible, sir! Like a real fucking man," Caleb announces proudly, lacking any shame regardless of consequence. "It's not like that twerp’s a stranger or anything, anyhow! He's my next door neighbour, sir, we’ve known each other for years. So he's like… fully used to my company by now. Both our families are military families, too. Both got fathers in the Marine Corps and they're drinking buddies whenever they’re both home but Eddy didn’t inherit any cool genes from his. He’s only here 'cause his family wants him to be a man for once. It's my duty to shape him up or show him what else awaits."

The drill instructor listens with a nod of approval, (to Peter's disapproval). "Interesting... well if this course is good for anything it's to weed out the mats from the men. I can't officially induct anyone into the armed services myself but I can sure teach you my values and how to use 'em against those less deserving. Look at this grunt over here for example, he couldn't 'chin up' back during his time so I kept him around to entertain me instead of trusting him to make anything of himself out there in the real world. Now when my dogs ache or reek after a hot day of marching, he's right there to serve his purpose. Aren't you?"
 Peter swallows shyly and nods, averting his gaze to the floor. This is not the outcome he'd expected but he never refuses a chance to be disgraced by the handsome husky.
 "I'd trust you to know what you're talking about, sir. You've got dominance on lock!" Caleb flatters. "I want to learn all the ways to break in my own bootlicker... someone to stop my room stinking up so bad after my evening jogs."
 Garret smirks, warming to the other canine. "Yeah? Then take off your boots, recruit. Consider this extracurricular activity. I'll teach you all the fun you can have with a lowly pervert like him. Hell, enough private lessons like this and you'll have that Terrier on a leash in no time."

Peter has become sheepish and outnumbered. He has lost any pretence of command over the dhole, belittled once again into a tool for paw worship by the gruff older canine. Garret stands up from his desk and enters the space between them, watching with judgement and with folded arms as Caleb bends over to unlace his army-grade footwear until they pry apart giving just enough slack for him to tug out his bare brown paws in all their skinny splendour. An odour of stale popcorn is already detectable when those paws suffuse with buttery diligence into the floor and leave the boots empty enough to freely ventilate their fumes.
 "Hmph..." Garret grunts, "Oh to be young and naive. Remember you're positing yourself as a master. Does a master get low to the ground and remove his own boots, or does he make the peasant do it for them?"
 The question is already answered when Garret snaps his fingers assertively, instantly summoning Peter down onto his knees with breakneck speed who crawls to the husky's feet like an obsequious worm, gladly undoing his laces for him while Caleb watches in learned astonishment. The dhole feels slightly irritated with himself knowing that he hadn't had this intuition, but he respects Garret's educational demonstration regardless.

Peter loosens each rung of criss-crossing lace holding back drool as he feels the firm exhausted materials relax around the girth of dog leg. He carefully peels the boot's tongue away from their shin tilting it back towards himself, then leans forward until his forehead nudges on the bundled camo trousers so that his muzzle can aim into the partial opening where a gust of cheesy lasagne paw stink blows into his nostrils. Peter moans upon inhalation. He curls his shaking fingers over the rim and stretches out the boot's mouth while trapping the steel-toe tip between his knees for stability. Garret jerks his paw around inside the tight confines until he feels the suction of his black insole grooves surrender and release his appendage. The back of his heel skids up the opening. Out comes a socked smoky paw from the furnace within presenting an even darker layer of stains across its underside; more juicy and stinking somewhat like old car oil left on a garage shelf.
 Peter can barely embrace the wisps of heat before the paw thuds down to the floor out of sniffing distance but the footwear still bellows out those addictive tangy pollutants like a nuclear silo. He moves onto the second boot, repeating the sequences involved to help satisfy his boss. When all is done and the last paw lifts out from the pits of depravity - limbering its toes with a slippery wiggle right under the snout of the hypnotised stoat - Garret rewards Peter's hasty obedience by lifting that paw on top of their head and pushing downward, tucking their entire muzzle out of sight as it slips inside the tunnel of foul smells and blazing temperatures, all made from the essence of husky paw.

