

After class part.2

I thoroughly looked at my reflection from the somber surface of the dark coffee cup that I was holding, my silhouette blurred by its ripples as I had dropped a block of sugar mere seconds before. I lifted the cup up to my face and took a sip of the dark liquid that it was containing, grimacing at the bitter taste that assaulted my taste buds, slightly burning them too as it was a bit too hot. I've drunk coffee before, but I've never really liked it. I was more of the kind of guy who would retrieve his energy from sodas and other energetic drinks, but I could imagine how awkward it would be if I had just requested that instead of the "Tamer" drink which was the coffee that had been suggested to me. Trying to not express my disgust too much, I put the cup back on the table. I looked in front of me, at the person who was at the opposite side of the table, legs crossed, calmly taking a sip of her still fuming drink. That person was my mathematics teacher, Ms.Zard, or Clara, as she prefers to be called outside of school. She is an anthropomorphic Charizard who's known to let students enjoy some of her... Physical features, especially during after classes that she would organize specially to cover it up. It was passing as gossip, but everyone in the school, even the administration and big names of the place knew about the veracity of this information. Hell, even I got to enjoy one of these after classes at one point. It was a very weird, even surreal experience that had left me full of questions and thoughts about it all. I didn't live it badly, but I can say that it made me feel extremely uncomfortable. Most peoples would obviously think of breasts and posteriors when they hear about "physical features", but personally, I didn't really enjoy the same body part of her than most peoples would at that time... And I got even more embarrassed when I had been proposed to spend more time in private with her to reiterate the experience. For me, that was not going to happen, as I was a bit scared of getting all these internal questions and heat waves again. So...

"What the hell am I doing here?" I cursed myself, not believing that I had accepted her invitation to come to her home.

From the opposite side of the table resonated the charming feminine voice of my teacher.

"So... How's the place? You like it?" The voice asked, seemingly a bit timid, as if waiting for an approbation.

I looked around the room I was in response, signaling that I had acknowledged the question. We were in a living room supported by a beige roof and pale beige walls, relying on a hard wood brown floor. It was an alright living room, with all the needed furniture in it, such as tables, chairs, a lamp resting on a small drawer, and a clock on the wall indicating the current hour, 4:20PM. While she was seated in front of the back wall, on a red couch that seemed to have been made to specifically make up to her big size, I was seating at the other side of the table that separated us, in a comfortable arm chair of the same red color than the couch. The overall room wasn't quite modern, and a decorator would certainly have a lot of mistakes to point in terms of color and material choice, but what made it stand out was the eerily peaceful feeling that emanated from it, as if it was a secured den, embracing anyone who entered here in its confidentiality, as if creating a bubble from the troubles of the outside world, and implying that everything that would happen here would stay here.

"I... Like it a lot" I vaguely answered, trying not to cough because of the coffee's aftertaste burning my throat.

- I'm glad you do~ She answered, uncrossing her legs. And I'm glad you accepted my invitation, I was scared to have freaked you out!

- No, no, it's okay! I replied, gesturing like I always do when I panic. Of course that was a lie, and I was initially feeling too embarrassed to positively answer this invitation, but I couldn't just say that.

- Ah, Mikey, we can read you like an open book when you're bashful, that's so cute~

My secret discovered, I shamefully lowered my face to prepare for an apology, before being cut off by Clara. She leaned in closer to me with a devilish look on her face

"Talking about books... You should really write one, your last story was very good... Right "Kano" " ?

A gasp of terror evaded from my mouth. My back immediately arched up at the announcement of that name, as an electric shock traveled through my entire body, almost making me unwillingly stand up against the table. "Kano" is the username I use on a certain website called FurAffection, on which peoples can submit different kinds of artworks, drawings, poems, and in my case, stories. Since two years already, I've been writing stories about my specific liking, receiving feedbacks and talking with other peoples who had the same "oddity" than me. It made me feel normal and accompanied. In a world that prefers to mock peoples like me, knowing that I wasn't the only person with this specific liking that most of the peoples would consider a problem to this day, and getting to openly talk with other peoples, something that I wouldn't be able to do in real life, was the purpose of the second life I was living. Another secret that she had discovered...

