

My New Position on the Ground

"I don't think you are going to be the best fit for our firm," I told the young man who sat across from my desk – slouched would be a better way to describe how he positioned himself. I had seen kids like him around town; tracksuits, piercings, bleached blonde hair, and an overall lazy carefree attitude. I shouldn't have even entertained the idea of an interview with him. He didn't come with a resume or any research on the position, but he did come into my office with a horrible stench and an aura of musk.

"What you mean I'm not the best fit?" He barked back at me, pushing himself from his chair and towards my desk. "I need this job mate. It isn't like you have all these other people bustin' down the door to work at your stupid office." I puffed out my chest, rose from my chair, and extended my hand.

"Thank you for coming today, Robert. I wish you the best of luck in finding a position that suits you...attitude and demeanor." A flash came across the screen of my computer, and I looked into the once frozen screen and saw a shadowy figure lean towards me as if he could see me on the other side.

"Your wish is granted." The man said as he blew a cloud of smoke out which leaked from the screen and filled the room. I coughed and swatted the smoke away unsure of how such a thing could be possible, but just as quick as the smoke appeared. It disappeared.

"Mr. Jackson I think you would be perfect for the position," Robert spoke to me as he leaned back in my office chair.

"What?" I asked confused. "How did I get over here?" I said looking around my office and noticed how things had changed; images of my family were gone, my supplies were changed, but what drew my attention was that my nameplate had changed from Anthony Jackson to Robert Peisher.

"I think we will be able to have you start today actually. I have been meaning to get a new cleaner in here, but you know how business goes." Robert disregarded my question and propped his feet on my desk with a heavy thud. For such a small man his feet had to be at least be a size 13 if not larger. His shoes were covered and muck and flung mud onto the once clean surface. The large Adidas slid off his feet with a quick movement and his white, if I could call them white, socks were dark and discolored from use. I sniffed the air and felt my gag reflex react to the horrid stench in the air. "Why don't you start with the socks and then when I can see what you can do. We can move on to the actual feet."

It was like some unknown force pulled me into his socks face first. I brushed my face against the dirty underside of his feet and felt the cottony socks squish against my face as sweat and god only knew what else was squeezed out onto my face. My mouth parted and I chewed on the sweaty cotton, wringing out the stench and the liquid into my mouth and onto my face. I tried to push away from Robert's feet but the force held me tightly against his socks and made my throat swallow whatever oozed out of them.

"Such an eager worker. I think we will have to promote you from sock licker to foot cleaner. Go ahead and take them off, with your teeth." I bit into his sock and pulled them off and was happy to have the ability to spit them onto the ground as quickly as possible. But I was soon assaulted by the stench that was his unwashed feet. "Go ahead and start with the toes and work your way down boy," Robert ordered as he wiggled his feet at me seductively.

I felt tears in my eyes as my tongue extended and started from the base of his base and licked up to his toes. The taste was disgusting but my body would not stop. My tongue swirled around his sole, cleaning the muck and the stained underside.

"Show me how much you love cleaning your new bosses' feet." Robert moaned as he rubbed his other foot against my face. I felt my cock grow erect in my trousers, almost painfully erect, as it leaked into my pants. I stood from my chair and he laughed at my cock as it strained against my crotch. "Go ahead and rub it against my feet," he ordered. I clutched his feet and rubbed my crotch against them both and groaned. I was disgusted and aroused. I wanted to stop but I couldn't. I wanted to worship his feet but I wanted to punch him. So many feelings swarmed my head as he humped his large feet.

"No, I think I have a better place for you than just cleaning them. Why don't you be my feet?" Robert's voice was smooth and enticing as I felt my body begin to shrink. My lust only grew as I felt the taste of his toes and his musk in my very bones. I stared at his smirk as I grew smaller and smaller. My clothes fell to the ground as I became one with his feet. The taste of his stench was so overwhelming I couldn't stop myself from screaming in ecstasy and blacking out from the pleasure. And when I awoke I was on the ground, staring up at Robert as he wickedly smiled back at me.

"I always thought I was fit to be the boss and walk all over you worthless mates. But its time to get going now. Now make sure you behave, wouldn't want to get in trouble with the new boss." I tried to fight, I tried to scream, but I could not move nor could I talk. He moved his hands and covered me in one of his socks and I felt the stench waft over me. I don't know how I could smell it but the stench was brought to another level. I wasn't just covered in the smell, I was the smell. I had become his feet and he was going to walk all over me just like I walked over him.