I have no idea who I am. Who I was before, or what I might have been. All I know now is that my purpose is to serve.

“Kiss my paw,” comes Her voice.

Down on my knees - because that is my place - I gaze at the perfect cross fox paw that swings in front of my face and presents itself to me. Plump toes and weathered beans spread, revealing the wet toe pits between them. Unable to help myself, I move my muzzle forward and bury my face between Her divine toes, shoving my nose between the largest digit and the one next to it. A delightful warmth spreads over my face - coming from Her toes and the sweat tickling my nose.

There I helplessly inhale. I breathe Her perfect scent in good and deep, letting it roll over my taste buds and fill my lungs. It is acrid, but also slightly sweet. Deep and rich and flavorful. The perfect starter for my upcoming ‘meal’.

“I said kiss it. Not sniff it.”

I shudder. Fearing Her wrath, I pucker my lips and press them against Her furry sole in a delicate and loving kiss. Even though I’m not smooching at Her pad, I can still taste Her sweat. It is musky, bitter, potent… and overwhelmingly salty. The kind of sweat that pours from the body after a hard round of exercise. I smile dumbly as I realize that she must have gone running today. That would explain why Her paw was so warm against my mouth and face.

High above me, I hear Her turn a page. While my lips kiss Her sole and Her warm toes surround my nose, I dare to look up. I do so slowly, unable to stop myself from savoring every inch of Her, even if I know that I shouldn’t. She is, after all, a very beautiful vixen. A cross fox. Jet black fur mixed with bright orange. Lean and long legs covered in leggings. A trim, toned, and *highly* efficient belly hid behind a loose shirt. Small but perky breasts that are almost visible due to the low neckline of Her top.

Eventually, though, my eyes make their way to Her heavenly face. I see that she’s reading something. A magazine with a picture of a half-naked wolf stud. Or, a porn rag. It looks as if she’s barely reading it - Her yellow eyes unfocused and Her handsome expression utterly bored - but she’s paying far more attention to it than she is to me. This makes sense, though. The filthy magazine might have some interesting content strewn upon its many pages… whereas I am not interesting in the least. I’m just a toy.

Feeling guilty that I even dared to glance in the first place, my eyes roll back down to what is important. To what is my place. And that, of course, is Her paws. My lips have been connected with Her sole this whole time, pressing a long and

loving kiss into the sweaty arch of Her hind paw. Now, concentrating on my task, I move my lips upward and press them directly against Her black paw pad. Its texture - all leathery, lightly coarse, a little doughy - is intensely familiar to me. In fact, Her paw pad may very well be the texture that I am most familiar with - it is, after all, my purpose to serve them utterly.

The taste that covers my lips and makes its way onto my buds is even more familiar, though. Her sweat tastes different depending on what she's done that day. A lazy day might leave Her paws tasting sweet in a musky way. Or if she's been stomping on Her enemies, then I might be lucky enough to taste a little iron between Her toes. Today, though, she has been working out. The taste that falls upon my lips is a light sweetness combined with a heavy and salty musk of a hard day's exercise.

I kiss again, blowing a gentle puff of air over Her paw that makes Her toes curl ever so slightly. Emboldened, I kiss a little deeper, daring to extend my tongue to lap a bead of dew-like sweat from Her leathery pad. I relish that drop like the ambrosia that it is, letting it roll over my tongue and coat it as much as it can before I swallow.

Up above, I hear Her turn a page of Her magazine. Her toes curl and Her pad presses a little firmer against my lips as she lets out a little sigh of what is clearly arousal. I know that isn't because of me, though. No doubt she's finally found something erotic in the pages of Her magazine. A pin-up of a stud, perhaps, or a particularly salacious interview with some porn star. Something more interesting than me, though… that goes without saying. I'm about as interesting as a vacuum cleaner or a washing machine or any other tool.

I raise my lips ever so slightly, taking them up to Her precious toe beans. Like Her pad, the texture of Her beans is not soft or dainty. They are worn and well-used, not just from Her exercise today, but from Her entire life. These paws - Her pad, Her beans - have graced the ground thousands of times during Her long existence. My owner works hard - and that is one of the many reasons why I am so eager to serve Her. Not just Her beauty, not just Her grace, not just Her mind, but… Her relentlessness.

Without thinking, I raise my hands as I press my lips against Her largest toe bean. Then, as I smooch at musky perfection, I wrap my fingers around Her paw delicately, taking my thumbs to Her soles. My intention is to knead and massage, but…

… my owner twitches. Her foot pulls away from my face. Aghast, I chase after it with my lips and hands…

… but Her precious paw kicks me in the face. My skull collides with the hard

wooden floor with a painful *thump* as she pins my head down with Her sole. I let out a loud yelp as Her foot quickly *crushes* down into my cheek, only adding to the agony of the harsh and sudden impact.

“I said *kiss*, moron,” my owner spits coarsely, uncaring for my suffering. Just as she always is, and just how she always should. “Not *massage*. You’re too good with those thumbs. I don’t want them distracting me from my porn mag.”

I yelp again, though… this time, it’s not just because of the agony, but also because of shame. I feel Her toe claws unsheathe. Their tips lightly press against the flesh of my cheek and rake across it lightly, furrowing fur and reminding me of just how *sharp* they are. All she would need to do is push down just a little harder with them, and… well, my face would’ve been ruined forever. “I’m sorry,” I whimper pathetically - but carefully. Moving my jaw the wrong way right now would mean getting sliced up, after all.

“Whatever. You know the rules. Fuck up on something as simple as *kiss my paw* and you get to play doormat for the rest of the night,” my Goddess grunts as she turns another page in Her magazine. “Now you can play doormat for the rest of the night.”

“Wait,” I gasp oh-so-quietly, ever conscious of Her claws. “Please. I won’t do it again.” I am desperate. Not for release, not for reprieve from the pressure of Her paw nor the sharpness of Her claws, but… “… a kiss. Just one more kiss. Please, just one more kiss.”

But my Goddess ignores my pathetic prayer. Without saying a word, she turns another page in Her magazine.

I go silent beneath Her paw. I know after failing Her, to be Her doormat is Her desire. It is what she wants, and, as always, I will obey. After all…

…I have no idea who I am. Who I was before, or what I might have been. All I know now is that my purpose is to serve.