

A Dirty Little Secret

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Warning! The following story contains sexual themes including but not limited to sexual assault, cruelty, nudity, masturbation, blackmail, humiliation, non-consensual sexual activity, bullying, blood (just a little), sextortion, etc. Please do not read if you are underage and/or uncomfortable with any of the above.

Furry High School is a place where everyday kangaroos like Max and Julia, with their lanky limbs and furry tails, attend classes just like any other teenage furry. Unbeknownst to most of their classmates, Max harbored a secret foot fetish that he had been concealing since he could remember. He would often find himself peering at the feet of his classmates, fascinated by their soft, wrinkled soles and the way they would curl their toes. It was a shame that most of the girls in school wore shoes, as it made it harder for him to get a good look at their feet. But then there was Julia.

Julia was different from the other girls. She had a confidence about her that was both alluring and intimidating. Her curvy figure and muscular legs were the envy of all the other female kangaroos at school. But it was her feet that really caught Max's eye. Her toes were long and curved, her arches high and perfectly formed, and her soles soft and wrinkled like a newborn's. She never wore shoes in class, and Max found himself endlessly drawn to her feet. He struggled to focus on the lesson as his mind would inevitably wander back to her sexy feet, imagining what they must smell like and how they would feel against his skin.

One day, during a particularly dull history lesson, Max was seated right next to Julia. He could feel his heart racing as he stole glances at her feet, hoping she wouldn't notice. All of a sudden, the teacher called on him, and Max's face turned beet red as he tried to formulate a response to the question. His heart raced even faster, and he could feel his erection beginning to strain against his pants. He struggled to maintain his poise, sweat breaking out on his brow, but he couldn't

help but steal another glance at Julia's feet. She caught him looking and smirked, her eyes twinkling with impishness.

Max's heart skipped a beat. He couldn't believe she knew about his secret foot fetish. But before he could react, she slowly slid one of her feet over to his crotch and rubbed it against his pants, making a soft, squelching sound. The teacher turned around to write something on the board, giving them a moment of privacy. Max could feel his erection pressing hard against her foot, and he let out a tremulous breath. He couldn't believe this was actually happening.

Julia smiled, her lips curling into an unscrupulous grin. She moved her foot back and forth, slow and teasingly, and Max felt himself losing control. He wanted nothing more than to reach out and touch her foot, to feel its softness against his skin. But he knew that if he did, he would expose to Julia his enjoyment of her sexual endeavor.

She continued to taunt him, sliding her wrinkled sole against his crotch, occasionally dragging her toenails across his pants in a manner that sent shivers down his spine. The more she teased, the harder he became. Max was certain that at any moment, his erection would burst through his pants, revealing his secret to the whole class.

She continued to taunt him, rubbing her foot against his crotch, occasionally dragging her toenails across his pants in a way that sent shivers down his spine. The more she teased, the harder he became. Max was sure that at any moment, his erection would burst through his pants, revealing his secret to the whole class.

But then, something unexpected happened. Julia stopped rubbing her foot against him and instead positioned it flat against his crotch, trapping his erection beneath her mushy, warm soles. He let out a gasp, feeling a wave of pleasure wash over him as her weight pressed down on his member. She began to slowly grind her feet against him, using her toes to massage the sensitive tip of his erection. Max tried to remain calm, but it was becoming increasingly difficult as the pleasure intensified.

He glanced over at the teacher, who was still focused on the board, and then back at Julia. Her face was flushed, her eyes closed, and a small moan escaped her lips. It was clear that she was enjoying this just as much as he was. As she continued to grind her foot against him, Max felt himself losing control. His hips began to jolt upward, instinctively seeking more contact with her foot.

The sensation was unlike anything he had ever experienced. It was as if every nerve ending in his body had been concentrated to his groin, and Julia's foot was playing a delicate symphony with each one. He bit down on his lower lip, trying to stifle his moans, but the pleasure was too intense to contain. His hands began to tremble, and he felt a bead of sweat trickle down his back.

Julia seemed to sense that he was reaching his limit. She increased the pressure on his erection, grinding her foot harder against him, her toes curling and uncurling in a rhythm that sent waves of blissful hedonism throughout his body. Max arched his back, unable to control his own reactions, and let out a long, shuddering breath.

