

Brent & Scott at College

The place wasn't much. A room over the garage. But it was all I could afford, right now. The place I was living in was damaged by a fire and I had lost most everything I had to it. When I saw the ad and went by, I was more than willing to help finish the room.

There was a wall to put up, some plumbing and some painting. Furniture was already in place and covered in plastic. Work was being done by the sons of the woman that owned the house. Brent was 21 and a junior in collage. Scott was 20 and the same. We got along, right from the beginning and worked well together. It was less than a week, and I moved some things in from what I had in storage and stuff I had salvaged from the fire.

My boss was more than agreeable, as far as my taking time off. He'd been through it himself. But I only had a few days vacation time and money would run short by the end of the month. What insurance I had would barley cover what I lost.

I got moved in, with Brent's help, and got things put away. I thought I was going to be in trouble when one box broke open and some books fell out, but I managed to get them scooped up and back in the box before Brent saw them. Those went in the crawl space above my bedroom.

I settled in and got comfortable with my new surroundings. They had me down for dinner a number of times and I got comfortable with the boys being around all the time. They were both nice kids. We'd play some hoops afternoons, when I came home from work, and I enjoyed that.

I'd been there a little over a month when things changed. I came home early from work, one day, and found Brent in my room. He was sitting at my desk, reading one of the magazines I had rescued from the fire. The crawlspace over the bedroom was open and the box that held the rest was on my bed.

"What are you . . ." I started to say.

"Shut up," Brent said. "How dare you question what I'm doing here. Look at this!" he added, waving the magazine in the air.

"Shoes and feet?" he went on. "I've never heard of such a thing. It's disgusting! Look at these pictures!"

I had. Many times. I loved shoes and feet and those books were my only outlet. I'd never been as brave as many of my "brothers" and done anything else.

"You like my shoes?" he asked. "Scott's?"

I didn't say anything. I'd thought of their shoes many times.

He stood, tossing the book on the bed, and walked toward me. He was maybe an inch shorter than me. But, in his present state, menacing.

"I ought to beat the crap out of you," he said, grabbing me by the shirt and pushing me against the wall. I thought my head would go through the wall board, he push me so hard. I was dazed. Everything was falling apart.

"You like these," he said, pushing me down to the floor. "Huh? You like my shoes?"

I looked at the tan bucks he was wearing. He was the preppy of the two. I was very interested in them but never considered doing anything with either of them.

"Smell them, faggot," he said, pushing my head down on them.

I had little choice but to smell his shoes, my nose being pressed hard against the laces.

They smelled as wonderful as I thought they might.

"According to your books," he went on, "you guys like to smell shoes and feet. Like to kiss and lick them. Would you like to kiss and lick my shoes?"

I still couldn't say anything. I was in shock.

"Kiss it," he said.

I kissed his shoe.

He let go of me and walked away from me, leaving me on my knees on the floor.

"You disgust me!" he said. "We took you in like family. You ate at our table. All the time hiding this."

He'd reached the bed, again, and picked up another book. The picture on the cover showed a guy laying on the floor, another sitting above him with his feet in his face. The guy on the floor was holding one foot, licking the shoe. He tossed the book down and walked toward me, again. He stopped and I thought he was going to kick me. But he opened the door to my room.

"Stay here," he said. "I want to think. I'll be back for you."

I didn't know what to do. I stayed where I was for maybe five minutes. Then I stood up and went to the bed and started putting the magazines back in the box. They were all over the bed. I looked around. There was a good chance it would be my last look. And I wasn't too sure that my job was going to be too secure. I got the box closed up and was about to put it back in the crawl space.

"Leave it," Brent said, bursting into the room.

He walked to the bed and ripped open the box. He took a magazine out and started thumbing through it. He stopped at a story (one I had written and sent in) and walked over to my desk, sat and started reading it. His expression changed from disgust to amusement. He laughed out loud.

"Get over here," he said.

I started toward him.

"Crawl," he said. "I want to see you crawling to me."

I got down and crawled over to him. I wanted to placate him and, with a little luck, this would pass. I would move out and keep my job.

"Kiss my shoes," he said, when I reached him.

I lowered my head and kissed the toes of his shoes. They were well worn, scuffed and stained. They still had the buck smell to them, though. I liked that.

