

Serving the skunk
Story by Ohmagaz

This story is a monthly Patreon reward for GuyThreepwood (FA)



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Sitting on the large couch of the studio's living room, Hank was sliding and pressing his fingers onto his laptop's trackpad with a frustrated pout on his face. He seemed angrier and angrier with each passing second, as he was opening, closing and deleting each mail from the inbox he was combing through, and despite his hopes, none of the messages differed from the other ones. Twenty, thirty, forty of these damned paragraphs all basically saying the same thing:

"After close examination of your application, we have the regret to inform you that your profile has been rejected for our open position."

None of the companies he had contacted was even giving him a chance in the form of an interview. A difficult pill to swallow for Hank, who had worked very hard on his resume and motivation letters, but it was the harsh world of job hunting, he figured. The man took his large red glasses off and rubbed his eyes, fatigued by the long exposure to the screen, which bottom right corner he looked at. It was currently 11.12 AM, and considering he got up at 7 AM, that would mean he had been checking his mails for more than three hours. He shut the computer off and closed it, looking at his reflection on its black shell with shame.

"Reggie's probably right... Maybe it's the blue hairs..." He pensively said, stroking the ocean coloured haircut of his. He sighed and closed his eyes, only realising how tired he was now.

Unfortunately, he was only able to enjoy the silence for a few seconds before the door burst open, waking him up in a jolt. The sudden noise was soon followed by loud footstep sounds, which thuds he would recognize among a thousand. He looked to his right where the entrance door was and looked at the tall silhouette that had entered the apartment. A tall, very tall silhouette revealed itself to the dim lighting of the entrance.

A dark grey anthropomorphic skunk stood in; its dark grey colour contrasted by the discrete white stripes that were spread in different areas of his body. The top of his muzzle was parkoured by one of those said stripes, for example. Starting from a pink snout, the line moved up to extend along the skunk's forehead. His rounded ears were white, and some bangs of his wavy long hairs as well, with the last bit of the pure colour in the form of two thin stripes adorning his long bushy tail. He was lightly clothed, only wearing a grey tank top, dark blue shorts, and grey sneakers, which left his arms and legs bare for onlookers to notice their sleek, protruding muscles. A red sports bag was weighing on his left shoulder.

The colossus moved forward and entered the room, his assured aura filling it with each new step. He threw his bag on the ground and flopped onto the couch next to the human. Compared to this beast, Hank looked like a miserable twig.

"Yo. From that look on your face, I'm willing to bet they all said no?" He said. Hank sighed.

"No... I mean, yes, they all said no" The human muttered.

Serving the skunk

Story by Ohmagaz

“... I’m not surprised. It’s already hard for me to find a job, so it must be even harder for you...” He replied.

“Is it because of the hairs?”

“Heh, I thought that at first, but it’s more than that. You see, we’re pretty similar on a lot of things... We have the same brain and the same talent...”

“Sure, whatever you say, it’s not like you copied my essays at school or anything...” The human reacted.

“But here’s what differentiates us.” He ignored his rival’s snarky comment and bent his arm to show his strong biceps. “The muscles.”

The skunk looked at the human for a few seconds, but Reggie could tell Hank was unconvinced, so he continued his argumentation.

“No, no, I swear... Seriously...” He took his tank top off and showed his bare chest, causing the human to blush a bit. “Look at that. Who could resist this body?” He said with a wide smile. “You can touch if you want...” He winked.

“So, what you’re saying is... People will give you job offers because you have muscles? Sure...”

“Well, that’s technically what happened...”

“You know, companies are not looking for body builders who- Wait What? ‘Technically what happened?’”

Reggie smirked, as if he had been waiting for the perfect time to announce the news. His usually neutral facial expression had changed into a wide grin. He took his phone out from his pocket, turned it on and after a few manipulations, held it in front of the human.

“Well, I didn’t lie, it was hard, but... Take a look at this...”

“Oh no, what is it gonna be...” Hank sighed and looked at the screen.

Chills ran down his spine when he recognized the page Reggie was on. The same colour, the same layout, the same logo... There was no doubt: He was looking at Reggie’s mailbox. One mail in particular, highlighted in yellow...

“Open the mail~” The phone’s owner said, gloating.

