

Your Fate Sealed as Her New Sweat Rag

It was a beautiful Saturday morning. The sun had already risen, and it was shining gracefully on the Earth's surface, bestowing warming light on people to enjoy a relaxing intermission between hard weeks of work. It was the perfect Saturday to get up early and spend time outside with close ones. However, for someone like you who lacked both motivation and friends to understand the golden opportunity, the day was no different than any other. Having barely slept all night due to degrading thoughts gnawing back of your mind, you were still tossing and turning in your bed even though it was almost noon. If not for a sudden burst of music from your phone, you wouldn't bother getting up for a few more hours.

You assumed it was an alarm you set up but forgot to delete it as you reached out for your phone with your eyes barely open, grumbling in frustration. When you stretched to your phone and glanced at the screen, however, your eyes immediately flared up thanks to the mortifying sight. It undoubtedly wasn't a forgotten alarm. There was no reason to set one for such an unremarkable time after all, and it didn't even have the correct jingle. What awaited you instead was a phone call from none other than Hina herself. How her number got into your phone, or how she found yours was a mystery, but the reality of the phone call terrified you the most. Torn between what to do, you answered her call on impulse without thinking about its consequences carefully, even though it would have been much wiser if you didn't touch it. Immediate regret followed your hasty action the moment you heard Hina's sweet voice.

*"Good morning! (well, it's more of an afternoon..., she whispered.) I hope I'm not interrupting anything. Knowing you, it's safe to assume you have nothing to do or nowhere to go, so the only thing I could interrupt could be your sleep, but surely you aren't still in your bed at this hour, haha. Sorry, sorry, you know I'm just joking around. Please don't hang up on my face. I was calling to see if you wanted to hang out today... I just came from my **extended** morning run too, and you know what that means..."*

A million excuses buzzed in your head along with a chilled sensation going down your spine as soon as you heard she came from running. The image of her borderline wet socks and sweaty feet flashed before your eyes. The fact that she expected you to come all the way to her house and clean them for her only enhanced your revulsion. Yet, she was right. You neither had anything to do nor anywhere to go, and even if you used a generic excuse, it wouldn't fool anyone. To assume she had planned it from the start would have been insanity, but so would refusing the indisputable truth that you were backed into a corner, or denying you had any choice other than agreeing to her offer of a so-called "hangout". Defeated without a dispute, you accepted spending time with her after a brief moment of radio silence.

"Great! Be quick, okay!?! They're still hot, and you wouldn't want them cold and dry, would you? Don't worry, I'll keep them in the "oven" until you arrive to preserve the freshness, haha." Hina joked around before hanging up. Whether she actually believed you somehow enjoyed subjecting yourself to her damp feet, or if she was purposefully teasing you since you had no option other than kneeling before them was unclear to you, but what she thought didn't matter in the end. Her only real concern was how clean her feet were.

Even though you were barely awake just a few minutes ago, you found yourself all dressed up and running on the streets already. It had been ages since you visited Hina's house, or anyone else if you had to be frank, yet you remembered her whereabouts. She lived far away from you, far enough for you to always choose a form of public transportation on your prior visits, so this was the first time you went there by yourself and a very long time since you ran at all. The situation's urgency forced you to carry out tasks you would fight to avoid if someone gave them as an order. It was desperation that whipped your back, the fear of being truly alone again.

You knew she wouldn't be angry at you no matter how late you were, but the simple thought of disappointing her was enough for you to get scared. Even though your parasitic relationship had recently started, you were too afraid to lose it, so when you arrived at her house at last, you didn't even wait to catch your breath before ringing her bell. Not showing the same diligence as you, Hina took her time before opening the door for you, leaving you to wait for her even though you were the one who did the running this time. Dripping in sweat, you realized this was the closest you could compare to her as you waited. The best you could hope for was serving her while she treated you as someone, something she could cast aside whenever she pleased. She had the privilege to make you stand at her door all day. You wouldn't budge from your place either way. Thankfully, Hina wasn't heartless despite showing a clear lack of empathy and graced you with her presence before depressing thoughts came over you.

"Took you long enough. Did you miss the...(bus, Hina wanted to say, but her expression changed once she saw you.) Oh, did you come down here by yourself? Your place isn't exactly close by, so that explains why you're late, but you must be really unathletic to end up...(like this, she wanted to finish, but stopped her sentence in the middle again once she realized it would be mean after all the struggle you went through.) Well, come on in then. You've been here in the past, so you should know the layout. Go ahead and use the restroom, I'll be in my room."