"I haven't had a chance to talk to Scott, yet," he said. "But I've had enough time to think about this. Lick my shoes."

I looked up at him. I wasn't sure what I had heard. He lifted one foot and pushed my head down on the other with it.

"Lick, dammit!" he said.

I started licking his shoe. I didn't see where it would show much, with the rough leather. As it got damp, the leather smell got a little stronger.

"I don't know how Scott will feel," he said, as I licked his shoe, "but I think you've found your niche. You like my shoe?"

I was going to answer but he started talking, again.

"No matter what Scott says," he said, "I think I'll keep you. That's right, keep you! You'll spend all your free time at my beck and call. If Scott wants to be part of it, just think of the fun we'll have."

He laughed and went back to reading the story.

I continued licking his shoe, as he read. I wasn't sure I liked the way he was talking but I liked my job and wanted to keep it. If I had to do this, then I would accept it. Besides, these weren't all that bad.

I was just starting the second shoe when we heard Scott come home.

"Stay right there," Brent said, standing. "I'm going to go talk to Scott."

I watched him leave the room and kept my position. I didn't want to piss him off any more than he already was.

"Now," he said, when he came back a few minutes later, "where were we. Oh, yes. Get back to work on that shoe."

I was curious as to what Scott had said, but didn't ask. If he wanted me to know, he'd tell me. I put my head down and started licking the shoe I'd started. I'd only been at it for maybe a half a minute when I felt something hit the back of my head and saw a soccer ball bounce across the floor.

"You've got to be shitting me," Scott said from behind me. I hadn't even heard him come in the room. "He's actually licking your shoe."

"Told you," Brent said. "Check out his magazines."

I heard Scott walk to the bed. I'd stopped what I was doing and started to look over.

"Get back on that shoe!" Brent said.

I turned back to his shoe and started licking it, again. Scott started going through the magazines, laughing at some of the pictures. It was a slightly nervous laugh. Then replaced with genuine laughter.

"You ought to read the stories," Brent said. "The guy that wrote this one is really perverted."

If he'd known I had written it, I wondered what he would have said.

"Look at this," Scott said, walking over behind me. "This one likes sneakers."

Brent stood.

"Take a seat, Bro," he said, moving off to one side.

Scott came around and sat down. I looked down at the scuffed and dirty Reebok's he was wearing.

"You like sneakers too?" Brent asked. I felt his foot on the back of my head and he pushed my face down on his brother's feet.

They were warm to the touch, smelled of leather and sweat. I could feel his feet move inside them. They were fantastic! But what was Scott's reaction going to be?

"Lick my sneakers, boy!" he said.

So much for his reaction. It was difficult to manipulate my head, with Brent's foot pressing it down the way he was, but I stuck my tongue out and started licking Scott's sneaker.

"I figure," Brent said, "between the two of us, we should be able to keep him busy most of the time. Those books should give us plenty of idea's."

Scott laughed, tossing the book he had on the floor. Brent took his foot off my head then straddled my back, sitting on me. I could work on Scott's shoe better, now.

"My sneaks can get pretty grody," Scott said. "Maybe this is what they need. A good cleaning every day."

"That's the idea, Bro," Brent said. "I know he's going to have to clean my shoes every day. You like that, boy?"

He slapped the back of my head.

"My loafers are going to need extra care," he said. "I wear them the most so you'll need to keep them in top condition."

They both laughed. I guess the picture of me on my knee's licking their shoes was funny to them.

"You like the taste of my sneakers, boy?" Scott asked. "Lick up all that dirt and sweat. Look at that," he went on, "it's actually turning white where he's licking it."

They laughed again. Brent reached forward and held my head by the hair, moving it around on his brothers foot.

"Tonight," he said, "before you go to bed, you'll have to do a pair of my loafers. Cleaned and polished. It's trash night, too. You can take the trash out to the curb for pick up."

"Don't forget Mom said we needed to clean the garage this weekend," Scott said. "That should keep him busy. How's that shoe, boy? You getting it clean?"

I'd made plans for the weekend but it looked like they were changing them.

I kept licking the one shoe till Brent pulled my head back and then pushed it down on the second.