- B-But... How? I mean... I don't understand what you mean... I desperately tried to argue

- You know, rumors circulate fast at school, and I've heard other students talk about this guy who wrote stories about my... Well, you know...

I felt something cold touch my jeans, softly brushing against it. I was tempted to verify if this was what I thought, but I realized I didn't need verification when I saw her flirtish stare driven right at me. Clara was rubbing her tender sole on one of my leg. That got me to hide my face behind a red blush, my body tensing up even more at the soft excitation resulting of the situation. She knew how to tease me on what I love...

That's right, I liked my teacher's feet. In fact, I can clearly say it : I have a foot fetish. I like any kind of feet and paws in general, male as well as female, but my teacher's were a pair like I had never seen before. I was simply mesmerized by the firm shape of her muscular yet feminine soles, filled with an extent of deep wrinkles that gave them an absolutely endearing feeling to the eyes. The five toes surmounting them were as lovely and wrinkly as the rest, with a perfectly rounded shape and a softness that made them arousing to see twitching and wiggling, wishing to get more information about them, such as their smell which must be enchanting, or the softness of the whole package as they would squish on a cheek, her toe claws gently and carefully getting a caressing grip on its victim's skin too. And the stories I wrote were all about that. Fictional scenarios that I had transcribed into words and submitted online for all to see. The story of a lonely and socially excluded boy who liked his teacher's feet, by the mysterious author, myself, hiding under the username "Kano".

Well, they were fictional, until my latest one. I've had the luck to accomplish one of my fantasies; I've had the occasion to feel, smell, lick and even suck this wonderful pair of cream colored soles and under-toes area during that famous after class, and it was after that, the famous moment

she had invited to come to her home one day. I've tried to avoid more conversation than necessary with her after this surreal experience, in fear of getting this burning feeling of self-guilt coupled with uneasiness inside of me whenever she would make an allusion to this moment or to her feet, but nothing could make me forget about the intense feeling that had been shared between us in that office I spent my "After class" in. So, I foolishly thought that writing the whole story down would help me to move on, to recollect the fragments and throw them all away, unaware that they were a proof of my hidden identity.

"For someone as smart and cautious as you, writing down the exact story of what happened was a pretty endangering move... She extended her second leg and now placed both of her big feet on my laps. But it's okay. Your secret is well kept with me... At one condition." She pressed both of her feet on my belly, covering the whole area thanks to the compromising factor of her feet's size, which were able to cover my whole stomach area when placed horizontally, starting to rub and push against it with her toes, which caused me to shiver.

"I've seen that a lot of your stories involved domination, is that right? She continued with a cheeky grin. Before I got the occasion to weakly act like I didn't understand, she added another sentence to her statement. Despite your timid nature, you secretly like it when someone shows a bit of superiority towards you, don't you? Naughty boy~"

She was pressing and rubbing her soles on my stomach harder and harder, applying an exponentially growing pressure, not to the point that it would hurt (I don't even think it would be possible with soles as soft as hers), but the force of her pressure was enough to push the armchair I was sitting on if I didn't try to resist the push by gritting on the ground with my own feet. My face would become redder and redder as she was continuing her tease. I was acting like it was something that I was not feeling at ease with, but deep inside me, I knew didn't want it to stop, and I repressed my urges to deny or counter any of my teacher's arguments. She was right, deep inside me, I had always liked when someone showed me their superiority. Not in a disrespectful or cruel manner, but the feeling of being somebody's servant, handled and played with by a superior being surpassing me in every aspect was something that turned me on to an unspeakable degree.

- I... Yes, I... I do...

I don't know why, but despite keeping my overanxious and uncomfortable tone and bashful expression and reddened face, I surprised myself by answering automatically, almost casually, without trying to beat around the bush or hide what I liked. Maybe I was starting to trust Clara enough to openly talk about this kind of stuff with her, or maybe I was intimidated by the warm and soft pressure that was applied to my abdominal area. Her toes were masterfully drumming and stimulating the parts that blew a stream of excitation all around my body, and her claws were sensitively scratching the parts of my covered skin that needed to feel the tingle of this very lowest part of her body, almost with a surgical precision.

- Well... That is very fortunate, for you see...