Peter's eyes sting and stream with watery tears. He huffs such a gluttonous volume of musk in such rapid succession that his lips and nostrils both buzz with numbness. His lungs bloat like poisoned balloons. The weight curling over the top of his skull pushes down but slips and shifts ever so slightly in random directions, losing traction due to the sweaty imprint being branded into Peter's hair and fur. The specific shapes of each pad are hot inside the tasty cotton. Rapid drizzles of saliva run between the stoat's teeth and opened jaw, adding to the drenched patch already absorbed in the husky's heel indent.
 "Some respond better to small treats like this," Garret explains nonchalantly. "It depends on your sub. So long as he's earned it, mine will be much more committed to his duties if he knows he gets a whiff of me every so often. Holding their head down inside your shoes is also a very important step in your bond, early on. They need to learn your scent and recognize the force that owns them. Just be careful not to over indulge them. Moderation is key. During the off-season last year I was acting lazy and forgot how long I'd been rubbing my soles on this grunt's puny dick. Turns out he'd bust his nut ten times over. Could barely snap him out of the stupor for a good few hours until I kicked his gonads, hard."
 "Cool... cool," The dhole blushes, giddy and excited. His hormones conduct an unexpected bulge in his trousers. At the same time Caleb takes mental note of every word the husky speaks. The older canine's experience as a commanding macho dom is invaluable. Likewise, he's never seen anyone as divorced from their integrity as Peter. He wants that kind of devotion for himself.

Garret slides his foot off the curvature of the head leaving glimmers of sweat and lint stuck in the ginger locks. The slap of the sole landing on the office floor awakens the stoat who is then gently grabbed by the scruff of his neck and forcefully pulled out from the rancid boot mouth. His whiskers spring back into full length again. The fresh air feels like ants crawling upon his tingling muzzle. The stoat's eyes are hooded. A rock hard tent disturbs the fabric of his uniform trousers. It will take a while yet before the stench of lasagne exits his nostrils. When Peter's bearings return he hears two short sharp whistles through the teeth of his boss, followed by a gesture directing him over to the dhole. Peter turns, stumbling on all fours until he kneels before the set of paws and evacuated boots awaiting him. Caleb's trouser leggings are rolled up at the shins exposing lithe ankles and long paws; all bare and brown and emitting a strong warmth produced from the hourly exercises and gruelling tasks around the camp. Peter feels ashamed to have given this attractive anthro any grief but they both know he will soon receive all the retribution he wants. It's obvious in the dhole's smirk, which he now lords over the grovelling stoat.

"You want to prove you're an alpha? Then show it. My sub played tough tonight. He tried to embarrass you in front of all your bunk mates. How do you respond?" Garret calmly asks, once again crossing his muscled arms in keen observation.
 Caleb's heart is beating fast. He grins and scratches under the stoat's chin condescending them like a pet, then moves his hand up to clench a tuft of their hair which makes the stoat's lips reel back in a quiet wince. "You wanna apologise to me, bitch?" He growls.
 "S-sorry! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have interfered!"
 "Nah you owe me better than that, bro," Caleb tuts.
 His lack of practice shows as he crudely drags Peter over the gaping blackness of his own boots and stuffs them deep inside the plushy opening under both palms, holding him down until there isn't a spare inch of space between rim and face. Though not nearly as overused as Garret's footwear the dhole's still festers like an Eau de Parfum of typical shoe stink. The stoat is just as happy as ever to invite it inside his nostrils and let his lungs bake in its crispy temperatures. Once again Peter's sugary thoughts are swirled together unable to draw any distinction from one another. His fingers clutch at the floor. His palms sweat. He is being shared between the canines without any word of consent yet his quaking body only reacts with lust and dopamine every time he takes another hit of stale, assaulting paw musk.

"Decent," Garret commentates, "Though remember a sub lives off your commands, especially the ones who act like they don't want to be there. Tell them what's expected of them. They need to know their worship is their duty, not their entitlement. Some men like to let their subs improvise but I find it lacks decorum... what is the point in being masterful if you don't have a loyal slut drooling for your every command, always craving to wait on you hand and foot?"
 Caleb absorbs the information with a nod. He wrenches Peter's panting head out of his boot still holding it by the hair but releases him moments later. Peter blinks several times to recalibrate his slipping focus. After four constant years of husky musk he admits the change of scenery is something to behold, (at least as a rare treat), though nothing could ever chase his loyalty away from idolising Garret as his sole master and commander. Still, the stoat finds himself melting at the harshness of this younger canine.
 "Jaw on the floor, now! I wanna see you bowing at my feet with your tongue rolled out and ready, you sick fuckin' slut," Caleb orders, feeling a thrill race up his spine.
 The attitude feels so natural; the words so belonging. Caleb is starting to realize his past struggles with authority figures have probably stemmed from his urge to -be- the authority itself. The power rush is intoxicating. But a few days ago he could only dream of committing these dominant acts against another anthro – always having to satisfy himself with fantasies alone as he’d struggled to convince his friend Eddy into submission – though now he is allowed endless opportunity to hone his skills and learn everything he needs to be a true alpha… and the weak little stoat is going to be his stepping stone towards that goal. He cannot wait to mistreat them in all the ways they deserve.

**(To be continued in Part Two!)**