"This is looking like it's going to take a while," Brent said. "You want a coke?"

"Sound's good," Scott said, as Brent stood.

"Go get us a coke, boy," Brent said. He kicked me on the ass.

I'd expected him to go get them and leave me there.

I didn't have any in my fridge, so had to go to the house to get them. Their Mother wasn't home from work, yet. Nothing would be said as to why I was sent on the errand.

I came back in and handed them to them. Scott pointed to his feet and I got back down.

"You'll have to learn to move faster," Brent said, standing over me and putting one foot

on my ass. "That was a little slow."

"I've got homework to do," Scott said. "Hurry up and get that shoe cleaned."

I licked harder and faster, trying to hurry. They laughed at my increased speed.

"I think I'll be by later with my Doc Martins," he went on. "I'm sure you'll like them."

Brent walked away and went over and sat on the bed. He started going through the magazines, again, laughing at some of what he saw.

"Maybe we should write this guy and tell him what we're doing with you," he said.

"Or join and let him send us our own stuff," Scott said. "Maybe we can find another one, close by."

They were out of luck on that one. There was no one close.

"They have video's, Bro!" Brent said. "You got any, boy?"

That was one of my greatest loss's in the fire. Maybe fifteen of them.

"You would have found them," Scott said. "I'm sure he'd keep them together."

"We can check out the catalog," Brent said. "Looks like they have a variety."

I kept licking his shoe, as they talked. I'd gotten past the shape of them and was now enjoying it. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

When he thought I had worked on it long enough, he stood. Brent walked over and they both stood in front of me.

"From now on," Brent said, "that's the position you'll assume when we come in the room. You'll kneel and never look past our feet. You'll kiss them when we come in and when we leave."

"You can get used to the idea of calling us Sir, too," Scott said. "Or maybe Master."

"You'll like being our slave," Brent said. "Maybe not at first, but you'll get used to it."

"Mom will be home in about an hour," Brent said. "You've got about two before we'll be back. Do what you have to do to get ready for us. You're days will get longer, now. Your free time, shorter."

"Now kiss our feet," Scott said, "and thank us for not saying anything. For making you our slave."

They laughed at me as I crawled the few inches to them and kissed the top of their shoes.

"Thank you for making me your slave," I said. "I appreciate your not saying anything and will do my best to serve you."

"Listen to that crap," Scott said. "He's got it down pat. You had other Master's, boy?"

"No , Sir," I said.

"Then this should be a good experience for all of us," Brent said. "Especially for Scott and I."

They both laughed, leaving the room and me kneeling there by the desk.

I still had the taste of Scott's sneakers in my mouth as I stood and went in and cleaned up a little. I needed to go out and get something to eat, before they came back.

Making sure I was presentable, I went down stairs and headed for my car.

"Back up stairs," Brent said from the front door. "We didn't say you could leave."

I must have really looked discouraged, as I turned back toward the stairs. I heard Scott laughing from inside the house. As I went into my apartment, their Mother came home.

I looked around to see what I had to eat. Some cookies, a little milk. I didn't have a stove. There was no cooking allowed. I would have to make do with that.

I watched a little TV, ate, and waited. What choice did I have.

Brent came in, picked up the remote and turned off the TV. I was already getting down on the floor.

I crawled over to him and kissed the top of his loafers.

"Go take care of the trash," he said. "Then you can come back and do my shoes."

I got up and went down to the trash. There was remains of their dinner on top and I looked at it. Steak. But I wasn't that hungry. I carried the three cans out to the curb and went back to my apartment.

He was sitting on the couch as I came in. He grinned as I got down on the floor and crawled across the room to him.

"Clean my shoes, slave," he said, sitting back on the couch. "The whole thing. Top to bottom. Every inch."

I looked at the loafers he was wearing. Really nice brown Bass Kiltie loafers. A little scuffed but normal wear and tear. Running my tongue over the toe, a shiver ran through me. It was fantastic!

"You'll clean a pair of my shoes each night," he said. "At least one pair. And polish them. You'll do whatever we say, without question."

I was listening to him, but most of my concentration was on his shoes. They were fantastic. I'd only dreamed about times like this. Now I was doing it. What a waste my life had been before now.