I already knew what she was about to say, my body tensing up from the evocation of a scenario that had been a fantasy for me since I attended her first ever class, two years ago, as a new student in the school. She must have sensed that passion beginning to rise through me, as she shifted her left sole from an horizontal position to a vertical one, finally giving all the credits due to the giant size of her soles, as it would now cover my entire pectoral area, resting its wiggling toes in front of my nose, for me to admire and feel the sweaty smell infiltrate my nostril, while still talking with a relaxed tone that was turning me on the same way than what I imagined was going to happen.

“I like dominating peoples... Feeling their foolish cute little submissive face dominated by the aroma and flavor of my sweaty feet... Say, what about we play a little game together? If you’re okay with it, of course~”

She splayed her left toes before advancing the top part of her foot towards my nose, to trap it into the moist cave, covering it like a blanket, while pushing even more with her feet, passing her right sole under my T-shirt, now touching my bare skin, and sharing the warmth of her astonishing underfoot with it. I could only admire the arousing assortment of digits in awe, as they were motherly rubbing against the bridge of my nose, the index toe displaying the same golden toe ring as the one I had seen last time I got to have my nasal area trapped in the same hot den of toes.

“And that’s called “Worshipping your teacher’s pair of feet~” She added, not stopping applying pressure on my skin. So... What do you say?”

Of course, I was unable to reply anything. Between the hot and damp smell that was pushing through my nostrils, the excitation that was triggered by having my prostate area pushed and gently played with, the visual treat that was the Charizard’s toes so close to my face, and the cheeky grin and tone that she was using on me, the feeling of excitement and arousal was too high to be able to say anything, as the only thing I could do was to breathe heavily and half-close my eyes, trying not to give in to the hypnosis that Clara was putting me under. I wanted to pass as the purest and most innocent kind of person, who wouldn’t let any sexual need get in his way of life, but I couldn’t play this game anymore, I didn’t want to. After all, I couldn’t hide it anymore, that was exactly the reason I came here. I realized I wanted to feel the pure bliss of a fulfilled fetish, no matter how perverted that would make me... I tried to stay calm and wise, but Ms.Zard’s “Attributes” knew how to reveal my true self, as I suddenly grabbed the left foot by its sides with both of my hands, planting my thumbs into the part of the sole I could reach from there, and relentlessly, furiously kissing the plant and arches of the flawless, sumptuous, cream colored left sole of my teacher, furiously sniffing to get all the aroma of her overwhelming toes inside my brain.

“Heheh, that’s what I call a good answer. Doesn’t it feel good to be yourself? Now keep kissing, that’s an order from your teacher! “ She grinded her right sole when saying that, causing a jolt of arousal to make me jump on my seat and drive my lust to a more advanced point than ever before.

I hastily grabbed Clara’s left foot’s toes and possessively pressed them against my nose as heavy as I could, never getting enough of the sweet aroma and the silky texture rubbing on my nasal area, while I kept browsing through the flawless ball area of my teacher’s foot, looking for any places that hasn’t yet been kissed, immediately fixing that injustice and mark of disrespect towards my teacher’s god-like soles. Wearing this set of toes like an arousing gas mask, everything I was able to see or smell was the peachy color of Clara’s under-toes, contrasted by the darker orange color of the rest of her foot. Ms. Zard lifted her right foot for the center of the sole to reach my cheek, as a flexion of her toes was enough to cover my whole forehead, her digits pressing on the top of my head and stimulating and rubbing my fur in a careful manner. I as in my own little warm heaven, protected by the tight embrace of the smelly sole skin and wrinkle sets that were imprinting their mark and sweat drops on my skin, penetrating it through the pores that had been opened by the lusty feeling that had taken over me.

Hearing the moans of approbation from my master with my only ear that wasn’t blocked by the sound of Clara’s soles wrinkles swiftly caressing my sensors, I started panting from the lack of “sane” air in the prison I was trapped in at my own will. I reflexively started to extent my tongue like a dog in a hot day and, instead of doing the effort of working my tongue muscles on the mouth

watering wrinkles that were awaiting me, it was Clara, having noticed my open mouth and awaiting tongue, who grinded her soles on my moist organ by herself, moving it up and down my long tongue, from the top of her toe claws from the very bottom of her heels, which was an insanely huge surface, leaving me unable to express any gratitude for the effort that she was doing, as I was only panting and letting the sweaty surface cover the whole area of my mouth agape. Clara retrieved her left foot and replaced it with the right one, serving me with another fleshy plate of the accumulated sweat, warmth, and dirt of a busy Friday.