“No... Don’t tell me...” The human did as he was told and pressed on the thin band showing the mail’s preview, and the entirety of the text showed itself to him.

The text wasn’t the same. The sentence that he had been used to seeing in this sort of layout was different. He read it out loud.

Serving the skunk

Story by Ohmagaz

"Hey, Connie here!

I'm sending you this mail following the meeting we've had today. We're pleased to welcome you in the team! You can find your employment contract as an attachment to this mail. It contains all the information we've discussed of earlier. Bring me the signed document as soon as you can please.

Best regards,

Connie McHanel"

"I can't believe it..." Hank said, his jaw dropping in bewilderment as he grabbed the phone from his rival's hands.

"Yup, finally found it. Who knew that all I had to do was talk to the gym's owner? I guess some companies ARE looking for body builders..." He gloated.

"Wait, you got the job today? It is Saturday..." Hank replied, puzzled. He was seriously hoping this was a bad prank, but upon opening and reading through the attachment file, he realised it was serious.

"Heh, not everyone works from Monday to Friday, especially in a gym" He replied as he put his top back on.

Hank crossed his arms. He was fulminating, and still couldn't believe he was beaten. Part of him didn't want to accept it, but the other part figured it was to be expected. Compared to him, Reggie had always been better at speaking to people and raising attention towards him. It was frustrating, but it was true. Hank lowered his head. Seeing his roommate's conflicted face, the skunk put his hand on his shoulder.

"Heh, me finding a job faster than you was to be expected. But don't worry, you'll find something eventually... You've always pulled good fights with me." He looked at the other man's face with surprisingly honest eyes that didn't show a hint of sass or pretentiousness in this very rare occasion.

The human looked up at Reggie's face and weakly smiled.

"I guess you're right... You were always better at selling yourself."

"Yeah, I know..." He smiled for a bit before his face turned into a shockingly serious stare. The air felt heavy all of a sudden, and Hank was getting uneasy as he looked into his friend's piercing eyes.

"Now, onto the real stuff... Do you remember the bet?"

Hank gulped. He had seriously hoped Reggie had forgotten about it. It was so long ago, maybe one or two years, and Reggie was completely drunk when he had proposed it to him. The skunk continued. The human heard two loud thumps on the ground, and in the span of a few seconds, a

Serving the skunk

Story by Ohmagaz

rancid scent had already made itself noticeable in the room. He looked down and noticed the bare feet of his roommate as the sound was coming from the worn-out shoes he had taken off, falling on the ground. The skunk leaned backwards and extended his strong leg towards Hank, unexpectedly pushing his sweaty sole on his face.

“Whoever finds a job first, gets to be served by the other for two days...” The dominant mammal said with a grin.

Hank winced at the scent that harassed his nostrils when the wide sole came in contact with his cheek.

“Wh-Whft thf hfl..!” The human tried to object, but his face sunk deeper and deeper into the size 45 footpaw as it found itself sandwiched between the couch’s armrest and the moist body part, which pink pads on his toes and sole firmly pressured the front of his face.

Soon, the young man’s nose was surrounded by the damp leathery surface, and five strong toes were curling around his head, grabbing tufts of blue hair between them. Like a puppeteer, the foot controlled the struggling servant in a way that made the muffled face follow still when the muscular sole was moving. Before he knew what was happening, Hank was pinned to the ground, the other foot pushing on his belly with intense force, keeping him from squirming altogether.

“Shhh, hold still~” Hank heard his rival’s deep voice.

The human couldn’t see anything because of the large toes obstructing his visions, but he moved his eyes where he estimated the voice to come from.

“Gft yfur stfnkf ffet outtf my ffce!” He seemed to shout, although his voice was barely audible under the big stompers. “Thss wfsn’t in thf dffl!”

“Oh, it wasn’t? Aren’t you serving me as a foot rug right now?” The voice echoed from outside the smelly prison. The skunk spread his toes, revealing the outside world to his catch between two digits.

Hank noticed the smug stare and smile and was about to comment on it before Reggie cut him.

“Here’s your first order: Smell my feet! It may be a bit brutal at first, but you’ll soon realize how lucky you are to be at my perfect soles.” The speaker wiggled his toes as he finished his sentence.