As the tension built to a crescendo, she moved her foot up and down, faster and faster, until Max felt like he was on the edge of orgasm. He could feel his muscles tensing, his breath coming in ragged gasps, and his heart pounding wildly in his chest. He wanted nothing more than to touch her, to feel her soft skin against his own, but he dared not break the illusion of their innocent classroom game.

With a final, desperate moan, Max let go, his body shuddering as he released his pent-up pleasure into his pants. He closed his eyes, trying to steady his breath, and felt a warm, fuzzy sensation spread through his chest. It was the most intense orgasm he had ever experienced, and he couldn't believe it had all started with the simple touch of her foot.

As the aftershocks of his climax faded, Max opened his eyes and glanced over at Julia. Her face was flushed, her chest rising and falling rapidly, and she seemed to be having trouble catching her breath. He couldn't help but feel a sense of awe and admiration for her. She had been so bold, so daring, and yet she had managed to keep his secret safe.

The teacher finished writing on the board and turned around, her gaze flickering momentarily between them. Max felt a surge of panic, certain that she had somehow sensed what had just happened. But Julia maintained her composure, leaning back in her chair and casually stretching her legs out in front of her. She gave Max a sly smile, reminding him that she possessed the knowledge of his secret fetish.

As the class began to file out of the room, Max gathered his belongings, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment and his heart still racing from the intensity of their shared experience. He tried to act nonchalant as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, but every time he glanced over at Julia, he felt a wave of heat wash over him.

Later that day, during their next class, Max found himself constantly stealing glances at her, wondering if she was thinking about what had happened earlier. He couldn't help but feel a newfound appreciation for her, not just for her beauty, but for her courage and her willingness to take risks. He wondered if she had ever done anything like that before and if she would be interested in doing it again.

As the final bell rang and students filed out of the classroom, Max waited until he saw her exit ahead of him. He hurried to catch up, his heart pounding in his chest. When he finally reached her side, he couldn't help but smile shyly. "Hey," he said, his voice barely audible over the din of the departing students.

Julia turned to face him, her expression unreadable. "Follow me," she whispered, before turning and walking away. Max hesitantly fell into step behind her, his heart racing as he followed her through the deserted hallways and out into the parking lot. She led him to a discreet spot behind a dumpster, where they would be out of view from any passing cars or teachers.

As they stood there, the tension between them palpable, Max couldn't help but wonder what exactly she was planning to make him do. He glanced down at her feet, noticing for the first time that she had changed into a pair of flip-flops, her toenails painted a bright shade of pink. His heart skipped a beat as he realized that her feet were indeed sweaty and smelly.

"So," she began, her voice cold and calculating, "you've been watching me like a hawk all day. I bet you didn't think I'd notice, did you?" Max swallowed hard. "I-I'm s-sorry," he stammered, his cheeks flushing red. "I didn't mean to."

Julia rolled her eyes and let out a dismissive sigh. "Oh, don't apologize now," she said, waving her hand in the air. "I mean, it's kind of cute, really. You have such a crush on my feet, don't you?" Max's heart skipped a beat as he realized what she was doing. "But," she continued, "It would be a shame if someone knew about your dirty little fetish." She smiled broadly and licked her lips. "All I have to do is tell your friends that you blew your load on the dainty feet of an innocent little roo gal during class." She leaned down and carefully peeled off her dirty socks welcoming loops of sticky white semen. "And what's this?" she said with a venomously threatening tone, "The evidence is all over my socks." She turned around and smirked at him, confident that she had made herself clear. Max couldn't believe this; calling herself innocent... framing him. He knew she was the one who willingly planted her feet on his lap and deliberately caused him to orgasm. He stirred with anger. He opened his mouth to object, but he hung his head and decided against it. He knew she could ruin his life.

She leaned down, her face mere inches from his, her breath hot against his cheek. "You know what you have to do," she whispered, her voice low and seductive. "You're going to have to prove yourself." With a mischievous grin, she nudged his chin upwards, forcing him to look her in the eye. "You want to be my foot slave, don't you?"

Max nodded numbly, his heart racing as he struggled to catch his breath. He couldn't believe where this was going, but he knew he had no way out.