*Clearly perplexed and a little put off by your appearance, Hina subtly told you to clean yourself first. As you walked after her without speaking a word, your eyes got drawn to her feet. She was still wearing her running shoes just like she had implied. The footwear was old and dirty. The tasteful coloring the designers painted on the otherwise white shoes was mostly peeled off, and the remaining parts only reminded you of the hue they were supposed to be. They were darkened, like the white parts of the shoe which could have been described as nothing other than unkempt gray rooting from overuse, yet they had kept their tint barely enough to be spotted. The bumps at the bottom of the shoe, on the other hand, had been retired from their work to create friction long ago, leaving the muddy sole flat. Hardly held together by few faithful strings, these shoes had over exceeded their use time and belonged to either a trash can or the back of a shoe cabinet to be never worn again. Squashed under the feet of someone like Hina, the insides of the well-worn shoes were contaminated enough to leave a long-lasting stink just by a mere touch, and yet, they were worn by Hina, who even used them for an **extended** morning run as she described. It was impossible to take your eyes off them, and Hina noticed your attention toward the decrepit shoes shortly.*

"Excited, aren't you? You've been staring at my shoes ever since you entered." Hina said with a smug expression. "They were my lucky shoes for a few years, but I couldn't wear them anymore since the smell was truly unbearable. Thankfully, I got you to clean my feet after using them. Hmm, speaking of cleaning, I wonder if you could do something about the shoes too?"

Ashamed of your actions, you blushed out of control, but Hina didn't notice since you were already red from all the running. Her words broke the hypnotizing effect of the damp shoes, and you quickly looked away, still unable to speak a word. You didn't know what to do, what to feel, or what to say and resorted to silence to avoid giving a stupid answer. Taking notice of your shyness, Hina continued to tease you.

"You know... When I called you this morning, I wasn't sure if you would accept coming here. You didn't respond to me at first, so I was really anxious. Especially after your face yesterday,(which was pretty hilarious, to be honest, she added with a lower tone) I thought you wouldn't want to ever see my face again. I don't know what came over me when I started talking about my feet, but I felt it would interest you the most... Ahh, you can't imagine how embarrassed I was... And yet, after a brief moment of silence, you decided to come, hehe. Even ran here, and now you keep staring at them. Don't feel reluctant, though. You can lick them as much as you want. I promise I'll do my best to create many opportunities for you!" Hina said with great enthusiasm as she slipped into her room, leaving you alone in the corridor. Her surreal words entered from one ear and left from the other, leaving you dumbfounded.

Like a ghost, you floated to the restroom. Although a few things had changed, the house was mostly the same. The only noteworthy discrepancy was your relationship with Hina. A part of you didn't want to make her wait too long while the other begged to postpone your inevitable torment as much as possible. Unable to decide what to do, you moved robustly like clockwork, ignorant of your surroundings. Every bit of your being reverberated with deep hatred toward the atrocious task put on your shoulders, and yet, the marks of suffering all alone in the past, barely stitched together by the hope given by Hina, were still fresh enough to remind you of your helplessness. She was both your tormentor and guardian angel at the same time, and you couldn't dare disobey her no matter much you detested her. You were torn between this dilemma many times already, but you were going find yourself here many many times in the future even though your answer could never change. It was another issue that brought you back to reality, not yourself.

When you finally made it to the sink to get some water, you were presented with a reflection. No mirror in such an ordinary bathroom would show anything other than a perfect replica of the one staring but your busy mind, accustomed to the stoic face of yours that never showed any emotion, took time to realize it belonged to you. Red like a tomato, you were sweating bullets from your wet face as you panted to get more air, trying to alleviate the burning sensation from your lungs, which you just realized. Hina's initial reaction was unsurprising if you looked this pitiful even though you at least had to chance to rest a little on your way here. You couldn't dare imagine how worse you were at the door. Your degradation only grew ever since you got out of bed today, and it just got worse as you desperately splashed your flaming face with cold water to get rid of the sweat of mixed origin. You didn't know if the majority was from embarrassment, regret, or fatigue, but you wanted it gone.