That’s right, the smell... Due to the adrenaline rush, Hank had forgotten the foul stench that was draining him of his willpower, and these words were enough to snap him back into reality. He felt the moist and cheesy odour travel through his nose and ripe his throat with each passing second. The stink even piqued his eyes, as the acidic sweat. It was mostly distasteful, some could even say disgusting, yet... The skunk’s wide toes had a strange warmth, a softness and delicacy in their movement that kept the experience from being completely unenjoyable. The digits were gently rubbing his forehead as the cushion that was the foot’s pink sole pad calmly swayed over the human’s nose, delivering new samples of the strong scent.

Serving the skunk

Story by Ohmagaz

After only a few seconds of helpless squirms, Hank decided to play the skunk's game and take it all in. Clenching his teeth, he inhaled loudly and let the stinky fragrance overpower him. But instead of shivering his entire body from the dislikeable smell, the young man widened his eyes as he realised he had just felt... A hint of pleasure? Being overpowered, stuck into this warm and stinky prison just... Suddenly switched something in his brain, and before long, each hurtful, unwanted, forced sniff became a welcoming, lovely and lustful invitation. His eyes relaxed, his breathing stabilized, and the wave of panic from earlier gave way for a soothing stream of pleasure and peacefulness.

"Yes, that's it... Know your place and give your whole mind to my soles~" Reggie said with a voice that sounded more soothing than usual. Noticing his now lustful servant's eyes, he grinded his steamy soles on his friends' body and face, soaking both with the sweat of his worn out feet, and closed the gap between his toes. "Heh, aren't you a lucky guy? You have the honour of smelling these beauties after a looong and tiring workout. You love being at my paws, huh?"

The answer was a single moan. This question was the last straw, and as if hypnotised by the strange domination power of his rival, lust and joy was flowing through his entire system, starting from the hot pressure point of his master's soles on his body. He was now at Reggie's orders.

"Seems like you're tamed." The skunk said with a smirk, feeling the air from Hank's sniffs tickle his toes a bit. He lifted both soles above his servant's face, wiggling and spreading his ten toes for a few seconds as the human filled his nose with some fresh air again.

The view was making Hank blush, as his eyes feasted on the spectacle that was the toes' swift and smooth motion, showing their sweat and moistness, which drops were sometimes falling on their admirer's face. He started panting, delighted from the view and thought of those pink pads falling down and gifting his face with tender caresses. He watched the toes scrunch and reveal a sole filled with wrinkles that would make any pillow look stiff and uncomfortable. The swaying motion of those soles playfully moving left and right made the wrinkles look more and more tantalizing each second.

The human couldn't stand just watching, and he was about to stretch his arms towards the perfect pair dangling in front of him, but the skunk that had dominated him in every way was faster. The pair fell upon the awaiting figure with an intense force, as a loud THUMP sound was heard. Hank had gasped at first, but loudly moaned when the rancid scent of the skunk's toes caressed the nose they were clenching on. He pushed his face forward, eager to get an even stronger sample of this fragrance be vacuumed by his twitching nose, letting himself go wild from the sensory overload.

Reggie relaxed and adjusted his position on the couch to make it easier for him to control the being under his mighty paws. At the same time that the human grabbed his feet to push them deeper on his face, the skunk grabbed the remote and put on TV, as he was feeling his servant squirm under the pair of soles that he was grinding onto his face. He moved his feet forward, granting his servant access to that lower part of his pair his strong yet mellow sole pads pressing hard, while he stretched his toes and played with the blue strands of the human's hairs.

The leathery surfaces weighted hard on Hank's nostrils, yet without ever closing the gaps allowing him to take in the lustful aura emanating from them. To Hank's both surprise and pleasure,

Serving the skunk

Story by Ohmagaz

the scent was slightly altered due to the difference of material between Reggie's tender and flexible skin and his firmer, stronger pads. The scent was stuffier, as the pads had retained and absorbed most of the natural sweat and smell coming from the rest of the anthro's foot. This resulted in a less pungent and leatherier odour. It was far from an unwelcome fragrance though, as the variety gave the human the strength to sniff every inch of the tantalizing surface.

Hank heard his master sigh of pleasure, as he was still grinding smelly soles back and forth on his face, wiggling his toes and caressing the top of his head with them. His nose met the tenderness and more expressive scent and texture of the skunk's soles once again and blushed. The main pad was now caressing his forehead and he felt the heel pad gently cover his chin.