"Yes, I am your foot slave," he managed to choke out, his voice barely audible over the sound of his hammering heart. "I'll do anything you ask."

Julia smiled triumphantly, her pearly teeth flashing in the dim light. She leaned down further, her breath warm against his cheek as she whispered, "That's my little

foot slave." With a mischievous grin, she slowly slid one of her stinky feet forward, pressing it firmly against his chest. "Now, show me how much you love my feet."

Her foot was massive, easily dwarfing Max's entire torso. He could feel the wetness of her sweaty sole as she slid her foot against his skin, lubricated by the natural smelly oil of her unwashed pubescent feet. Holding him down, her massive foot glided across Max's chest, leaving gnarly trails of foot odor all over Max's clean fur. His heart raced as he struggled to breathe, the weight of her foot making it difficult to move.

"You like that, don't you?" she taunted, her voice dripping with seduction. "You're just a little foot slut, aren't you? Nod if you understand."

Max nodded, his cheek still pressed against the warm, damp surface of her foot. The taste of sweat and filth filled his mouth, making him gag reflexively. "Y-yes," he managed to choke out between coughs. "I'm your foot slut."

Julia laughed with delight. "That's more like it," she said, her voice still cold and mocking. "Now, why don't you show me how much you love my feet?"

She wiggled her toes playfully, the movement causing her sweaty soles to slide across Max's face. He could feel the clammy skin of her heels rubbing harshly against his cheeks, leaving trails of dirt and brownish sweat behind. His eyes watered as he struggled to breathe through the overwhelming stench of her cheesy bare feet, but he refused to give in. He was her foot slave now, and he would do anything she asked. His life depended on it.

"Good boy," she purred, her voice oozing satisfaction. "You're really starting to turn me on." She leaned down, her breath hot and wet against his face. "You know what would make me even hornier?"

Max hesitated, his heart pounding in anticipation. He didn't dare disobey her. "What do you want me to do?" he asked, his voice barely audible over the sound of his racing heart.

She leaned down closer. "I want you to taste my stinky feet," she demanded, her voice low and seductive while also brash and forceful. "I want you to put my sweaty foot in your mouth and taste how nasty it is. Prove to me that you're really my foot slave."

Max hesitated for a moment, his heart racing as he considered her words. He knew this was what she wanted, but the thought of tasting her feet made him queasy. He looked up at her, his eyes pleading for mercy, but she simply smirked down at him. There was no escape.

With a deep breath, he leaned forward and opened his mouth, exposing his tongue and teeth to her. "Do it," she hissed, her voice low and demanding. "Taste my foot." He felt her massive foot slide forward, pressing against his lips. The smell was horrible, and his nose scrunched in disgust. His mouth stretched wide, his tongue curling around the moist, cheesy skin of her heel. The stench of her sweaty feet filled his nostrils, making his eyes water and his stomach churn, but he forced himself to swallow half her size 18 feet.

He moved his tongue higher, tasting the sweat and dirt caked onto the furrows of her arch. Her skin was warm and slimy against his tongue, and the taste was overwhelmingly rancid. He closed his eyes, trying to block out the taste as he worked his way up the ball of her foot, licking and sucking as she'd instructed. His cheeks hollowed as he breathed through his nose, the putrid odor assaulting his senses.

"That's it," she purred, her voice low and sultry. "Show me how horny you are for my stinky kangaroo feet." Her toes curled and uncurled, grinding against his face, leaving trails of dirt and sweat behind. He tried to focus on her feet, on the way they felt against his lips and tongue, but the taste was almost unbearable. He could feel his stomach churning, threatening to expel the contents of his stomach all over her feet.

"That's right," she continued, her breath hot against his ear. "Taste every inch of my foot. Show me that you're truly my slave." Her words sent shivers down his spine, both from their arousing tone and from the overwhelming stench of her feet. He

obeyed, moving his tongue in long, slow strokes over her sweaty soles, licking away the beads of sweat and the dirt that clung to her skin.

As he worked, he could feel her body tensing beneath him, her hips beginning to rock in time with his movements. It was a strange sensation, feeling so desired and wanted despite the degrading act she forced on him. He pressed his lips harder against her heel, sucking gently as he tried to block out the taste of her feet and focus on the pleasure she seemed to be drawing from his ministrations.