"I want to look down at you," he went on, "and see you looking past the soles of my shoes, as you lick them clean. Pick up my foot and lick all that street crap and dirt off them."

I lifted his foot and looked at the leather sole of his shoe. There was nothing I could see on it. I'd never licked the sole of a shoe before. Not even my own.

"Get started!" he said.

I put my face to the sole of his shoe and started licking it. I was in heaven. The sole smelled strong of leather and it got even stronger, as I wet it with my spit.

"You like that, slave?" he asked. "You'll get so much of them, you'll get sick of the idea. But you'll do it just the same. As long as you live here, you'll spend your time at our feet. And, if we have our way, that's going to be a long time."

He laughed, as I continued to work on the bottom of his shoe. I didn't care how long it

lasted, as long as it was a long time. His shoe tasted fantastic. I loved the idea of having to clean them every night.

"Scott says he'll make you a whimpering little slave by Christmas," he went on. "Want's to see you cowering at our feet. If anyone can do it, he can. Hasn't said how he's going to do it, but he's got me interested."

I only paid passing interest in what he was saying. I didn't really know what he was talking about. And I was really wound up in cleaning his shoe.

"Clean the top, now," he said, pulling his foot out of my hands and putting it on the floor.

I moved a little closer and started licking the top of his shoe. I loved the smooth feel of the leather against my tongue. The smell of it and his foot was driving me nuts. I knew what I was going to do tonight, before going to bed.

When I moved to the second shoe, he laughed as I picked up his foot and started working intensely on the sole and heel.

"You like that, huh?" he said. "Well, you'll get plenty of it. And they won't always be as clean as they are now."

Who cared. I wanted to lick the soles of his shoes. I wanted to kiss his feet. I wanted to become the slave they wanted. I'd never felt like I did at this moment. My whole life seemed to be coming together.

I cleaned every inch of the sole and heel and then placed his foot on the floor to do the top. I let my hand stay under his foot and enjoyed the weight of it against my palm as I moved around his foot to clean the shoe.

I was so engrossed in what I was doing, I didn't hear Scott come in. Only when I felt his foot on my ass did I realize he was there. I almost jumped when he spoke.

"You about finished?" he asked his brother.

"All he has to do is polish them," Brent said.

I took that as my cue that I was finished with the cleaning. I crawled over to my dresser and got the shoe shine stuff out. Crawling back, Scott got between me and Brent and I had to crawl around him. He kept moving, laughing at my determination. Finally he let me pass.

I put Brent's foot on my knee and started polishing his shoe.

"He really got into them," he said, as I put the polish on.

"We'll see how he feels after my boots," Scott said.

I looked over at them. I'd seen them, when crawling back to Brent, but didn't really pay attention to them. I knew I would get them when I was finished with Brent. They were well worn, scuffed, the leather cut in a couple of places. The rubber sole seemed to be worn quite thin. They were mouth-watering.

I concentrated on Brent's shoes, again. I wanted to hurry and finish them so I could start on the boots that were long overdue a cleaning. When I finished, Brent stood and walked over to his brother. They spoke for a couple of minutes then Scott came over and sat.

"Don't let him slack off," Brent said. "Make sure he does a good job."

"Oh, he will," Scott said. "You can count on that."

"See you back in the house," Brent said.

I looked at the boots in front of me. After Brent's loafers, what would these be like? I was practically drooling over them.

"All right, slave," he said, extending one leg and putting it over my shoulder, "some house rules."

I especially liked the weight of his foot on my back, his calf resting on my shoulder.

"My boots will be cleaned like Brent's shoes were," he started. "From the bottom to the top. Every inch of them. The same with my sneakers. Or anything else I put in front of you to clean."

I was willing!

"No matter what condition they're in," he went on. "I don't care if they're cached in mud. You'll get your face down on them and clean them."

Well, I wasn't wild about that idea, but I could probably get used to it.

"You don't just rent a room here, now," he said. "You're here to please me and Brent. To do what we tell you. You piss us off and you're out."

I lifted my head and looked at him. The look on his face was unsympathetic.

"Look back down at my boot!" he said. "I don't want to look at your face."