He continued sniffing relentlessly for a few minutes, until the human's master decided to reach his nose with the last part of his foot that hadn't been smelled yet. He felt the heel strongly being pressed onto his nose, with much more strength than the other part of the beloved pair. And then a few minutes passed again, filled with countless loud breathing and moan noises produced by him, the playful pair still toying with the rest of his face while he was committed to his task.

The day passed, and Hank spent the entirety of it serving the anthro's marvellous feet and soles, whether it be by serving as a foot rug for him to rest his feet on, or receiving the raunchy scent and delicious sweat of Reggie's feet on his face. One thing was sure, Hank was now completely devoted to his servant task, unable to resist the urge to touch, caress or smell the muscular soles and toes presented to him.

Of course, Reggie had grown quite fond of this dominating sensation too, looking down at the human with a wry smile all the time. He knew Hank's weakness, his passion for feet, all along. He had seen all the timid stares his feet would get from him whenever he was barefoot. He was just waiting for the perfect moment to let the human indulge for the skunk's own profit. Now that Hank was his servant, he could freely enjoy his own domination fetish. He wanted to take it slow though, enjoying every inch of it as much as possible, and not ruin everything by rushing to the most extreme sensations. In fact, he had already prepared a program in his head. Today would only consist of sniffing, but tomorrow...

The next day came, and Reggie woke up first as the first rays of light were passing through the window shutters. Yawning, he planted his large soles on the human face that was lying next to them, as it had executed its smelling duty during the night as well, under Reggie's orders. The sudden pressure woke up the servant, and as if a routine had set in already, Hank pushed the pair deeper into his face and started smelling again, lodging his nose between two of the skunk's smelly toes.

"Make me my coffee." The skunk muttered, not quite awake enough to articulate yet.

"Yes, Reggie, hum... Master?" The hypnotised human replied, sneaking in a last long sniff before getting up from the bed and looking at the anthro for a response.

Serving the skunk

Story by Ohmagaz

“Yeah, master, that sounds nice...” He said plunging his head back into the soft pillow, as Hank moved, presumably to the kitchen to prepare the requested coffee.

A few minutes later, Reggie was sitting on the couch, watching TV and enjoying the dark liquid prepared by his servant, who was at the opposite end of a low table on which the anthro was resting his exposed feet. He was gently massaging his fingers on his master’s tender soles, pressing his thumbs against the creamy surface and rubbing in circular motions, scrubbing against the large toes with his index and passing it between the digits, pressing hard on those nerves that made Reggie sigh from pleasure. With that said, it was obvious that he was impatiently waiting for the order to tend to the perfect soles, pads and toes in a... “Closer” manner.

He looked up to his master as he was taking the last sip of his coffee. He began wiggling his toes, grabbing the human’s attention.

“You know, you’ve been very good at sniffing these perfect feet of mine yesterday...” He spread his toes, forming an incredible wide arch that Hank looked at with a blush. “And I can tell you’re craving a... ‘Closer’ interaction with them...”

Reggie smirked. He was seeing the servant’s blush rising in intensity as his heart was pounding faster and faster, watching the dexterous toes move around in an inviting sway right in front of him. The skunk could now begin the second part of his plan.

“Is there something you want to ask me?” He said, teasingly poking the human’s lips with his toes, causing his servant to moan.

“P...Please...” He managed to say between two pants. “Please let me... Worship them, master...”

“Mmmh, I don’t know...” He replied, looking down on Hank “You don’t sound very convincing...” The anthro cupped his toes around his interlocutor’s mouth, touching his lips with each of his ten digits.

“I-I’m begging you, master... Let me kiss and lick your perfect soles and toes...” The human reacted, as the thought of worshipping his rival’s sexy feet was filling his entire mind.

“Mmmh... You’re desperate for them, aren’t you?” Reggie wiggled his toes, adding another layer of tease that an already panting Hank had to stand.

“Y-Yes... I’ll do whatever you want to your feet...” The submissive being admitted.

“Well, in that case...” The skunk moved his soles backwards and wiggled his toes once again, for the human to see them in all their glory.

Hank’s heart was racing, as he was mesmerized by the swaying wrinkles of his master’s dark grey soles. He was panting, impatiently waiting for their bearer’s next words. After a second of teasing, the words that entered his ears resonated deep inside his brain.