Her foot shifted, her toes curling around the back of his head, pushing him deeper into her stinky, sweaty cocoon. She moaned, her breath hot against his face, as she struggled to maintain control over her body. He could hear her heart racing, her breath coming in ragged gasps, and he knew that she was close.

He redoubled his efforts, sucking harder on her heel and thrusting his tongue deeper into the crevice between her toes. The taste of her sweat and dirt was overwhelming, but he forced himself to ignore it, focusing instead on the way her skin felt against his lips and tongue. As he worked, he could feel her body tensing, her muscles coiling like a spring, ready to snap.

Her hips bucked wildly, grinding against his face. "Fuck yes!" she moaned, her voice low and throaty. "That's it, you fucking slut. I'm actually gonna cum on your face." Her foot twisted, pressing his face deeper into the warm, moist folds between her wrinkled arches. The scent of her sexually induced body odor filled his nostrils, mingling with the sweat and dirt of her feet.

He couldn't help but wonder how she could be so turned on by this. Was it the power she had over him? The degradation he was forced to endure? Or was there something else, some hidden part of her that craved this kind of filth? As her orgasm built up, he focused all of his attention on her feet, using his tongue to tease and prod the sensitive skin around her toes.

Her breath hitched, her hips bucking wildly against his face. "Yes, yes, oh god yes!" she moaned, her voice muffled by the wet sound of her pussy's muscles clenching. Her feet twisted and turned, urging him to go deeper, harder. He

obliged, his tongue dancing across the tender skin of her arches as he sucked on her toes, devouring the taste of her sweat and dirt.

The musky scent of her arousal filled the air, making it difficult for him to breathe. It was a heavy mixture of sweat and desire that seemed to permeate every pore of her body. His own shame and humiliation filled him as he felt the weight of her thighs pressing down on his shoulders, holding him in place.

Her feet twitched, her toes curling inward as she fought to maintain control over her passionate lust. "Oh, you fucking like that, don't you?" she taunted, her voice low and seductive. "You like the fucking taste of my big sweaty female feet." He nodded, unable to speak past the lump in his throat. She moaned, her tongue hanging out of her mouth like a dog, drooling as she pulled her skirt down to expose her hairy, stinking pussy. She let her gooey folds slide across Max's face, leaving slug-like trails of goop over his nose and lips. She panted harder as she jerked her thighs forward and enveloped Max's whole nose with her slimy clit, her vulva gliding across his nose, clenching with every sway of her dogged hips and sending indescribable jolts of pleasure shooting through her body. She couldn't believe she had taken it this far, but she loved it.

Her legs trembled, her body shuddering with pleasure as he continued to lick away at her reeking feet. "That's it, you dirty little foot slave," she purred. "You belong to me. A nerdy weakling forced to pleasure a beautiful goddess. You're nothing but my dirty little footstool, and your friends would disown you if they know how fucking slutty and pathetic you were." These words stung, and the humiliation caused Max to shed a tear. He sucked away at her toes and continued to try his best to please her despite his guilt and low self-worth.

His tongue slid between her toes, sucking on her toe jam. His tongue darted out, flicking against gooey folds of skin under her toes (which were caked in gooey filth), making him choke and wheeze. Julia noticed this and dug her toenails into his cheek, drawing a stream of blood. Julia didn't seem to care. Her morals and compassion were long gone. All she cared about was her impending orgasm, and she didn't care if Max had to hurt for her to achieve that. "Oh fuck, yes," she moaned, her hips undulating wildly as her tail spasmodically curled into a Z-like

shape. She viciously grabbed Max by both his ears and forced his face into her succulent pussy with such ferocity that Max's neck cracked. "Don't fucking stop. I-I'm so fucking close," Julia cried.

Max licked and sucked, barely pelleting the taste of the rank sweat and dirt on her repulsive feet. Max, desperate not to displease Julia, reached up and gripped her leg tightly, using it to steady himself as he continued to worship her disgusting feet.