“My, you’re such a good cleaner, Mikey, and an outstanding student to service your teacher’s sweaty feet like that...”

The oral intervention had the effect of a stab of excitation freely wandering through my whole organism, filling my need to be rewarded for my good duties as a devoted servant, happy to allegedly let all the aspects of my master’s superior soles invade my mind, my back arching up and my moans intensifying in both sound and intensity, going sharper and sharper, the high pitch of my voice indicating the amount of wellness that each smell, each kiss, each lick, would make me feel. With the same treatment now given to the right sole of her after long minutes, I realized that there was one thing that I hadn’t done to please the teacher who I was servicing, and that thing was sucking her toes. I prepared to obey my duty, but I was cut off by Clara retrieving both of her soles away after a final toe press on my nose, leaving a trail of saliva from my mouth that eventually fell into the ground.

“Hey, I have an idea, she said as I tried to follow the retrieving pair, but stopped, disappointed, as they disappeared back under the table. Amused by my weak tentative, she then pointed towards the ground with her index, while also getting up. Lay down there. On your back. And close your eyes. You won’t regret it.” She commanded in a stern voice and tone.

I knew that it would be useless to ask any questions, as it was visible that Clara wanted to keep the surprise, so I silenced the low amount of thoughts and questionings that I could have about what she had in mind and obeyed my teacher’s commands. Plus, lying down would allow me to get a clear view of her feet again, and from another angle, for a mere second before I would have to say goodbye to my vision for a moment. And so, I laid down on the wooden ground, adjusting and shifting my position a bit so that my tail wouldn’t bother me. I took a last glance at Clara’s feet on the ground, which I could discern from a distance, before letting my eyes disappear under my closing eyelids. From now on, I could only rely on my sense of hearing to get a grasp of what was happening around me. Fortunately, listening was a bit of my forte, and after hearing the felted steps of Clara’s soles on the hard floor, I heard her open some kind of furniture, maybe a drawer or a wardrobe. I opted for the latter option as, after hearing these opening and closing sounds, I was able to hear the sound of shuffling fabric and multitudes of thumps on the ground from a distance. In that sudden prison of silence, I was more than tempted to open my eyes, even for only a split second, to comprehend what was happening right now, but I decided to trust my teacher, and mostly, to not try playing discrete with her, as she was known to be a brilliant observer, I was scared she would see the sin I wanted to commit. I almost told myself that it was okay and that I could try at one point, but I had fortunately been stopped by the sound of her steps coming back to me, calling for another wave of lusty heat to flow through my body, the Pavlov effect already making me feel extremely aroused for whatever she had in store to feed me with.

I suddenly felt an immense amount of pressure being applied to my legs, thoroughly pressing it down against the ground, as if to keep me from wiggling them too much. The weight didn’t feel hurtful at all, in fact, the warmth and softness of whatever had landed on them was considerable as

more of a warm and heavy cushion than a cruel and unbearable pression applied on my body. I could definitely say it was part of Ms.Zard's body though, as I was feeling pulse from the said weight circulating through the rest of the surface. I couldn't recognize the experienced softness of neither her toes nor soles though, and the extent of the surface was too big and spread out both horizontally and vertically, even for her feet, leaving me with a puzzled mix of anticipation of excitation. I was wisely laying there, struggling to wait for the longly awaited order from my master to finally make light on the whole mystery I was living in right now, as I could already feel a blush coloring my face and drops of sweat sliding down from my forehead. It wasn't over yet though, and I felt the pressure strengthen even more, completely locking me on the ground and securing my position, while not constricting my legs too much, accompanied by a slight unsticking sound. A cold surface suddenly covered my whole chest part as well, and I could immediately recognize the signature silky feeling of Clara's soles. The warmth of my body was contradicting the coldness of the feet that were pressing against me, probably made cooler by the ground's temperature, which I hadn't noticed, was actually cold. I would have pressingly grabbed the ankles from the feet that were resting on me, but as I tried to lift my hand, I could only feel them being retreated by a strong force pulling on my wrists, pinning them down as much as my legs, keeping me from being able to use them, which was frustrating and furiously exciting me at the same time. What the hell could be awaiting me to restrict me the possibility of using my hands? I wanted to know, I NEEDED to know.