Serving the skunk

Story by Ohmagaz

“Alright, go to town with ‘em. You’d better kiss, lick and suck them clean. Not a lot of losers like you get the chance to worship these beauties...”

Hank didn’t take long to execute himself, as within a second, his hands had reached towards the skunk’s ankles and had pulled the waiting toes towards his face already, blasting kisses on every inch of them in a multitude of quick yet convicted pecks, each of them making strong suction noises added with deep moans and pants, while the skunk’s sole wrinkles were caressing his chin.

The delicate texture of those leathery pads on his mouth gave a different texture compared to the sole feeling of touching them with his face. As he was able to languorously kiss and lap at the playful digits and fully indulge into his repressed fetish, his sensations were significantly amplified, and his whole body shook from the sample of salt and sweat he was getting on his lips. Kissing only the toes wasn’t enough for him, he was hungry for the entire pair.

In turn, he grabbed each foot, and covered the entirety of their surface with deep and meaningful kisses. Starting from their top side, he travelled along the soft and sinuous surface with dedication, feeling his body fill up with pleasure at each new pressure of his lips against the creamy skin. He moved to the toes once again, kissing the top of them, and then getting back onto their bottom side. He descended and met the numerous parts of these perfect soles, each more supple and soft than the other. He moaned and worked on the centre pad, sole, heel, all the while being devoted to his task like never before.

After he was done with the shower of kisses, Hank moved up to face the tender soles once again. He grabbed each of the feet’s ankle and placed them side to side on the low table in front of him and admired them for a few seconds, apprehending the next step of his worship. He let his eyes get lost into the twitching soles’ sea of wrinkles and got ready to dive into it. He stuck his tongue out, shaking from every fibre of his body, but as he was about to paste his tongue onto the delicate material, the pair found itself to be faster.

Hank’s eyes widened, as in the blink of an eye, the tender soles had found themselves pressed onto the warm and moist human’s tongue. The taste that took on his entire being faithfully fitted their smell, except that it was much stronger. The salty taste of sweat and natural cheesy aroma filled his mouth and immediately casted a smell that turned his brain numb from its warmth, as his eyes were rolling backwards from the overwhelming lust covering him. Like a machine, he lapped, thirsty for more of the delicious taste of an alpha male soles. He moaned and glided his tongue along every crease and wrinkle, under the soles, pads and arches, slobbering all over them one by one. The skin was slowly cleaned of all its dirtiness and muskiness by Hank’s tongue rolling onto its surface, slowly becoming clearer and clearer, with trails of saliva slowly coating them.

When he arrived towards the toes, the human didn’t wait a second and sucked each toe like lollipops one by one. He closed his eyes of delight and focused on the feelings of touch and taste overcoming his brain. He drooled as the digits wiggled inside its warm and sticky cave, tenderly caressed and pampered by the warm beast inhabiting it. Each toe was given the royal treatment, rubbed and sucked hard for a few minutes each, with a cleaning session between each pair of toes serving as a transition.

Serving the skunk

Story by Ohmagaz

This lasted for around an hour before each toe was fully cleaned. As Hank plucked the last digit out his mouth, he watched the now glistening skin under the sunlight. He was too amazed by the resting toes to realize that Reggie was about to put the final phase of his plan to work.

“Man, that was a nice one...” He said, stretching and spreading his toes with a sigh of pleasure. “You remember this deal was supposed to last two days, right?” He continued.

Hank looked up to his interlocutor, as if a spark of lucidity had pulled him back into reality.

“Y-Yes...” He apprehensively replied, figuring that the skunk had a trick up his sleeve.

That is when the human noticed the device that Reggie was holding. His phone, with its objective pointed right at him. Even though the room was lit enough, the flash was on, and Hank’s face turned pale as he realised, he was being filmed. At the other end of the dreaded phone, his rival was smiling from ear to ear, the pretentiousness and cockiness from earlier having seemingly found their place back onto his face.

“I think we’ll make it longer; You wouldn’t want your friends to know about it, would you?”

THE END

Thank you for reading!



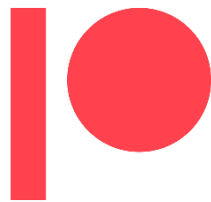
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