Once refreshed, you ran out of ways to waste more time. Now, empty of any more means to postpone your sentence, you left the restroom. As you approached Hina's domain with shaky legs, you felt more sweat dripping down from various places, proving your efforts questionable the second time today. The corridor went by faster than you had expected, considering how slowly you walked, but your advance came to a halt at her door. Your recent worst nightmare awaited you behind the flimsy wooden rectangle with decrepit shoes covering her delicate yet poisonous feet. Sharing none of the anxiety causing your hands to tremble on top of her doorknob, she was laying on her bed, checking her phone to pass meaningless seconds, seconds which felt like an eternity each to you. At last, you gathered the courage to face Hina and took a last breath before entering. This final gasp of fresh air was going to be impossible to inhale once Hina put her feet on your face to use it as a footrest.

"Welcome back!" Hina greeted you for the second time. "I've been waiting for this sweet, sweet release for hours. I promised I would keep them as hot as possible, but my feet got itchy trapped inside these old shoes. I'm glad my footrest has many features for me to scratch on them, fufufu. Come on, kneel before me and start worshipping my feet. Weren't you excited? You came all the way here even though you didn't have to, after all, it would be a waste to go back now. Sit, and I'll teach you how to properly take care of the petite feet of a cute girl like me."

Unlike the last time, you managed to stay focused enough to follow her orders as she finally scraped the battered shoe off and set her feet free alongside the noxious stench. She was wearing white socks again, but these looked even worse than the ones you were subjected to yesterday. Their color was off, lost between a soiled green and muddy yellow, they belonged to a hamper rather than someone's face. When she raised them, you saw bits and pieces of the shoe insole had torn apart and got stuck onto the socks, but Hina propelled her feet on your face before you could inspect them further, smearing it with her excrement alongside the filth she stepped on. Startled by her sudden initiative, you fought your reflexes shrieks to back off from the horrible stench while Hina gently rubbed her feet as if your face was a soft pillow.

She didn't raise them until your entire face was tarnished by her abominable feet's secretions and grime stuck on what used to be white socks. You didn't know how long she would keep them there or if she waited for something from you, but you didn't move, didn't even take a breath as you were petrified by the old cotton texture and intolerable smell. Even though you were protesting against your urge to inhale, the fetid stink had found its way inside. Thankfully, Hina allowed you to breathe before you passed out by slightly lifting her feet. The air was still contaminated, but you inhaled as much of it as you could, knowing this was the best you were getting.

The smell was rich in all the ways you wanted it not to be. Fermented inside a forgotten sauna left unchecked for years, it had an indescribable quality that burned every bit of tissue on its path from your nose to your lungs. Even though you had fought your instincts until now, you succumbed to your body's will once you forcefully inhaled the foul odor and started coughing to no avail in hopes of getting rid of the toxic fumes at least a little. Looking down at you with amused eyes, Hina laughed at your pathetic defiance finally being broken.

"Sorry, sorry, I can't help myself when you make these kinds of expressions, haha. I figured you wouldn't be able to properly start because of all the excitement like the last time, so I made sure you got accustomed to my feet quickly. Now that you're ready, why don't you continue by giving them a kiss? Make sure to really take in all the fragrance as well, fufufu."

After reminding you of the collar she placed on your neck by giving a gruesome facewash, Hina raised her feet again, and you, barely past the traumatizing surprise attack, leaned forward and brought your lips closer to her like the obedient pet she wanted you to be. Slowly getting used to the constant dehumanization, you cast your dignity aside and gave her toes small kisses as she ordered. The stinging pain in your respiratory tract hurt you all the same, but having accepted that there is no cure for it evaporated the constant desire to cough. Starting from her toes, you gently placed kisses on various parts of her soft soles under the guidance of Hina. Even though silence had reigned over the two of you, her small movements were enough to navigate your lips. Even without words, she was teaching you how to properly worship her feet as she promised.

The doubts troubling your mind ceased to exist under Hina's soft and smelly soles, and yet, even after acknowledging your inferiority and succumbing to her feet, you couldn't kill all the rebellion brewing inside you no matter what. It was bound to show itself again and trouble your mind when you weren't confronted with Hina's feet, but now pushed to a corner, it only showed itself by unwanted tears coming out of your eyes. Perceptive as always, Hina quickly took notice of the tears mixing with the sweat drops she left behind. For her, they weren't a byproduct of your mixed emotions, they were just a great opportunity to continue to the next part. While keeping one foot on your lips, she slowly rubbed the other on your cheeks and eyes to soak your tears inside the stained socks.