"You can open them now~" I heard the voice of salvation finally announce, finally allowing me to unveil the curiosity that was in front of my covered eyes. I immediately listened to the order and was greeted by something that I had never seen before. Strangely enough, my first point of attention wasn't driven by the pair of feet that were casually resting on my pectoral area, but instead of the giant anthropomorphic Charizard that I know under the name "Clara", towering over in an outfit that I had never seen before.

The first thing I noticed was the black mask that was covering her face, only leaving space for her horns, muzzle, and eyes to be seen, outlining and following each curve of her mouth and each movement of her facial muscles, adding an unforeseen intensity to any of her facial expressions. Under it, she was wearing a spiked collar, black again, which was reminiscing of a power and superiority that empowered her facial features and her dominant general look to an unimaginable extent. The rest of her outfit was a dark black like the rest, as it consisted of a very tight black top covering her cleavage area and arms, leaving a hole for her shoulders to show a bit, and jogging pants that were so tight that they were exposing each and every strong muscles of her powerful legs, stopping at the ankle to only let the warm orange color of her creamy stompers to stick out and break the consented color of her clothes. Looking down on my chest also brought the attention to me that she had painted her toe claws in a sparkling red shade, small colored points that I could witness wiggle and splay as their parenting digits would occasionally do the same.

The teacher was rubbing her soles back and forth against my chest, lightly pushing the fur of my chest, giving me a pleasant tingling and warm feeling, the feet making sure to follow the curve and rhythm of each excited breath that I was taking. There was no doubts she was enjoying herself as well, concentrated on making each pressure feel like the touch of an angel.

"What a good student you are, you listened to my instructions~ The now masked Pokemon woman said, deeply staring into my eyes, as if she was trying to possess me through her gaze. Are you ready for your reward, little one?"

Ms.Zard had never called me little one before, and while I would usually feel extremely uncomfortable with any of the cute nicknames in the likes of "Mikey" that she would have given me,

this new label she had put on me had more of an exciting effect than anything. In a situation where I wasn't much aware of my surroundings, she had reminded me of how big her body, and specifically feet, were. I realized that she had basically covered my upper body with only the size of one sole, using her arousing body part to cover and protect me like a warm blanket. Suddenly came the famous reward she talked about, as she suddenly smothered my whole face under both of her soles, pressing against the ground, trapping my nose and eyes under the pillow-like surface once again. She let me take in the whole sensation while gently grinding her feet on my face, the feeling of each wrinkle retaining its weight on each bump of my face, always shaking the pleasure area of my brain more intensely. My constricted hands were making me crazy, as I was violently trying to lift them up to feel the silky material once again, but was blocked by the firm yet gentle grasp of the hands of Ms.Zard. As strange as it may seem, the friction feeling as I would wiggle and try to move my entire body to no avail was, though not as exciting as the contact of Clara's feet against my face, a supplementary source of arousal. This slight feeling of hopelessness and inability to move despite my biggest effort was ticking the same switch through my brain that her huge feet would.

"Too bad I can't use my hands, I'll use my tongue then!" I told myself as I moved my face around to force one of my teacher's toes inside my mouth, filling it with the whole asset of tastes that the sweaty digits would bring with them. Stuffed inside my maw, I had the pleasure of developing my lapping and sucking abilities, the test subject being that big toe of my teacher, which base would gently caress my lips as they were going back and forth to stimulate my tongue captors, letting me deposit my moist drool all over these toes. I would lap and wrap my tongue around each millimeters of the now drool soaked digits and claw, vacuuming all their stress and stiffness away. Occasionally, I was able to fill my entire mouth with two toes at the same time, which would literally take my breath away, the scent and feeling invading the entirety of the warm cave. Each toe eventually got its fair share of tongue expertise, filled with moans of pleasure from both me and Clara, each of our bodies warming and tensing up, with each toe preceded by a starving lick from the ball area to the tip of the toe claws, passing between the digits, and outlining its sides with a passing of my tongue, while the feet were still grinding and pushing their plushy material towards my face. Time passed by at an increasing rate, as I spent the rest of my afternoon alternating between giving the feminine soles a tongue bath, sucking each toe one by one, and letting the skilled feet tease my face by drumming, rubbing and trapping my nose between her flawless toes, pressing both of my cheeks between her soles, or rest her heel on my mouth, letting me lick this giant ball, reaching as far as I could.