I looked back at his boot. I still wanted it and it's mate on my back. But this was taking a twist I hadn't expected. This wasn't going to be fun and games, like I had imagined it might be.

"You WILL do anything we tell you," he continued. "If I want you to kiss my ass, you'll crawl to me and thank me for letting you do it. Anything we tell you."

He was quiet for a few seconds, then took his leg off my shoulder.

"Clean those boots, boy," he said.

I reached out and picked up one foot. His Doc Martin was worn as much on the bottom as it was on the top. The lugs worn almost smooth. I started licking the sole and he laughed.

"I'm going to enjoy the hell out of this," he said. "My own boot licker! Lick that boot, slave. Think of how nice they might have been, when they were new. And think of the new pair you'll buy my this weekend."

Buy him a pair of boots? I couldn't afford that!

"Clean all that crap off them," he said. "I want them as clean as Brent's shoes were. Cleaner!"

I licked the sole of his boot, not as wild about the idea, now. Nothing like I thought they'd be. Still not bad, but more work than I realized.

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sent to my boss. It also stated that anything I owned "I want every inch of that sole cleaned," he went on. "Licking boots is about all you're good for, now, anyway. Just remember how fragile your job is and how quickly you could be unemployed."

I kept licking, wishing I could start on the top of the boot. With the real leather.

"That might not be too bad an idea," he continued. "Then we'd have you all the time. You think you'd like that, slave? Waiting on us 24 hours a day? Maybe after I graduate."

I didn't stop what I was doing but I was a little scared. I didn't like where his thoughts were going. I'd worked hard to get where I was and the thought of losing my job didn't thrill me.

"You doing a good job, slave?" he asked. He pulled his foot out of my hands and twisted his foot around so he could inspect the job.

"Not bad," he said, laughing. "Now finish it up and get to work on the top. I don't want to spend all night out here."

I finished up the heel and then set his foot down to work on the top of the boot. The smooth leather was much better. My tongue was already tired and sore and I knew I still had the other boot to do. But doing the top of the boot was like a break, for me, before the second one.

The leather was soft and gave, as I licked it. And it was starting to excite me, all over again. By the time I finished it, I was looking forward to the second.

"You really like licking my boots, don't you slave?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," I said, as I worked on the sole of the second boot.

"I'll never understand why," he said, "but you'll get plenty of them. I can't think of anything more disgusting than having to lick another mans boots. Nothing more humiliating. You're good at it, though. Lick that boot, boy. Clean it good for your Master."

And I licked a little harder.

It took me about twenty minutes to clean the second boot. When they were polished, he was a little surprised at how good they looked.

"Not bad," he said, standing. "And these were my worst pair."

He walked over to the box on the bed. Going through the books, he pulled one out. Going through it, he stopped at a group of pictures.

"I think I'll want to try this, tomorrow night," he said, turning the book toward me.

It showed a guy licking the bare feet of another.

"Maybe a little of my socks, first," he said, with a grin. "Then my feet. But you'll have shoes or boots to do first."

"Yes, Sir," I said, from my place on the floor.

"Now get over here and kiss my feet before I leave," he said.

I crawled over to him and kissed the top of his boots.

He rolled up the magazine and carried it out with him. Here wasn't bad. He'd get too many idea's, reading it on his own. But, I thought, as I stood, this wasn't all that bad. I liked their shoes and boots and the thought of being their slave was a real turn on.

After I had cleaned up and gone to bed, I took care of the day's excitement. It was probably the best climax I'd had in years.

I heard the trash pickup in the morning. Before I left for work, I brought the cans in. I saw Brent looking down from his bedroom, a grin on his face.

I ate before I came home, knowing I probably wouldn't have a chance before they came up. And it was just a few minutes after I arrived before Brent was there. He snapped his fingers as soon as he walked in the room.

I went to him and kissed his feet.

"Did you have a good day at work?" he asked as he went to the chair and sat.

"Yes, Sir," I said, as I crawled to him.

Reaching him, I picked up one foot and started licking his shoe.

"I'm going to go along with Scott," he said, as I cleaned the sole of his shoe. "I think if you fear you'll loose your job," he went on, "you'll work harder and do a better job."