"There, there. Allow me to ease your misery. I'm sure these are tears of joy, but we can't let them blur your vision when you are presented with my elegant feet, right? Now praise my ingenuity for abating your pain. Of course, by putting more work into my tasteful soles, but also thank me with words, as well. You've been too silent."

Obligated to open your mouth, you thanked her excellence with generic flattery while she peeled off her tired socks. With the last layer around her feet taken off, the disgusting stench was finally set free from its thin cotton prison and immediately tainted the air around Hina's feet, proving to you that it could always get worse as your nose burned with even more intense pain. Her wet skin was shining under the light coming from her window, thanks to the thick layer of sweat coating it. Just like her socks carrying bits and pieces from the crumbling insole of her shoe, her feet were also covered with lint and glued bits of her dirty socks. Accompanied by the fetid odor, just the sight of them was enough to nauseate you.

Complimenting her for tormenting you all this time was agonizing, but unbeknownst to you, she had requested it so you would open her mouth instead. While you foolishly thought of polite words to praise her, Hina used your lack of focus and pushed her dirt feet inside your mouth like the last time. It was your fault to give her an easy opening like this, but your brain didn't have enough power to give thought to that when it was bombarded by stimuli from your poor tongue. Confined within an abhorrent swamp and wrapped in a loathsome fabric all day, her feet had accumulated a disgusting taste beyond any description, a taste you were sentenced to lick off between her toes and beneath her soles.

An intricate dance between your feeble tongue and Hina's repulsive toes followed. Despite knowing you wouldn't be able to get up until her feet were in pristine condition, you couldn't muster the courage to keep your tongue on her toes longer than mere seconds each time. Amused by your cowardly nature, Hina played with your tongue as she pleased, grabbing it between her toes to scrub between them at times while shoving her entire foot to rub her soles on the others. She treated you like a toy, a bath puff at her disposal. Apart from her giggles and your silent grumbling, non of you produced any sounds and focused on one thing, Hina's feet. After an eternity of licking the disgusting imprints of her morning run, she took her foot off your mouth as it was finally spotless. Your job was only halfway done, but Hina spared you a few seconds to rest as she inspected her cleaned foot.

"Ahh, look how clean it is! I must admit your tongue is a lot more rebellious today, but the quality of its work is admirable all the same. The slimy feeling is gone alongside the grime and sweat all thanks to your volunteered efforts. I should teach you how to treat my nails next time so you could do my pedicure too. In the meantime, why don't you massage my foot while you clean the other one, your hands shouldn't be free in a worship session, haha."

Once again, you obeyed her commands without questioning them. The horrid experience wasn't any better on her second foot either. Trying to balance massaging and cleaning at the same time allowed Hina to get away with being more oppressive, to treat you as a mere object more than ever while disregarding the sheer disgust you felt toward her abominable feet. You couldn't bear to look at her or the petite feet jammed in your mouth against your will, but your other senses screamed of them whether you opened or closed your eyes. By the time she finished, the abhorrent taste of foul sweat and dirt used to coat her feet became an inseparable part of your taste buds, reminding you of the revolting aroma even after she took her feet out. Despite sacrificing your time and sense of taste, Hina didn't even pay attention to you and instead looked at how clean and soft her feet had become after torturing you with them for hours. Defeated, you fell on your back and closed your eyes to rest at last. Sadly, your break was interrupted shortly after by a stabbing pain in your chest. It was Hina, standing on top of you, she looked down with an amused expression.

"Laying down in front of what you consider holy? What kind of worshipper does that? If I wasn't so merciful, you would be in huge trouble y'know, but I'll spare you because of your hard and diligent work today. Even though you learned a lot, there is so much more you need to master if you want to please my royalty feet and truly support them like a devoted worshipper. You are free tomorrow as well, right? Then I expect you to be here at the same hour! I wasn't sure if you'd come today, but I'll train more tomorrow, hehe. Kiss my foot as a promise you'll be here tomorrow."

She lifted her foot immediately after finishing her sentence, not realizing how much pressure she put on your chest with just one foot. When she put her sole on your lips, you didn't have a choice other than kissing because your chest would collapse if you took the time to think. Your worth in her eyes shrunk with each passing day, and she started seeing you as her slave, as an object tasked to clean her sweaty feet whenever she desired it. Whether you wanted it to be this way or this was all a result of underestimating how much malice hid inside Hina's friendly facade, you were forced to repeat everything tomorrow, and the day after that, and the day after that, and the day after that...