Her toes curled, her muscles tensing as she fought to maintain control over her impending orgasm. Her hips bucked wildly, her moans echoing around the room. "Oh, god! Oh, fuck, yes!" she cried, her voice ragged and desperate. Her foot twisted, digging painfully into his shoulder as she sought out deeper, more intense pleasure. She jerked her hips forward as hard as she could and barbarically slathered her fat wet pussy all over Max's face, her arousal only increasing as she saw that it was humiliating him to the point of bawling. "You're actually crying!" she laughed, "That's so fucking hot!" She forced her thighs deeper into Max's face, carelessly knocking the back of his head against the dumpster behind him.

He wanted to fight back, but he knew she was serious about divulging his secret. Besides, he was as weak as a feather, and she was a strong, muscular athlete with strength far greater than his.

As he continued to worship her feet, he found himself lost in a haze of pain. The feel of her muscular thighs pressing down on his shoulders, the smell of her sweaty pussy, steaming and dripping nasty fluids down his nose and cheeks, and the sting of her sharp toenails digging into his skin, it was almost too much to bear.

Her words, taunting and teasing, echoed through the empty lot, but no one was going to help him. She purposefully obscured both herself and him behind the dumpster so she could live out her depraved cruelty in secret. Julia's already raging sexual arousal intensified as she realized that she would get away with what she was doing and that Max would never tell anyone what she did. The power she held over him was enormous, and Julia reveled in it. "You're such a pathetic little nerd, aren't you?" she screamed out through moans of pure ecstasy, "You're a fucking weakling, and any time you ever think you'll be worth something, I want you to

remember the smell of my putrid feet. Remember that the kangaroo adorning these god-like feet is attractive and strong, two things you'll never be." She cruelly laughed after saying this, continuing to violate Max despite his obvious pain.

Max nodded as he tried to swallow his pang of humiliation.

"Oh, fuck yes," she moaned, her hips bucking wildly against his face. "Don't stop, slut! Don't you dare stop!" Her words were aggressive and almost panicky. She was going to have her orgasm, and he dared not keep it from her.

Her moans grew louder, more intense, her toes curling tightly around his ears. She could feel her muscles tensing, her body preparing to release the biggest orgasm of her life. Her legs trembled, and he knew he had to be strong, had to hold on to her, to keep her close. He increased the pace of his tongue, flicking against her arch and sucking on her toes, drawing out every last drop of pleasure from her.

She arched her back, her breasts pressing against his cheek, her hips bucking wildly against his face. "Oh, god! Oh, fuck, yes!" she cried, her voice hoarse and desperate. Her thighs quivered, her scent filling his nostrils as she released her orgasm, her essence spilling across his face and down his neck.

Her muscles relaxed, her breath coming in ragged gasps as she tried to catch her breath. Max lay there, his face and neck coated in her juices, her scent surrounding him like a cloud. He couldn't help but feel a mixture of satisfaction and shame, knowing that she had taken him to the edge of humiliation and back.

"That was... amazing," she panted, her voice still thick with desire. "If you tell anyone about this, your little foot fetish secret is out." She flicked her tail triumphantly, stroking her fur with an air of arrogance. "And on the chance that you decide to be brave and tell someone anyway, I'll just tell them you raped me. Everyone thinks I'm an innocent little kangaroo angel," she leaned into Max's face with a devilish smile, "and they'd never believe a loser like you."

Her words stung, but he nodded, unable to deny their truth. He lay there, his face still coated in her juices, his body aching from the intensity of the experience. He

felt a strange mixture of shame and fear as if he had crossed some invisible line and could never go back to who he had been before.

As he lay there, recovering from the emotional and physical onslaught, he couldn't help but wonder what had compelled him to agree to such a humiliating act in the first place. It wasn't like him to be so easily manipulated, and yet, there was something about Julia that made him feel powerless against her. Perhaps it was the way she moved, the confidence with which she carried herself, or the sheer force of her personality. Whatever it was, it was clear that she was one sex-hungry selfish little kangaroo.

Her words echoed in his mind, taunting him with the knowledge that if he were to tell anyone what had happened, he would not only lose her respect but also risk becoming the object of ridicule. He knew he could never face his peers, his superiors, or even himself if he allowed that to happen. So, he remained silent, burying the memory deep within him, as if it were some dark and shameful secret.