He was sitting back in the chair, very relaxed, as I worked on his shoe. Tonight, there was a little a little mud along the edge of the sole. I licked it off as he looked down and laughed.

"Not very dirty," he said, "but the rainy season hasn't started. Then you'll really get a workout."

He laughed, again, as I moved on to the heel.

"I saw Scott's boots, last night," he went on. "Not bad. I'm glad you like it so much. We'll expect as good a job, if not better, each day."

I finished the bottom of the shoe and moved on to the top. Then did the second shoe. He didn't say anything else, all the time I worked on them. He'd turned on my TV and was watching it. When they had been cleaned and polished, he stood.

"Scott will be over in a while," he said. "Say's he had a surprise for you. Will have to come with, just to see what he's talking about. Won't say. But, knowing him, it will be good."

He stood there, not saying anything. It took me a couple of seconds to realize he was ready to leave. I crawled over and kissed his feet.

"You'll learn," he said, turning.

I waited for Scott. I knew it was unavoidable and I was sort of looking forward to it. I'd never done bare feet before. But dreamed of it many times. Wondered what it was like.

He showed up about a half hour later. He grinned as I went over to him and kissed his feet.

His shoes were like Camp Moks but laced up. I'd seen them before. Almost bought a pair. The leather was extremely soft, as I kissed it, and it smelled strong. I liked it.

"On your back," he said, as he sat.

I got on my back and he put both feet on my chest. Brent walked in and Scott pointed to a pillow. It was placed under my head.

"Open your mouth," Scott said. "Wide."

I opened my mouth and he moved the closest foot toward it. Resting the sole of the shoe on my bottom teeth, he wedged the side of his shoe in my mouth, preventing me from saying anything. It was also keeping me from moving.

"Tonight you'll do my feet," he said, "but you need to understand what we think of you."

Brent walked over and stood beside his brother. I looked up at him, probably a little fear in my eyes. I tried to speak and they laughed at my mumbling.

"This is all you are, now," he said. "All you're mouth's good for. Our shoes."

He seemed quite comfortable sitting above me.

"We can't keep you against your will," he went on, "so you'll sign a piece of paper, when you're finished tonight. It spells out, in detail, why you're staying here. And that it's of your own free will."

The smell and taste of his shoe was driving me nuts. The weight hurt a little but it was worth it.

"What we want from you, now," he continued, "is everything we can get. You'll do anything we tell you to do, without question."

"My car needs to be washed and waxed," Brent said. "You can do it after you finish the garage."

"Mine too," Scott said. "Like I said, anything. You're a slave, now. For as long as we decide to keep you, you'll be looking up at us past our shoes."

I looked up at his white sock, bunched up just above the ankle, the hair on his leg showing in the open space between the sock and the leg of his jeans.

"Here," he went on, "you'll live for our shoes. You'll live to serve us."

He took his foot out of my mouth and placed it on my chest, just below the neck. He crossed his legs at the ankles and now the sole of his other shoe was against my face.

"Kiss it," he said.

I kissed the bottom of his shoe. I was a little scared, but the excitement of the moment was getting the best of me. He took his feet off my chest and poked at me with the toe of his shoes.

"Turn over and lick my shoes," he said.

I rolled over and picked up one foot. I looked at the sole of his shoe. There were many places for dirt to hide, but I was excited and wanted to do it. I started licking.

"Good slave," he said. "Lick that crap off."

I knew I was getting in deeper with them than I really expected to, but I was excited at

the prospect. As I licked the bottom of his shoe, I knew they would use it against me, holding me here at their service. Wound up in licking his shoe, I didn't see the harm in it. If they wanted to make me their slave, I was more than willing.

I finished the bottom and started on the top. It had a unusual taste. More leather than anything I had ever tasted, but with foot sweat soaked into it. And I was getting a sample of what his socks were going to be like.

Brent walked away and came back with one of my magazines. He stood behind the chair as they went through it, laughing at some of the positions that were shown.

"He can order this one for us," Brent said. "Eric wins at cards. Looks like it might be interesting. How about this Geno one with the wrestling shoes?"

They laughed, I guess imagining me in some of those positions.

I finished the first shoe and started on the second. By now, anything was OK. I didn't care what they wanted me to do. I was determined to do as much as I could to please them.