Quickly, both me and Clara realized that the orange hue of the evening sky had set in the room, showing signs of the early evening as the sun began to set. With a disappointed look on her partially covered face, she sighed and lifted up her soles right above my face, just low enough for me to feel the tip of my nose sinking against her big toe. "Looks like it's time for a little recreation. I enjoyed every moment of your worship, you're such a well behaved student~" She said, granting my eyes a last look at her toe splay before officially retrieving them. She stood up, releasing the pressure my body was under, unlocking my wrists and lower body, and headed back to an adjacent room, probably the one in which she had changed herself previously, while I was unable to see. I was still lying down, panting and taking deep breaths to grasp the pure air that I had access to, now that I didn't have the smell obstructing feet on my face. Despite not having moved at all, I felt very tired and heavy from the experience, only getting up after about two minutes, and only to take the nearest chair to sit down on, still exhaustingly panting. Clara eventually came back, with her usual outfit, which basically consisted of a tight black vest showing a large part of her cleavage, and a dark grey skirt that stopped right above her knees. She would also occasionally wear black heels, but she

was actually barefoot this time. She grabbed and sat on the chair that she had been sitting on earlier, before speaking, looking at me with pleased eyes.

“ Well well, it was a lot of fun, don’t you think?” She winked at me.

- Y-Yes... I was slowly turning back to my original self, answering in a slightly bashful tone.

- ... So... It’s evening now... You have to go home, right?

An unsettling silence took place in the room, as we didn’t know what conversation subject to bring. In fact, I had an idea in mind, but I was too scared to actually bring it up. It wasn’t long before I noticed Clara grinning wildly and looking at me with fiery eyes. Maybe she had guessed what I had in mind? I finally decided to speak up.

“W-Well, actual-“

- Tell me... Would you like to stay here for the night?

- H-Huh? My body stiffened up as it was exactly what I was thinking about. Ms.Zard seemed to have a real talent at guessing what peoples had in mind... I regained my composure a bit faster than usual before answering. I... I’d love to, but... I told my parents I was hanging out with a friend from the theater club, not that I was going to sleep at their house...

- I can call your parents and act like your friend’s mother, what do you say? She winked at me again. These were getting everything but subtle at this point.

- I... I guess... I replied a bit unsure.

- That’s settled then! She exclaimed. I can have you sleep at my feet tonight, you’ll do whatever you want with them~

My brain sent me a shock of excitement as I heard that sentence, the idea of spending the entire nighttime playing and giving my never-ending love to my teacher’s soles was putting me into a daydream already. I realized I hadn’t noticed Clara’s extended hand, waiting for me to give her my phone so that she could make the call she was talking about. I quickly reached through the pocket of my jeans and took out the rectangular object out of it. When I think that this insane story started because of this... I made the phone display my mother’s phone number to make her task easier, and passed my cellular from my hand to hers, which was at least twice as big as mine.

“Great, I’ll be back in a minute, stay well behaved~” She said, going back to what I would at this point call the “Dressing room” with the gesture of her hand putting the phone’s speaker next to what would be the position of a regular fur’s ears. That made me wonder how Charizards were actually hearing for a moment, a silly thought that made me chuckle a bit, as I recalled what my mom had told me before I went to Ms.Zard’s place.

“I’m so proud to see you hanging out with friends! Enjoy your time here, and stay here as long as you want. You can even have a sleepover if you want, just make sure to call me before, sweetie~”

At the time, I had made up my mind on the fact that I would be back in the evening, as the idea of meeting up with my teacher was scaring me a lot, but it looked like I was going to listen to my mom’s hidden message...

THE END