They didn't speak but just laughed, as they continued through the book. And I kept licking his shoe till I had cleaned the entire thing.

There was no ceremony to it. He slipped his foot out of the shoe and I was laying there with his socked foot in my hands. I only looked at it for a second before I brought it to my face and started licking the bottom of it.

It was soaked with sweat, smelled and was dirty. Like he'd been wearing them two or three days. I pulled my head back a little, trying to get a little air and he pushed his foot forward, against my face.

"Too much for you?" he asked. "You'll get used to it. Now lick that sock!"

I heard them laughing, as I started licking it again. Without a doubt, he was right. I would get used to it. It felt soft, warm and damp, against my face, as I started licking what I could. He relaxed a little and I went to work on it like his shoe. It would only be minutes before it would come off and I would have to lick his bare foot. Something I had only seen a few times, in sandals or flip-flops. Something I'd longed for but been afraid to try for.

"This is going to be easier than I thought," Scott said, as I licked his sock. "Won't be long, he'll be begging to lick our shoes."

"That right, slave?" Brent asked. "You going to beg me to let you lick my shoes?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, getting bold and starting to pull Scott's sock off.

He didn't protest, as I pulled it off and let it drop to the floor. I looked at his bare foot. The smooth skin. The well shaped toe nails. A perfect foot. I stuck out my tongue and ran it across the ball of his foot.

"Suck my toes, boy," Scott said.

I let his toes slip into my mouth and started working my tongue between them. They curled inside my mouth, as I worked my tongue deep between his big to and the one next to it.

"Clean all that sweat out of there, slave," he said. "Make your Masters foot nice and clean."

Brent laughed, as I worked on Scott's foot. No doubt he had a plan working up in his head. But I didn't have any inhibitions about becoming their slave, now. I was a willing slave. Wanted to be their slave. Even if they cut me off from their shoes and feet,

occasionally, I would do whatever they said, knowing I would get them as a reward.

"Like that toe jam?" Scott asked, as I moved my tongue from toe to toe. He reached down and took the other shoe and sock off. He started rubbing my face with the new bare foot. "Like sucking my toes?"

Brent bent down and whispered something to him. He laughed.

"Maybe," he said, aloud. "Why don't we take him camping and find out?"

They both laughed. I had no idea what they were talking about. I was in love with the feel, smell and taste of his feet. Wondered if Brent's were going to be as good.

I knelt there, completely humbled, at his feet. There was no turning back, for any of us. They were as hooked on this, now, as I was. They just sat there, going through the magazine, as I continued to work on Scott's feet.

He had me put his shoes on him, barefoot, when I had finished. He picked up his socks, bunched them together and stuffed them in my mouth. The taste of sweat was still strong.

"Now to get this thing signed," he said, walking toward the desk and pulling a paper out of his pocket. "Crawl over here and sign this."

I crawled over to him, both of them laughing at my subservience. He held out a pen and I took it. I started to read it and Brent slapped me from behind. "Just sign it," he said. "No need to read it."

I put it down and signed it. The vision of his shoes and feet, the taste of his socks, the knowledge that it would go on and on. I loved it.

He put it through my copier, after it was signed, and tossed the copy on the desk. They stood, side by side, waiting. I went to them and did my best to kiss their feet. About all I could do was press my lips against the top of their shoes.

"Have a good day at work, tomorrow," Brent said.

"You'll have plenty to do this weekend," Scott said. "Plan on an early start, Saturday."

They were laughing at me, as they left. I just knelt there, Scott's socks still in my mouth, as they left.

I picked up the copy of the paper I had signed. A sinking feeling hit the pit of my stomach as I read it. As they said, it spelled out why I was staying there.

It said that I was in love with their feet and shoes. That I craved the taste of them. That I was agreeing to do whatever they told me to do in exchange for the "honor" of licking them clean. That they could do anything to me or with me that they wanted and that I waived all rights to complaint. Complaint would bring eviction and a copy of the agreement would be now belonged to them, that any money earned was theirs to do with as they wished. That they would pay bills and allow me a small amount to live on.

In Brent's own words, I was being kept. I had become, as legal as it could be, their slave. As long as I wanted to keep my job, I would have to do what they said.